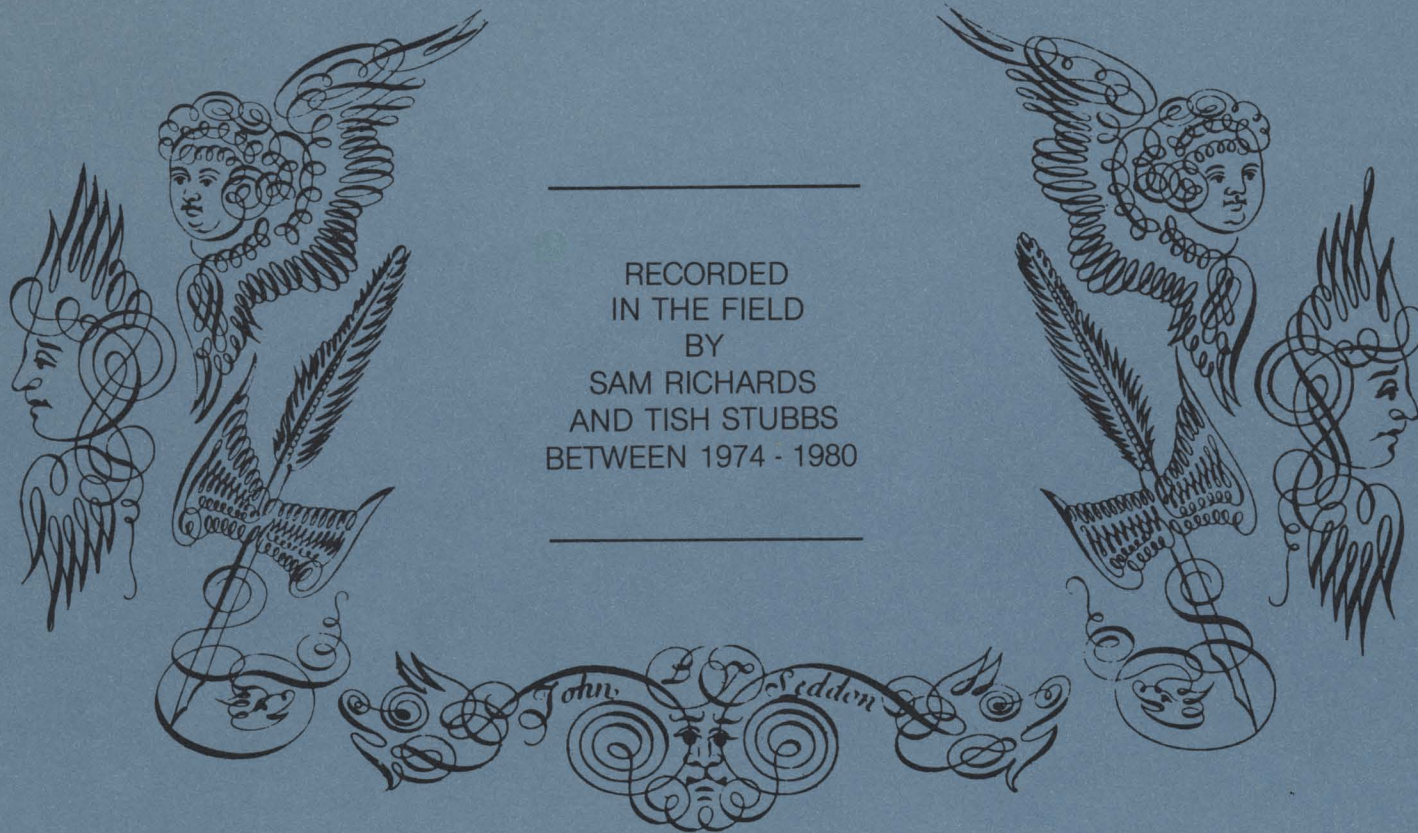




ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 38553

AN ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC ANTHOLOGY

NURSERY SONGS
CHILDREN SINGING
SONGS ASSOCIATED WITH RITUALS - ADULTS
COUNTRY SINGERS
TRAVELERS
URBAN SINGERS
RECENT SONGS OF UNKNOWN AUTHORSHIP



RECORDED
IN THE FIELD
BY
SAM RICHARDS
AND TISH STUBBS
BETWEEN 1974 - 1980

SCROLL BY JOHN SEDDON, LONDON 1695

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 38553

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4. Kyman-I-Doe. *Harry Stubbs*
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"An English Anthology" was recorded in the field by Sam Richards and Tish Stubbs between 1974 - 1980.

Mastered by Martin Scragg.

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We acknowledge the help and encouragement of other fieldworkers, friends, who helped set up recording sessions, relatives, parents, and schoolteachers who introduced us to singers, and, of course, the singers themselves without whom...

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AN ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC ANTHOLOGY

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RECORDED IN THE FIELD BY
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 38553

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



AN ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC ANTHOLOGY

RECORDED IN THE FIELD BY SAM RICHARDS AND TISH STUBBS BETWEEN 1974 - 1980

Introduction

These records present a sampling of folk song in England recorded in the late 1970s and 1980. Of necessity it is a selection-there is no choral singing, no sports crowds with their songs and chants, little bawdy material, and no immigrant music. Within these limits it reflects our own preoccupations and brings together some highly gifted performers. It also attempts to redress a few imbalances in English folk song as available to a general audience, in particular in the fields of children's lore, urban oral traditions, and the influence of the folk song revival which has been with us since the early 1950s.

Side 1 is mostly devoted to songs of childhood, and begins with a few nursery songs remembered by adults from their own childhoods. The nursery song as a genre has been well covered by publications from the 19th century to the present. For the most part, though, such books have not reflected what is actually sung by adults to amuse children: rather they have offered suggestions as to what might be used, often variants of well known, old and out of circulation items from the Victorian nursery with the prejudices and repressiveness that implies. The word "nursery" itself carries a load of class distinction. Only wealthy families have ever been able to afford a nursemaid for their children never mind a nursery for her to work in.

In the course of recent fieldwork, greatly aided by appeals on a local BBC radio station, we were surprised by the amount of "nursery" singing we found. Assuming that TV had taken the place of home made activity, we had not suspected that songs such as those featured here were so widely in circulation. In fact, today's grandparents frequently sing to amuse children, using the songs of their own childhoods to do so. They are showered with requests for favourite songs, and often make sure that children learn them. It remains to be seen whether these songs are passed on when the current younger generation becomes older.

Less attention has been paid in England to the playground songs children sing for themselves. Many collections have been made, but rarely published, and hardly ever on record. The standard published work is Iona and Peter Opie's "The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren" (1959), but although their categorisations and chapter headings are as useful as one can get, the material itself is highly selective, mainly with regard to bawdy lore-although the children's bawdy is mild stuff, and only reflects

their natural need to learn about and explore matters not officially taught.

It is only with Sandra McCosh's excellent "Children's Humour" (1976) that we begin to get the real flavour of current children's lore. (McCosh, incidentally, hails from the USA.) This is strange when we consider that children's folklore and song is far and away the most numerous in England today, and the easiest to collect. It is interesting, however, that in most of the schools represented on this record the teachers claimed that the children didn't sing very much.

Moving on to adult folk song, Side 1 ends with a handful of items associated with ritual, dance, or custom. There are many such events in England, although fewer seem to have songs of their own. In 1979 a detailed account of traditional drama in Northeast Derbyshire was given by Ian Russell in the Folk Music Journal (Vol.3. No.5) showing unexpected richness of tradition, in all cases the song of "The Derby Tup" being important to the custom. Russell himself, however, points out that "it seems unlikely that a parallel exists elsewhere in England". Our ritual and custom selection is therefore small.

Side 2 deals with the best known aspect of English folk song, the rural tradition of ballads and broadsides. Early fieldworkers such as Cecil Sharp, Sabine Baring-Gould, or Frank Kidson, whose main work was carried out c. the turn of the century, concentrated on virtually nothing else, believing that genuine folk song was a peasant art, and they were recovering its last offerings before the monster of industrial society devoured it for good. To this day this is often the image of folk song popularly accepted in England.

It is true that this older style of folk singing was on the wane in the days of Sharp and his colleagues, although their sense of urgency has been mocked simply because it has remained possible to find good country singers right up to the present, as can be heard on this record. Singers of this style, though, are a doomed species. They are simply taking a lot longer to reach extinction than had been thought.

The view of the country singer as an unlettered peasant is now discredited. All the singers on this record are highly literate, and even a hundred years ago their counterparts were learning songs from broadsides produced in urban centres. And peasants they were not. England has not had a genuine peasantry for 500 years at least.

The great importance of the country singers lies in their sense of style, performing abilities, and in some cases, the depth and size of repertoire. Their singing has its roots in a culture which regarded song not as an addition to everyday life, an appendage, an entertainment to be partitioned off from everything else, but as integral to the daily round of activities- important, respected, and evaluated entirely on its own terms.

The country singer's repertoire often covers a wide range. Many of the plain-fun songs like "The Herring's Head" or "The Derby Ram" have their roots in some antiquity; then there are the classic ballads of the type that F.J. Child anthologised; then again, the broadside presses had a massive influence, especially during the 19th century when they reached the level of the first popular mass medium, albeit a clumsy one by today's standards. Then there are occupational songs, bawdy bits and pieces, nonsense songs, and so on.

Moving on to Side 3, the first two singers are gypsies or, as they prefer to be called, travellers. A great deal of attention has been focussed on travellers in recent years because singing has great community importance to them, and they frequently perform songs such as the ballads and broadsides typical of the older country singers. In recent years Country And Western songs have increasingly figured in traveller's repertoires, but the more traditional songs still serve that vital function of encouraging group pride and identity.

Although many English travellers have been visited and recorded by folklorists, the only publication of any substance is the magnificently documented "Travellers Songs From England and Scotland" (1977) compiled by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

Although the two travellers on this record live in rural areas, probably more of their people now live on the fringes of towns and cities. Their occupations include horse dealing, scrap metal collecting, demolition work, tarmacing, hawking, flower selling, and many other "fringe" occupations. Amongst them can be found some extremely stylish singers.

Their singing styles can, in some cases (such as Nelson Penfold on this record) be fairly close to that of their non-gypsy counterparts, or, as with Amy Birch, a distinctive style is used consisting of a slower, more intense approach to melody, a slightly pinched nasal tone, some portamento, and a loud, flat-out delivery, very impressive to hear live.

The rest of Side 3 is devoted to singers from urban areas. These provide a very rich field for researchers, largely neglected as far as available publications and records go. The work of A.L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl in the 1950s and before pointed in the direction of an important urban repertoire, especially in the industrial north. Lloyd himself has now produced his impressive "Come All Ye Bold Miners" (first published 1952) in a revised, up to date edition (1978), and a few smaller, popular collections are available. Beyond this the scene is bleak.

This is not the case with the study of printed urban material. It has long been appreciated that the broadside presses had a decisive influence on English folk song, and scholars such as Roy Palmer have shown that printing presses offered for sale vast numbers of songs with specifically industrial themes. Such detailed research does not seem to have been afforded to the oral song traditions of such areas, and that which has been carried out lies tucked away in specialist journals. As far as folk revival singers are concerned, rather than undertake serious research, many have plunged into the quagmire of dialect poetry set to folky-sounding tunes, or virtually

unsingable wordy broadsides- again with folky-sounding tunes.

It may be that fieldworkers in the past had a vague idea of what was available and did not include it in their frames of reference either because they didn't regard it as folklore, or just plain didn't like it. Whatever, our knowledge of urban song traditions, limited though it is, points to a repertoire of industrial songs, occupational songs- often full of in-group terminology and dialect-, bawdy pieces, single verse epigrammatic or jokey pieces, a smattering of older songs that have been successfully transplanted from more rural soil, and, increasingly, a compromise with the heavy influence of popular song from the music hall onwards.

With Side 4 we present songs of known authorship, and end with the merest snatch of "crowd songs", in this case political ones. The legitimacy or otherwise of songs of known authorship as folklore is still debated. In 1968 in the Folk Music Journal (Vol. 1 No. 4) Francis Collinson, reviewing A.L. Lloyd's "Folk Song In England", wrote: "In the last chapter, The Industrial Songs, we come up against the always tricky question of whether songs of known authorship can be called folk songs". Contrary to regarding this as a "tricky question" it is our view that the modern folklorist must take into account what is being created by today's songmakers, always bearing in mind, of course, the complex relationships these songs have with popular culture.

With the exception of A.L. Lloyd's work on miners' songs, already cited, no reputable folklorist, or anyone else for that matter, has made a consistent attempt to gather these new songs. Evidence shows that efforts would be well repaid. We placed appeals in over 130 trade union journals and a few newspapers asking for songs, parodies, and related material. It took us many months to deal with the letters we received, and even as we write new material is still coming in. Impressive though this is, it must be regarded as a random sampling for many reasons: not everyone reads their union journal, some no doubt did not print our appeal, many people who know or write songs may not have responded to our appeal, and many who did write to us were over the age of 50, with a high proportion of retired people.

With the new songs the influence of mass culture varies. There are a vast number of outright parodies of pop songs (although none on this record). At another extreme, there are some, such as Dave Mountford's "The Big Hewer And The Little Marra", which seem to have an idiom of their own, somewhat removed from present day mass culture, and perhaps nearer the older regional music hall styles.

A further influence, perhaps paradoxically, is the post-war folksong revival in Britain and elsewhere. For better or worse (and often for better) the revival has become a definite social and musical influence, although many fieldworkers tend to be suspicious of it. Within trade unions, for instance, there was a period in the late 1950s and early '60s when folk revivalists who were also union members tried quite deliberately to run folk singing sessions at their conferences or weekend schools. They found that as well as the repertoire they were trying to introduce there was also a repertoire of songs already in

circulation- often American IWW songs or songs learnt by slightly older members during the '30s. These two repertoires now exist side by side long after some of the original folk revival campaigners have moved on.

Another revival influence can be traced to A.L.Lloyd's 1952 edition of "Come All Ye Bold Miners". This was a conscious effort by a folklorist with a sense of practical application to encourage miners to create more of their own songs. It showed them that there was a deep tradition of songmaking in the coalfields, a tradition which spoke the language of miners, and would afford a basis for contemporary songs. Other influences were^{also} at work, as Lloyd would no doubt agree, but today's industrial songsters like Bert Draycott must owe something to the folklorist's efforts.

Not all the modern songmaker^s are influenced by the revival. Joe Kay, for instance, has never been to a folk club and owns no folk records. Significantly, his songs are in an older, more popular idiom.

It is pointless to wish for folksong in a vacuum. The folk revival movement has had such an influence that the myth of the unaffected singer is more untenable than it was thirty years ago. Source singers such as Bill Hingston, Walter Pardon, Nelson Penfold, Bob Mills (to name only some of those on this record) have all heard radio broadcasts of folk music, bought records and song books inspired by the revival, and in some cases have brushed up their texts or learnt songs from such sources. We afford them their rightful status as source singers because their inheritance of songs is unbroken. It is for this reason that in spite of the varying degrees of influence of popular culture or folk revival these singers have maintained their sense of style and tradition and are able to communicate these to us today. We may then collect it, study it, record it, index it and so on, but our highest purpose is to use it actively.

The Songs And Notes

Side 1

1. ONCE IN CHINA. Harry Stubbs. Retired accountant. Harrogate, Yorkshire.

(McMorland. The Funny Family)

Once in China there lived a great man
His name was Rin Tin Tin Can
His legs were long and his feet were small
And the Chinaman couldn't walk at all

So the servants had to carry him about
On their backs and the kids would shout
There he is and yonder he goes
The Chinaman with the monkey's nose

Oh chukkalore chi cho chu chukkalore
Chukkalore nora ing a ping around
A kaka pah dust in a kant ah koo
Goody po woody po ah China oo

This amiable piece of nonsense is widespread in England, although rarely printed. We have not yet come across any explanation of the string of syllables in the third verse, although they can be assumed to be a mock-up of Chinese. The obscurity of the song does not affect its appeal for young children.

2. OLD ROGER IS DEAD. Hazel Bibbings. Housewife. Plympton, Devon.

(Gomme. The Traditional Games Of England, Scotland, & Ireland/ Occomore & Sprately. Bushes And Briars)

Old Roger is dead and he lies in his grave
Lies in his grave
Lies in his grave
Old Roger is dead and he lies in his grave
Ay Ee Aye Over

They planted an apple tree over his head
Over his head
Over his head
They planted an apple tree over his head
Ay Ee Aye Over

The apples got ripe and began to fall
Began to fall
Began to fall
The apples got ripe and began to fall
Ay Ee Aye Over

And then an old woman came picking them up
Picking them up
Picking them up
And then an old woman came picking them up
Ay Ee Aye Over

Old Roger got up and he gave her a whack
Gave her a whack
Gave her a whack
Old Roger got up and he gave her a whack
Ay Ee Aye Over

Which made the old woman go hippety hop
Hippety hop
Hippety hop
Which made the old woman go hippety hop
Ay Ee Aye Over

Again, a widespread piece. Alice Bertha Gomme in 1898 reported twelve versions from various parts of Britain, and outlined the theory that the song preserves the ancient belief that the worlds of the living and dead are closely linked by natural objects. Roger's dead body lies in his grave, but his spirit has passed into the apple tree over his head. The old woman who comes by picking the apples is therefore invading the sanctity of the grave and violating the spirit- which is why Roger's ghost gets up and gives her a whack.

Gomme gives this song as an element in a game in which a ring of children surrounded those who enacted the story. These days the acting has been dropped, and modern children do not use the piece, unless revived by a teacher, as is the case in a couple of schools we have visited. It has remained in unbroken tradition, however, as nursery lore sung by adults.

3. THE FOX. Mrs. Heathman. Housewife. Torrington, Devon.

(Hamer. Garners Gay/Dunstan. Cornish Dialect And Folksong/ Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/Logan. A Pedlar's Pack Of Ballads And Songs/ Christie. Traditional Ballad Airs Vol. 2/Sharpe. A Ballad Book/Copper. Early To Rise/Courtney. Cornish Feasts And Folklore/Smith. The Scottish Minstrel/Davies. A Hampshire Collection/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folksongs/Williams. Folksongs Of The Upper Thames/Baring-Gould. Songs Of The West/Baring-Gould & Sharp. English Folksongs For Schools/Collinson. Songs From "Country Magazine"/Opies. Oxford Dictionary Of Nursery Rhymes/Gundry. Canow Kernow)

Old Mother Clip Clop jumped out of bed
And out of the window popped her head
O John, John, John, the grey goose is gone
And the fox is off to his den o
Den o, den o
And the fox is off to his den o

Then John went up to the top of the hill
And blew a blast both loud and shrill
Said the sly old fox: That's pretty music still
I'd rather be home in me den o
Den o, den o
I'd rather be home in me den o

So the fox ran off to his den
And his baby foxes eight, nine, ten
Said he: You're in luck, here's big fat duck
With his legs hanging dangling down o
Down o, down o
With his legs hanging dangling down o

This song has been vastly popular both in Britain and North America. Although many singers regard it as a piece to be sung for children, it has been popular with adult gatherings too. Not far from Torrington, where this recording was made, "The Fox" was used until very recently as a pub song. Mrs. Heathman's short version is used to entertain the younger members of her family.

4. KYMAN-I-DOE. Harry Stubbs. Retired Accountant. Harrogate, Yorkshire.

(Opie. The Oxford Dictionary Of Nursery Rhymes/Chappell. Popular Music Of The Olden Time Vol. 1/Sharpe. A Ballad Book/Ravenscroft. Melismata/Mason. Nursery Rhymes & Country Songs/Baring-Gould & Sharp. English Folksong For Schools/Williams. Folksongs Of The Upper Thames/Reeves. The Everlasting Circle/Gundry. Canow Kernow/Palmer. Room For Company/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain & Ireland/Seeger & MacColl. The Singing Island/Leather. Folklore Of Herefordshire/FSJ No. 9/JEPDSS 1946/JEPDSS 1953/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folksongs Vol. 2/Wales. Folksong Today/Shepard. The Broadside Ballad)

There was a mouse lived in a wood
With a rim dum bully dim a kye me
The cat came by and swallowed him up
With his rim dum bully dim a kye me

Kye man I doe kil ti kye mo
Kye man I doe kye mo
Il strim alla bamma rum a dum a ring ting
A rim dum bully dim a kye me

The only narrative in this song is contained in lines 1 and 3: the cat swallows the mouse. Despite such brevity, ballad scholars will recognise this piece as preserving a distinctive version of "The Frog And The Mouse", first printed in Ravenscroft's "Melismata" of 1611.

Viewed against the majority of versions cited in our references Harry Stubbs' single verse and chorus may be thought of as a fragment, but this would not be his view of his song. Countless singers know this piece, or something similar (sometimes only the string of nonsense syllables) and express total satisfaction with it as an entity- curious, but never the less complete. This is also true of the children who are entertained by it.

5. THERE WAS A LADY MRS. GREEN. Dora Turner. Stockfield. Lancashire.

(Behan. Ireland Sings/Opie. The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren/Child. The English And Scottish Popular Ballads/Bronson. The Traditional Tunes Of The Child Ballads/Herd. Ancient And Modern Scottish Songs Vol. 2/Greig. Last Leaves Of Traditional Ballads/Motherwell. Minstrelsy Ancient And Modern/Christie. Traditional Ballad Airs Vol. 1/Boulton. Songs Of The North/ Lyle. Andrew Crawford's Collection Vol. 1/Kinloch. Ancient Scottish Ballads/Eyre-Todd. Ancient Scots Ballads/Johnson. The Scots Musical Museum/Moffat. Minstrelsy Of Scotland/Kinsley. The Oxford Book Of Ballads/Goss. Ballads Of Britain/Roberts. Legendary Ballads Of England & Scotland/ Buchan. Ancient Ballads And Songs/ Leach. The Ballad Book/ Hodget. The Faber Book Of Ballads/Grigson. The Penguin Book Of Ballads/Burne. Shropshire Folklore/Sharp. Folksongs From Somerset/Sharp. English Folksong Vol. 1/Sharp. Novello School Series: Ballads/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folksongs/FSJ No. 7/FSJ No. 11/FSJ No. 34/FSJ No. 22/JEPDSS 1934/JEPDSS 1953/Stubbs. The Life Of A Man/Palmer. Songs Of The Midlands/Williams. Folksongs Of The Upper Thames/Vaughan William & Lloyd. The Penguin Book Of English Folksongs/MacColl. Folksongs And Ballads Of Scotland/Ord. Bothy Songs And Ballads/Chapbook Vol. 3 No. 2/Buchan & Hall. The Scottish Folksinger/Henderson, Armstrong & Kerr. My Song Is My Own)

There was a woman Mrs. Green
AIREY AIREY I DOE
There was a woman Mrs. Green
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE OH
She had a baby in her arms

She had a knife in her hand
She stuck it in the baby's heart
That was the end of poor Mrs. Green

It is generally agreed that this song is a street or playground version of the classic ballad "The Cruel Mother" (Child 20). The structural core of the narrative is usually the same: a mother kills her baby, or two babies, and a retribution follows. In the classic ballad version there is usually a motive for the killing, and the retribution is supernatural, involving the ghosts of the murdered children and condemnation of the murderess to Hell. In the street version there is no motive, and the retribution is highly secular: the murderess is arrested by policeman and usually hanged. (This final incident is missing from the version presented here.) The classic version is tragic in tone, the street version has an element of the burlesque.

As with "Kymen-I-Doe" (Side 1, Band 4) it could be deceptive to regard "There Was A Lady Mrs. Green" simply as a run-down or fragmentary version of a longer song. The singer herself does not recognise the two songs as being related, and, functionally speaking, they are different.

It has often been remarked that the violence of this song makes it a strange nursery piece. Psychologists can sort this problem out. Mrs. Turner, who sang it to her children when they were small, agreed that it was a "terrible thing to sing to young children when you think about it".

6. THE WORMS CREPT OUT. Mr. Erwin. Retired bank official from London, living in Dawlish, Devon.

(Opie. The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren/Opie. The Oxford Dictionary Of Nursery Rhymes/MacColl & Seeger. The Singing Island/The Rymour Club, Edinburgh. Miscellanea Pt. 4/JEPDSS 1941/)

A lady walked the churchyard round
And saw a corpse lay on the ground
And from its mouth unto its chin
The worms crept out, the worms crept in

The lady to the sexton said
Shall I be so when I am dead
Oh yes, oh yes, the man replied
She gave a gulp and then she died

There are two versions of this song generally current, often remembered by adults, although some children know it too. Mr. Erwin's is representative of one type, although his attractive tune is unusual. The other, more common version is mock-seriously sung to a three note chant and involves a blood-curdling scream at the end.

A long history lies behind this dialogue with death, an idea which, we can fairly assume, has fascinated creative artists ever since there has been life and death on this planet. The medieval morality play "Everyman" (itself traced to an 8th century allegory "Barlaam and Josaphat" ascribed to St. John Damascene) presents an early written English text, but the broadside and song versions in oral tradition all agree in placing a woman in the dialogue with death.

The details of "The Worms Crept Out" are so different from "Death And The Lady" that we must now regard it, for functional purposes, independently. The complex history of

this image, ending in burlesque, would be interesting to trace.

Mr. Erwin learnt his version from his grandfather who had been a sea captain.

7. CHILDRENS SONGS WITH GAMES, ACTIONS

(Opies. The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren/Opies. Children's Games In Street And Playground/Gomme. The Traditional Games Of England, Scotland, And Ireland/McGosh. Children's Humour)

DIGGING DITCHES. Dean School. Cumbria

Digging ditches, digging ditches
Milking cows all day
Digging ditches, digging ditches
Milking cows all day

Up a ladder, down a ladder
Swishing paint around
Up a ladder, down a ladder
Swishing paint around

Swishy swoshy, swishy swoshy
Hanging out the clothes
Swishy swoshy, swishy swoshy
Hanging out the clothes

Typing letters, typing letters
On the bosses knee- whoo
Typing letters, typing letter
On the bosses knee- whoo

Each verse is mimed as well as sung by children standing in a straight line. (Sometimes two straight lines like dance sets.)

TWO FAT LADIES FROM THE TENNESSEE. Dean School. Cumbria

Two fat ladies from the Tennessee
Wear their skirts above their knee
Turn around, touch the ground
Two fat ladies from the Tennessee

Walking down the alley, alley, alley
Walking down the alley all day long
Here comes another one just like the other one
Walking down the alley all day long

Two straight lines, like dance sets. All sing the first verse, miming actions. During second verse, first two lines, one of the end couple of girls walks along the set, preening herself mock-haughtily. On "Here comes another one" the remaining girl of the end couple is forcibly propelled down the lines by the next couple.

I'M SHIRLEY TEMPLE. Dean School. Cumbria

I'm Shirley Temple, the girl with curly hair
I've got two dimples, I wear my skirts up there
I'm on the tables doing the whoopsy cradle
I'm Shirley Temple, the girl with curly hair

Oh Salome, Salome, we're off to see Salome
Hands up there, skirts up there, we're off to see Salome
Salome, Salome, we're off to see Salome
Hands up there, skirts up there, we're off to see Salome

Each action mentioned in the song is mimed.

MISS MARY MACK. Bolton Low Houses School. Cumbria

Miss Mary Mack, Mack, Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back
She cannot read, read, read
She cannot write, write, write
But she can smoke, smoke, smoke
Her father's pipe, pipe, pipe
She asked her mother, mother, mother
For fifty pence, pence, pence
To see the elephant, elephant, elephant
Climb over the fence, fence, fence
He climbed so high, high, high
He touched the sky, sky, sky
And he never came back, back, back
Till the Fourth July, July, July
She went upstairs, stairs, stairs
And bumped her head
And now she's DEAD

A clapping song. Two girls.

ARTHUR ASKEY WENT TO FRANCE. Primrose Hill School. Birmingham

Arthur Askey went to France
To teach the ladies how to dance
First you do the wibble wobble
Then you do the kicks
Then you do the turn around
And then you do the splits

A skipping rope rhyme.

VOTER VOTER VOTER. Primrose Hill School. Birmingham

Voter voter voter for Lisa
Who's that knocking at the door- knock knock
Lisa is the one with the automatic gun
So we don't need Lisa any more
Get lost
Shut the door
Say no more

(repeat with different names- Karen, Theresa)

A skipping rope rhyme

WHEN SUZY WAS A BABY. Primrose Hill School. Birmingham

When Suzy was a baby
A baby Suzy was
She went a mm, mm, mm, mm, mm (suck thumbs)

When Suzy was an infant
An infant Suzy was
She went a one, two, three, four five (count on fingers)

When Suzy was a junior
A junior Suzy was
She went a six, seven, eight, nine, ten (count on fingers)

When Suzy was a senior
A senior Suzy was
She went a: Please Miss I can't do this (hold hand up)

When Suzy was a teenager
A teenager Suzy was
She went a: Ooh, ah, I lost my bra
I left it in my boyfriend's car (cross hands on chest)

When Suzy was a mother
A mother Suzy was
She went a sh, sh, sh, sh, sh (fingers to lips)

When Suzy was a nanny
A nanny Suzy was
She went a click, click, click, click, click (imitate knitting)

When Suzy was a ghost
A ghost Suzy was
She went a ooooooooooh (waving arms about)

When Suzy was a skeleton
A skeleton Suzy was
She went a ooooooooooh (shaking arms, bodies)

When Suzy was a phantom
A phantom Suzy was
She went a mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm (arms up- floppy. haunting)

Sung with clapping.

We echo a statement made by Andrew Sluckin (Lore & Language Vol. 2 No. 10. 1979):

"Despite the work of the Opies, it still seems to be a popular belief among many teachers and parents that all the children do at playtime is "rush about", and that the days of the "nice quiet traditional games" are long since past. In reality the children's activities reflect a rich, complex and forever changing folklore."

Many teachers are actually suprised at even the most random findings of folklorists after only a few minutes with the children in their charge. The role of folklore in children's development is still grossly underestimated. Class education offers children an official area of knowledge. The street and playground lore is concerned with the unofficial, but equally important areas. Through games and patterned songs children learn social organisation, approach problem-solving in a variety of ways, as well as absorbing the skills of co-ordination and good timing. The songs coincidentally teach concepts of

rhythm and melody, and introduce the art of playing with words. Many children become virtuosi to the extent that they are able to sing highly complex pieces, with many words, which exceed in difficulty the majority of classroom songs and music.

It should be noticed that there is a fairly heavy sexual division in relation to the games and songs presented in this section. Although the boys often know them, they very rarely volunteer them. "When Suzy Was A Baby" should give feminists food for thought!

8. HENRY MY SON. Alison Bricknell. Exeter, Devon

(Sharp. One Hundred English Folksongs. Garners Gay/ MacColl and Seeger. Travellers' Songs From England And Scotland/Palmer. Songs Of The Midlands/Smith. The Scottish Minstrel/Chapbook Vol. 3 No. 2/Scottish Studies Vol. 14 Pt. 1/ Scottish Studies Vol. 14 Pt. 2/Pafford. Folklore Vol. 62 No. 1/ Joyce. Old Irish Folk Music And Songs/Polwarth. North Country Songs/FSJ No. 6/FSJ No. 10/FSJ No. 19/JEFDSS 1946/ JEFDSS 1949/Folk Music Journal 1966/Folk Music Journal 1975/ Broadwood. English Traditional Songs And Carols/ Collinson. Folk Song From "Country Magazine"/Baring-Gould. A Garland Of Country Songs/Sedley. The Seeds Of Love/Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Guild Of Handicraft, Essex House Songs Book Pt.9/ Hodgart. The Faber Book Of Ballads/Greig. Folksongs Of The North East/Kinloch. Ancient Scottish Ballads/Buchan 101 Scottish Songs/Cunningham. The Songs Of Scotland/Gutch And Peacock. Examples Of Printed Folklore Concerning Lincolnshire/Graham. The Songs Of Scotland/Sharp. Folksongs From Somerset/Sharp. English Folksongs Vol. 2/Baring-Gould And Sharp. English Folksongs For Schools/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folksongs Vol. 1/Child. The English And Scottish Popular Ballads Vol. 1/Bronson. The Traditional Tunes Of The Child Ballads/Bell. Ballads And Songs Of The Peasantry/Quiller-Couch. The Oxford Book Of Ballads/Ord. Bothy Songs And Ballads/Kinsley. The Oxford Book Of Ballads/Goss. Ballads Of Britain/Greig. Last Leaves Of Traditional Ballads/Roberts. Legendary Ballads Of England And Scotland/Johnson. The Scots Musical Museum Vol. 4/ Scott. Minstrelsy Of The Scottish Border/Leach. The Ballad Book/Buchan. Ancient Ballads And Songs Vol. 2/ Palmer. Everyman's Book Of English Country Songs/MacColl. Personal Choice)

Where have you been to Henry My Son
Where have you been to my pretty one
The woods dear mother
The woods dear mother
So make my bed, I've a pain in my head
And I want to lie down and die

What did you do there Henry my son
What did you do there my pretty one
Ate dear mother
Ate dear mother
So make my bed, I've a pain in my head
And I want to lie down and die

What did you eat there Henry my son
What did you eat there my pretty one
Eels dear mother
Eels dear mother
So make my bed, I've a pain in my head
And I want to lie down and die

Them eels were snakes dear Henry my son
Them eels were snakes dear my pretty one
Yuks dear mother
Yuks dear mother
So make my bed, I've a pain in my head
And I want to lie down and die

So she made his bed and he laid down his head
And he went and laid down and died

Alison Bricknell, in her teens when this recording was made, recalled "Henry My Son" from her primary school days. She also remembers that some actions accompanied the song, miming the narrative.

The song is a version of "Lord Randall" (Child 12) which must qualify as one of the most widespread "Child" ballads. One explanation of its tenacity must be its simple formulaic verse structure which makes it fairly easy to remember, although not typical of the complex genre that Child concentrated on.

The point of the narrative in the majority of printed texts is the poisoning of the hero by his sweetheart. This element is missing from Alison's version, as it is from a number of other children's versions we have encountered. The tale of treachery is therefore transformed into a straightforward case of young "Henry" poisoning himself by mistake by eating snakes instead of eels. As with other songs on Side 1, a tragic piece has become a burlesque, in this case offering the singer the chance to revel in vomiting noises, somewhat politely rendered here as "Yuks", but more usually "Yeeeeeeaaaahhhrrrrr" complete with actions.

9. PARODY AND IMPROPRIETY

(Opie. The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren/McCosh.

Children's Humour/Douglas. London Street Games/Shaw. You Know Me Anty Nelly)

WE'RE OFF. Dean School. Cumbria

We're off, we're off
We're off in a motor car
Sixty cops are after us
And we don't know where we are
Turning round the corner
Eating apple pie
I asked him for a little bit
And he punched me in my eye

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH. Dean School. Cumbria

Glory glory hallelujah
Teacher hit me with a ruler
She kicked me in the belly and I wobbled like a jelly
And I never went to school again

IN 1976. Dean School. Cumbria

In 1976
The Queen pulled down her knicks
She licked her bum and said Yum Yum
It's better than Weetabix

TO MARKET TO MARKET. Dean School. Cumbria

To market, to market to buy a fat cow
To milk it, to milk it he didn't know how
He pulled down its tail instead of its tit
And poor little piggy got covered in shit

SCHOOL DINNERS. Primrose Hill School, Birmingham

School dinners, school dinners
Concrete chips, concrete chips
Soggy semolina, soggy semolina
I feel sick, get the bowl quick
Buurgh!

I'M ONLY A POOR LITTLE EWING. Primrose Hill School, Birmingham

I'm only a poor little Ewing- aah
JR keeps on picking on me
Sue Ellen's a drunk, the baby's a punk
And Bobby lives under the sea- does he?

(references to popular TV serial "Dallas".)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. Primrose Hill School. Birmingham

Jesus Christ Superstar
Wears silky knickers and a playtex bra

Bra's too big, wears a wig
That's why they call him a sexy pig

LULU HAD A BABY. Stoke Damerel School. Plymouth, Devon

Lulu had a baby, she called it Sonny Jim
She put him in the bath tub to see if he could swim
He swam to the bottom, he swam to the top
Lulu got excited so she caught him by the
Cocktail whiskey, seven and six a glass
If you do not like it stick it up your
Ask no questions tell no lies
Ever seen a Chinaman doing up his
Fly away Peter, fly away Paul
Come back Peter with your finger up your
All things bright and beautiful

BUILD A BONFIRE. Blackawton School. Devon

Build a bonfire, build a bonfire
Put the teachers on the top
Put the school books in the middle
And burn the whole lot

ROW ROW ROW THE BOAT. Blackawton School. Devon

Row row row the boat gently down the stream
Throw your teacher overboard and listen to her scream- aaah

DING A LING A LING. Blackawton School. Devon

Ding a ling a ling
Schoolbell rings
Teacher's panties tied on a string
String (went) pop
Panties drop
All the children run for a mop

JINGLE BELLS 1. Blackawton School. Devon

Jingle bells, Batman smells
Robin ran away
They lost a wheel from the Batmobile
They landed in the hay- whoopee

JINGLE BELLS 2. Blackawton School. Devon

Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Father Christmas lost his knickers
On the motorway

WE BREAK UP. Blackawton School. Devon

We break up, we break down
We don't care if the school falls down
No more English, no more French
No more sitting on the old school bench

If the teachers interfere
Tie them up and box their ears
If that does not shut them up
Dynamite will blow them up

Any tune is grist to the mill of the playground parodist. Current pop songs are favourite, although there are many rhymes that have remained popular over some generations. The content of the rhymes is sexual, anti-authoritarian, or popular imagery-sometimes all three together. It is usually found that individual children have their own favoured rhymes, as well as those generally known and sung in chorus. Rhyme sessions are usually brief, consisting of a few exchanges in which each child tries to cap the last.

10. WIM WIM WOBBLE O. Troy Penfold. Schoolboy. Westlake. Devon

(Halliwell. The Nursery Rhymes Of England/Mason. Nursery Rhymes And Country Songs/Baring-Gould. Book Of Nursery Songs/Baring-Gould & Sharp. English Folksongs For Schools/Greig. Folksong Of The North East/Williams. Folksong Of The Upper Thames)

Wim wim wobble o
Jacks-o-saddle-o
Steady boys a-wobble o
And under the broom

Sold my horse and I bought a cow
Finest cow you ever did see

Wim wim wobble o (CHORUS)

Sold my cow and I bought a sheep
Finest sheep you ever did see

Sold my sheep and I bought a dog
Finest dog you ever did see

I sold my dog and I bought a cat
Finest cat you ever did see

Sold my cat and I bought a mouse
I fired up his arse and he burned down the house

Troy Penfold is the son of Nelson Penfold (see Side 3). He learnt the song from his father, and although it is clearly suitable for younger singers it has been sung by adults just as often.

The tale of the foolish boy who makes a series of progressively worse bargains until he is left with nothing is common as a spoken folktale (Aarne Thompson Type 1415, motif J2081.1) and must have been turned into a song centuries ago. It is more widespread than our list^{of} references might suggest.

11. LENT CROCKING SONG. Mrs. Heathman. Housewife. Torrington. Devon

(Chambers. The Book Of Days 1863 Vol. 1/Brand-Ellis. Popular Antiquities Vol. 1/Hole. English Traditional Customs/Hole. A Dictionary Of Folk Customs/Palmer & Lloyd. A Year Of Festivals/Deane & Shaw. The Folklore Of Cornwall/Whitlock. The Folklore Of Devon/Coxhead. Old Devon Customs/Whitcombe. Bygone Days In Devonshire And Cornwall) Note: often listed under "Shrovetide"

Lent crock a pancake
A fritter for your neighbour
A dish of meal, a piece of bread
Or what you please to give me
I see by the latch
There's something to catch
I see by the string
There's a good deal within
Trippy trippy tro
Give me me umps and I'll be go
Nine times, ten times
Here we come a strolling
Please to give me something
An apple or a dumpling
Or a piece of chukka-cheese
Of your own making
Or a piece of pancake
Of your own baking
Trippy trippy tro
Give me me umps and I'll be go

In country areas in the past a whole array of customs was associated with Shrovetide and Lent, although few are kept up now. Lent Crocking took place on Shrove Tuesday or the day before, and for the last couple of centuries at least was mainly done by children. It was particularly widespread in the Westcountry counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset.

A small group of children would knock on a door and sing a version of the begging song remembered here by Mrs. Heathman. Their expected reward was money, but in earlier times food was traditionally given as can be seen from the words of the song. If no reward was forthcoming the singers pelted the house with broken crockery and stones.

12. SIX JOLLY MINERS. Ted Frost. Grenoside. Yorkshire.

(Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Reeves. The Everlasting Circle/Lloyd. Come All Ye Bold Miners/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain and Ireland/Copper. Songs And Southern Breezes/Pinto & Rodway. The Common Muse/Dawney. Doon The Waggon Way/Dallas. 100 Songs Of Toil/Palmer. Everyman Book Of English Country Songs/MacColl. Personal Choice)

Six jolly miners not worth a pin
We only come a-minering to get the coil in
So we'll riddle and we'll fiddle and we'll make the earth go round
If you don't mind the trouble we'll have a knock around

You meet the collier down beneath the ground, beneath the ground
He'll get the coil in while I go round
It might be said many might be dead
You meet the collier down beneath the ground, beneath the ground

Two came from Derby, two from Derby Town
The others came from Oughtibridge and they all came rolling down
So we'll riddle and we'll fiddle and we'll make the earth go round
If you don't mind the trouble we'll have a knock around

"Six Jolly Miners" is known from various parts of Britain, but only in Grenoside, Yorkshire has it become part of a begging custom. Ted Frost recalls that groups of young people would black their faces and turn their clothes inside out and sing this song from house to house at Christmas time.

13. COB COALING SONG. Dora Turner. Stockfield. Lancashire.

(Opie. The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren)

We come a cob coaling for bonfire time
Your coal and your money we hope you'll enjoy
Fol a day, fol a day
Fol a diddle i doe day

Down in your cellar there's an old umberella
And nowt on your cornice but an old pepper box
Pepper box, pepper box, morning till neet
If you give us nowt we'll have nowt but bid you good neet

Cob coaling, a custom which appears to be confined to the industrial area around Oldham, consists of blacking faces and singing this song from door to door. The reward for singing is money which is traditionally spent on fireworks to be let off on Guy Fawkes Night, November 5th.

We have not discovered whether modern children keep up this custom, although it is more than likely that they do as we have heard the Cob coaling song from a number of people in their 20s.

It is sad to note that its absence from the majority of standard collections is not untypical of England's attitudes (until very recently) to urban folklore.

14. THE CAPTAIN'S SONG, GRENOSE SWORD DANCE. Ted Frost. Grenoside. Yorkshire

(Sharp. The Sword Dances Of Northern England)

Oh Ladies and Gentlemen I'll have you make room
Contented awhile for to be
It is I and myself that has brought us along
And my trade you will quickly see

Whilst in foreign parts we rambled
All both proper stout and tall
Though we passed through many dangers
And at last I caught a fall

Wounded by a charming lady
Her charms I almost dread
To die for her I am quite ready
And at last I conquered her

Six stout lads have I here by me
Both of honour and renown
Festive time is drawing nigher
And since we've come in this town

Since that we have all come hither
Fiddler draw thy strings advance
Play beside us here to guide us
And these lads will show you a dance

Cecil Sharp, writing in 1911, said of the Grenoside Sword Dance: "Grenoside...is a small hamlet in the West Riding, within an easy walk of Sheffield. The performers are miners who live in the village or in the neighbouring town of Ecclesfield. The performances used to take place annually on Christmas Eve and the following days, but of late years they have been discontinued owing, so I was told, to the indifference shown by the general public."

Today Grenoside is no longer a hamlet. Rather, it has become a large village which has spread to join the industrial town of Sheffield. As for the dance, it was kept alive, no doubt due to Sharp's interest, and taught to young^{sters} for some years until it was finally revived. Ted Frost, the captain when this recording was made, learnt the dance as a lad, and sings the introductory song as printed by Sharp.

The dance itself, involving the Captain and six dancers dressed in traditional costume, involves vigorous stepping

and ten figures too complex to be described here.

The song is typical of calling-on songs or speeches for traditional dance or drama of this type. A series of exaggerated boasts is followed by the introduction of the dancers.

15. CARHAMPTON WASSAIL SONG. Eric Tarr. Hotelier. Carhampton. Somerset.

(Patten. Exmoor Custom And Song/Christian. Old English Customs/Chambers. Book Of Days Vol. 1 1863/Palmer and Lloyd. A Year Of Festivals/Hole. A Dictionary Of Folk Customs/Hole. English Folk Customs)

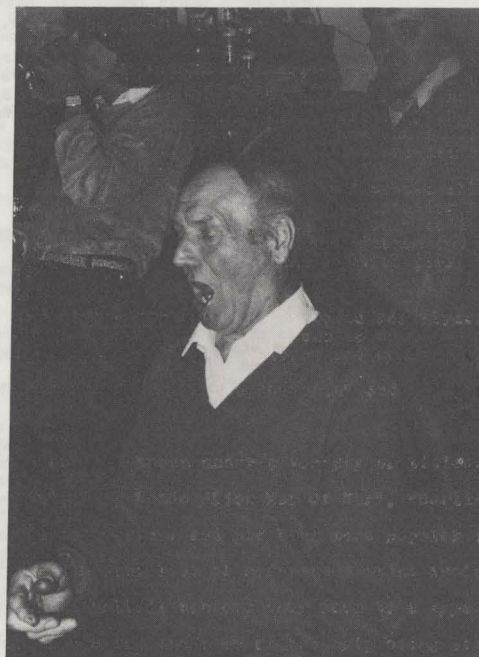
Old apple tree we wassail thee and hoping thou would bear
For the Lord doth know where we shall be till apples come
another year
For to bear well and to bloom well so merry let us be
Let every man take off his hat and shout out to the old apple
tree

Old apple tree we wassail thee and hoping thou wilt bear
Hatfulls, capfulls, three bushel bagfulls
And a little heap under the stairs
Hip hip hooray
Hip hip hooray

Wassailing is one of those customs which has fascinated folklorists for well over a century, and our list of references only includes those which cite the Carhampton Wassail by name, or which quote its verse.

At Carhampton the custom consisted of singing the praises of an apple tree, the best in the orchard, and firing gun shots into the branches "to ward off the evil spirits". Warm cider with toast soaked in it was passed around, the toast then being placed in the fork of tree "for the robins", or good spirits. Further singing of other locally known songs then took place around a bonfire. The custom took place on Old Twelfth Night.

This is all in the past tense because the custom was discontinued the year before this recording was made. Eric Tarr was the landlord of the Butcher's Arms pub, behind which was an apple orchard. Now, however, the pub has different owners and the orchard has been put to other purposes. Carhampton, incidentally, is pronounced C'rampton.



Bill "Pop" Hingston

16. THE HERRING'S HEAD. Bill Hingston. Retired labourer. Dittisham. Devon

(Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Sharp. Novello School Series Set 3/Reeves. The Idiom Of The People/Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Reeves. The Everlasting Circle/Hamer. Green Groves/Hamer. Garners Gay/Williams. Folksongs Of The Upper Thames/FSJ No. 20/Vaughan Williams & Lloyd. The Penguin Book Of English Folksongs/Gundry. Canow Kernow/MacColl & Seeger. Travellers Songs From England and Scotland/JEPDSS 1961/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain and Ireland/Lloyd. Folk Song In England/Buchan and Hall. The Scottish Folksinger/Polwarth. North Country Songs/Palmer. Songs Of The Midlands/Vaughan Williams. A Yarn Of Land/JIFSS Vol. 13/Ceol Vol. 2 No. 4/Ceol Vol. 3 No. 1/Palmer. The Everyman Book Of English Country Songs/Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger)

Now what shall we do with old herring's head
Make 'em in loaves and sell 'em for bread
For it's herring's heads and loaves of bread
And all such things as that

Chorus: For of all the fish that live in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Ri fol lol addity, ri fol lol addity
Ro fol lol addity ay

Now what shall we do with the herring's eyes
Make 'em in puddings and sell 'em for pies
For it's herring's eyes puddings and pies
herring's heads and loaves of bread
And all such things as that

Now what shall we do with the herring's fins
Make 'em in needles and sell 'em for pins
For it's herring's fins, needles and pins
herring's eyes, puddings and pies
herring's heads, loaves of bread
And all such things as that

Now what shall we do with old herring's belly
Make 'em in girls and call 'em Nelly
For it's herring's belly, girls called Nelly
herring's fins, needles and pins
herring's eyes, puddings and pies
herring's head, loaves of bread
And all such things as that

Now what shall we do with the herring's backs
Make 'em in boys and call 'em Jack
For it's herring's backs, boys called Jack

herring's belly, girls called Nelly
herring's back, boys called Jack
herring's fins, needles and pins
herring's eyes, puddings and pies
herring's heads, loaves and bread
And all such things as that

Now what shall we do with old herring's tail
Make 'em in ships and set 'em a sail
For it's herring's tail, ships that sail
herring's back, boys called Jack
herring's belly, girls called Nelly
herring's fins, needles and pins
herring's eyes, puddings and pies
herring's heads, loaves of bread
And all such things as that

A small but popular group of songs, often cumulative in form and variously concerning the herring, the mallard, the old sow, or the wren, are generally agreed to derive from sacred rituals concerning divine animals. The animal is sacrificed, dismembered, its parts and blood being of giant proportions, and put to use as all kinds of unlikely sounding things for the good of the whole community. This pagan idea survives in the divine sacrament of the Christian church.

It hardly needs saying that singers who know these songs have a different purpose in mind when singing them. They are nearly always used as sociable songs, often in pubs or, more traditionally, at harvest gatherings and seasonal events, and the cumulative incantation often serves as a test of sobriety or sheer bravado. This is how Bill Hingston uses this song, and very effective it is too. He learnt in the 1930s from

a local village singer who only had this one item in his repertoire, always performed in a particular pub.

17. THE DERBY RAM. Bob Mills. Herdsman. Alresford. Hampshire.

(Broadwood. English County Songs/Bold. The Bawdy Beautiful/Williams. Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames/Hamer. Garners Gay/Hugill. Shanties Of The Seven Seas/Reeves. The Idiom Of The People/O'Shaughnessy. More Folk Songs From Lincolnshire/Holst. A Jubilee Book Of English Folk Songs/Hamer. Green Groves/Jewitt. Derbyshire Ballads/Kinloch. The Ballad Book/Palmer. Everyman Book Of English Country Songs/Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger/Russell. Folk Music Journal 1979)

Now when I went up to Derbyshire
Twas on a market day
For I saw the biggest ram sir
As ever been fed on hay

Chorus: Oh indeed sir, tis true sir
I n'ar been gi'en to lie
But if tha'd been in Derbyshire
Thee'd seen it the same as I

Now this ram he had some wool sir
It nearly reached the sky
For the eagles built their nests there
'Cause I heard the young 'uns cry

Now this ram he had some horns sir
They nearly reached the moon
For he tossed I up in February
And I didn't come down till June

Now the man 'as fed this ram sir
It was but twice a day
And every time he fed 'un sir
He gi'en a ton of hay

Now the butcher that killed this ram sir
Was up to his knees in blood
And five and twenty butcher boys
Got washed away in the flood

Now the little boys of Derbyshire
They came to claim his eyes
To kick around the streets sir
'Cause they were a football size

Now the man that bought this ram sir
He must have been very rich
And the man that's singing this song
Is a lying son of a bitch

"The Derby Ram" has its roots in a prehistoric midwinter fertility ritual which involved animal guising centered on the totemic ram. Elements of this ritual survive to this day in the Derbyshire area, and its modern practice has been described in detail by Ian Russell in the Folk Music Journal 1979. Needless to say, although this prehistory is important in its own sphere, it does not figure in the minds of those who participate in it today. This applies also to those countless singers who know the song with no reference to the ritual.

We would underline Russell's assertion that "an understanding of why such customs persist so vigorously can be obtained through conversation with the participants, by observation of the response of onlookers, and by relating the custom to its social and historical setting." Likewise for any folklore event.

"The Derby Ram", in its long life, has served as a ritual song, nursery song, nonsense piece, and bawdy ballad. Although Bob Mills regarded the song as other country singers do, as a piece of comic exaggeration, it had a further shade of meaning for him. He worked for much of his life as a herdsman, which involved travelling to many agricultural show grounds all over the country. For him the legendary ram had really existed at some time past, and the song written to commemorate him was

therefore based on fact and poetic license in that order. He told us:

"The ram of Derby was a big thing. Well, he was huge. And sometimes when you go up round Derby you'll find a bloomin' great ram. I don't know how big he is. Heck of a size."

On being asked what he thought of when singing the song he replied:

"I think, what must he have been like. I've seen versions of him, you know. Drawing of the old ram. Terrific size."

18. LORD LOVELE. Walter Pardon. Retired carpenter. Knappont. Norfolk.

(Child. The English And Scottish Popular Ballads No. 75/ Bronson. The Traditional Tunes Of The Child Ballads/ Kinloch. Ancient Scottish Ballads/Greig. Folk Song Of The North East/Greig. Last Leaves Of Traditional Ballads/ Dixon. Ballads And Songs Of The Peasantry/Bell. Ballads And Songs Of The Peasantry/Quiller-Couch. The Oxford Book Of Ballads/ Roberts. The Legendary Ballads Of England And Scotland/ Leach. The Ballad Book/Petrie. Complete Collection Of Irish Music/FSJ No. 21/FSJ No. 30/Williams. Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames/Thompson. Lark Rise To Candleford/ JEFDS 1934/Sharp. English Folk Songs/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Chilton. Victorian Folk Songs/Collinson. Songs From The Countryside/Collinson. Folk Songs From "Country Magazine"/Lyle. Andrew Crawford's Collection Vol. 1/Scottish Studies Vol. 14 Pat. 1/ Scottish Studies Vol. 14 Pt. 2/MacColl & Seeger. Travellers' Songs From England And Scotland)

Lord Lovel stood by his own castle gate
Combing his milk white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
To bid Lord Lovel God speed, God speed
To bid Lord Lovel God Speed

Where are you going Lord Lovel, she said
Where are you going, said she
I'm leaving my Lady Nancy Bell
Strange countries for to see, to see
Strange countries for to see

How long you'll be gone Lord Lovel, she said
How long you'll be gone, said she
A year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my lady Nancy, Nancy
I'll return to my lady Nancy

He had been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see
When this thought came into his head
He'd return to his Lady Nancy, Nancy
He'd return to his Lady Nancy

He rode and he rode on his milk white steed
Till he came to London town
And then he heard the church bells all ring
With the people in mourning all round, all round
With the people in mourning all round

Ah who is dead, Lord Lovel he said
Ah who is dead, said he
A lady is dead, an old woman said
They call her the Lady Nancy, Nancy
They call her the Lady Nancy

He ordered her coffin to be opened wide
Her shroud to be turned around
And then he kissed her clay cold cheeks
While the tears came trickling down, down, down
While the tears came trickling down

Lady Nancy died as it was on today
Lord Lovel died as tomorrow
Lady Nancy died from a broken heart
Lord Lovel died from sorrow, from sorrow
Lord Lovel died from sorrow

They buried Lady Nancy in the high chancel
Lord Lovel they buried in the lower
And out of her bosom there grew a rose
And out of Lord Lovel's sweet briar, sweet briar
And out of Lord Lovel's sweet briar

Then out of her bosom there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Lovel's sweet briar
And both of them grew to the top of the church
Till they could not grow any higher, any higher
Till they could not grow any higher

And after they grew to the top of the church
Till they could not grow any higher
They tied themselves into a true lovers knot
For true lovers all to admire, to admire
For true lovers all to admire

Although at one time fairly widespread, this ballad is now a rarity in Britain, especially so in England.

Its rather slight, pathetic narrative has caused some commentators to regard it as a minor example of its genre. Indeed, a parody version probably originating in the London music halls of the 19th century, "sent up" the ballad very cleverly. Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell became street characters Joe Muggins and "my scumptions Sally Bell", and instead of the lush opening scene portraying Lord Lovel "combing his milk white steed" we are introduced to Joe Muggins standing by his donkey cart "a-brushing his black looking moke (donkey)". It is worth noting that the serious version must have been very well known in order for its urban audience to get the full point of the parody.

F.J.Child considered the cockney versions to be in poor taste, although he also reckoned the ballad to be "silly sooth". Walter Pardon, that best of English singers, sings the tragic version and shows that it is perhaps not so silly, despite that great man's reservations. His relaxed, measured treatment never edges into sentimentality, and allows the song room to breathe with due emphasis on that ever popular imagery of the true lover's knot in the final verses.

19. THE 14th OF DECEMBER. Lillian Lugg. Exeter. Devon

(Greig. Folk Song Of The North East/Terry. Salt Water Ballads/Seeger & MacColl. The Singing Island/Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs Vol. 2/Reeves. The Idiom Of The People/FSJ No. 31/JEFDS 1954/Copper. A Song For Every Season)

On the fourteenth of December in Plymouth Sound we lay
Waiting for fresh orders our anchor for to weigh
We're bound for the coast of Africa, our orders they came slow
We're bound to sink and destroy my lads where ever we may go

We had not been sailing for twenty knots or more
Before we spied a large ship and down on us she bore
She hailed us with French colours and asked from whence we came
We've just set sail from Plymouth Sound and the "Cambridge"
is our name

Are you a man of war sir, or pray what may you be?
I'm not a man of war sir, but a pirate as you see
Then pull around your mainyards and let your ship come to
With your boats all lowered and your ropes all torn
or else we sink sink you
With your boats all lowered and your ropes all torn
or else we will sink you

Then up spoke the captain and bravely he did say
Cheer up, cheer up my bonny lads, we're bound to win the day
If this were my own brother this battle I'll define
Let every man stand true to his guns and we'll give them
the first broadside

The first broadside was given which caused all hands to wonder
To see the foretop gallant mast come roaring down like thunder
We beat them from all quarters till they could no longer stay
For with powder and shot we peppered them hot and showed
them British play

Now when this large ship was captured for Plymouth Sound we bore
We hailed off one of our long guns to warn our girls on shore
They down with her French colours and up with the red white
and blue
We'll drink success to the "Dolphin" and all her saucy crew

This song is known under a variety of titles- "The Saucy Dolphin", "The London/Lion Man Of War"; "Warlike Seamen", "The Irish Captain" etc.- and has been more popular in tradition than the fairly modest list of references might indicate. Sea battle broadside ballads conform very much to a type- date, place, destination, and often the name of the ship being stated in the first verse, the meeting or initial encounter coming in the

second, and the fight taking up the rest of the song with touches of dialogue between ships and crew members spicing up the action.

Lillian Lugg comes from a notable singing family. Her grandfather, Henry Westaway at Belstone, Devon, sang to the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould in the 1880s, and figures prominently in Baring-Gould's manuscript collection. In the 1950s the BBC recorded Bill and Harry Westaway, classic singers themselves, and now their children (now in their 80s) still sing the songs.

Singing for the Westaways has been a tradition largely carried on at home. Fireside gatherings were common, the repertoire was extensive, and when bedtime came Mrs. Lugg remembers her father, Harry, singing himself to sleep.

Interestingly enough, "The 14th Of December" has not been previously noted from the family.

20. THE DESERTER. Walter Pardon. Retired carpenter. Knapton. Norfolk

(Purslow. The Wanton Seed/FSJ No. 5/FSJ No. 19/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Kidson. A Garland Of English Folk Song/Lloyd. Folk Song In England/Palmer. The Rambling Soldier/Chilton. Victorian Folk Songs/Dallas. The Cruel Wars/Richards And Stubbs. The English Folksinger)

As I was out walking down Ratcliffe Highway
Recruiting party by chance came my way
They saluted me, they treated me, till I did not know
And to the Kings Barracks they forced me to go

But I soon deserted and thought myself free
But my cruel companions they informed on me
I was quickly sought after and brought back with speed
Handcuffed and guarded, heavy irons on me

Court martial, court martial, court martial I got
The sentence passed over me all for to be shot
May the good Lord have mercy on the sad cruelty
And now the king's duty lies heavy on me

Then up drove Prince Albert in his carriage and six
Go fetch me that young man whose coffin is fixed
Shake off those heavy irons and let him go free
He'll make a good soldier for his king and country

The broadside presses of the 19th century frequently printed this song, and it has been popular with singers right up to the present. Roy Palmer has described the free pardon for desertion described in the last verse as "a fine piece of escapism", as indeed it must be. Military punishments were severe and it is not unknown for deserters to have been executed.

The first verse outlines a very common recruiting tactic: the recruiting party got unsuspecting young men hopelessly drunk. When they came to with a hangover they found that they had signed up and accepted the king's shilling.

Frank Kidson noted a very similar tune in Yorkshire at around the turn of the century, and although he called it "sweet" it lacked the peculiar insistence on the tritone which Walter Pardon uses in this and a number of other songs. Mr. Pardon once again gives a perfectly paced performance.

21. THE MAID OF AUSTRALIA. Walter Pardon. Retired carpenter. Knapton. Norfolk.

(MacColl & Seeger. The Singing Island/McCarthy. Bawdy British Folk Songs/JERDSS Vol. 8 No. 3/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland)

As I walked out by those Oxberry Banks
Where the maids of Australia they play their wild pranks
By a shady green bower I sat myself down
Where the birds sang so gaily and chanting all round
In the forests of happy Australia
In the forests of happy Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

I had not been long in that beautiful scene
Where the fields are delightful, the trees ever green
When a lovely young damsel to me did appear
From the banks of the river she quickly drew near
She's a native of happy Australia
She's a native of happy Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

She took off her clothes and before me she stood
As naked as Venus just come from the flood
She looked me in the face and smiling said she
This is the robe that dame nature gave me
On the day I was born in Australia
On the day I was born in Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

She leaped in the water without fear or dread
Her beautiful limbs she quickly outspread
Her hair hung in ringlets, her colour was black
She said: You can see how I swim on my back
In the streams of my native Australia
In the streams of my native Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

Being tired of swimming she came to the brink
Assistance said she or surely I'll sink
Like lightning I flew, took her out by the hand
I put out my foot, she fell down on the sand
Then I entered the bush of Australia
Then I entered the bush of Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

We sported together in the highest of glee
In the fairest Australia that ever could be
My head on her beautiful breast was inclined
Till the sun in the west all his glories resigned
Then I left this fair maid of Australia
Then I left this fair maid of Australia
Where the maidens are handsome and gay

This magnificently sumptuous erotic fantasy is apparently only known to East Anglian singers in Britain, although Ken Peacock heard it in Newfoundland. The debate as to whether it is English or Australian in origin has come down firmly on the side of the English claim - it doesn't have quite the right style for an Aussie piece.

22. BUTTER AND CHEESE AND ALL. Mrs. Dowrick. Newton Abbot. Devon

(Stubbs. The Life Of A Man/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/MacColl & Seeger. The Singing Island/Williams. Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames)

Now all ye worthy gentlemen you've called on me for to sing
But I can well assure you I can't do any such thing
But since that you have called on me I'll see what I can do
And when I come to the chorus I hope you'll join in too
I hope you'll join in too

I once went courting of a cook, the reason I'll tell 'ee for why
For when that I was hungry my wants her would supply
For when that I was hungry her would give me relief
Her fed me on the best of pies and plenty of roast beef
And plenty of roast beef

One night her invited me to supper, I quickly gave my consent
And glad was I when the night came on, to her master's house
I went
I made a very good supper there as you may well believe
And one of my pockets her filled with butter and t'other her
filled with cheese
And t'other her filled with cheese

Now when the supper was ended and I couldn't eat any more
Suprised with a great supper, when her master knocks to the door
And where to go to hide meself I'm sure I didn't know
So up the chimney I did go so black as any crow

Now the fire it had been very fierce, it almost scorched me knees
And it began to melt me butter and likewise toast me cheese
The master had been standing there and he thought the old devil
was there
For every time it dropped in the fire it made the fire flare
It made the fire flare

Now all upstairs the master went strictly for to find out
He poured cold water down the chimney to drive th'old devil out
The water did come tumbling down, it fell all on me head
And I was forced to bundle out, butter and cheese and all
Butter and cheese and all

Then out in the street I was forced to go, me shame face for to
show
Me butter and cheese was melted and I so black as a crow
The dogs they did begin to bark, the children they did laugh
When out of the window, haha haha, goes butter and cheese and all
Goes butter and cheese and all

And now that me song has ended and I can't sing any more
 I hope you'm all contented because you've heard me roar
 I hope you'm all contented, I've not detained you long
 So just to keep up the harmony let's have another song
 Let's have another song

Mrs. Dowrick's rendition of this popular comic piece is a straightforward recollection of the way her mother used to sing it. She, in turn, learnt it from a farm labourer who performed it as a party piece during Christmas celebrations on that wild tract of moorland, Dartmoor, where home made entertainment still persists. Mrs. Dowrick's beautiful accent is the local Dartmoor (Devon) one.

English singers always deliver this as an extrovert piece- which it is. Even normally impassive singers give it an up tempo treatment and often include many gestures.

In case there should be any confusion, the old English farmhouse fireplace and chimney were usually very large, easily big enough for a man to climb up. They often had a ledge half way, which is where the escaping character in the song perches until he is doused with water.

23. ALL JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH. Bob Mills.
 Retired herdsman. Alresford. Hampshire

(Greig. Folk Song Of The North East/Kidson. Garland Of English Folk Songs/Baring-Gould. Songs Of The West/Broadwood. English County Songs/Williams. Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames/FSJ No. 13/Wales. Field And Furrow/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/Henderson. Victorian Street Ballads/MacColl And Seeger. Travellers Songs From England And Scotland/Palmer. Everyman Book Of English Country Songs)

Twas early one morning at the break of the day
 All the cocks were a-crowing, the farmer did say
 Come arise my good fellows, come arise with good will
 For your horses want something their bellies to fill

Chorus:
 Singing too-er-aye oo-er-aye oo-er-aye-ay

Well four o'clock comes and up we do rise
 And off to the stable we merrily flies
 With a rubbing and scrubbing our horses I vow
 We're all jolly fellows that follows the plough

Well six o'clock comes into breakfast did meet
 On cold beef and pork which we merrily eat
 With a piece in our pockets I'll swear and I'll vow
 We're all jolly fellows that follows the plough

Now our master did come and this he did say
 What have you been doing my boys this long day
 For you ain't ploughed your acre I'll swear and I'll vow
 You are all lazy fellows that follows the plough

Then up jumps our carter to make a reply
 We've all ploughed our acre, you've a-told us a lie
 We've all ploughed our acre I'll swear and I'll vow
 We're all jolly fellows that follows the plough

Now our master did come, he did laugh at the joke
 Why its past three o'clock boys it's time you unyoked
 Unharness your horses and rub 'em down well
 And I'll bring 'ee a jug of my very best ale

This is the classic English agricultural labourer's bothy song. Nearly all country singers with anything like a repertoire used to know at least a few verses, and, indeed, many still do.

Unlike in Scotland where the "bothy song" became a recognised genre, there are very few English songs specifically on the theme of farm work. Hundreds of songs have a rural setting, and heroes and heroines are frequently portrayed as ploughboys and milkmaids, but songs such as these are narratives first and foremost rather than direct comments on farm life and work.

Gavin Greig took this lack of ploughman's songs to perhaps indicate that "relations between master and servant appear to be more cordial across the border", but this may not have been the case. The Agricultural Labourers Union, after all, began life in England, and saw some of its bitterest struggles in East Anglia and the southern counties.

"All Jolly Fellows Who Follow The Plough" has, in fact, been printed in union histories as an example of the sturdy independence of the English farm hand. Bob Mills does not sing a final verse, always given on broadsides, in which the men are exhorted not to fear their masters.



Nelson Penfold and daughter Rachel.

Side 3

24. THE TWO BUTCHERS. Nelson Penfold. Traveller. Westlake.
 Devon

(Ashton. Modern Street Ballads/Lyle. Andrew Crawford's Collection Vol. 1/Broadwood. English Traditional Songs And Carols/Sharp. Novello School Series/Reeves. The Idiom Of The People/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Purslow. Marrowbones/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/FSJ No. 4/FSJ No. 31/Williams. Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames/Greig. Folk Song Of The North East/Copper. Songs And Southern Breezes/MacColl And Seeger. Traveller's Songs From England And Scotland/Palmer. Everyman's Book Of English Country Songs/JFSS 1902)

It's of two noble butcher boys
 As I have heard men say
 They rode along to London Town
 Upon a market day

As they went a-riding along the road
 As fast as they could ride
 Come stop your horse cried Johnson
 I have heard a woman cry

I will not stop, said Wilson
 I will not stop, cried he
 I will not stop, said Wilson
 For a-robbed we shall be

Johnson hunted the woods and the valleys
 But nothing could he find
 Till he came to a naked woman
 With her hair bound to the ground

How came you here, cried Johnson
 How came you here, cried he
 How came you here, cried Johnson
 With your hair bound to the ground

They whipped me, they robbed me
 My hands and feet they bound
 They left me here stark naked
 With my hair bound to the ground

Now Johnson had been a standbold young man
A man that carries gold
He took his big coat from his back
Oh to keep her from the cold

As they went a-riding along the road
As fast as they could ride
She put her fingers to her ears
And she made a dreadful row

As they went a riding along the road
As fast as they could ride
Out jumped three highway robbers
And he slewed two of them

And whilst he was slewed the other one
And had him to the ground
It was that wicked woman
Who did give him his death wound

For you shall be hanged in the chains of gold
For the deed that you have done
For a-killing of the finest butcher boy
That ever the sun shined on

This ballad ranks as one of those that Child omitted for reasons best known to himself. As MacColl and Seeger remark: "it not only fulfills his definition of a ballad but has been popular with country singers at least since 1678, when it appeared as a black-letter broadside under the title of 'The Three Worthy Butchers Of The North'".

The singer, Nelson Penfold, is a traveller (gypsy), and indeed the song has had some popularity among his people. He sings it with a direct, straightforward style, well paced, and suited to this kind of fast-moving adventure story.

25. YOUNG A-GROWING. Nelson Penfold. Traveller. Westlake. Devon

(Gundry. Canow Kernow/Sharp. Novello School Series/Ord. Bothy Songs And Ballads/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/Healy. Ballads From The Pubs Of Ireland/Joliffe. Third Book Of Irish Ballads/Sedley. The Seeds Of Love/Buchan & Hall. The Scottish Folksinger/MacColl And Seeger. Traveller's Songs From England And Scotland/MacColl And Seeger. The Singing Island/Scottish Studies Vol. 7 Pt. 1/Dawney. The Ploughboy's Glory/MacColl. Personal Choice/Healy. Love Songs Of The Irish/Behan. Ireland Sings/Palmer. Everyman's Books Of English Country Songs/Henderson. My Song Is My Own/Christie. Traditional Ballad Airs Vol. 2/Hecht. Songs From David Herd's Manuscripts/Buchan. A Scottish Ballad Book/Maidment. A North Country Garland/Quiller-Couch. The Oxford Book Of Ballads/Hodgart. The Faber Book Of Ballads/Sharp. Folk Songs From Somerset/Sharp. English Folk Songs Vol. 2/Sharp. One Hundred English Folk Songs/Reeves. The Idiom Of The People/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs Vol. 1/FSJ No. 4/FSJ No. 6/FSJ No. 7/FSJ No. 8/FSJ No. 9/FSJ No. 19/JEFDS 1951/JEFDS 1956/Folk Music Journal 1973/Baring-Gould. Songs Of The West/Broadwood. English Traditional Songs And Carols/Reeves. The Everlasting Circle/Kidson. English Peasant Songs/Vaughan Williams & Lloyd. The Penguin Book Of English Folk Songs)

This is the story of a young boy and a young girl who want to get married. But the father thinks his son is too young, so-

We'll send him to the college for one year or two
When he do come back again he night do for you
For the younger the better if you only wait a while
For my bonny boy is young but he's growing

She went to the college and looked in over the wall
There was four and twenty bonny boys a-playing with a ball
For she asked for her own true love, the best among them all
For her bonny boy is young but he's growing

At the age of sixteen oh he was a married man
At the age of seventeen he was the father of a son
At the age of eighteen oh his grave was growing green
And that soon put a end to his growing

She was out in the garden all one summer's morn
Picking of the roses, the tears came tumbling down
Saying: Once I had a true love but now I haven't got none
For my bonny boy is gone now for ever
Yes my bonny boy is gone now for ever

Nelson Penfold here sings another of the ballads that Child omitted. His rendition begins with a short spoken

passage to set the scene, moving into song at what is variously found elsewhere as a second, third, or even fourth verse. He says that the spoken passage is traditional, although often longer than he gives it.

The sense of the story usually revolves around an arranged marriage. Nelson's version changes the sense. As in the other versions the boy is too young, although he fathers a son but dies soon after. Nelson has them, though, as two young lovers seeking parental consent, and sometimes calls the song "the tale of the little boy and the big maid".

26. HE PULLED A DAGGER. Amy Birch. Traveller. Exbridge. Devon

(Lloyd. Folk Song In England/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's Collection Of English Folk Songs/Hamer. Garners Gay/Kennedy. Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland/Sedley. The Seeds Of Love/Purslow. The Wanton Seed/Scottish Studies Vol. 16 Pt. 2/MacColl & Seeger. Traveller's Songs From England And Scotland/Chilton. Victorian Folk Songs/Palmer. Everyman's Book Of English Country Songs/Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger/Greig. Folk Song Of The North East)

He pulled a dagger from his coat and laid her down to the ground
And there the blood came a-trickling, a-trickling from the wound

He grabbed her by her curly locks and he dragged her to the stream
There he bade a-thinking when at last he throws her in
He watched her float, yes he watched her float, he watched her go down with the tide
Saying: That poor girl's got a watery grave when she ought to have been my bride

He goes home to his master's house, twelve o'clock that night
His master rose and let him in by a-striking of a light
He asked him and he questioned him what had stained his hands and his clothes
And the answer that he gave to him was the bleedings from his nose

It was a few days after that poor young girl was missed
They took him on suspicion for a-doing all of this
They sent him on to Newgate, there to be tried for his life
For the murdering of that honest young girl what ought to have been his wife

It was a few days after that poor young girl was found
She came floating down the river near by Wesley town
The judge and the jury they set themselves to agree
For the murdering of the honest young girl and a hanged you shall be

Some collections call this "The Wexford Girl" (as in Laws P35), others "The Prentice Boy". Whatever, it is a remarkably tenacious song in tradition, and is said to date back to an actual event in Berkshire in 1744.

Early broadside texts are long and involved, but the life of this song in folk tradition has made it more economical as Laws points out in some detail.

Amy Birch has a fantastically powerful voice- hard-edged, nasal, and quite imposing to listen to, especially in the confines of a caravan. Her slow, deliberate style is typical of many travellers, especially women. Her commitment to a song is total. She uses the occasional decorative sobs and slides used by many modern travellers. Some commentators have regretted this as an influence from Country And Western music, which is popular amongst travellers. In Amy's case it may well derive from one of her favorite recorded singers, Bessie Smith- anything but Country And Western.

Perhaps oddly for such a commanding singer, Amy is a little shy of performing for strangers, and singing is very much a family affair.

27. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN LIVED IN YORKSHIRE. Amy Birch. Traveller.
Exbridge. Devon

(Holloway & Black. Later English Broadside Ballads/JFSS
Vol. 1/JFSS Vol. 2/JEFDS Vol. 9/Kidson & Moffat. A
Garland Of English Folk Songs/Leigh. Ballads And Legends
Of Cheshire/Logan. A Pedlar's Pack Of Ballads And Songs/
Purslow. The Constant Lovers/Karpeles. Cecil Sharp's
Collection Of English Folk Songs Vol. 2/Williams. Folk
Songs Of The Upper Thames)

There was an old man live in Yorkshire
And to market his daughter did go
She was afraid or a-fear of no danger
Because she's been on the highway before

Well she met with a bold highway robber
And three chambers he drew from his breast
Saying: Give me your money or clothing
Or else you will die in distress

Well he stripped that young lady stark naked
And he gave her the bridle to hold
There she bade there a-shivering and shaking
Almost frozen the death with the cold

She put her left foot in the stirrup
And she mounted her horse like a man
Over hedges and ditches she galloped
Saying: Catch me bold rogue if you can

She rode to the gates of her father
And she shouted all over the farm
Saying: Father I've been in quite danger
But that bold rogue he's done me no harm

She put her white horse in the stable
And she spread a white sheet on the floor
And from under the flap of her saddle
She took five thousand pounds or maybe more

This song has an extraordinary hold over the
imaginings of travellers, especially in southern England.
All know some of it, and those who regard themselves as
singers invariably known all of it.

There is a ballad, "The Crafty Farmer" (Child 283)
which tells virtually the same story except that the farmer's
daughter's role is taken by a "silly old man" who plays a more
artful trick on the highwayman. It usually goes to a similar
tune, some derivative of the 17th century "The Rant".

28. THE BATTLE OF SAHAGUN. Harry Stubbs. Retired Accountant.
Harrogate. Yorkshire

(Purslow. The Constant Lovers)

Twas in quarters we lay as you quickly shall hear
When Lord Paget came to us and bade us prepare
Saying: Saddle your horses by the light of the moon
For the Frenchmen are lying in the town of Sahagun

So we saddled our horses and away we did go
Over rivers of ice and o'er mountains of snow
To the town of Sahagun then our cause we did steer
Twas the 15th Hussars that had never known fear

We rode all that night until daylight did break
And eight of those French on the bridge we did take
But two got away and rode off to Sahagun
To tell the French there that the English had come

The Frenchmen turned out of the town of Sahagun
Well mounted, well armed, full eight hundred strong
So loud did they cry for Napoleon their king
With three cheers from the 15th the vineyards did ring

They formed themselves up and the fight it began
They thought they could frighten the brave Englishman
With glittering broadswords right at them we sped
Till they turned threes about and away they all fled

We soon overtook them as frightened they fled
Cut through the brass helmets they wore on their heads
Have mercy, have mercy, so loud did they cry
Have mercy you English or else we all die

Mid the snow in the vineyards the Frenchmen lay dead
Three hundred were taken, the rest they had fled
Their colonel likewise, he was taken in the field
Twas the 15th Hussars made the Frenchmen to yield

So here's to Lord Paget, here endeth our stave
Likewise Colonel Grant and our officers brave
With full flowing bowl let us drink and we'll sing
Success to the 15th and God save the king

Harry Stubbs learnt this song in the 15th Hussars in
1930 at the age of 16. It relates the events of a battle which
took place in 1808, the commander, Lord Paget, being Henry
William Paget, Marquis Of Anglesey.

The recording of this song was remarkable. Harry
Stubbs is folklorist Tish Stubbs' father. Therefore we have it
on our own authority that this song was not performed for
nearly thirty years, and probably ten more before that. A
discussion of our own interest in folk songs brought forth
the comment "Oh I know one like that". It was performed well,
with style and clarity, forty years on, with total recall- not
a single hesitation. It follows broadside texts very closely.
Subsequently a number of other songs came from this source.
The best advice to folklorists might be to start at home!

29. MCCATHERY. Mrs. Hawkins. Housewife. Woodbury Salterton.
Devon

(Seeger & MacColl. Songs For The Sixties/MacColl & Seeger.
The Singing Island/Lloyd. Folk Song In England/Hamer.
Green Groves/Green. Lore & Language Nos. 3,4,&5/Palmer.
The Rambling Soldier/MacColl And Seeger. Travellers
Songs From England And Scotland)

When I was nearly eighteen years of age
Into the army I did engage
Twas there with which such good intent
I joined the Devonshire Regiment

To the Higher Barracks I had to go
To do my training at that depot
But from the start twas plain to see
That Captain Hamilton took a dislike to me

Whilst standing out on guard one day
Some soldier's children came out to play
From the officers quarters my captain came
And ordered me to take their parents name

My captain's orders I had to fulfill
But this I did against my will
One name I took instead of three
With neglect of duty he did charge me

To the orderly room I had to go
To tell my tale to the NCO
My sentence there was quickly signed
Ten days to barracks I was confined

Back to my quarters I did return
Revenge within my heart did burn
And I resolved that fatal day
My captain's life I would take away

With a loaded rifle I took that aim
And later on a confessed my crime
My captain did I intend to kill
But I shot my colonel against my will

To the Liverpool Assizes I had to go
To tell my tale that the world might know
The jury said: McCathery
Prepare thyself for the hangman's tree

I have no father to take my part
I pride no mother to break her heart
I have a friend, a girl is she
Who prays each night that I'll be reprieved

In a three part study in "Lore And Language" A.E.Green
shows that there is little conclusive evidence as to the
historical truth of "McCafferty". Never the less, most singers
regard it as a true story, factually as well as ethically, and
a considerable web of folk belief surrounds both the hero and
the events portrayed.

We have twice encountered the idea that the words were
"found" written on the wall of a condemned cell, in one case
in India. McCafferty is also said to haunt his cell in
Fulwood Barracks, Preston, Lancashire, despite the fact that

it no longer exists, the architecture being entirely altered. Finally, there is the widespread belief that the song was banned in the army, and we have been told of people being threatened with being put on a charge for singing it.

Mrs. Hawkins learnt the song from soldiers stationed in Exeter, where she used to live, and says that it was sung in unison by herself and workmates, all women, as they laboured in a big laundry.

30. MAGGIE MAY. Stan Walters. Lorry driver. Stanstead. Essex

(Hugill. Shanties From The Seven Seas/Sedley. The Seeds Of Love/Scott. A Collectors Songbook/Hugill. Songs Of The Sea)

Now gather round you matelot boys and listen to my plea
And when you've heard my story pity me
For I was a goddamned fool in the port of Liverpool
The first time that I came home from sea

I was paid off from the ship from a trip to Syrie Cruz
Five pound ten a month was all my pay
With my pocket full of tin I was very soon taken in
By a little girl they all called Maggie May

Now I remember well when I first met Maggie May
She was cruising up and down old Canning Place
She wore a dress so fine like a figure on the line
That I being a matelot I gave chase

Next morning when I woke with my heart all sad and broke
No jumper, trousers, collar could I find
When I asked her where they were she said my dear young sir
They're down at Jones's pawnshop Number Nine

To the pawnshop I did go but no clothes there could I find
Oh the cops they came and they took that girl away
Oh she robbed many sailors and skippers of the whalers
They've gone and taken Maggie May away

Oh Maggie Maggie May they have taken her away
No more will she walk down Canning Place
Oh the judge he guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder
They've gone and taken Maggie May away

The fate of the Liverpool whore Maggie May is known throughout the navy (and elsewhere) to this day as it was when Stan Walters learnt it during the 1939-45 war. It has become something of an anthem in Liverpool in recent years, due partly to its popularisation by local folksong revival groups, notably "The Spinners".

In fact Maggie May herself figures in two songs, often sung to the same tune. The other one is an obscene account of the "old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore". Stan knew both songs.

31. JIMMY MacELBEE. Mary Duffy. Stockton-On-Tees. Cleveland

(The Clancy Brothers And Tommy Makem Songbook/Chapbook Vol. 3 No. 2)

Jimmy MacElbee, MacGee, and me
And another two or three went on a spree one day
We had a bob or two which we knew how to blow
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay
We visited McCann's, Micheal Mann's, Humpty Dan's
Then we went down to Swan's our stomachs for to pack
We all had quite a feed which indeed we did need
And we shifted it with speed but we still felt slack

Young Macindoo looked as blue as a soo
As a plate of Irish stew sure he put out of sight
He shouted out and called for some more for he swore
He never had before such a keen appetite
The shopman brought the charge, Macindoo got so large
He began to barge and his blood caught fire
He cursed and he swore, tore his hair in despair
To finish the affair he called the shopman a liar

The shopman then drew out and no doubt he could clout
Macindoo was knocked about like an old football
MacGee jumped into help and indeed he could skelp
Till the shopman yelled for help and his pals jumped in

MacElbee thought this a sin, picked up a jug of gin
And he flung it with some vim and the shopkeeper's head
It struck old Mickey Flinn, knocked the skin off his chin
And sure there was a din as we all fought and bled

The peelers man arrived, man alive, four or five
At us they made a dive and on us they lay
Macindoo began to cry and to wail to no avail
For we ended up in jail for our spree that day

Many singers in industrial areas in particular relish such wordplay songs as this. Some of them originated in the music halls, others on broadsides, and some were the work of local singers themselves. They perhaps reflect a different pace of life to the older ballads.

Scenes like that depicted here were not rare in industrial towns in Mary Duffy's childhood, but rather than fist fights she recalls verbal fights in the streets- again reflecting a fascination with words. She told us: "We had drama in the streets. There was always some kind of verbal fights. We loved it. We'd all clamour round. We'd say: Come on, come on, a fight. There was no blood struck. Just words tossed. Scandal come out. It was great. It was drama."

Mrs. Duffy learnt "Jimmy MacElbee" from her father, a travelling potter.

32. JIMMY RUN DOWN TO YOUR UNCLES. Mary Duffy. Stockton-On-Tees. Cleveland

Jimmy run down to your uncle's, that's a bonny wee lamb
Say it's your father's black trousers, he's to give you as
much as he can
And try and hide the patches and keep them out of sight
And tell them your father he's working now and he'll lift
them on Saturday night

And Johnny as you're coming hame and mind you dinna stay
You ken the grocer Geordie Black, o' course its on your way
Well you bring home a loaf of bread, some tea, some sugar and jam
A packet of peas and a quarter of cheese and a pound of his
fourpenny ham

Repeat first verse

Although not specifically mentioned, this song is about the pawnshop, something which has thankfully disappeared from industrial towns. Families could "pawn" clothes and other items- ie. exchange them for money- in order to but food. If by pay night the objects had not been sold by the pawnbroker they could be exchanged back- for slightly ^{more} ~~less~~, of course. Mary Duffy comments: "Pawnshops were essential to the people who fought for survival because of low wages and unemployment. It was grim in those days."

We do not know the song from elsewhere.

33. DO YOU KNOW ME FATHER/THERE WAS AN OLD MAN/I LOST MY ARM Bert Draycott. Coal miner. Fishburn. Cleveland

Why, do you know me father
He comes from Wheatley Hill
He gets paid on a Friday night
And he doesn't half like a gill
He gans to church on Sundays
Mind he always gets in late
He rives the buttons off his shirt
And puts them on the plate
Well the night was dark and stormy
And the crew was playing banker
The Captain took six Beecham's pills
And they had to drop the anchor

There was an old man and he had a wooden leg
He had no tobaccy, no tobaccy could he beg
Another old feller cunning as a fox
Always had tobaccy in his old tobaccy box
First old feller says: Give us a fill
Second old feller says: I'm bugged if I will
If you saved up all your pennies when you're working in the docks
You'd always have tobaccy in your old tobaccy box

I lost my arm in the army
 I lost my leg in the navy
 I lost my (bang on table) in the butcher's shop
 And they found it in the gravy

Short epigrammatic, witty, or nonsense songs such as these are extremely common, even amongst people who do not regard themselves as singers. They are more typical of the repertoires of towns and industrial areas, although some country people know them too.

Many of them seem to move easily between children's lore and adult songs. A goodly proportion also derive from popular song of the older, music hall or variety type.

34. THE RINGARANGROO. Stan Walters. Lorry driver. Stanstead. Essex.

(MacColl & Seeger. Traveller's Songs From England And Scotland/Bold. The Bawdy Beautiful/Green. Rugby Songs)

As I was walking down the street
 A fair young maid I chanced to meet
 She said: Hallo, how do you do
 Would you like a go on the ringarangroo

O ringarangroo, pray what is that
 He's soft and smooth like a pussy cat
 Got hair all round and a-split in two
 That's what they call a ringarangroo

She took me to her father's cellar
 And she said: Young man you're a very nice feller
 She gave me wine and whiskey too
 And then a go on her ringarangroo

She took me home, her father said
 You've gone and lost your maidenhead
 So pack your bags and your baggage too
 And earn your living on your ringarangroo

She went to town a proper whore
 And she hung a notice on the door
 A dollar down, no less, no more
 To have a go on the ringarangroo

From sweet sixteen to ninetytwo
 Oh the boys they came and the boys they went
 The price went down to sixty cents
 To have a go on her ringarangroo

Stan Walters, who unfortunately passed away while this album was in preparation, had a remarkable and vast repertoire of mainly bawdy songs, mostly learnt in the navy, and often performed in a local pub.

Many such songs (inaccurately called "rugby songs"- they were around probably long before rugby football was invented and are still sung by people with little interest in the sport) are widely current today. Prudery has prevented their publication until recently, although, as Gershon Legman has repeatedly pointed out, withholding these items from the book buying public has no effect on their popularity in tradition. Who, then, is being protected from them?

35. THE GAME OF FOOTBALL. Mary Duffy. Stockton-On-Tees. Cleveland.

(Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger)

Last week for diversion, bad luck to it all
 I thought I would witness a game of football
 So off I went the game to see
 Along with McGurk and McGook and McGee
 As far as I heard sure the game was got up
 To play for a sort of a kind of a cup
 The clubs that were playing I hardly could name
 They were Whatymaycallem and some other team
 To get there in time I'd to walk very smart
 I arrived as the game was commencing to start
 MacMahon he skeedaddled away with the ball
 And nobody could take it from him at all
 Till he tumbled over some feller's foot
 And for nearly five minutes he stood on his nut

One feller behind me shouted: Put the ball through
 And he gave me a kick with his tackerty shoe
 I turned me round, boys, I gave him a whack
 I shifted his nose round the neck of his back
 Saying: Take that you spalpeen for I'll let you see
 You're not going to make an old football of me
 Said he: What is that for? Says I: It's for you
 Said he: Take it back, and I did take it too
 For he gave me a clout, boys, he near knocked me sick
 He couldn't have hit me as hard with a brick
 But bad as I was I got nothing at all
 Compared to the boys who were kicking the ball
 One feller was groaning and panting for breath
 While another begged someone to put him to death
 The goalkeeper he was a terrible wreck
 He broke both his arms his legs and his neck
 A half dozen doctors arrived out of puff
 With bales of skin plaster and that sort of stuff
 To see the way they plastered them all
 You'd think they were trying to paper a wall
 There's some of them lying in hospitals yet
 While others are waiting for crutches to let
 But take my advice boys and take it from me
 It's the last football match ever I go to see

Mary Duffy suspects that her father wrote this song, and in the absence of any other evidence this seems possible. It is, however, very much in the style of a particular Irish music hall song genre typified by verbose, rolling lines of words sung to a repetitive tune.

36. T'BOBBIN WINDER'S SONG. Essie Dean. Dog breeder. From Rochdale, Lancashire.

Manager were upper class
 But he wed a weaver's lass
 Now he's neither gowd nor brass
 Manager were witless

Spinner he were raving mad
 And his wife were just as bad
 What they'd ordered were a lad
 And they'd gotten a daughter

Little Piecer no'one could beat
 He were drunk from morn till neet
 He geet sack and sarve him reet
 Gormless little piecer

Dauffer were a gradely fu'
 He said he'd ne'er went to t' school
 Headless as a blooming mule
 Proper daft were t' dauffer

Bobbin winder said one day:
 Thee join me i' rum and tay
 Thee buy rum and I'll but t' tay
 Well done bobbin winder

Sweeper up were better still
 All he had he put i' till
 Now he's boss and own all t'mill
 Crafty sweeper upper

This mill song, in Lancashire dialect, itemizes the hierarchy in a textile mill from the manager to the sweeper up. The spinner, little piecer, doffer, and bobbin winder all represent stages in the manufacturing process, and the qualities attributed to them are traditional stereotypes. In the first verse, for instance; it was often said that a weaver's lass aspired to marrying a manager.

In total, the workforce is presented as a motley crew, either "barmy" or "gormless", with the exception of the sweeper up who is thrifty.

With the growth of industrial England, especially during the 19th century, occupational songs such as this- meaningful to insiders, jargon-laden to outsiders- became common in a number of industries. They represented the deep folklore of their respective areas. It was Essie Dean's grandfather's song, and she remembers it mainly from home gatherings, although, suprisingly, it was sung at work in the mills of Rochdale.

37. THE DOGGEY PUTTER. Bert Draycott. Coal Miner. Fishburn. Cleveland

(Lloyd. Come All Ye Bold Miners)

Why dear friends just gather round, I's not going to waste
your time
I'll tell you aboot a putter lad whe works at Dogg^{ey} Mine
His name I dursen't tell ye in case I do offend
Queerer lad there never was, his ways he'll never mend

On a Monday when he's on forst shift he's always feelin' queer
'Cause just the previous neet afore he's been out on the beer
And amazin' pity, grace unknown, an' love beyond degree
His mother tries to waken him but he's dead as dead can be

An next he tries his uppermost te get into his shirt
He puts his legs into the sleeves an' rives it in three parts
An then he puts his stockins on, find them inside oot
And sends a prayer up to his God: the bugg^{er}'s lost his boots

At last he manages te get dressed with all his might an' main
His mother says: Goodmorning lad, but his mind it's far away
And as he toddles doon the yard with a rattle in his throttle
He hoys his push-bike o'er ~~his~~ back and pedals away on his bottle

An' as the hours fled in that shift, to him like rollin' years
He struggles on weary an' worn wi' the trials that occurs
At last the shift comes te an end: Oh thank the Lord, he cries
An' take us te my home at last an' rest me weary sides

In the field of industrial song more research has concentrated on miners songs than most others. This may well be because miners have more songs than other work groups. In the Northeast of England especially, this continuing tradition, now intermingled with the folksong revival, is rich indeed, and Bert Draycott is one of its newest and most talented exponents. He normally performs in miners' social clubs, for various associations who happen to have a celebration, and sometimes in folk clubs. He presents his material in a manner which owes a lot to the professional entertainer of music-halls and the variety stage, but without props and with no musical accompaniment. His act is a wonderfully rich, detailed, and witty account of local life, especially of pitmen. Much of it is story-telling, broken up by a few songs. His repertoire of both songs and stories is large.

Bert Draycott is also a songwriter, but "The Doggey Putter" was learnt from a fellow miner. For those who may find the Northeast dialect difficult to follow, it is about an inept, blundering pitman who has had too much beer the night before.

Side 4

38. JOE HILL. George Strattan. Retired draughtsman and trade union official. Liverpool. Lancashire

(Winter. And Since We're In Good Company/The Topic Songbook)

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I: But Joe you're ten years dead
I never died, said he
I never died, said he

In Salt Lake City, Joe, says I
Him standing by my bed
They framed you on a murder charge
Says Joe: But I ain't dead
Says Joe: But I ain't dead

The copper bosses killed you Joe
They shot you Joe, says I
Takes more than guns to kill a man
Says Joe: I didn't die
Says Joe: I didn't die

And standing there as big as life
And smiling in his eyes
Says Joe: What they could never kill
Went on to organise
Went on to organise

From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where working men defend their rights
That's where you'll find Joe Hill
That's where you'll find Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill Last night
Alive as you and me
Says I: But Joe you're ten years dead
I never died, said he
I never died, said he

Conceivably the best known industrial or political song in the British trade union and labour movement is the American composition "Joe Hill" by Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson. There is hardly a union activist who has not heard it, many can sing along with it, and all who in any way concern themselves with singing informally at weekend schools and conferences seem to know it.

The context for such singing is usually a common room, less frequently a bar, often after hours. Sometimes these sessions are loosely organised by one singer who acts as MC. More often it is an informal affair, probably dominated by a handful of singers whose repertoires can extend to an hour or so. Some singers deliberately hold "Joe Hill" back until late in the proceedings as it is a difficult song to follow.

"Joe Hill" was introduced to British audiences by the black actor and singer, Paul Robeson at a massive rally for the Stockholm Peace Petition at Lincoln's Inn, London, 1949. It was helped further into oral circulation by a few printed copies and a number of records, mainly American. Although it has always held its popularity amongst trade unionists, the emergence on a large scale of the British folksong revival in the 1960s perhaps helped take it out of the limelight a little.

The folksong revival encouraged younger singers to look to their own ^{British} traditions for material, and played an important part in drawing attention to these traditions and thereby enriching contemporary cultural life. Even so, it must be said that in the case of songs like "Joe Hill" the national heritage argument ignores a salient fact of British labour folklore: that many American origin songs were being sung and passed around orally long before the folk revival was thought of.

39. HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM. Bob Hine. Retired London County Council Official. Watford. Hertfordshire.

(Winter. And Since We're In Good Company)

A lady came out when I knocked on the door
She said: It's no good coming here 'cause I've seen you before

Chorus:
Hallelujah I'm a bum
Hallelujah bum again
Hallelujah give us a handout to revive us again

Oh why don't you work for your daily bread
If that's all I did I would damn soon be dead

Oh why don't you work like other folks do
How the Hell can I work when there's no work to do

John Greenway has told of the origins of this song in his "American Folk Songs Of Protest". Harry MacClintock, who was hobo-ing at the time, invented it as a parody of a gospel hymn,

and it was printed on a song sheet in 1906. Since then it has travelled widely and passed into the folk traditions of the English speaking world. Verses added and subtracted, and there is even an obscene version in circulation.

Bob Hine was active in the Labour movement in the 1930s and 40s, still sings the song, and remembers it as being one of the most popular at the time.

40. HARRY WAS A BOLSHIE. Ken Penny. University lecturer. Penny Moor, Devon.

(de Sola Pinto & Rodway. The Common Muse/Winter. And Since We're In Good Company)

Harry was a Bolshie, one of Lenin's lads
Till he was foully murdered by reactionary cads

Chorus
By reactionary cads, by reactionary cads
Till he was foully murdered by reactionary cads

(Same chorus formula throughout)

That's alright, said Harry, my soul shall never die
I'll carry on the party work in a land beyond the sky

He went up to the pearly gates, saw Peter on his knees
Can I see old Comrade God, I'm Harry Pollitt please

Said Peter unto Harry: Are you humble and contrite
I'm a friend of Lady Astor's so I'm sure I'll be alright

They gave a harp to Harry, he held it in his hand
He played the "Internationale" in a Hallelujah Band

They put him in the choir but the hymns he didn't like
So he organised the angels and brought them out on strike

They brought him up for trial before the Heavenly Host
Far causing disaffection amongst the Heavenly Host

The verdict it was guilty but Harry he said: Swell
He wrapped his nightie round his knees and he floated down to Hell

Now seven long years have gone and passed off Harry's doing well
They've made him People's Commissar for the whole of Soviet Hell

The moral of this story, it isn't hard to tell
If you want to be a Commissar they'll send you down to Hell

"Harry" in the song is Harry Pollitt, Communist Party agitator who came to prominence in the 1920s and 30s and became leader of the party- respected and feared throughout the British industrial scene for many years.

The song was written "for a lark" by a student, Elin Williams, in 1935 for a National Unemployed Workers Movement camp. None could have predicted the incredible currency it would have. It is now known in a vast number of variants not only amongst those on the political left, but also (at least during the 2nd World War) as a forces ballad.

Its non-appearance in standard folksong collections and anthologies since the war only underlines the lack of any genuine fieldwork in this area.

41. THE 40 POUND CAR. Bert Draycott. Coal miner. Fishburn. Cleveland.

(Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger)

Why, I said to the wife the other day
Look here my sugar pie
It's time we had some transport
So a car I'm ganning to buy
We can do away off to the seaside then
Any time we like
And anyway its crowded
With the four of us on the bike

So I gets me money and off ah gans
Straight down to Darlington Town
I'm shouting: Fetch your motors out
'Cause I've got money down
Well a feller comes out says: I've got a car
Suit you down to the ground
Its taxed and tested the rest of the week
It will cost you forty pounds

Why, ye knaa-
I blew the horn and I revved the engine
I waggled the steering wheel
I clashed the doors and kicked the tyres
I says: Mate, tha's got a deal
I pays me money, louts stright in
Proudest day of me life
And I drove me forty pound car back home
To show off to the wife

But, ye knaa
She come out and glowered at it
I'll not ride in that thing
The front two doors is hanging off
And the back 'uns tied up with string
Ah said: Shut your face, get yourself in
Tells us what it feels
She says: It's like a corned beef tin
What's been fixed up with wheels

Then me marra comes up all poppely-eyed
And he stands and he looks and he laughs
He says: I can see the marks on the front
Where the feller's sawn off the shafts
And who was the previous owner, he says
To me that car looks queer
Ah looked in the book and then ah sees
Some body called Bodicea

But we puts up some bait and we all jumped in
As happy as can be
With three grit bangs and a cloud of smoke
Why we sets away for the sea
We flew away past Hope House
Up by the Bird In The Hand
And apart from the bangs and the clouds of smoke
The car was gannin' grand

But ye knaa-
The mother-in-law rolled out of the back
As we went past Wyniard Road
And the polis gave us a ticket
For an insecure load
And another for having no mudguards on
And another for giving him lip
He says: Do yourself a favour mate
Bool it over the tip

I says yer bloody brazen polis-man

Then the car wouldn't start and try as I may
Why I just couldn't get 'er to gan
And the missus says: Why Berty
Go and get the AA Man
Why he takes a look and he shakes his head
Says it's had its day
You' better go and get Norman Hitch
To come and drag it away

So I off to the phone to give him a ring
Sedgefield 189
He says: Don't go away, stay where you are
I'll be there any time
I says: Now what'll you give us to tow it away
He looks with a bit of a smile
He says: Me pay you? It's you pay me
Fifty bob a mile

Why it cost us a fiver to drag it away
And that's me story so far
And as long as I live I'll never forget
The day I bought a car

Bert Draycott won a song writing competition at Newcastle Festival in 1975 with this song. He comments:

"I wrote it after working for a secondhand car dealer for a year's part-time when pay wasn't so good. I got to know a few sharkey dealers..."

He acknowledges the influence of the famous bard of the Durham coalfields, Tommy Armstrong of Tyneside (1848-1919) whose songs are to this day regarded as classics of their type. Songs like this represent a folk tradition heavily influenced, but by no means swamped, by music-hall entertainers.



Allan Lavercombe

42. CANTREEN TEA. Allan Lavercombe. Bus Driver. Torquay. Devon
(Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger/New City Songster)

The day I started work I remember well
At twelve o'clock the gaffer rang the bell
And with me penny in me palm and me lunchbox under me arm
Not thinking any harm in canteen tea

The first taste that I took brought me to my knees
Stewed maiden's water laced with anti-freeze
Well I took that witches brew and I poured it down the loo
It's the best thing you can do with canteen tea

Well I've only stuck the job two days or three
Until the canteen got the better of me
Down the road I made my way and I took a drop in pay
Thinking I'd got away from canteen tea

But every job I took the tea's got worse
And it's followed me like Tutankhamen's curse
And for my punishment that secret ingredient
Was everywhere I went in canteen tea

In the army then I served a six year spell
And I'll swear the tea had bromide in as well
I was horrified to learn I couldn't do a turn
And I'd be glad to return to canteen tea

Then I've laboured for the rest of my working life
With the canteen lady who'd become my wife
But on the day that I retired I fear my life expired
Overworked and sick and tired of canteen tea

And when at last they tolled my funeral knell
Well I'd reckoned that I'd served my time in hell
Saint Peter at the gate said: Welcome, come in mate
You're just in time for break and canteen tea

Allan Lavercombe is one of those songwriters who has had considerable encouragement from the folksong revival, and yet the style of his pieces seems singularly unaffected by what is erroneously labelled "contemporary folk".

The tune he uses for "Canteen Tea" is that of a Cornish broadside "Crantock Games".

43. THE BIG HEWER AND THE LITTLE MARRA. Bert Draycott. Coal Miner. Fishburn. Cleveland

(Richards & Stubbs. The English Folksinger)

Why there was this grit big coal hewer
Said he had coal dust in his veins
He had grit big arms and a grit broad back
But he never had ne brains, ne brains
He never had ne brains

He could lift grit big girders
And set arches by his sel'
But his other marras always used to say
In time the strain will tell, will tell
In time the strain will tell

Now he had a skinny little marra
Who was only five foot nowt
When he met his skinny little marra coming outbye
At him he would bawl and shout, he would
At him he would cawl and shout, he would

He would curse his skinny little marra
On his head he would always heap scorn
He'd say: How come today I've filled twelve
And thou, tha's only filled one, you idle sod
And thou, tha's only filled one, you idle sod

Why the skinny little marra never said nowt
Took everything the big hewer had to say
'Cause he knew on Thursday when they got the note
They would both have the very same pay, it's true
They would both have the very same pay

Why the big hewer kept on riving
Hewing and filling every day
But at last he went and strained his heart
And he deed and passed away, he did
And he deed and passed away, he did

The skinny little marra came to see him
Mind, he looked lovely in the front room laid out
He looked down and said: Today I've filled one
And thou lad, thou's filled nowt, 'cause tha's dead
And thou lad, thou's filled nowt, 'cause tha's dead

Why the skinny little marra's still filling
His one tub every day
And the graveyards full of grit big hewers
That's what the little man said to me
That's what the little man said to me

So all you fellers wha is listening
All gan and de as little as you can
'Cause if you're a lazy young feller
You'll make a strong old man, it's true
You'll make a strong old man, it's true -

A "marra" is a workmate, or partner.

Until the 1960s the legendary Big Hewer was unknown to British folklorists, although recognised as a figure in other European folklore. In 1961 Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, and Charles Parker undertook some detailed fieldwork in Britain's coalfields in preparation for a BBC radio documentary about miners. They recorded many hours of conversation, songs, and stories. According to Charles Parker:

"...among these tales we began to discern a figure of the archetypal miner, the Big Hewer". His name changed from area to area, but he always had the same characteristics- a stupendous appetite, towering stature, muscles of iron, and an amazing capacity for hewing coal. As Parker suggested, he is an English John Henry.

Although awe inspiring as a figure, many miner's jokes and anecdotes reveal another attitude towards the Big Hewer. They mock him for working too hard, and regard him as obsessive- even as a mug. The song presented here is sung by Bert Draycott, and illustrates this perhaps more recent attitude very succinctly. It was written by another miner, Dave Mountford, also from the Northeast.

44. THE SHREWSBURY THREE. Joe Kay. Retired builder. Salford. Lancashire

Some working men in Shrewsbury
On a building site one day
They thought if they should stop work
They would try to get more pay
They talked to all their working mates
Just to get the matter clear
Some pickets were put in a jailhouse
Yes, one of them got three years

Chorus:

The Shrewsbury three, the Shrewsbury three
It could happen to you and it could happen to me
The Shrewsbury three, the Shrewsbury three
Let's make a stand for their liberty

Some scuffles on the building sites
And I've seen such things before
But according to the sentence
You'd think there'd been world war
The sentence didn't fit the crime
The punishment was the crime
So let's try to get them out
Before they finish their time

The clock it struck the hour of six
As they took them down below
You see it was Christmas time
But no Christmas cheer to show
The preacher in the church nearby
Was speaking for the needy
But in court when the sentence was passed
We saw who were the greedy

Three years is a long time to serve
When you think of the crimes that pay
Just think of all the corruption
That's knocking about today

But there's certainly something we've got to learn
And that it is for sure
There's a law that works for the rich
And another one for the poor

We live in this old land of ours
Is there nothing we could do
To show we got something
From our grandpas good and true
They won for us a legacy
That meant justice for us all
And now it is the right time
We should make the clarion call

Literally hundreds of songs and parodies are produced every year for political campaigns. Joe Kay's song of "The Shrewsbury Three" may stand for the many others.

The "Three" were building workers who took part in flying picketing during the 1972 building strike. They were arrested six months later on charges of conspiracy, the basis of the prosecution's case being that the pickets had conspired to cause violence. As in many such cases, the law was implemented in a somewhat one-sided manner, and press and media coverage made no attempt to put the other side. For some years the labour movement in Britain was scandalised by the fact that of the original 24 arrested, three served long prison sentences, one of three years.

A number of songs tried to draw attention to the case as part of a nationwide campaign. Joe's song was written to be sung, by himself, at a political meeting. The campaign, incidentally, was not successful.

45. DEMONSTRATION SONGS AND CHANTS. Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament March, London, October 1980

- a. We don't want no war
Tra la la la la

We don't want no war
Tra la la la la la

We don't want no war tra la la la la
So keep cruise missiles out

(repeated)
- b. What do we want
No nukes
When do we want it
Now
- c. Ban the bomb
Ban the bomb
- d. I got a cruise missile from my Uncle Sam
I got a cruise missile from my Uncle Sam
I got a cruise missile from my Uncle Sam
And it's making a target of all of the land

It goes boom
It goes boom
And it's making a target of all of the land

I got a new trident from my Uncle Sam
I got a new trident from my Uncle Sam
I got a new trident from my Uncle Sam
And it's making a target of all of the land

It goes boom boom boom
It goes boom boom boom
And it's making a target of all of the world

- e. Two million on the dole
Stick it up Maggie's (Maggie= Margaret Thatcher)
Holy Loch is full of water
And the sky is full of air
But with bombs and nuclear fall out
Work is neither here nor there
- f. (There'll be) lots of law and order when we're dead
There'll be lots of law and order when we're dead
There'll be lots of law and order
Lots of law and order
Lots of law and order when we're dead

There'll be no more unemployment when we're dead
There'll be no more unemployment when we're dead
There'll be no more unemployment
No more unemployment
No more unemployment when we're dead
- g. (One two) three four
We don't want no nuclear war
Two Four Six Eight
We don't want to radiate
Seven Fourteen Twentyone
Nuclear power ain't no fun
- h. No cruise missiles wanted here today
No cruise missiles wanted here today
'Cause if one mad general decides to disobey
There'll be no more people left around to say

(repeated)

Songs and chants such as these are the common fare of political demonstrators. Something similar can also be heard at football matches, although without the diversity perhaps of the political ones.

Considerable research might be focussed on the growth and use of demonstration songs. They seem to spring from nowhere, spread like wildfire, and take on different versions as they pass around from one group to another.

These recordings were made on a vast anti-nuclear weapons march in 1980 for which contingents arrived from all over Britain to march to London's Trafalgar Square. With little previous contact between groups it was remarkable that within minutes the same songs and chants were being sung. One of the most popular songs was "No Cruise Missiles" which had been circulated on a songsheet. The full printed version was never heard. Again, this is typical of the way a crowd which is only together for a few hours cuts out all excess of words for reasons of expediency.

46. NO CRUISE MISSILES. Campaign Atom Group. Oxford. Oxfordshire

No cruise missiles wanted here today
No cruise missiles wanted here today
'Cause if one cruise missile should accidentally stray
There'd be no more people left around to say

No cruise missiles wanted here today
No cruise missiles wanted here today
'Cause if one mad general decides to disobey
There'd be no more people left around to say

No cruise missiles wanted here today
No cruise missiles wanted here today
'Cause if one subject nation should try to break away
There's be no more people left around to say

No cruise missiles wanted here today
No cruise missiles wanted here today
'Cause if one computer component should decay
There'd be no more people left around to say

No cruise missiles wanted here today
 No cruise missiles wanted here today
 'Cause if politicians should ever get their way
 There'd be no more people left around to say

No cruise missiles wanted here today

As an exercise in tracing a demonstration song back to its source we contacted Rip Bulkley, whose name was given on a CND song sheet (see notes to previous track). He is, in fact, a prolific political parodist, and member of Campaign Atom. This organisation arranged the performance of "No Cruise Missiles" in an Oxford pub during an informal Christmas gathering.



Children in a South Devon school singing for a skipping game.

GLOSSARY

AA - Automobile Association
 bait - food, lunch
 Beecham's Pills - well known laxative
 bool - push, bowl
 brazen - brazen, cheeky
 chambers - old style pistols
 chukka cheese - wedge of cheese
 coil - coal
 deed - dead
 fu' - fool
 gans - goes
 geet - got
 gill - liquid measure, used colloquially to mean "a drink"
 grit - great
 gormless - stupid
 gowd - gold
 gradely - very great
 Holy Loch - lake in Scotland where US nuclear submarines have always been stationed
 hoys - throws
 ken - know
 lift - (as in "Jimmy Run Down") redeem pawned articles
 lip - cheek
 louts - jumps
 marra - workmate (Northeastern mining terminology)
 neet - night
 note - wages
 outbye - toward the entrance of a coal mine, nearer the shaft, and further from work face
 peelers - police
 put i' till - saved up
 sarve - serve
 skeedaddled - ran away with
 skelp - scalp
 spalpeen - rascal
 tackery - studded with nails
 tay - tea
 umps - bits of things you can carry away

BOOKS, RECORDS, AND TAPES

Compiling references for each song was made easier than can be measured by use of the index at Cecil Sharp House, the head office and library of the English Folk Dance And Song Society. As can be seen, we have only included British references. To have given North American ones as well would have trebled or quadrupled the reference list for many songs, especially as North America is far better served with song publications than Britain. As we have compiled "An English Anthology" we feel justified in this omission. We have tried to be comprehensive, and have included both scholarly collections and popular anthologies.

As "An English Anthology" is intended as an introduction to the complex field of English folksong as represented by field recordings made in the 1970s and 80s, a few bibliographical comments and suggested titles might help the student.

Books of songs available fall into two groups: popular anthologies, and fieldwork collections. England is fairly well served with the former, but not the latter.

During a period roughly from 1880 to 19¹⁴ interest in English folk song was being pioneered largely by middle class collectors and amateur musicians many of whom saw themselves as rescuing songs from oblivion (which was true) and giving them back to the people (which had less claim). Although English folk song never became fashionable it certainly enjoyed a vogue amongst limited sections of the Edwardian middle class and, due to Cecil Sharp's efforts, with schoolteachers. For such a potential book buying public, scrupulous editorial honesty was of little account, and it could be said that the popular stereotype image of English folksong was formed at this time: rural songs, with simple but often beautiful even unusual tunes, with words reflecting contentment, never bitterness, and always innocent. Folklore is like the Bible in one respect: whatever you're looking for you'll find it. Publishers from this era, aided and abetted by the field workers themselves, found their country idylls.

This is not to dismiss the early publications (they do contain beautiful songs well worth singing) but simply to encourage a healthy caution. Any of Cecil Sharp's many songbooks Lucy Broadwood's, Frank Kidson's- all are useful. To be avoided as a serious work is Baring-Gould's "Songs Of The West" which mangles a superbly interesting fieldwork collection from Devon and Cornwall.

A late addition to the folksong library was Alfred Williams' "Folk Songs Of The Upper Thames" which unfortunately lacks melodies- which is its major weakness. This lack is made up for in it being the only early collection to give something like an accurate picture of what English country people were singing at the time (published in 1923). As D.K. Wilgus has said: "...almost alone among the English collectors Williams seems to have had little knowledge of what a folksong should be or what had passed for folksong in other collections. This latter ignorance (if it was ignorance) gives the collection

a special value". (Wilgus. Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship Since 1898. Rutgers)

After an inter-regnum consisting basically of the inter-war years (1919-1945) English folksong begins to re-emerge in publishers lists. A.L.Lloyd's "Come All Ye Bold Miners" (1952) was an exploratory volume compiled from his own fieldwork and correspondence as well as library work. It went out of print for many years but re-appeared in 1978 in a much expanded, very impressive edition. In 1954 Ewan MacColl's "The Shuttle And Cage" was also published. These two books demonstrated to a wide public what had previously been known only to a handful of specialists - and denied by many of those- that England had a considerable body of industrial songs and that they were folk songs by any workable definition.

The folksong revival of the 1950s onwards has prompted many popular anthologies, some good, some bad, some frankly awful. Many of these turn out to be compilations from individual commercial singer's repertoires with all the attendant disadvantages one could expect. Of the more reliable popular collections many have been compiled from the manuscripts of earlier collectors, or from recent fieldwork. Worthy of mention are Frank Purslow's four-part pocket sized (but not pocket value) series "Marrowbones", "The Wanton Seed", "The Constant Lovers" and "The Foggy Dew" from the Hammond/Gardiner MS. Also useful is "The Life Of A Man" compiled by Ken Stubbs from his own fieldwork, and Fred Hamer's two-part similar project "Green Groves" and "Garners Gay". Vaughan Williams and Lloyd put together what is still a standard popular anthology, "The Penguin Book Of English Folk Songs", from songs printed in the Folk Song Journals. Stan Hugill's various books, especially "Shanties Of The Seven Seas", amount to studies of sea songs put together by a rare animal- source singer and folklorist. Then there is MacColl and Seeger's "The Singing Island", the various efforts of Roy Palmer- notably "Songs Of The Midlands" which uses recent field work, and our own "The English Folksinger" compiled from manuscript and tape collections old and new.

On children's song there are only the Opies "The Language And Lore Of Schoolchildren" and Sandra McCosh's excellent "Children's Humour".

The most distressing aspect of folksong publication in England is the lack of good collections of fieldwork. At one time this may have reflected the state of fieldwork itself, but this is hardly the case now. True, it takes a long time to prepare a reliable volume, but the non-appearance of such volumes now has less to do with the folklorists, and more to do with the pusillanimous policies of publishers, funding bodies, and the outmoded attitudes to folklore still current in a philistine academic world.

Things are changing though. Peter Kennedy's "Folksongs Of Britain And Ireland" is now available, and although criticised adversely in some quarters it is at least a sampling of what he collected during an interesting period, the 50s and early 60s- with the inexplicable omission of classic ballads. Ewan MacColl

and Peggy Seeger's "Travellers Songs From England And Scotland" is an exemplary presentation of song texts as sung by gypsies, and contains a useful, if short, introduction. Ginette Dunn's "The Fellowship Of Song" applies the approaches of an anthropologist to a singing community in East Anglia.

As to discs and tapes: for many years Topic Records has been the major English source of field and revival singers on disc, and rather than make a random selection we would refer the student to the catalogue. Likewise with the smaller but better documented list of Leader Records. Both firms limp from crisis to crisis so it may not always be easy to get hold of their stock.

Some American companies, notably, Folk Legacy and Folkways, include important English singers in their lists. Cassette tapes are issued by Folktracks, Bristol, and Peoples Stage Tapes, Totnes.

Finally, it has always been our view that an audio picture of a singer or tradition can be more than a simple selection of songs presented one after the other. Interesting and important though this may be, a dimension is added by edited comments, stories, and anecdotes from the singer. Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, again, pioneered this approach with their two absolutely seminal audio studies "The Elliots Of Birtley" and "Now Is The Time For Fishing", about a mining family, and the singer Sam Lerner respectively. To the best of our knowledge these techniques have not been fully followed up except in a study compiled by ourselves and Martin Scragg- "Hingston's Half Hour"- a biography in speech and song of a Devonshire singer.

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AN ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC ANTHOLOGY

SIDE 1

Nursery Songs

1. Once in China. *Harry Stubbs*
2. Old Roger Is Dead. *Hazel Bibbings*
3. The Fox. *Mrs. M. Heathman*
4. Kyman-I-Doe. *Harry Stubbs*
5. There Was A Lady Mrs. Green. *Dora Turner*
6. The Worms Crept Out. *Mr. Erwin*

Children Singing

7. Children's Songs With Games, Actions. *Various*
8. Henry My Son. *Alison Bricknell*
9. Parody And Impropriety. *Various*
10. Wim Wim Wobble O. *Troy Penfold*

Songs Associated With Rituals— Adults

11. Lent Crocking Song. *Mrs. M. Heathman*
12. Six Jolly Miners. *Ted Frost*
13. Cob Coaling Song. *Dora Turner*
14. The Captain's Song. *Grenoside Sword Dance*
15. Carhampton Wassail Song. *Eric Tarr*

SIDE 2

Country Singers

16. The Herring's Head. *Bill Hingston*
17. The Derby Ram. *Bob Mills*
18. Lord Lovell. *Walter Pardon*
19. The 14th Of December. *Lillian Lugg*
20. The Deserter. *Walter Pardon*
21. The Maid of Australia. *Walter Pardon*
22. Butter And Cheese And All. *Mrs. Dowrick*
23. All Jolly Fellows That Follow The Plough. *Bob Mills*

"An English Anthology" was recorded in the field by Sam Richards and Tish Stubbs between 1974 - 1980.

Mastered by Martin Scragg.

Photography by Martin Scragg.

Sleeve notes by Sam Richards.

References and bibliography based on the card index at Cecil Sharp House, London, the premisis of the English Folk Dance And Song Society, with due thanks to the librarians of the Vaughan Williams Library.

We acknowledge the help and encouragement of other fieldworkers, friends, who helped set up recording sessions, relatives, parents, and schoolteachers who introduced us to singers, and, of course, the singers themselves without whom...

On the matter of copyright, we do not believe that texts and tunes ought to be copy-right at all, except in the case of new songs written by living composers. These recordings are the property of the collectors and of Folkways Records.

SIDE 3

Travellers

24. The Two Butchers. *Nelson Penfold*
25. Young A-Growing. *Nelson Penfold*
26. He Pulled A Dagger. *Amy Birch*
27. There Was An Old Man Lived In Yorkshire. *Amy Birch*

Urban Singers

28. The Battle Of Sahagun. *Harry Stubbs*
29. McCathery. *Mrs. Hawkins*
30. Maggie May. *Stan Walters*
31. Jimmy MacElbee. *Mary Duffy*
32. Jimmy Run Down To Your Uncles. *Mary Duffy*
33. Do You Know Me Father/There Was An Old Man/I Lost My Arm. *Bert Draycott*
34. The Ringarangroo. *Stan Walters*
35. The Game Of Football. *Mary Duffy*
36. T'Bobbin Winder's Song. *Essie Dean*
37. The Doggey Putter. *Bert Draycott*

SIDE 4

Recent Songs of Known Authorship

38. Joe Hill (Hayes & Robinson). *George Strattan*
39. Hallelujah I'm A Bum (MacClintock). *Bob Hine*
40. Harry Was A Bolshie (Williams). *Ken Penny*
41. The 40 Pound Car (Draycott). *Bert Draycott*
42. Canteen Tea (Lavercombe). *Allan Lavercombe*
43. The Big Hewer And The Little Marra (Mountford). *Bert Draycott*
44. The Shrewsbury Three (Kay). *Joe Kay*
45. Demonstration Songs And Chants. *CND March*
46. No Cruise Missles (Bulkley). *Campaign Atom Group*



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NURSERY SONGS

1. Once In China / Harry Stubbs
2. Old Roger Is Dead / Hazel Bibbings
3. The Fox / Mrs. M. Heathman
4. Kyman-I-Doe / Harry Stubbs

Side 1

FE 38553 A

5. There Was A Lady Mrs. Green / Dora Turner
 6. The Worms Crept Out / Mr. Erwin
- CHILDREN SINGING**
7. Children's Songs With Games, Actions / Various
 8. Henry My Son / Alison Bricknell
 9. Parody And Improprity / Various
 10. Wim Wim Wobble O / Troy Penfold

SONGS ASSOCIATED WITH RITUALS - ADULTS

11. Lent Crocking Song / Mrs. M. Heathman
12. Six Jolly Miners / Ted Frost
13. Cob Coaling Song / Dora Turner
14. The Captain's Song, Grenoside Sword Dance
15. Carhampton Wassail Song / Eric Tarr

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Side 2

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COUNTRY SINGERS

16. The Herring's Head / Bill Hingston
17. The Derby Ram / Bob Mills
18. Lord Lovell / Walter Pardon
19. The 14th Of December / Lillian Lugg
20. The Deserter / Walter Pardon
21. The Maid Of Australia / Walter Pardon
22. Butter And Cheese And All / Mrs. Dowrick
23. All Jolly Fellows That Follow The Plough / Bob Mills

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TRAVELLERS

- 24. The Two Butchers / Nelson Penfold
- 25. Young-A-Growing. / Nelson Penfold
- 26. He Pulled A Dagger / Amy Birch

Side 3

FE 38553 C

- 27. There Was An Old Man Lived In Yorkshire / Amy Birch

URBAN SINGERS

- 28. The Battle Of Sahagun / Harry Stubbs
- 29. McCathery / Mrs. Hawkins
- 30. Maggie May / Stan Walters
- 31. Jimmy MacElbee / Mary Duffy
- 32. Jimmy Run Down To Your Uncles / Mary Duffy
- 33. Do You Know Me Father/There Was An Old Man/
I Lost My Arm — Bert Draycott
- 34. The Ringarangroo / Stan Walters
- 35. The Game Of Football / Mary Duffy
- 36. T'Bobbin Winder's Song / Essie Dean
- 37. The Doggey-Putter / Bert Draycott

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SAM RICHARDS and TISH STUBBS

Side 4

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RECENT SONGS OF KNOWN AUTHORSHIP

- 38. Joe Hill (Hayes & Robinson / George Strattan
- 39. Hallelujah I'm A Bum (MacClintock) / Bob Hine
- 40. Harry Was A Bolshie (Williams) / Ken Penny
- 41. The 40 Pound Car (Draycott) / Bert Draycott
- 42. Canteen Tea (Lavercombe) / Allan Lavercombe
- 43. The Big Hewer And The Little Marra (Mountford) / Bert Draycott
- 44. The Shrewsbury Three (Kay) / Joe Kay
- 45. Demonstration Songs And Chants / CND March
- 46. No Cruise Missiles (Bulkley) / Campaign Atom Group

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