FOLK SONGS and BALLADS of the BRITISH ISLES

sung and played by PAUL GWINNNE PHILLIPS
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JOHNSON’S MOTOR CAR

The revolution of 1916 in Ireland gave birth to hundreds of songs. The explanations of references in this song, as given to me, are as follows:

Johnson was a doctor whom the English authorities trusted and, as a means of identification, gave him a silver star.

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

Fianna Fail means “ourselves alone”, a group that stood for complete separation from England, economic and political.

I first heard the song either from John Hasted or John Conley, both British singers - and English at that. I think Dominic Behan once told me that, in reality, Johnson was an Irish sympathiser who gave his car to the rebels and was re-imbursted for it by the English. Later he got his car back and, to cap it, the rebels helped him to drink the money away.

I wouldn’t swear that he told me so, but I think it.

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

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

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

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

When Johnson got to the Railway Bridge the rebels he saw there
And Johnson knew the game was up for at him they did stare
Says he "I have a permit lads for to travel near and far"

"It’s to hell with your English permit we want your moty-car
Want your etc.

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

Now when the specials heard the news they soon put on their shoes

“They’ve stolen Johnson’s moty-car and we have no time to lose..."
They've searched around the valley they've searched both near and far. But the T.R.A. were far away in Johnson's moty-car Johnson's etc.

BOLD ENGLISH NAVY

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

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

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

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

"Twas in through her window
She handed me then
And into her bedroom
She landed me then
The night being cold
And the blanket drawn down
And I jumped into bed
With me navvy boots on

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

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

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

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

BARNYARDS OF DELTOITY

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

SESS:
Ord, "Bothy Songs and Ballads."

As I came in by Turra Market
Turra Market for to see
It's I set up wi' a rich old farmer
The barnyards of Dalgarty

CHORUS:
Listen aren too-run-arrun
Listen aren too-run-es
Listen aren lowren lowren
The barnyard of Dalgarty

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

CHORUS:
The old black mare sat on her back
The old white sat on her whine
For a' that I could "hump" and crack
They wouldn'a rise at yokings time.

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

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

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

BAREFOOT THRO' THE HEATHER

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

As I was walking all alone
It was upon a Sabbath even
Twas there I spied the bonniest wee lass
Skipping bar'foot tho' the heather

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

Says I tee her my bonny wee lass
Will ye come wi' me and leave the heather
O silks and satins I will gie' to ye
Gin ye come wi' me and leave the heather
Well it's o kind sir your offer's good
But I ken see well ye will deceive me
And gin ye tak' my heart an'
Better to' ye? I'd never seen ye

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

OLD MAN CAME COURTING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DID YOU EVER SEE

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

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

(2) Bugill - Shanties from the Seven Seas, London, 1962. Here the song is made a capstan shanty in which "Coshar Bailey" re-appears as "Davy Davy from Nevins."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN JANE - CHILD 170

Jane Seymour, Henry VIII's third queen and mother of Edward VI, died twelve days after the birth of her son on October 26th, 1537. Various reasons are cited, faulty after-care and clumsy surgery being thought most likely, but she certainly did not have a caesarian section performed upon her. As a point of interest, a film entitled, "The Private Life of Henry VIII" perpetuated the legend that Queen Jane died in childbirth.

Some verses entitled "The Lamentation of Queen Jane" were licensed for publication in 1560, but the date of the ballad has not been ascertained.
Various versions have been found in North America and Britain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

McPherson's Lament

McPherson was a Highwayman who was condemned to
die on November 10th, 1700. He was also reputed
to be a champion fiddle player and legend has it
that he sang and played this song whilst awaiting
death. Although the song says that he broke his
fiddle on a stone it is said that he broke his
fiddle over the head of the executioner. Burns
entirely rewrote the song to make a stirring poem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS
So mutteringly,
So dantingly
So wantonly went he
And he played a tune
And he danced it round
Below you gallows tree

TROOPER & MAID (Child 999)

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

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

SEE:

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

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

CHORUS:

Canny lassie I'll lie near yer
Canny lassie I'll lie near yer
And I'll make all your ribbons reel
In the morning 'ere I'll leave yer
She's taken the lad by the lily-white hand
Led his tae her chamber
Given him a stoup of wine tae drink
And his love it's flared like tinder

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**BLARNEY STONE**

I first heard this song sung by Margaret Barry at the "Bedford Arms" in Camden Town. I like this song because there is a tongue-in-cheek quality which is so tame to poke fun at all the "Zip-Pan-Alley-ah" songs. It is a modern song, but I can find no reference to the composer.

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

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

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

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

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

**THE TREES**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O father dear father
And gin it pleases you
I'll cut my lang hair off
The surgeon dressed his wounds
Cries Benbow cries Benbow
The surgeon dressed his wounds cries Benbow
Let a cradle now in haste
On the quarter deck be placed
That the enemy I may face
Till I die 'till I die

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

DUBLIN CITY

I've never seen this song in print and I first heard it sung by Mike McCall from Belfast, at the "Black Lion" in Kilburn. It's sometimes called "The Wheel of Fortune," a side-show game played at fairs. But, as the wheel normally has 28 quarters I think that the number of lovers the girl had is the reference actually made. I don't think it's more than 40 to 60 years old.

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

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

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

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

UNCLE TAM

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

My Uncle Tam
From Glasgow came
Along wi' my auntie Jeannie
He did ye see
Aye gie thee me
A bright new shiny penny
I went tae buy some candy rock
Along wi' wee Tam O' Haro
I gied him a lick of my candy stick
For a wee wheel of his barrow
Och! the bonny wee barrow's mine
It does me belong to O'Haro
For the fly wee bloke ran off wi' me rock
So I'm goin' tae frit wi' his barrow
I put my hand right on her knee
While I was down in the dumps
I put my hand right on her knee
And she said 'o my dear
You are now drawing near
And the bells will ring
For me tossing
And I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me'

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

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

Funn Y on e

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

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

FIRST BLOODY THING

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

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

DUNLAVIN GREEN

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

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

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

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

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

Quite easy they led us
As prisoners through the town
All on the plain we stood
Were pressed to kneel down
Such grief and such sorrow
Were never before seen
As the blood ran in streams
Down the dikes of Dunlavin Green

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

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

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

JOHNNY LAD

This song is sung in various forms in Scotland.
Originally, it was a Strathpey and sung with a
lilting rhythm. This is an up-beat version con-
taining some tongue-in-cheek references to Britain's
Royal Family, fair game for which a closed season
doesn't exist for Scottish nationalists.
Johnny is a bonny lad
Aye a bonny lad is he
I've never had a bonnier lad
And I've had twenty-three.

CHORUS:
And with you and with you
And with you my bonny lad
I'll dance the buckles off my shoes'
With you my bonny lad

On the royal tour of Blainbro
I chanced to see the queen
Playing football with the lads
'Yns aye on Glansa' Green

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

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

The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey
The King was in the counting house
A-fiddling Scotland's money

RECORDINGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

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

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

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

No one will deny that there is, in the traditional music of the British Isles, much that is splendid, much that is beautiful — these are qualities which are common to the traditional music of all nations; what is perhaps more unique is the quality of toughness, of durability and the folk-music and folk-lore of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales have this quality in great measure, for one only have they survived immeasurable transplantings in different parts of the world but they have proved sufficiently tough and vigorous to survive an industrial revolution which is said to have destroyed 'five generations in ninety years.'

In addition to this highly-developed survival characteristic, the music possesses an extra-ordinary variety of style and form, a variety which extends from heroic songs of Ireland's 'golden age' to the quaint airs of Gaelic Scotland, from Hebridean wedding songs to the zany ballads, from the elaborate symbolism of the Lowland Scots love songs to the raw savagery of the English sea-shanties, from the classic beauty of the traditional ballads to the crude jingles of the broadsides, from the fine passion of the folk carol to the black anger of the 'men's' and 'women's' songs. The instrumental tradition is no less varied ranging, as it does, from pipers to the 'big music' of the great Scottish bagpipe — the spoons played by Lapachian street-musicians, from the reels, jigs and slow airs of Irish uillean piping to the lyrical dance tunes of the Northumbrian bagpipe. It includes thousands of country-dance tunes, jigs, reels, hornpipes and strathspeys played on fiddles, flutes, penny-whistles, harp-klaviers, concertinas, melodicas, harmonicas and button-accordeons.

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

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