

Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 7

Being the Second Part of Vol. II.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE seventh number of the Folk-Song Journal consists of a selection from the very large number of songs orally collected and contributed to the Society by members and others. It has been no easy task to choose, where so much excellent material was forthcoming; and in one Journal it has been impossible to include more than a small part of it.

It is hoped, therefore, that in future numbers of the Journal many contributions of great interest may be brought out for which space has been lacking here.

An especial feature has been introduced in this number, in the shape of variants of certain particularly interesting airs, which are given by way of showing the fluidity of traditional melody, and its wonderful variety.

The Committee desires to express the gratitude of the Society to Mr. Frank Kidson for his able article on Ballad Sheets and Garlands, and to warmly thank all who have contributed songs, or have helped to throw light upon them.

Especial thanks are due to those who, while contemplating the future publication of their own complete collections, have generously allowed many of their songs to be included in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

The notes initialled L. E. B., F. K., C. J. S., and R.V.W., are contributed by Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. Cecil Sharp and Dr. Vaughan Williams, forming the editing committee.

December, 1905.

THE BALLAD SHEET AND GARLAND.

FOLK-SONGS seldom attained the dignity of inclusion in regular song-books before the modern period of interest in their collection; their words only were printed, without music, either in "Garlands" or on ballad-sheets (otherwise "broad-sides.") The printers and publishers of these were almost invariably people who made a special business of this line of trade, with off-shoots into the printing and selling of small pamphlets, children's penny books, tradesmen's handbills, etc. They would often combine the sale of tops, marbles, shuttlecocks and so on with that of ballads, and were as much looked down upon by printers and publishers of heavier matter, as were the singers of folk-songs by "regular" and legitimate musicians. In both cases Time has brought its revenge, and many of the despised pamphlets, broadsides and garlands, are treasured as of great price, while the "respectable" literature has frequently had a far more ephemeral existence and sunk beneath its own weight of dulness.

As these garlands and broadsides contain the only printed versions of the songs and ballads interesting to folk-song collectors, and supply us with more or less complete copies of words often imperfectly remembered by old singers, it is hoped that the following memoranda dealing with the printers and their periods may be of use to the worker in folk-song, by supplying the approximate date of any ballad-sheet in which he may be interested. It is obvious that so large a subject can be but scantily dealt with in the pages of a periodical like the Folk-Song Journal; but the writer has some hopes that he may at a future time give it better treatment in volume form.

As a technical point, it may be explained that "broadside" is the correct term for any printed sheet of paper in which the matter is so arranged as to be read unfolded. The size makes no difference; a tradesmen's handbill is a true broadside; and though what are termed "broadsides" are generally printed on one side of the paper only, this is not essential. If the matter is arranged in page form and the sheet folded once, it becomes folio; further foldings produce quarto, octavo, etc.

The earlier ballad-sheets were in general fairly large, and sometimes printed the long way of the paper. At the junction of the 18th and 19th centuries many were in single slips like "galley" proofs; later they took the form now familiar, crown quarto size, with double columns. From the "twenties" to the "fifties" they were frequently issued in very long sheets of nearly three feet, with three or four columns of type, and were then sold as "Three yards of comic songs a penny."

In early days ballad-sheets were taken through the country districts by "flying stationers" and pedlars (witness Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale"), while the ballad-chanter and little stationers' stalls distributed them through the town. Bishop Percy, Ritson and other early writers, almost invariably speak of the ordinary broad-sides as "stall copies."

The ballad-sheet must have come in with printing, though so far as the present writer is aware there is no sheet now existing older than 1540. Wynkyn de Worde collected the Robin Hood ballads into volume form, but it is highly probable that either he or Caxton had previously issued them in single sheets.

Printed ballads soon became a feature in literature, for educational and political purposes as well as for amusement. Shakespeare was indebted to them for the plots of many of his plays; and in 1543 the ballad-sheet had risen to such power, politically, that Henry VIII directed under the direst penalties that none were to be printed. It is doubtful whether this did any harm to the ballad-sheet, for many appear to have been printed before Elizabeth's reign. The early editions of the metrical Psalter set forth on the title page that the Psalms "turned into English meeter are very mete to be used of all sortes of people; privately for their godly solace and comfort, laying aparte all ungodly songes and ballades, which tend only to the nourishing of vice and the corrupting of Youth;" so between state interference and religious discountenance the ballad-sheet was in rather a bad way.

The ballad was almost always printed on one side of the paper only. It was the practice in those early days to paste the sheets on kitchen walls, on the inside of cupboard doors and chest lids, in the parlours of country alehouses and in other places of public resort; and this explains the scarcity of the early ballad-sheets. Another reason for their rareness would be the constant foldings to which they would be subjected when thrust hastily into the pockets of idle apprentices or serving-maids. Few people were like the Captain Cox whose love of ballads and "histories" is so feelingly mentioned by Laneham in his "Letter," 1575. Captain Cox's ballads numbered more than a hundred, "all ancient," and were "fair wrapt in parchment and tied with a whip cord." Would that there had been more of the Captain's careful disposition!

There are many allusions in literature to the custom of pasting ballads upon walls, and it is also shown by old prints of cottage and other interiors. Two quotations are enough to illustrate this:—

“I will now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the window and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.”—Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653.

No wonder that the old angler and his pupil found so many delightful snatches of quaint old song current where ballads and songs were thus fostered!

The *Spectator* shows that the usage had not died out in Queen Anne's time:—

“I cannot, for my heart, leave a room before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them.”—No. 85, Vol. II.

A noticeable feature in the ballad-sheet is, that quite to the end of the 17th century it was printed in “black-letter,” so that the sheet may look far older than it really is. Black-letter in ordinary literature had been discarded long before in favour of what is now our usual type; but from some unexplained cause bibles, law-books and romances (or, as they were then called, “histories”), were still printed in the Gothic character. The ballad was perhaps supposed to fall into the section “romance,” though the true “histories” were books of more or less pretension, comprising from fifty to two hundred pages, and generally in quarto. Even Sir Thomas Malory's “King Arthur” is called on the title-page of the 1634 edition “The Historie of Prince Arthur,” and is printed in black-letter. Other old histories are those of “Montelion,” “Scoggin,” “Valentine and Orson,” “Tom a Lincoln,” “Thomas of Reading,” etc., all in black-letter and published by William Thackeray towards the end of the 17th century. The term “history” clung to this class of work down to recent years, as shown by an advertisement issued ten or fifteen years ago by W. S. Fortey in which “Valentine and Orson,” “Blue Beard,” “Whittington and his Cat,” are named as “penny histories.”

As to the woodcuts which from early times have adorned ballad-sheets and have caused so much amusement by their eccentric and inappropriate application, it must be understood that they were seldom intended to illustrate the text. The public expected a woodcut as decoration, and the printer did his best to supply this. He made the best of his stock, and very conscientiously fitted them to the ballads which they best suited. They may have been cut in the first instance as illustrations to some of the histories referred to above. It would scarcely have been worth while to cut a block for a broadside, though even this has been essayed in a rude fashion. The type, cuts, founts and presses have been passed on from one printer to another; and we find many curious and interesting early woodcuts on modern issues. In later times James Catnach and his successors employed many a pretty woodcut by

Bewick and his pupils, which having served its original purpose in a reading or spelling book, or as a tail-piece to one of Bewick's own publications, ended its existence on a ballad-sheet. As woodcuts became more plentiful the printer had more scope for his fancy and taste. Thus we find a ballad about Turpin's Black Bess appropriately headed with a plodding pack-horse; "Caller Herrin" having a nautical flavour, has allotted to it a picture of Chinese junks; and the song "Fly away, pretty Moth," suggesting natural history, is adorned by a picture of a thrush.

The "Garlands" were generally the size of a ballad-sheet folded twice, and thus folded varied in size from about 6 x 4 to 7½ x 5 ins. The front page was reserved for the title and list of contents, and was usually adorned with a central woodcut, which had seldom anything to do with any piece in the interior. Sometimes the garland was entirely occupied by one lengthy ballad, after which it was named, as "Catskin's Garland;" and the words still retained the garland title, even when printed in ballad-sheet form. In general, however, the garland consisted of a collection of songs; whence the name, bestowed in the first instance on such little anthologies by some romantic-minded printer who compared his wares to a string of choice flowers. Some of the titles of the 16th and 17th century booklets of song are poetic enough, as, "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584, "The Crown Garland of Goulden Roses;" "The Garland of Goodwill;" "The Garland of Loyalty," etc. They frequently at this period ran to twenty or thirty pages; but, as the 18th century came in, the garland was confined to the single sheet folded twice, and this style held in favour until nearly the middle of the 19th century.

To prevent misconception, it may here be stated that music was never printed in garlands. Nor was it upon broadsides, with the exception of a very few ballad-sheets of the 17th century where a rough wood-engraving of a tune heads the ballad. Amongst these rare exceptions are some broadsides printed by *J. Deacon* at the Angel in Guiltspur Street.

Although the music did not accompany the words of these publications the ballad was, in a great number of cases, directed to be sung to a particular tune, or sometimes a choice of airs was given. It is one of the delights of the Musical Antiquary to identify these tunes from early printed works or musical manuscripts; Chappell and Rimbault were most clever and industrious in the pursuit, yet many of the 16th and 17th century tunes named still remain unidentified.

London was the home of the ballad and garland-printer before the middle of the 18th century, but after that time the provinces had many ballad-printers. Edinburgh had, however, been issuing broadsides from the end of the 16th century, and Glasgow was possibly fairly early in the field. Ballads and garlands were printed at Stirling

and Newcastle at a fairly early date; and Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Durham, Preston, Gloucester and many other provincial towns were also ballad-printing centres.

In London the principal locality of the ballad-printer was, during the 16th century, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside and Paternoster Row. In the 17th century Pye Corner and Holborn, with Smithfield and London Bridge, were the principal addresses on the imprints; while in the 18th century Smithfield, Bow Churchyard and Aldermary Churchyard were the favoured places of production. In the early part of the 19th century the Seven Dials and St. Giles gave forth the ballad-sheet in greatest plenty.

The following printers, who were in general typographers of standing, and in many cases members of the Stationers' Company, may be mentioned as among those whose names appear on the earliest specimens of the ballad-sheet now remaining:—

John Gough, "at the signe of the Mermayd" in Cheapside, was a printer of considerable repute. He printed ballads in 1540 and was working before that date. *John Redman*, "at ye signe of our Ladye" in Paternoster Row, was also responsible for a ballad in 1540, as was *Richard Bankes* at the same date. In 1550 *John Walley*, in Foster Lane, was printing ballads, and, with the widow of a printer, named *Robert Toy*, is named as having printed many ballads whose quaint titles alone remain to us. *Richard Lant*, *William Pickeringe*, *John Carwood*, *Thomas Gosson* and others all belong to the 16th century, as does also *Richard Jones* or *Jhones*, who printed ballads in 1572, and a celebrated song-book, "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," in 1584. He lived in Fleet Lane, near Holbourn Bridge (just where the Holborn Viaduct now stands).

In the 17th century ballad-printing became more general, and many of the publishers clubbed together, so that we find several names on an imprint. Other sheets merely give the name of the publisher, who got different printers to work for him. One of these was *Henry Gosson* in 1616 and later; and another, *John Trundle*, who had a shop in Cripplegate, was such a noted ballad-vendor that he is named in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour." He published in 1615 and 1624. In 1642 and for twenty years later flourished *Francis Coles* or *Coules*, with a shop on Saffron Hill. He was a prominent ballad-seller, and published in conjunction with *T. Vere* and *William Gilbertson*. Of this period also were *Alexander Milbourn*, *Francis Grove*, *J. Wright*, *William Onley*, and the "Assignes of Thomas Symcocke." In 1687 *William Thackeray* at the "Angel in Duck Lane" issued, with *T. Passenger*

at the "Three Bibles on London Bridge," many interesting ballads, garlands, histories and chap-books.

Whether at the opening of the 18th century ballad-printing rather slackened, or whether the ballads have not been preserved, is uncertain; but they seem to be far scarcer at this period. Many, too, were issued without the names of publisher or printer. *John Cluer*, who afterwards became a noted music-publisher, first began in Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, with the printing of ballads, about 1700-10. He was directly followed in this line by *William Dicey*, about 1730; the imprint then merely gave, "Printed and sold in Bow Church Yard"; but *Dicey & Co.* and *Dicey & Okell* were at work as late as 1763, selling patent medicines, after the fashion of small printers and stationers of that day, and advertising largely in provincial newspapers. *Dicey*, prior to taking up *Cluer's* business in London, had been established at Northampton, where, in partnership with *Robert Raikes* (afterwards a Gloucester printer and music-publisher, and father to Robert Raikes the founder of Sunday Schools), he had carried on an extensive business. In 1720 *Raikes* and *Dicey* were printing many excellent and interesting ballad-sheets, and at this date they advertise "all sorts of ballads, broadsheets and histories with finer cuts, better print and as cheap as any place in England." Judging by the specimens I have seen, this statement appears to be true.

At a somewhat later date ballads are found bearing the imprint, "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard. In 1793-4, *J. Marshall* was at this address, issuing engraved song-sheets, each adorned with a pictorial heading. Then arose *John Evans*, of 42, Long Lane, Smithfield. He was printing ballads in 1791, and no doubt had been established long before this date. Besides the ordinary typographical ballad-sheet, he published some engraved song-sheets of the same date and nature as those just mentioned. *C. Sheppard*, of 19, Lambeth Hill, Doctors Common, was also printing this kind of engraved sheet in 1786. *John Evans* appears to have had several sons, who succeeded in due course to their father's business, having been previously in partnership with him. About 1800 the firm is *J. Evans & Son*, afterwards "Sons," and they were printers to the Religious Tract Society, producing for it many quaint religious penny stories with pretty and clever woodcut adornments, just in the same style as the old garlands. The famous "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was one of these. Another *Evans* imprint is *J. & C. Evans*—evidently two brothers in partnership after the death of the father, at the old address, 42, Long Lane. Another of the family, *T. Evans*, was at 79, Long Lane, about 1800-5, while the original firm at 42, Long Lane, became prior to 1810, *Howard & Evans*, and by 1815 had reverted to its old style of "John Evans & Son."

It was about the beginning of the 19th century that *J. Pitts* first appeared. It is said that "Johnny" Pitts was really a female, who had been a bum-boat woman, serving the fleet with "soft tack," tobacco and a thousand and one other things, no doubt including ballad-sheets. (*See Hindley's Life of James Catnach*). But whether this really was the case or not it is difficult to decide. He (or she) did a very large business in ballad and garland-printing and vending, besides having a warehouse for the sale of toys, marbles and other children's wares. The first address was 14, Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials, but in later issues the address changes to No. 6 in the same street. Pitts probably disappeared from the ballad-printing world about 1815.

It was in 1813 that *James Catnach* first came to London, and set up business at 2 and 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. He was the son of a printer, also named J. Catnach, at Alnwick. The elder Catnach printed and published books (chiefly poems illustrated by Bewick), in the choicest style of typography, and bearing the dates of the early years of the 19th century. At one time he was in partnership with a person named Davison. James Catnach the younger, when he came to London, made a revolution in ballad-printing; he had the excellent traditions of his father's work to keep up. He discarded the coarse, blue-tinged or whitey-brown paper on which Pitts and Evans had printed, and used white paper of good quality, always in crown quarto size, and exceedingly thin, though durable. His type was good, not the confusion of founts known as "printers' pye"; and his woodcut decorations were generally printed from artistic and well-cut blocks. He soon established a great trade, and printed, besides ballads, innumerable penny song-books of all sizes, some little bigger than a postage stamp. These were the "Little Warblers," once so popular. Catnach retired in 1838 and died in 1841. On his retirement the business was taken over by his sister, *Anne Ryle*, who reprinted Catnach's ballads and added to them. She advertises "4,000 sorts," with the imprint *Ryle & Co.* Her manager was James Paul, and at one time the imprint ran *J. Paul & Co.* In 1845 it returned to "A. Ryle & Co.," and this remained until at least 1856. *W. S. Fortey*, who had been in the business many years, now took over the concern, and occupied the old shop in Monmouth Court until modern improvements swept it away. He then removed to adjoining premises at 4, Great St. Andrews Street. It was in Catnach's time that stereotypes were introduced into the ballad-printing trade; and it is perhaps fortunate for the preservation of the old versions that this was done, for reprinting became an easy matter, and we get on Fortey's issues many of the original Catnach ballads.

Contemporary with James Catnach were *T. Batchelor*, of Little Cheapside, Moor-

fields, afterwards of 14, Hackney Road Crescent; *G. Piggot*, 60, Old Street; and *T. Birt*, 39, Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials. *J. Davenport*, 6, George Court, was rather earlier; he was printing in 1802. Later than Catnach were *E. Hodges*, "from Pitts," 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials, afterwards of 26, Gratton Street, and *Henry Disley*, 57, High Street, St. Giles, who was printing in 1860.

One of the most important of modern ballad-printers was *Henry Parker Such*. He was apparently the son or other relation of John Such, who printed in Budge Row, Cannon Street, from the early forties up to the sixties. In 1848 Henry Parker Such was a grocer in Bermondsey; but the following year (1849) he turned news-vendor, and no doubt printer, at 123, Union Street, Borough. We find a great number of Such's ballad-sheets bearing this address. His later addresses were, (1869) 177, Union Street, and (1886) 183, Union Street—probably the same premises re-numbered. I am not sure whether the Such firm is now printing ballads so largely as in its golden days, but its issues contain much that is valuable in the matter of folk-song.

There is, perhaps, yet space to glance at some Scottish and provincial ballad and garland-printers. Edinburgh was early in the field. *Robert Lekprewicke*, or *Lekprewick*, an Edinburgh printer of note, who was the first to print music in the north, issued ballads about 1570 at the Netherbow in Edinburgh, and others in 1572 at St. Andrews, where he lived for some months after working at Stirling and before returning to Edinburgh. There is no room here to trace the early Scottish ballad-printers, but it may be mentioned that in 1823-6 a great number of garlands were printed by *William Macnie* at Stirling, while about the same period we find similar publications with the imprint *G. Caldwell, Paisley*. At Airdrie song-garlands were printed about 1823-5 by *J. & J. Neil*; and Glasgow, in 1829, is represented by a big series with no other imprint than "Glasgow, printed for the booksellers."

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, about 1820-5, the chief printer of garlands was *J. Marshall*, in the old Flesh Market. About fifteen or twenty years ago, so many garlands by Marshall got into circulation among the second-hand booksellers, that many people were under the impression that they were modern reprints. This, however, was not the case; they were merely turned adrift from some vast store of unsold copies, which had remained untouched for sixty or seventy years.

Walker, of Durham, was printing ballads and garlands in 1839 and later; and *Harkness*, of Church Street, Preston, in Lancashire, about 1850-5, issued a large series of well-printed and interesting ballad-sheets. At this time, too, *Richard Barr* (succeeded by *Andrews*), of Leeds, was working off broadsides and ballads; so also was *Beaumont*, in the same town.

Of Manchester ballad-printing many old examples are found, with the imprint *W. Shelmerdine & Co.*, Deansgate; these date from about 1815-20. Much later, Manchester ballads came from *John Bebbington*, 31, Oldham Road (and with another address, 26, Goulden Street), while *Jacques*, *Pearson* and *White* were also of the fraternity of ballad-printers in this city.

A York printer of pretty garlands, chap-books and ballads, was *J. Kendrew*, about 1840-50. An earlier York printer was *C. Croshaw*, of Coppergate, *circa* 1820. *J. Jennings* printed at Sheffield in the fifties, and *W. Pratt* about the same time in Birmingham. About 1790-1800, *S. Summerside* was printing at 58, White-chapel, Liverpool, sometimes with the imprint "Mrs. Summerside," and there were also other Liverpool ballad-printers.

The above rambling article must be taken as merely touching the fringe of what the writer thinks an interesting subject.

FRANK KIDSON.

LEEDS,

June, 1905.

1.—T'OWD YOWE WP' ONE HORN.

SUNG BY MR. DEAN ROBINSON (AGED 74), OF SCAWBY BROOK, LINGS.,
AT BRIGG, LINGS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

One day said the pindar to his man,

"O dear, Johnny!

I prithee, go pin that owd yowe, if t'a can."

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

So off went the man to pin this old yowe,

Fifty naw me nonny ;

She knocked him down three times among the green corn,

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

Then the butcher was sent for to kill this owd yowe,

The butcher comes, a-whetting of his knife,

The owd yowe she started a whetting her pegs,

She ran at the butcher and broke both his legs.

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

This old yowe was sent to fight for the king,

Fifty naw me nonny ;

She killed horsemen and footmen just as they came in,

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

This absurd production has at least what appears to be a very early air associated with it. It was sung at the North Lincolnshire Musical Competition Festival held at Brigg, in the Folk-Song Competition at which I acted as judge. I awarded the third prize for this song, the first prize being given for a good version of "Creeping Jane," and the second to a version of "Come, all you merry Ploughboys." These last do not differ materially from variants already in print in the *Folk-Song Journals*, the *Besom Maker*, and *Folk-Songs of Somerset*, they have therefore been omitted here.

The results of this first Folk-Song Competition, at the North Lincolnshire Festival, show that the county is "certainly rich in traditional airs."—F. K.

Mr. Dean Robinson's tune is a variant of the "Maid of Islington." See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i, 204.—C. J. S.

This tune belongs to a type very generally associated with the ballads of "The Outlandish Knight" (or "May Colvin") and "Lord Lovel."—L. E. B.

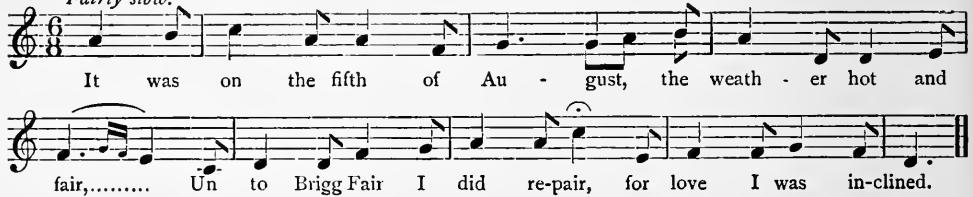
2.—BRIGG FAIR.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF SAXBY, LINCS.,
AT BRIGG, LINCS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

Fairly slow.



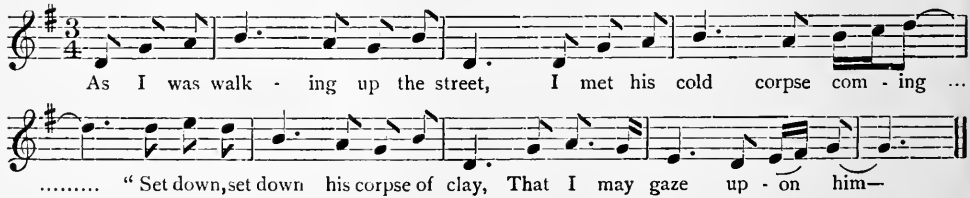
I rose up with the lark in the morning,
With my heart so full of glee;
Expecting there to meet my dear,
Long time I'd wished to see.

Mr. Taylor sang this in private, after the competition. The rest of the verses were forgotten by him. The air is a particularly fine and beautiful one.—F. K.

3.—BARBARA ELLEN.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,
AT BRIGG, LINCS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.



SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MRS. BENNEFER,
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 11TH, 1905.



One verse only was remembered of this lengthy ballad. The singer was positive that the name of this song was "Barbara Ellen," not "Allan," another confirmation that this is the truer title. It has been suggested that "Barbara" was probably "barbarous."

The air is almost identical with a version of "Barbara Allan" in *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

Mr. Taylor's tune has some connection with one occasionally sung to "Hares in the old Plantation."—R. V. W.

For other tunes, and references to the very humorous versions of both air and words, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Nos. 3, 5, and 6. The song appears in some form in nearly every collection of English and Scotch ballads. I have also on a music-sheet printed by Bland and Weller (1793-1800) a version "Composed by Mr. Hook," called "Well away cruel Barbara Allen, a favourite song sung by Master Welsh at Vauxhall Gardens." The air, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, has no likeness to any traditional tune that I have seen and could not be mistaken for a folk-tune."—L. E. B.

4.—ONCE I COURTED A DAMSEL.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,
AT BRIGG, Lincs., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

Once I court - ed a dam - sel, a most fair and beau - ty bride,..... And I
did my best en - dea - vour for to gain her heart's de - light. I
court - ed her for love... ..

Mr. Taylor could remember only this fragment of a verse. Compare the tune with the traditional song "Cupid's Garden" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, etc.)

5.—BONNY BOY.

DORIAN

SUNG BY REV. T. HEELIS, CROSTHWAITE,
AT THE KENDAL COMPETITION, WESTMORLAND, MAY, 1905.

I once had a boy and a bon - ny boy too, And a
boy which I thought was my own, But now he's got an - oth - er far
bet - ter than I, Let him take her, and why should I
mourn Let him take her, and why should I mourn ?

I walked up yon meadows, yes, and down yon green fields,
And the day being so pleasant and fine ;
I played upon my flute and I played upon my fife,
But no bonny, bonny boy could I find.

I slept in the west and I slept in the east,
And I viewed these two quarters all round ;
When who should I spy but my bonny, bonny boy,
He was rolled in some other one's arms.

He beckoned me with his lily-white hand,
Just thinking I was at his command ;
I slyly cast my eye, oh ! as I was passing by,
I would scorn to be bound to that man.

The girl that has taken my bonny boy from me,
May she comfort him as well as she can ;
May she enjoy him as never enjoyed me ;
I can wed with some other young man.

SECOND VERSION.

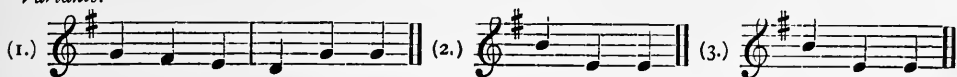
Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. HARPER (FISHERMAN),
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN., 1905.

I once had a boy and a bon - ny boy too, And a
boy which I thought was my own, But now he's got an - oth - er far
bet - ter than I, Let him take her, and why should I
mourn Let him take her, and why should I mourn ?



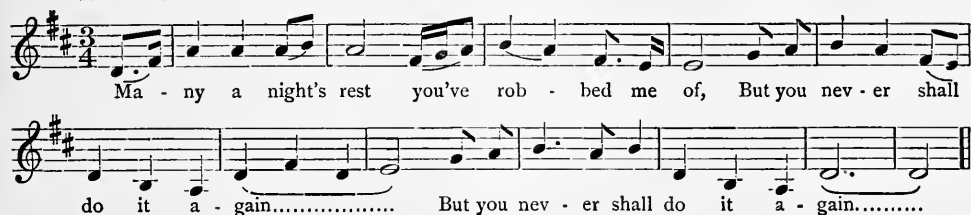
Variants.



THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by W. Percy Merrick, Manor Farm,
Shepperton, June, 1901.

SUNG BY MR. HILLS, FARMER, SUSSEX.



For a Dorian tune from Hampshire, to very similar words, see "My bonnie, bonnie Boy" in *English County Songs*. There is a fine minor tune "My bonny Boy," collected by Colonel David Balfour of Balfour (Orkneys), in his *Ancient Orkney Melodies* (1885). This latter is very much like one noted to the same ballad by the Rev. S. Baring Gould in Devonshire. In the *Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music* (Boosey and Co.) there are two versions called "I once loved a Boy"—part i, no. 452, a minor air, and part i, no. 471, a major tune. For another minor tune and copious notes on the song see "Cupid's Trepan" (or "Trappan"), "Bonny, bonny Bird" or "Brave Boys" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. The words may be found on very early ballad-sheets. One broadside (*Donce Collection*, vol. i, Bodleian Library) has the following comprehensive title: "Cupid's Trepan, or the Scorne Scorn'd, or Willow turn'd into Carnation. Discribed in the Ranting Resolution of a Forsaken Maid. To a pleasant new Tune now all in Fashion." This begins "Once did I love a bonny, bonny bird," and has a refrain with "Brave Boys" in it. There are nineteen verses, printed for W. O., at Pye Corner, London Bridge. The ballad-sheet is adorned with a 17th century woodcut.

There is another version, black-letter, in the *Donce Collection*, "Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere and J. Wright." See also the *Pepys and Roxburghe Collections*. Mr. A. P. Graves has re-written and published a version of the old words.—L. E. B.

The various versions collected all point to one original, I believe, and that is undoubtedly very old.—F. K.

The words of version two followed fairly closely those in *English County Songs*.—R. V. W.

6.—WA'NEY COCKFEIGHTIN' SANG.

Tune noted by Cecil F. Sharp.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. COLLINSON, OF CASTERTON,
AT THE KENDAL COMPETITION, MAY, 1905.

Its a' ye Cock - ers far an' neear, I'll tell of a cock match
when an' weear, At Tum - 'lers hill they all did say, The
char - coal black an' the bon - nie gray. Wi a hip and a ha, an' a
loud hur - ra, The char - coal black an' the bon - nie gray.

When these two cocks com' to be shown,
The north Sceal shouts w'll fight none ;
Reasons why they all did say,
The charcoal black's t' big for the gray.

Its to the house t' tak a cup ;
This cock match it was soon made up,
Ten guineas a side, these cocks will play,
The charcoal black an' the bonny gray.

These cocks hedn't struck past two or three blows,
When Biggar lads cries now we loose,
Which med 'em all both wan an' pale,
They wished they'd fou't for a gallon o' ale.

Miley Heslom com sweerin' down,
He'd bet a guinea to a crown,
If our black cock he gits fair play,
He'll drive off the sod the bonny gray.

Now this black cock he hes lost,
Which med Biggar lads to swear an' corss ;
They wished they'd niver cum that day
T' Tumler's hill t' see the play.

Wi' a cooal black breast an' a silver wing,
 Six brothers of his fou't befor the king;
 Wi' a hip an' a ha, an' a loud hurra,
 An' away they went wi' the bonnie gray.

Mr. Collinson told me that "Wa'ney" is Walney Island, Vickerstown, and "Tum'ler's Hill" is Tumbil's Hill.

The words are the same as those of "The Holbeck Moor Cock-fight" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 136. They are also on a broadside by Harkness of Preston, entitled "Bonny Grey."—C. J. S.

Versions of the words are in Harland's *Ballads of Lancashire*, 1865, and in John Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads*.—F. K.

7.—LEDDY, I WILL GIE YOU A PENNY'S WORSE O' PREENS.

Tune noted by L. E. Broadwood.

SUNG BY FISH-WIVES OF CROMARTY, N.E. SCOTLAND.

He) "Led - dy, I will gie you a pen-ny's worse o' preens, To
 tie up your floun - ces, or o - ny o - ser sings, If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll
 wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak wis me o - ny wheres.'

She. I'll no' except o' your penny's worse o' Preens,
 To tie up my flouncers, or ony oser sings,
 I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,
 I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.

He. Leddy, I will gie you a fine, hairy muff,
 To keep warm your hands, when the weather's cold an' rough,
 If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,
 If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.

She. I'll no' except o' your fine, hairy muff,
 To keep warm my hands, when the weather's cold an' rough,
 I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,
 I'll no wa-ak wis you onywheres.

He. Leddy, I will gie you a fine, silken dress,
 Three yards o' lengses to trail upon the gress,
 If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,
 If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.

- She.* I'll no' except o' your fine, silken dress,
Three yards of lengses to trail upon the gress,
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you a fine airum-jair, (arm-chair)
For to sit in the gairding when you ha'e time to spare,
If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I'll no except o' your fine airum-jair,
For to sit in the gairding when I ha'e time to spare,
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no wa-ak,
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you the key o' my kist,
To take gold an' silver, whichever you like best,
If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak,
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I'll no' except o' the key o' your kist,
To take gold an' silver, whichever I like best,
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you the key o' my hairt,
And your hairt an' my hairt will never, never pairt,
If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak,
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I will except o' the key o' your hairt,
And your hairt an' my hairt will never, never pairt,
I will wa-ak, I will wa-ak,
I will wa-ak wis you onywheres ! "

This song was noted by me in March, 1889, from the singing of Mrs. Penfold Wyatt, an accomplished singer and musician. Mrs. Wyatt learned it from her aunt, Miss Scott, living in Edinburgh some years ago. Miss Scott went yearly to Cromarty and learned the song from its being a favourite one amongst the fisher-girls there. I have in my MS. Collection three English airs to the same type of words, all distinct from the above and each other, but they are not of great interest melodically, nor do the words present any important points. It is worth mentioning, however, that the dialogue is acted often by two country singers, who put a good deal of dramatic feeling into the song. I have seen it prettily performed by a little Yorkshire village boy and girl, who sang words beginning "Madam, I present you with a paper of pins" to the nursery tune "What have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?" The boy offered pins, a bell (presumably silver) and other objects hastily borrowed. The girl refused them, but greedily snatched at "a golden watch, tō hang by your side when you do go to church"—a watch kindly lent by the curate of the village. At this mark of cupidity the boy, raising a threatening hand, sang a scornful farewell, in which, after reviewing all the smaller gifts that he had offered to her in vain, he finished with "But you *would* accept of a little golden watch! *Now I won't walk*

with you !” See “I will give you the Keys of Heaven” in *English County Songs*, and “Blue Muslin” in *Songs of the West* for other versions with tunes, and most nursery-rhyme books for similar words.—L. E. B.

This tune would be Dorian if it were not for the B natural in the final cadence. This effect is not native to a folk-song, as it is a harmonic rather than a melodic device. It is just possible that, as this tune has come to us through the singing of two cultivated musicians accustomed to harmonic music, the B may have been unconsciously raised a semitone by them.—R. V. W.

8.—MADAM, I’LL PRESENT TO YOU THE KEYS OF MY HEART.

Tune noted by C. F. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. WELCH,
AT ILE BRUERS, SOMERSET, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.

Ma-dam, I'll pre-sent to you the keys of my heart, The day that we get mar-ried we'll
nev - er more de - part, If thou wilt walk with me, with
me, If thou wilt walk with me.....

He. Madam, I'll present to you a fine silken gown,
Nine yards all a-dropping to the ground,
If thou wilt walk with me.

She. I will not accept a fine silken gown,
Nine yards all a-dropping to the ground;
I will not walk with thee.

He. Madam, I'll present to you a fine silver ball,
To tumble in your garden the finest day of all,
If thou wilt walk with me.

She. I will not accept a fine silver ball,
To tumble in my garden the finest day of all;
I will not walk with thee.

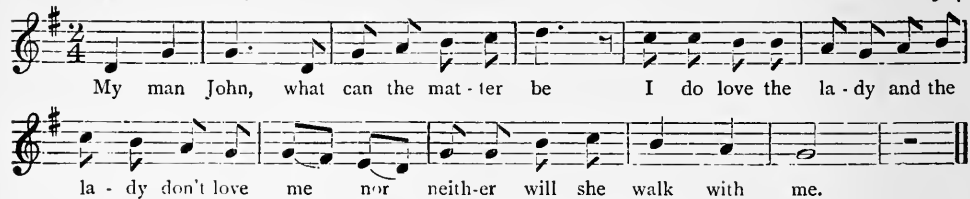
He. Madam, I'll present to you a fine silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver and jewels of the best,
If thou wilt walk with me.

She. I will not accept a fine silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver and jewels of the best;
I will not walk with thee.

9.—MY MAN JOHN; OR, MADAM, I'LL PRESENT YOU.

Tune noted by C. J. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, SOMERSET, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.



He. Madam, I'll present you with a little diamond pin,
To pin up your mantle when you don't walk in.
O madam, will you walk with me?

Madam, I'll present you with a little golden bell,
To ring up your servants when you are not well.
O madam, will you walk with me?

She. I shan't accept of your little diamond pin,
I shan't accept of your little golden bell,
Nor neither will I walk with you.

He. Madam, I'll present you with boots made of cork;
One was made in London, and one was made in York.
O madam, will you walk with me?

Madam, I'll present you with a little diamond ring,
I shall upset (*sic*) of a far better thing.
O madam, will you walk with me?

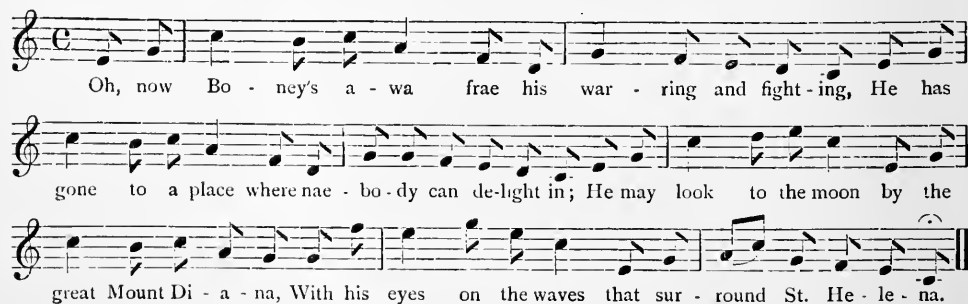
She. I shan't accept of your boots made of cork,
And I shan't accept of your little diamond ring,
Nor neither will I walk with you.

He. Madam, I'll present you with a nice silken gown,
Nine yards long to drag all on the ground.
O madam, will you walk with me?

10.—THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

Noted in her youth by Mary Oulton, native of Antrim.
Communicated 1892.

SUNG BY AN OLD SOLDIER
IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.



Now Louisa, she weeps for her husband departed,
 And she dreams while she sleeps, and she awakes broken-hearted.
 Not a friend to console, even those who might, they winna,
 While forlorn he does mourn in the Isle of St. Helena.

The following is Catnach's ballad-sheet version :—

Now Boney he's awa from his warring and fighting,
 He's gone to the place he never can delight in,
 He may sit now and tell of the scenes that he's seen a',
 While forlorn he doth mourn in the Island of St. Helena.

No more in St. Cloud's he appears in great splendour,
 Nor comes forth wi' great clouds like the great Alexander,
 He may say to the wind by the great Mount Diana,
 His eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

Since Anna she weeps for her husband departed,
 She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken-hearted,
 Not a friend to console her, those that might, they will na,
 She may mourn when she thinks of the Island of St. Helena

The rude rushing waves of our shores is a-washing,
 And the great billows heave, on the wild rocks dashing,
 He may look on the main, when he thinks of Lucanna,
 With his heart full of woe in the Island of St. Helena.

All you that has great wealth, beware of ambition,
 Some decree of fate may soon change your condition ;
 Be steadfast in time, for what is to come you canna',
 May be, your race may end in the Island of St. Helena.

A ballad-sheet by Such gives this additional verse between the 3rd and 4th ; it is otherwise identical.

Now Boney's laid low, in his cold grave he's sleeping,
 While Lucy and his son o'er his tomb they are weeping,
 It's surrounded by trees called the fair weeping willow,
 And they'll droop down their heads to the loud foaming billow.

This is evidently an addition made after the death of Bonaparte. The ingenuity of the poet in finding a rhyme for " St. Helena " is commendable. One verse of the song is quoted in Whiting's *Yellow Van*.—F. K.

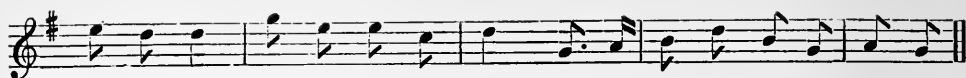
For notes on the contribution see " The Battle of King's Bridge."

BONEY'S IN ST. HELENA.

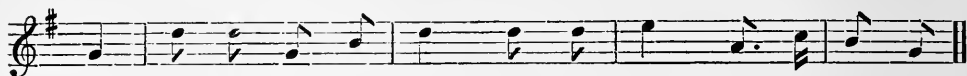
Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW
 AT HORSHAM, SUSSEX, DEC. 22ND, 1904.





Mr. Burstow always sang the first line of the first verse thus :

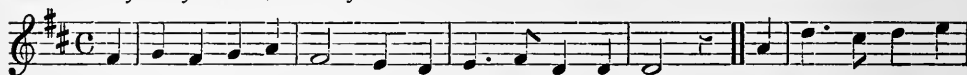


11.—THE BATTLE OF KING'S BRIDGE

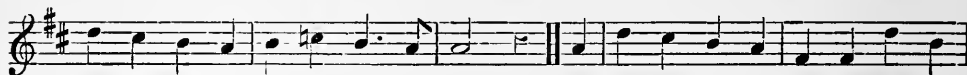
OR, THE NORTH AMERIKAY.

SUNG BY AN OLD IRISH SOLDIER,
IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

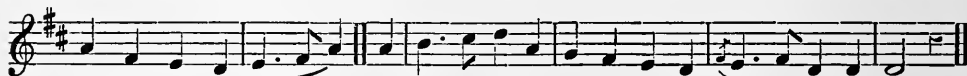
Tune noted by Mary Oulton, native of Antrim.



Dear Mol-ly, read those vers - es That I have writ - ten here, And when you have pe -



- rus - ed them You can't but shed a tear, To think of all our mis - er - ies, 'Twill



grieve your heart full sore, When I re-late our sorrows Since we left our na - tive shore.

The first of last November, at the dawning of the day,
In New York we landed, and anchored in the Bay ;
To meet our foes at King's Bridge, next morn we marched away,
To fight our old relations in the North Amerikay.

Many a valiant hero, brought up with tender care,
Like lambs, that day, at King's Bridge they cruelly slaughtered were.
Down on our Irish horses the cannon-balls did play,
This was a woeful welcome to the North Amerikay.

Through fields of blood we waded, while cannons they did roar,
And many a valiant hero lay, covered with his gore ;
And heaps of mangled soldiers upon the plain there lay,
Who were both killed and wounded in the North Amerikay.

'Twould melt your heart with pity to hear the soldiers' wives,
Screaming for their dead husbands with melancholy cries ;
And the children crying " Ma ! Ma !" sure, we may rue the day
We came to lose our fathers in the North Amerikay !

Now to conclude my ditty : God bless our gracious King,
And may this loyal city stout Irish to him bring ;
God bless our British soldiers, both by land and sea,
And protect our Irish heroes in the North Amerikay.

The above was learned and noted in her youth by Miss Mary Oulton, who was 73 years old in the year 1892, when she sent me the tunes and words here printed.

She took them down from the singing of a very old Irish soldier. The ballad reflects some of the strong feeling which prevailed in Ireland against her people being drawn into England's war with America. In 1776 Irish troops were sent to join the British in "the North Americay." King's Bridge, a pass about fifteen miles from New York, had been strongly fortified by the Americans under General Washington.

On September 15th, 1776, the British forces, 70,000 strong, under General Howe captured and destroyed the fort entirely, afterwards taking New York with great bloodshed.

Cf. the tune and words here given with "Farewell to Kingsbridge" in *Songs of the West*. Kingsbridge is also a town in Devonshire, and the words of the song collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould are ingeniously adapted in order that they should seem to be uttered by a Devonshire soldier on the brink of leaving Kingsbridge for America. Such printed a similar ballad, which however does not introduce the name of King's Bridge. The Rev. S. Baring Gould mentions "a form of the same ballad, beginning "Honour calls to arms, boys," published in broadside by Hodges and referring to fighting the *French* in North America.

The last three bars of the tune to "Farewell to Kingsbridge" have some likeness to the Irish air. I believe it to belong to a class of traditional tune which prevails much in England and Ireland, and a version of which probably originated the air of "The Wearing of the Green." For an interesting comparison see the "Lamentation Air" in Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*. Dr. Joyce writes that ballad-sheet accounts of tragic occurrences were (in 1872) "nearly all sung to the following air—at least in the South of Ireland; . . . *I have repeatedly heard Lamentations sung to this air in the streets of Dublin.*" Compare also "The Dawning of the Day" in Joyce's *Collection*. Both airs have a distinct likeness in type to "The Battle of Kingsbridge."—L. E. B.

12.—YOUNG BANKER.

SUNG BY A MAID-SERVANT,

Tune noted by Alfred Atkinson, Brigg, 1904.

AT ISLE OF AXHOLME, NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE.

As I walked out one morn - ing fair..... To view the
fields, and take the air, Oh, there I spied young
Bank - er all a - lone, For his true love he was mak - ing moan.

He said, " My pretty fair maid, will you go on deck,
 With a chain of gold around your neck?
 Whate'er you do it may prove true."
 The answer that she made, " I'll have none of you."

Young Banker turned round, for to go away,
 She called after him to bid him stay:
 " O stay, O stay, and I will prove true."
 The answer that he gave, " I'll have none of you."

Now, she thought she heard a foreign man say,
 " Come, pack up your clothes and come away."
 It pierced her through the very heart,
 To think that young Banker from her should part.

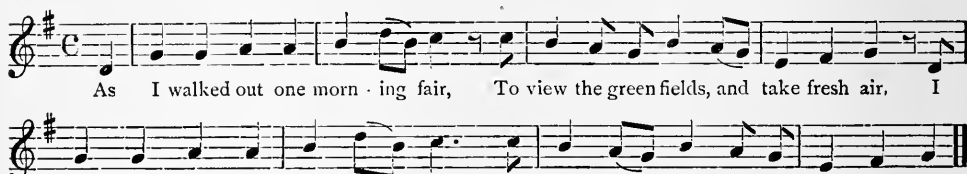
" Young Banker, he had such a handsome face,
 And round his hat wore a band of lace,
 Besides such a handsome head of hair,
 For my young Banker I will go there."

Come all you pretty fair maids in senses of loss,
 Since the day in love you have been crossed,
 For you may lament and you may say,
 For ever rue the day that you said nay.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. J. PROBERT,
 HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by J. Griffiths.



As I walked out one morn - ing fair, To view the green fields, and take fresh air, I
 saw young Bank - er stand - ing there, And his true love was a { maid - en
 la - dy fair.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. THOMPSON,
 AT KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

Tune noted by F. Kidson.



Miss Mabel Peacock of Kirton in Lindsey, Lincolnshire, who communicates the Brigg version of this tune, explains that a "banker" is a man employed to make embankments, rough stone walls, etc., but it is more probable that the word in this ballad is simply used as a surname.

The words here printed were taken down this year by Mr. Griffiths in Herefordshire, from the singing of Mr. Probert, whose tune seems to be a repetition of the last half of a complete air. The Brigg tune starts with the opening phrase of "The Banks of Sweet Primroses."—L. E. B.

I have noted one version of "Young Banker" in the West Riding, and another in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The tunes are practically identical. I could only get a fragment of the words in each case.—F. K.

13.—I'LL LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE I KNOW MY LOVE LOVES ME.

Tune noted by E. Quintrell, Helston.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY J. BOADEN, ESQ.,
AT CURY CROSS LANES, NEAR HELSTON, CORNWALL, MAY, 1905.



Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me!"

Oh! my cruel parents have been too unkind!
They've drove and banished me, and tortured my mind!
Although I'm ruined for his sake, contented will I be;
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Could I become a swallow, I'd ascend up in the air;
Then, if I lost my labour, and shouldn't find him there,
I quickly would become a fish, and search the flowing sea;
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

With straw I'll make a garland, and dress it very fine,
I'll mix the same with roses, lily, pink, and thyme,
I will preserve it for my love when he returns from sea:
I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

Just as she was sat weeping, her love came on the land,
Hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand,
And, as he entered in the gates he heard her sigh and say,
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me!"

He stood and gazed on her, hearing his love complain,
He could not stand any longer, he bled in every vein;
He flew into her snowy-white arms, and replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

She said, "My love, don't frighten me; are you my love, or no?"
 "Oh yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
 I am returned to make amends for all your injury;
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

So now they are married, and may they happy be,
 Like turtle-doves together, in love and unity.
 All pretty maids with patience wait, that have got loves at sea;
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Mr. Boaden learned this song from Mr. Curry of Helston, long deceased. The words have been forgotten. Mr. Quintrell, organist, who noted the tune, has been unable, so far, to obtain them; but there is little doubt that they must have been those of a popular ballad, "Bedlam Walks" or "The Maid in Bedlam," of which a version, taken from an old garland in the British Museum, is here given. In Johnson's *Museum* (1787) there are almost similar words put to a very different tune, namely "Gramachree," better known as "The Minstrel Boy." Johnson's version called "The Maid in Bedlam" is said to have been written by George Syron, a negro. Giordani (*circa* 1770) composed yet another, and uninteresting, tune to practically the same words.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould noted a few verses of a similar ballad, *see* "The Loyal Lover" in *Songs of the West*.

The above tune was communicated by Dr. George Gardiner whilst himself collecting in the West of England.—L. E. B.

14.—O, WHAT IS THAT UPON THY HEAD.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Tune noted at Nancledrea, near Penzance, Cornwall, circa 1852,
 by Joseph White, and communicated Jan., 1905.*

"O, what is that up - on thy head, So .. daz - ling and so light? O,
 what is that up - on thy breast, Which shines so clear and bright?" "Up -
 - on my head there's glo - rious Hope, Up - on my breast my shield, And
 with my sword I ... mean to fight Un - til I've gained the field."

One verse only was remembered by Mr. White. He communicated the fragment to Dr. George Gardiner.

15.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Tune noted by Bertha Bidder, of Stoke House, Stoke Fleming, Devon.

SUNG BY A VILLAGE-WOMAN

PHRYGIAN.

OF STOKE FLEMING.

As I was a - walk - ing by yon - der church wall, I saw
four - and-twen - ty young men a - play - ing at ... the ball; I
ask - ed for my own true love, But they would not let him come, For they
said the boy was young, But a - grow - ing.

THE TREES THEY GROW SO HIGH.

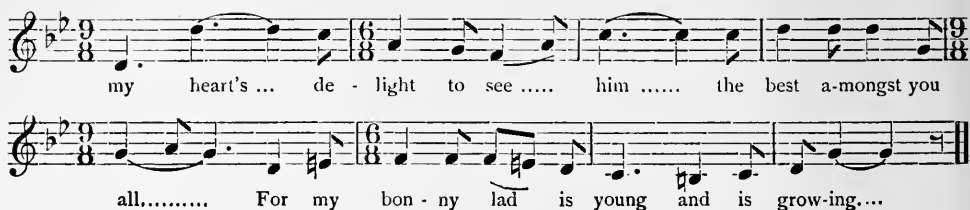
SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. ASH,

AT SOMERSET, 1905.

Tune noted by H. A. Jeboult, of Taunton.

Oh, the trees they grow so high, and the leaves they grow so green, The
day is past and gone, my love, that you and I ... have seen, It's a
cold win - ter's night, my love, when you and I must bide a - lone, And my
bon - ny lad is young, and is grow - ing..... It was



THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GULLION,
AT SOMERSET, 1905.

Tune noted by H. A. Jebb, of Taunton.



This singular ballad appears apparently for the first time in print with music, in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (1792), under the title "Lady Mary Ann." The major tune there given (which has no likeness whatever to this Devonshire air) is said to have been picked up, with the words, by Robert Burns in the Highlands. The name of the boy in his version is "Young Charlie Cochran." In *A North Countrie Garland*, edited by James Maidment, originally published in 1824, is printed a copy of the poem called "The young Laird of Craigs Toun," with a note appended, giving historical details as to an early marriage of the young laird with a lady, the laird dying shortly afterwards, in 1634. It may be pointed out that the fact of a forced early marriage in a Scottish family may be merely a coincidence, and it does not sufficiently establish a claim to have originated the ballad. Its widely-spread popularity in the South of England, without mention of the boy's name, rather indicates the prevalence of early betrothals and marriages of convenience in the Middle Ages and later. I have noted a version in the West Riding of Yorkshire.—F. K.

Miss Bidder's tune is most interesting, for, as far as I know, with the exception of a different tune in *Songs of the West* to these words, it is an unique specimen of the Phrygian mode in English folk-song. "Gil Morice," however, No. 22 in this volume, has Phrygian characteristics.—R. V. W.

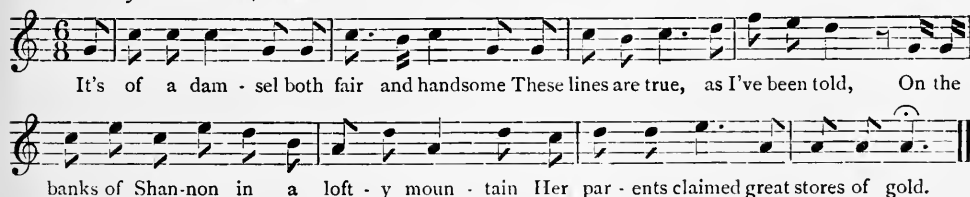
For other tunes, versions of words and copious notes, see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 214, and No. 6, p. 44, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* ("Lady Mary Ann"), Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* ("Young Craigston"), in addition to the other works mentioned in the foregoing notes. Tunes two and three should be compared with those collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould and Mr. Cecil Sharp, as they are allied with both.—L. E. B.

16.—THE TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS

OR, THE YOUNG SERVANT MAN.

SUNG BY MR. W. BEBB (ROADMAN),
NEAR WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Tune noted by F. Gwillim, 1905.



It's of a dam - sel both fair and handsome These lines are true, as I've been told, On the
banks of Shan-non in a loft - y moun - tain Her par - ents claimed great stores of gold.

For all the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 220. The ballad appears on a Catnach ballad-sheet as "The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lover," and on other broadsides under different titles.—L. E. B.

The last note of this tune would seem to point to the Æolian mode, but as none of the rest of the air has Æolian characteristics it is probably one of those circular tunes in which verse follows verse without a pause.—R. V. W.

THE TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHESSON,
AT KINGS LYNN UNION, NORFOLK, JAN. 10TH, 1905.



It's of a dam - sel both fair and handsome These lines are true, as I've been told, On the
banks of Shan-non in a loft - y moun - tain Her par - ents claimed great stores of gold.

THE YOUNG SERVANT MAN.

THIRD VERSION.

Tunes noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,
MONKS GATE, HORSHAM, OCT. 8TH, 1904.



THE CRUEL FATHER AND THE AFFECTIONATE LOVER.

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER (SHEPHERD),
AT INGRAVE, NEAR BRENTWOOD, ESSEX, DEC. 3RD, 1903.



THE CRUEL FATHER.

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GARMAN,
AT FOREST GREEN, NEAR DORKING, SURREY, 1904.





Mr. Garman is a native of Sussex, and used to sing to the Rev. John Broadwood, one of the pioneers of folk-song collecting, who died in 1865. Many of the tunes to these words are in peculiar time, *cf. Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, no. 4, p. 220.—R. V. W.

17.—THE LOST LADY FOUND.

Tune noted by L. E. Broadwood, at Ryde, 1893.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HILL (OLD FAMILY NURSE),
NATIVE OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Allegro ben marcato.

'Twas down in a val - ley a fair maid did dwell, She lived with her
un - cle, as all knew full well. 'Twas down in the val - ley, where
vi - o lets were gay, Three gip - sies be - trayed her, and stole her a - way.

Long time she'd been missing, and could not be found,
Her uncle, he searched the country around,
Till he came to her Trustee; between hope and fear,
The Trustee made answer, "She has not been here."

The Trustee spoke up, with courage so bold,
"I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold;
So we'll have life for life, sir," the Trustee did say,
"We shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay."

There was a young squire that loved her so,
Oftimes to the school-house together they did go.
"I'm afraid she is murdered; so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear."

He travell'd through England, through France, and through Spain,
Till he ventured his life on the watery main;
And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him, she knew him, and flew to his arms,
 She told him her grief, while he gazed on her charms.
 "How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he.
 "Three gipsies betrayed me, and stole me away."

"Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie,
 And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."
 "Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried;
 "One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride."

When she came to old England, her uncle to see,
 The cart it was under the high gallows-tree.
 "Oh! pardon! Oh! pardon! Oh! pardon! I crave!
 Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life to save?"

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
 The bells they did ring, and the music did play;
 Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
 As soon as they heard the 'Lost Lady' was found.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD (WOODCUTTER),
 AT EAST HORNDON, ESSEX, FEB. 22ND, 1904.



* The first verse starts here, and repeats the strain from that point. The whole tune does not appear till the second verse. The words are much the same as the first version.

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. CHILES,
 AT WILLINGALE-DOE, ESSEX, APRIL 14TH, 1904.



FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,

AT EAST HORNDON, ESSEX, APRIL 21st, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



Mrs. Hill learned her delightful song when a child from an old cook in Lincolnshire, who danced as she sang it, beating time on the stone kitchen-floor with her iron pattens. I noted only the first verse of the words, as Mrs. Hill followed the ballad-sheet version printed by Such, which is here given. Barrett quotes a Cheshire tune to the same words, in four-time, which is that usually known as "The White Còckade" (see *English Folk-Songs*). In *Sussex Songs* there is yet another version, with the title "Gipsy Song." This has a good major time in three-four time. The words of the "Gipsy Song" were noted before 1840 by the Rev. John Broadwood, and differ considerably from Such's. In the first verse we learn

'Tis of a young damsel that was left all alone,
For the sake of her parents she sadly did moan;
She had but one uncle, two trustees beside,
That were left all alone for this young lady's guide.

The young squire finds his love ultimately in Flanders, and prudently marries her before returning to rescue the uncle from the high gallows-tree.

The words are also on ballad-sheets by Brock of Bristol.

The tune has some likeness to certain Dorian versions of "Green Bushes," noted by Mr. Sharp in Somerset and Dr. Vaughan Williams in Berkshire.

Cf. "The Shepherd Boy" tune in *Sussex Songs* with version two. Dr. Vaughan Williams' three variants were sung to much the same words as those of the ballad-sheet here quoted.—L. E. B.

18.—THE BASKET OF EGGS.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE (AGED 77).
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

In Sun-batch field, as two sail - lers were walk - ing,
With their two pock - ets well lined with gold, And as they both stood to -
ge - ther talk - ing, A pret - ty young wo-man they did be - hold.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW, OF HORSHAM, DEC. 7TH, 1903.
(See *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, part 4, Preface.)

(a) Down in Sand bank (?) fields two sail - ors they were walk - ing, Their pock - ets were both
(b) lined with gold And as to - geth - er they were talk - ing a fair maid there they
did be - hold. With a lit - tle bas - ket stand - ing by her
As she sat down to take her ease, To car - ry it for her
(c) one of them of - fered, The an - swer was "Sir if you please."

Variants.

(a) (b) (c)

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON (FISHERMAN),
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 9TH, 1905.



It's of two sai - lors as they was walk - ing, Their pockets be - ing lined with
gold, As they was a - walk - ing and fond - ly talk - ing, A fair maid here they did be - hold.

For the words of this song see "Eggs in her Basket," *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 2, p. 46. Mr. Colcombe's do not differ materially; they were noted and communicated by Mrs. Leather.

The tune of the first version has some resemblance to tunes noted by me at King's Lynn, Norfolk, January, 1905, and sung to the words "The Captain's Apprentice," and "In Oxford City."

The words of the second and third versions are much the same as in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 2, p. 46. The third has an interesting last verse:

We will go down to yonder valley,
Where bands of wedlock we will tie,
We'll set bells ringing, sailors singing,
You'll enjoy your sweet, happy bride.

R. V. W.

19.—HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

Tune noted by Stanley Parson, Mus. Bac.

SUNG BY MR. BURNS (AGED 61),
AT LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL, APRIL, 1905.



Come gen - tle - men of high re - nown, Of high and low de - gree, True
'light - ers all in fox - hunt - ing, Come list - en un - to me: A
sto - ry true I'll tell to you, Con - cern - ing of old Fox, The
hunts - man rode up to his co - vert, Bold *Run - ner for to try.

*?Reynard.

* All verses after the first begin here

The huntsman rode up to his covert,
 With horse and hounds so strong;
 He smacks his whip, and winds his horn,
 Crying, "The old fox is gone!"

We hunted him o'er hedges high,
 Through valleys, hills, and rocks;
 We hunted him sixteen hours, full cry,
 Through parishes thirteen.

We hunted him sixteen hours, full cry,
 Through parishes thirteen;
 We caught him on his native den,
 It was on Manfell (?) Green.

He said, "Huntsman and hounds, spare me my life,
 I'll promise and fulfil,
 I'll touch no dogs or featherèd fowls,
 Or lambs on yonder hill."

Mr. Burns is an employé of the Urban Council of Launceston. Dr. George Gardiner communicates the song.

SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams,
 MIXOLYDIAN.*

SUNG BY MR. STEPHEN POLL,
 TILNEY ST. LAWRENCE, NORFOLK, JAN. 7TH, 1905.



The words of version two are practically the same as those of version one, except that the name of the "green" becomes "Parkworth."—R. V. W.

BALLADS.

20.—LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond, May, 1905.

SUNG BY MRS. MARY ROWSELL (AGED 80),
OF GREENWAY ROAD, TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

Rather slow.



"O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," he said,
"O riddle it both as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen, or not,
And leave the brown girl alone."

"The brown girl, she've a-got houses and land,
Fair Ellen, she've a-got none;
Therefore I charge thee to my blessing,
The brown girl bring safe t' home."

Lord Thomas, he went to fair Eleanor's bower,
He knocked so loud on the ring;
There is none so ready as fair Eleanor's self
To let Lord Thomas in.

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news has thou brought unto me?"
"I'm come to invite thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

"O, God forbid, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"That any such thing should be done!
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And you to have been the bride-groom!"

"O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," she said,
"O riddle it both as one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or whether I tarry at home?"

"There's many that are thy friends, daughter,
And many that are thy foe;
Betide thy life, or betide thy death,
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

" There's many that are my friends, mother,
 And many more are my foe ;
 Betide my life, or betide my death,
 To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go ! "

She dressed herself all in her 'tire,
 And merry men all in green ;
 And every town that she went through,
 They took her to be some queen.

O, when she came to Lord Thomas' tower,
 She knocked so loud on the ring,
 There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
 To let the fair Eleanor in.

The brown girl, she had a little pen-knife,
 Which was both long and sharp ;
 Between the long ribs and the short
 She pricked fair Eleanor's heart.

And so the three lovers did meet together,
 And asunder they did part.

The ballad is certainly old. Ritson speaks of it as a minstrel song. Versions are to be found in many ballad-books, including *Old Ballads*, 1723, and it is found on broadsides of early and of late date.

Compare the tune here given with "To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day," in Chappell's edition.—F. K.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MRS. CHIDELL,
 AT BOURNEMOUTH, 1902.



The above tune was noted from the singing of Mrs. Chidell, lately deceased, at an advanced age. Her sister, Miss Thrupp, writes as follows: "We learnt this ballad and others ("Long Lankin, etc."), words and music, from hearing Mrs. H. Waring sing them at Lyme Regis. I believe she came from Somersetshire, but it does not necessarily follow that they were obtained from Somersetshire people."

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. F. WHEELER (GROOM),
NEAR WEGBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

Lord Thomas, he was a bold fo - res - ter, A - keep - ing of the King's deer. Fair

El - i - nor she was the fair - est wo - man, Lord Thomas he lov - ed her dear.

Last Verse.

And ev - er so soon they part, "Oh, you who dig my

grave, Pray dig it both wide and deep, And bu - ry fair E - li - nor

at my right hand, And the lit - tle brown girl at my feet That if

ev - er my moth - er she do pass by, She may sit down and weep." ...

FOURTH VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil F. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. COCKRAM,
AT MESHAW, N. DEVON, JAN. 9TH, 1904.

Moderato.

Lord Tho - mas he was..... a for - est - er bold, And

keep - er of our King's deer Fair El - ean - our she was the

fair - est young la - dy, Lord Tho - mas he loved her dear.....

Mrs. Cockram's version of the words is nearly identical with Mrs. Rowsell's up to the eleventh verse. The last lines of verse five runs however :

" I'm come to bid thee to my wedding,
Beneath the sycamore tree."

After the eleventh verse Mrs. Cockram sang as follows :

He taketh her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
And sat her in the noblest chair,
Amongst the ladies all.

" Is this your bride, Lord Thomas ? " she said,
" Methinks she looks wonderfully brown ;
When you used to have the fairest young lady
That ever the sun shone on."

" Despise her not," Lord Thomas then said,
" Despise her not unto me ;
For more do I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body."

The brown girl had a little pen-knife,
Which was both long and sharp ;
'Twixt the small ribs and the short, she pricked
Fair Eleanor to the heart.

" O, what is the matter ? " Lord Thomas then said,
" O, can you not very well see ?
O, can you not see my own heart's blood
Come trickling down my knee ? "

Lord Thomas, he had a sword by his side,
As he walked through the hall ;
He cut his own bride's head off her shoulders,
And threw it against the wall.

He put the handle to the ground,
The sword into his heart.
No sooner did three lovers meet,
No sooner did they part.

(*Spoken.*) " Make me a grave, both long and wide,
And lay fair Eleanor by my side,
And the brown girl at my feet."

(*Sung.*) Lord Thomas was buried in the church,
Fair Eleanor in the choir ;
And out from her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Thomas the briar.

It grew till it reached the church tip top,
Where it could grow no higher ;
And then it entwined like a true lover's knot,
For all true loves to admire.

TO COLLECTORS AND CONTRIBUTORS OF FOLK-SONGS.

COLLECTORS are reminded that the Society's leaflet, *Hints to Collectors*, has proved useful to beginners, and may be had at three half-pence the copy from the Hon. Secretary.

It will greatly facilitate the work of the Hon. Secretary if contributors of Folk-Songs to the Society will observe the following rules when preparing their MSS.

1.—WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET OF PAPER, whether words or music.

It is of the greatest importance that TUNES should be written with *unmistakable clearness in the first instance*. NAMES and ADDRESSES should be unmistakable to the reader not familiar with them.

2.—In the case of TUNES, write the title of the song to which it belongs *above the tune, in the middle of the sheet*. On the *right side* of the tune, and above it, write :

“*Sung by* [Mr., Mrs. or Miss —] *at* [King's Lynn, Norfolk.]

Noted by [John or Edith —] *Date* [Sept., 1905.]”

On the *left side* of the tune write the *tempo* or *mode* of the air, if wished.

3.—In the case of WORDS, the song should have its title written above it, and the verses should be properly divided. Notes on the words should be marked with an asterisk, etc., and written at the foot of the sheet.

4.—All DETAILS concerning age, occupation of the singer, the source of the song, and so forth, are of interest and importance. But they should be written *on a separate sheet of paper* headed with the name of the song to which they refer, together with any general remarks that the contributor wishes to make on the song itself.

5.—Each TUNE should be firmly attached to its own WORDS, and sheet with DETAILS.

6.—Contributors should keep copies of their MSS.

7.—All communications should be initialled on the envelope “F. S. S.”

FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

DECEMBER, 1905.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. LORD TENNYSON, G.C.M.G.

Vice-Presidents :

SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Mus. Doc., F.R.A.M.
Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

SIR C. HUBERT H. PARRY, Bart., Mus. Doc., D.C.L., C.V.O.
Professor of Music in the University of Oxford ; Director of the Royal College of Music.

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, Mus. Doc., D.C.L.
Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.

Committee :

SIR ERNEST CLARKE, *Chairman.*

WALTER FORD, Esq.

Mrs. FRANK W. GIBSON (Miss Eugenie
Joachim).

A. P. GRAVES, Esq.

ALFRED KALISCH, Esq.

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CECIL SHARP, Esq.

J. TODHUNTER, Esq., M.D.

GILBERT WEBB, Esq.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Esq.,
Mus. Doc.

Hon. Secretary :

MISS LUCY BROADWOOD,
84, Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Hon. Treasurer :

MRS. LAURENCE GOMME.

RULES.

I.—The Society shall be entitled “The Folk-Song Society.”

II.—The Society shall have for its primary object the collection and preservation of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes, and the publication of such of these as may be deemed advisable.

III.—The Society shall consist of Members approved by the Committee, who subscribe to its funds the sum of 10s. 6d. annually, such subscription being payable on the 1st of June in each year.

IV.—The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a President, Vice-President, and a Committee of not more than twelve Members, together with a Treasurer and Secretary. The Committee shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number. Four members form a quorum; the Chairman *pro tem.* shall have a casting vote.

V.—An Annual General Meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint. No Member whose subscription is in arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings of the General Meeting.

VI.—At each General Meeting half of the Members of the Committee shall retire from office, but shall be eligible for re-election.

VII.—The account of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

VIII.—Any Member whose subscription shall be one year in arrear shall cease to be a Member of the Society.

IX.—Every Member whose subscription is not in arrear shall be entitled to a copy of the ordinary publications of the Society.

X.—The Committee shall have power to elect a limited number of Honorary Members from among distinguished foreign authorities on the subject of Folk-Music.

XI.—Meetings shall be held from time to time, as may be appointed by the Committee, at which vocal and instrumental illustrations of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes shall be given, and papers written on the subject read and discussed.

XII.—All contributions of Members and others, whether literary or musical, accepted by the Society shall be considered, as far as any other publication than in the Society's Journal is considered, the property of the contributor, and the Society shall not reprint such contribution without his consent.

XIII.—The selection of the words and tunes to be published by the Society shall be decided upon by a sub-Committee appointed by the Committee of Management.

XIV.—No alterations shall be made in these rules except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, and upon the requisition of at least twelve Members, nor then unless one month's notice shall have been given in writing of the proposed change to the Secretary. The proposed alterations to be approved of by at least three-fourths of the Members present at such meeting.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, W.

By kind permission of Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, Mus. Doc.

THE Annual Report of the Committee which had been previously circulated in print amongst all the Members having by consent been taken as read, its adoption was moved by the Chairman, seconded by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and carried unanimously.

Mr. T. Lea Southgate moved, and Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner seconded, the re-election of the five Members of the Committee (Sir Ernest Clarke, Mrs. F. W. Gibson, Mr. F. Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Dr. John Todhunter) who retired at this meeting by rotation under Rule VI. Dr. Vaughan Williams suggested the addition to the Committee of Mr. A. Kalisch, who was resigning the post of Honorary Treasurer; and this rider to the original motion having been accepted by the mover and seconder, it was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Mr. A. Kalisch presented his accounts as Honorary Treasurer for the year ended the 31st December, 1904, and at the same time announced his desire to be relieved, in consequence of the increasing demands upon his time, of the duties of Honorary Treasurer.

On the motion of the Chairman, the Honorary Treasurer's accounts were approved by the meeting, and a cordial vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. Kalisch for his valuable services as Honorary Treasurer from the original foundation of the Society up to the present time.

The Chairman suggested that it might be an advantage if in future the Society's accounts were made up to the 31st May, in view of the Members' subscriptions falling due on the 1st June of each year, and if the Annual General Meeting of Members were held in the autumn. Mr. Kalisch concurring in this view, moved—

"That the Accounts be made up in future to the 31st May of each year, and that the Annual General Meeting of Members be held in the month of October or November."

This Resolution was seconded by Major-Gen. Bedford, R.E., and carried unanimously.

It being necessary to provide for the duties of Honorary Treasurer, it was moved by Mr. Kalisch, seconded by Mrs. Gibson, and carried unanimously, that Mrs. Alice B. Gomme, of 24, Dorset Square, be asked to accept the post of Honorary Treasurer of the Society as from the 31st May last.

On the motion of General Bedford, seconded by Mr. T. L. Southgate, Messrs. T. D. Hawkin and Co., of 426 Strand, W.C., were appointed Auditors of the Society for the ensuing year under Rule VII, with an honorarium of £2 2s. for their services.

The Chairman having invited any observations from Members with regard to the Society or its affairs, Mr. T. L. Southgate suggested that the facilities of the Musical Association should be utilised for making better known the work and objects of the Folk-Song Society. This suggestion was adopted; and a short discussion subsequently took place as to the advisability of noting with absolute fidelity tunes sung by country singers.

A cordial vote of thanks having been passed to the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music for the use of the Concert Hall for the purposes of the Meeting, the proceedings terminated.

FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

Balance Sheet, January 1st, 1905, to May 31st, 1905.

<i>Dr.</i>				<i>Cr.</i>			
1905, Jan. 1st.	£	s.	d.	1905, May 31st.	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward :				*By Printing of Journals ...	57	9	7
In Treasurer's hands ...	63	1	8	„ Postage, Stationery and			
In Hon. Secretary's hands	18	1	7	Carriage ...	7	14	6
			81 3 3				65 4 1
				„ Balance carried forward :			
				In Hon. Treasurer's			
				hands ...	13	19	9
				In Hon. Secretary's			
				hands ...	52	3	9
							66 3 6

I have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers, and certify the same to be correct.

THOMAS D. HAWKIN,

426, Strand, W.C., October 19th, 1905.

* This includes reprint of No. 2, and Journal-printing expenses for the year.



FIFTH VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. POND,
AT SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP, SOM., SEPT. 3RD, 1904.

"A hun - dred of thy friends dear child, A
hun - dred of thy foes, Be - fore I beg thee with
all my bless - ing For Lord Thom - as his wedd - ing don't go!"

Mrs. Pond's words consisted of nine verses only, for the most part like the corresponding verses in the previous version. Verses seventeen and eighteen were given by Mrs. Pond as follows :

Lord Thomas, he walked up and down in the room,
With his sword hung by his side;
He took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders,
And flung it against the wall.

"There's one towards the brown girl," he cried,
"There's another towards my heart ;"
There is never three lovers should meet together
Whatever shall soon depart.

C. J. S.

Cf. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, or The Nutbrown Bride," and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in Percy's *Reliques*, and the many versions with notes thereon, in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.

The words given above follow very closely the broadside version (Catnach). For other, and quite distinct, tunes, see *English County Songs*, and "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Also Sandy's *Christmas Carols* (1833), Chappell's *Popular Music*, Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (see "Sweet Willie and Annie, or the Nut Brown Bride," and "Fair Annet.")—L. E. B.

21.—THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Tune noted by Miss Esther White, New Jersey, U.S.A.

SUNG BY MRS. A. R. MARTIN,
OF ANCORAGE, KENTUCKY, U.S.A.

"My dear lit - tle child - ren, if you were mine, All a - lone, and a - lo - ney O ! I'd
dress you up in silk so fine, Down by the green - wood - y si - dey, O !"

In Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* there are many versions of this ballad. The plot is that of a young woman who stabs and buries her twin infants. She one day sees two children playing near her father's castle, and addresses them in the words here given. The children say that they are hers, upbraid her for her cruelty, and tell her that they are preparing a place in hell for her. A Danish ballad on the same subject is curiously like the Scottish and English versions, and "a ballad spread all over Germany is probably a variation of 'The Cruel Mother,' though the resemblance is rather in the general character than in the details" (Child).

Miss Esther White, who communicates this song, writes that Mrs. A. R. Martin learned it as a child from the singing of her great-aunt, and that "lately she heard it again, sung by a poor 'mountain white' child in the North Carolina Mountains." Mrs. Martin was unable to send more than the verse here printed. It corresponds most closely with one in a version quoted by Child from the "Motherwell MS." and which Motherwell "noted from Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, in 1825."

Mrs. Martin's tune should be compared with that of "Brave Earl Brand" in Reay and Stokoe's *Songs of Northern England*, and "Hynde Horne" in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. In the later collection there is a version of the "Cruel Mother" words, with a different refrain however. For other tunes with words see "Fine Flowers of the Valley" in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and "The Cruel Mother" in Child's *Ballads and Shropshire Folk-Lore*.—L. E. B.

22.—GIL MORICE.

*Learned as a child, and noted by her grandson,
the late Alfred J. Hipkins, F.S.A.*

SUNG BY MRS. GRANT.
(1770-1838.)

Very slow.

Gil Mo - rice sat in good green-wood, he whist - led and he sung "Oh,
what means all these peo - ple com-ing? My mo - ther tar - ries long—"

For versions of the words of this ballad see Percy's *Reliques*, and the collections of Motherwell, Jamieson and many others, under the title of "Gill Morice," "Childe Maurice," "Child Norice," "Bob (Babe) Norice," etc. Consult also Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* for full information as to its history. In Johnson's *Museum*, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and Christie's

Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland, tunes are given to this ballad, but they have no likeness to the air here printed.

Of the latter, the late Mr. Hipkins wrote: "This is not the recorded 'Gil Morice.' I believe it was sung to this pathetic air by my great grandmother, Mary Fraser, and if so it will be of Scottish origin, from Inverness, or Edinburgh possibly."

The story is of a jealous husband called "Lord Barnard, Bernard or Barnet" (which, as Aytoun points out, is a name quite foreign to Scotland), or, in one version "John Steward." Lord Barnard, learning that his wife has planned a meeting with Gil Morice in the greenwood, dresses himself in her clothes and rides thither. He stabs Gil Morice whilst the youth is lifting him from horseback, cuts off his head, and returning home, flings it with taunting words into Lady Barnard's lap, to learn with horror that he has murdered his wife's son. The verse given by Mr. Hipkins describes Gil Morice waiting for his mother.—L. E. B.

Judged by the first phrase the above tune is in the Phrygian mode; but this impression is destroyed by the E natural in the cadence, which suggests a tune in the Æolian mode. The Phrygian mode is exceedingly rare in British folk-song. For a note on this subject see "The trees they do grow high," *first* version, No. 15, in this journal.—R. V. W.

23.—LONG LANKIN; OR, YOUNG LAMBKIN.

SUNG BY MRS. CHIDELL,
AT BOURNEMOUTH, 1902.

Tune noted by Miss Chidell, and R. Vaughan Williams.

Said my Lord to my La - dy, as he mount - ed his
horse "Be - ware of Long Lan - kin that lives in the moss!"

Variant of first phrase.

Said my Lord unto my Lady, as he went away,
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the clay!
Let the doors be all bolted, the windows all pinned,
And leave not a loop-hole for Long Lankin to creep in!"
So he mounted his horse, and he rode away,
And he was in London before the break of day.

And the doors were all bolted, the windows all pinned,
 All but one little loophole, where Long Lankin crept in.
 "Where is the Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.
 "He's away in fair London," said the false nurse to him.
 "Where is the Lady of this house?" said Long Lankin.
 "She's up in her chamber," said the false nurse to him.
 "Where is the little Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.
 "He's asleep in this cradle," said the false nurse to him.
 "Then we'll prick him all over and over with a pin,
 And we'll make my Lady to come down to him!"
 So they pricked him all over and over with a pin,
 And the nurse held the bason for the blood to flow in.
 "Oh, nurse, how you slumber! oh, nurse, how you sleep!
 You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to weep!"
 "Oh, nurse! how you slumber! oh, nurse! how you snore
 You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to roar!"
 "I've tried him with milk, and I've tried him with pap,
 Come down, my fair Lady, and nurse him in your lap."
 "I've tried him with onions, I've tried him with pears,
 Come down, my fair lady, and nurse him in your chairs."
 "How can I come down? 'tis so late in the night,
 There's no candle burning, nor moon to give light."
 "You have three silver mantles, as light as the sun,
 Come down, my fair Lady, all by the light of one!"
 So my lady came down the stairs, fearing no harm,
 Long Lankin stood ready, to catch her in his arm.
 "Oh, spare me, Long Lankin! Oh, spare me till twelve o'clock!
 You shall have as much gold as you can carry on your back!"
 "Oh, spare me, Long Lankin! Oh, spare me one hour!
 You shall have my daughter Betsy, she is a fair flower!"
 "Where is your daughter Betsy? She may do some good;
 She can hold the bason to catch your life's blood."

* * * *

Lady Betsy sat up at her window so high,
 She saw her dear father from London riding by.
 "Oh, father! oh, father! don't lay the blame on me!
 'Twas the false nurse and Lankin that killed your fair Lady!"

* * * *

So Long Lankin was hung on a gibbet so high,
 The false nurse was burnt at a stake close by.

The singer altered the above tune occasionally, when introducing some of the speakers in the ballad, but owing to her advanced age and delicate health her voice tired, and I was unable to note the variants accurately enough to give. For the source of Mrs. Chidell's ballads see note to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," *second* version, in this Journal.—R. V. W.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,

AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by A. Webb.



Said the lord to the la - dy "I'm go - ing from home,
Be - ware of false Lamb - kin When I am far gone."

"Oh, what care I for Lamb - kin, Or an - y of his men? When the
doors are fast bolt - ed, And the win - dows panned in."

For three different tunes, all distinct from the airs here given, and different versions of the words, see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 212 ("Bold Lankon"), Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*.

The words here printed follow fairly closely those reprinted in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, from *Notes and Queries*, 1856, which are there stated to have been "sung by a nurse nearly a century ago in Northumberland."

There is still a tradition in Northumberland that Lankin and his tower were of that county, but the ballad is widely-spread, and many neighbourhoods claim to own the only true and original site of the tragedy.

The Surrey version (see *Folk-Song Journal*) is, as far as I know, the only one recorded which attributes Lankin's conduct to his suit for Betsy having been discouraged by the Lord her father.—L. E. B.

24.—THE YARMOUTH TRAGEDY; OR, NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

Noted by Mrs. Grahame, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, April, 1904.



Lo - vers I pray lend an ear to my sto - ry,
Take an ex - am - ple by this con - stant pair, How a young maid - en was
blast in her glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful Nan - cy of Yar - mouth, we hear.

She was her father's only daughter,
 Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;
 A young man courted her, to be his jewel,
 Son to a farmer who lived quite near.
 Seven long years he courted this jewel,
 For, when in infancy, they had agreed,
 And when of age the fair couple arrived,
 Cupid betwixt them an arrow displayed.
 Her father bade him give o'er his intentions,
 For if against his consent she should wed,
 For evermore he resolved to disown her,
 Should she wed with one that was meanly bred.

* * * *

Mrs. Grahame writes "This is all that I have ever heard. There is, I believe, a good deal more of it. I learned it from the singing of a Kentish squire's daughters, the last of whom died at a great age in 1865."

The above fragment of ballad is part of one printed on a broadside by W. Wright of Lichfield and Birmingham. It has forty-six verses and is called "Nancy of Yarmouth."—L. E. B.

This story appears also as "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth" on an early broadside and in a "garland;" and as "The Yarmouth Tragedy or the Constant Lovers" on a ballad-sheet by John Evans, *circa* 1795. It seems to have been a favourite (in spite of its usual form of forty-six stanzas) in the 18th, and early years of the 19th, century. After the verses supplied by Mrs. Grahame, the rest of the ballad may be thus epitomized:

The parents object to Jemmy's suit. Nancy, however, is true to her lover, and the father ultimately promises that if this young man will go on a voyage he shall, on his return, have the lady. Then follows much poetic language as to her crystal tears and the constancy of her lover. He sails in the famed "Mary Galley" for Barbadoes where, on arrival, his manly charms attract a young lady of wealth who offers him "robes of gold, pearls and jewels," besides a hundred slaves.

He replies that he is already "vow'd to a lady," and the Barbadoes lady after raving at her ill-fortune gives him a jewel, and stabs herself.

Jemmy now sets sail for England, and Nancy's father having written a letter to the boatswain of the vessel offering a handsome reward if Jemmy is murdered, the deed is at once done by his being thrown overboard. On that same night Jemmy's ghost appears to Nancy, and without knowing that he is dead she agrees to meet him at the seaside. She goes, with her two maids, and embraces him, saying he is "cold as clay." The ghost reminds her of a promise to follow him anywhere, dead or alive, and she accordingly plunges into the water with him. The two bodies floating together are seen by the boatswain, who confesses his crime and is hanged at the yard-arm. The ballad concludes with a moral hope "that cruel parents will not do the same."

A tune for this ballad is printed in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 282. Christie noted it down in Buchan, but does not give the ballad itself.—F. K.

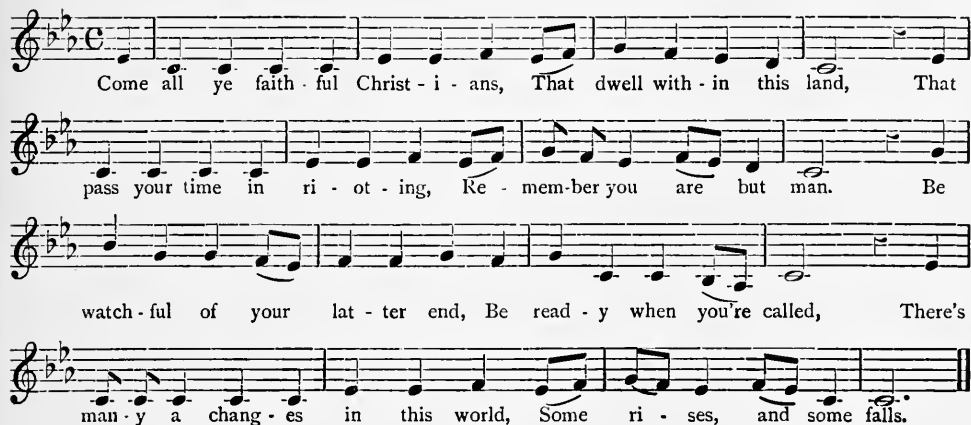
CAROLS.

25.—COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MRS. WHEELER (AGED ABOUT 70), CHARWOMAN,
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.



Come all ye faith - ful Christ - i - ans, That dwell with - in this land, That
pass your time in ri - ot - ing, Re - mem - ber you are but man. Be
watch - ful of your lat - ter end, Be read - y when you're called, There's
man - y a chang - es in this world, Some ri - ses, and some falls.

Remember Job, the patient man,
The wise man of the East ;
He was brought down to poverty,
His sorrows did increase.
He bore them all most patiently,
And never did repine,
And always trusted in the Lord,
And soon got rich again.

Come all ye worthy Christians,
That are so very poor,
Remember how poor Lazarus
Stood at the rich man's door,
A-begging for the crumbs of bread
That from his table fell ;
The Scriptures doth inform us
He now in Heaven do dwell.

Now poor, we are contented,
Nor riches do we crave ;
Riches is all vanity
On this side of the grave.
Although there's many rolls in riches,
Your glasses will run out ;
No riches we brought in this world,
Nor none we can take out.

COME ALL YE WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. G. RADFORD,

AT WASHFIELD, NEAR TIVERTON, DEVON.

Tune noted by H. Pinkney.

Come all you wor - thy Chris - tian men That dwell in fair Eng -
land, In ri - ot do not time ex - pend But in your du - ty
stand. Be watch - ful for your lat - ter hour, Be read - y at the
call, There's ma - ny chaug - es in the world, Some rise and oth - ers fall.

Remember Job, a patient man,
So wealthy in the East;
He was reduced to poverty,
His sorrows sore increased.
But he bore all right honestly,
And did from wrath refrain;
And, as he trusted in the Lord,
He soon grew rich again.

Tho' poor I be, I'm well content,
For riches do not crave;
For earthly wealth is vanity
On this side of the grave.
Tho' many roll in riches great,
They think their fate to flout;
We nothing brought into this world,
And nothing carry out.

Come all ye worthy Christian men
That hunger and are poor,
Remember needy Lazarus
Lay at the rich man's door,
A-begging for the crumbs of bread
That from his table fell.
A little while, and all is changed;
He now in heaven doth dwell.

Come all ye worthy Christian men
That wander thro' the towns,
That ask a lodging where to lie,
That often sleep on downs;
The time will very shortly come
When wand'ring will be o'er,
The gates of Heaven, they will unfold,
And we shall rove no more.

The time is speeding on so fast
When parted we must be;
The only distance that remains
Is joy or misery.
And we must give a strict account,
The big as well as small;
Then recollect, ye Christian men,
One God will judge us all.

The above tune and words are contributed by the Rev. S. Baring Gould.

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN DINGLE, LABOURER,
AT LEW TRENCIARD, AUGUST 12TH, 1904.

Come all you wor - thy Chris - tians That dwell with - in this land, Don't
spend your time in ri - ot - ing, Re - col - lect you are but a man. Be
watch - ful of your lat - ter end, Be rea - dy when you're called, There's
ma - ny chang - es in this world, Some rise and some do fall.

FOURTH VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOSKYNs,
AT ROCKENFORD, N. DEVON, SEPT. 13TH, 1905.

Come all you worth - y Christ - ian friends That dwells up - on our land, Don't
spend your time in ri - o - ting, Re - mem - ber you're but men. Be
watch - ful for your lat - ter end, Be rea - dy when you're called; There are
ma - ny chang - es in this world, Some rise and some do fall.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould tells me that the second version was acquired in 1820 by Mr. George Radford, a labourer, from an old fiddler, at Tiverton. Mr. Baring Gould heard him sing it, but Mr. H. Pinkney, gardener, of Washfield, noted it down.

The words belonging to the third version are substantially the same as the Washfield set, except for some slight verbal differences, and the omission of one verse. Mrs. Hoskyns could only remember the first and second verses of her words.—C. J. S.

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

Variants of the Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

I.—“THE RED BARN;” OR, “MURDER OF MARIA MARTIN.”

ÆOLIAN

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITBY (SEXTON),
TILNEY ALL SAINTS, NORFOLK, JAN. 7TH, 1905.



II.

DORIAN?

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITBY.



III.—“MARIA MARTIN.”*

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,
AT MONK'S GATE, NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, OCT. 5TH, 1904.



This tune was used by another singer for the words “Come all ye faithful Christians.”—R. V. W.

IV.—MARIA MARTIN."

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BOOKER,
AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, SUSSEX, DEC. 23RD, 1904.



The Mixolydian and Æolian or Dorian tunes to these words are really variants of the same tune, being almost identical in outline, except for the major third in the Mixolydian tune, and the minor in the Dorian and Æolian.

There seems to be some subtle connection between the words of "Maria Martin" and "Come all you worthy Christians," as they are so often sung to variants of the same tune.—R. V. W.

As a specimen of the way in which the memory of real events is perpetuated by the art of the doggerel bard, the words of Such's ballad-sheet are given at page 122. They are printed on brilliant magenta paper, and the ballad is headed by a woodcut of a neatly-thatched and comfortable looking cottage, with a man apparently feeding his pigs in the foreground. This engraving the printer doubtless chose as being the nearest likeness to the red barn that he happened to have in stock.

For other variants of this fine tune see "Lazarus," "The Thresher and the Squire," and "Cold blows the Wind," with notes thereon, in *English County Songs*. See also "Our General bold Captain" in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 3, p. 136, where one verse ends "My love is on the raging seas, bound for Americay."

A tune which has a great likeness to these appears, as far as is traceable, for the first time in print, and so badly barred as to make nonsense, in "D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy" (1719), to the ballad "Gilderoy." It appears next in the very rare *Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs* (circa 1726), under the title of "Gilderoy," but without words. Mr. Kidson has a manuscript copy of this work, of which no perfect copy is known, and supplies the air here printed.

GILDEROY.

FROM *Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs.*



After this, it is found in many Scotch Song-books of the early 18th century onwards; sometimes set to the ballad "Gilderoy," and at other times to the words "Ah, Chloris, could I now but sit," directed to be sung "to the tune of 'Gilderoy,'" as in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* (1724), Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1733), Barsanti's *Collection of old Scots Tunes* (1742), etc. In all these collections the tune varies much, being not only ornamented with passing and grace-notes according to the fancy of the editor, but also undergoing radical changes in the melody itself. The following, as reprinted in *Songs of Scotland* (Boosey and Co.), is a good example of the tune in its most usual, and simpler, 18th century form.

GILDEROY.

FROM *Songs of Scotland* (BOOSEY AND CO.)



The fact that the air of "Gilderoy" at its earliest appearances varies so greatly, argues in favour of its being a traditional tune of earlier date. Its character is essen-

tially English, and it was doubtless imported into Scotland, and assimilated gradually as Scotch, in the same way as was the old English tune "Cold and raw" (or "Up in the Morning so early.")

Gilderoy, a notorious Perthshire freebooter, was hanged in 1638. The words of the ballads about him vary exceedingly (see "D'Urfey's Pills," Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, Percy's *Reliques*, *Scottish Airs*, harmonised by Haydn, 1804, Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Song*, etc.) All have been polished and made "elegant." Some versions are to be found on black-letter broadsides at least as old as 1650. I have a traditional copy of "Gilderoy," written for me by Mr. Burstow, bell-ringer of Horsham (see Preface to *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4), which is unlike any that I have seen in print in many respects; it is probable that his version is the oldest original, which even 17th and 18th century poets and musicians thought it well to prune and re-write. Mr. Burstow's tune is distinctly Scotch in character, but has nothing whatever in common with the air here under discussion.

The traditional tune, of which so many variants are given in this Journal under the title of "Come all ye faithful Christians," may or may not share a common ancestor with the Gilderoy tune, but it is certainly a great favourite amongst country singers, and seems to be almost as widely known as that of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." Chappell gives a version, noted by himself in London streets (see "We are poor frozen-out Gardeners" in *Popular Music*), and says "If the reader should meet any half-a-dozen men perambulating the streets of London together, and singing, the probabilities are great that they sing this tune." The tune, in practically the same form as the "Lazarus" version in *English County Songs*, appears in a little shilling book of fiddle-tunes called Kerr's *Collection of Merry Melodies* (J. S. Kerr, Glasgow). It is there called "The Shores of Amerikay." Now, "Our Generald bold Captain," sung to this air by an old Sussex farmer to Mr. W. P. Merrick, is a sea-ballad referring to "Americay." Mrs. Milligan Fox, secretary of the *Irish Folk-Song Society*, noted the second half only of this same tune in Ireland, with part of the words of a ballad, not the same as Mr. Merrick's at all, but which appears on a broadside by Such, under the title of "My Love Nell." Mrs. Fox has published her version with an accompaniment by herself, thus reviving the song, though unfortunately in an incomplete form. Such's ballad begins:

Come all ye boys, both far and near,
And, acushla, listen unto me.

The chorus is:

For my love, Nell, was an Irish girl,
From the County Down came she;
Ah! I weeped and I wailed, when the good ship sailed
To the shores of Amerikee.

Mr. Kidson knows another version, which runs :

My love, Dan, was an Irishman,
From County Clare was he.

In the *Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music* (1789-1866), lately edited by C. V. Stanford (Boosey and Co., 3 parts), there are some very interesting variants of the air. (See Part i, no. 188, an unnamed tune, Part i, no. 469, "Oh, love it is a killing thing," communicated by Mr. Joyce; and Part ii, no. 863, "When first I left old Ireland;" learnt "from a mason in Belfast, P.Mc.D.") No. 863 is especially noteworthy, as, from its title, it is probable that it deals with the same subject as "The Shores of Amerikay" or "My Love Nell," and as it has eight extra bars marked "Caoine" ("Keen," or lamentation), this may well represent "the weeping and the wailing" mentioned in the broadside, which calls to mind the melancholy *keening* still set up by Irish peasants when bidding farewell to a ship-load of emigrants. This last Petrie tune has several characteristics peculiar to "The Thresher" version in *English County Songs*. Christie gives a fine variant to a sea-song, "The Minerva." He noted it in Buchan, and states that the tune is widely sung by tramps in Scotland. The beautiful variant called "Lazarus," in *English County Songs*, was noted by the late Mr. A. J. Hipkins, in the streets of Westminster and the Earl's Court neighbourhood, but unfortunately without words beyond the title of "Lazarus." Later enquiries in Westminster having established the fact that many people there knew the tune to have been sung by street beggars "to a carol about the rich man and Lazarus," I ventured to associate it in *English County Songs* with the old carol-words of "Dives and Lazarus," which exactly fitted the tune. However, in the face of recent collecting, I have now little doubt that the proper words should be those of "Come all you faithful Christians." For a further reference to these, see "Come all you worthy Christians" in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 3, p. 74.—L. E. B.

MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN BY W. CORDER

IN THE RED BARN, MAY 18TH, 1824.

Come, all you thoughtless young men, a warning take by me,
And think of my unhappy fate to be hanged upon a tree.

My name is William Corder, to you I do declare,
I courted Maria Martin, most beautiful and fair.

I promised I would marry her upon a certain day,
Instead of that I was resolved to take her life away.

I went unto her father's house the 18th day of May.

O come, my dear Maria, and let us fix the day.

If you will meet me at the Red Barn, as sure as I have life,

I will take you to Ipswich town and there make you my wife.

I straight went home and fetched my gun, my pickaxe and my spade,

I went into the Red Barn, and there I dug her grave.

With heart so light, she thought no harm, to meet me she did go.
 She murdered her all in the barn, and laid her body low.
 The horrid deed that he had done, she lay bleeding in her gore,
 Her bleeding and mangled body he threw on the Red Barn floor.

Now, all things being silent, she could not take no rest,
 She appeared in her mother's house, who suckled her at her breast.
 For many a long month or more, her mind being sorely oppressed,
 Neither night nor day she could take no rest.
 Her mother's night being so disturbed she dream't three nights o'er,
 Her daughter she lay murdered all on the Red Barn floor.
 She sent her father to the barn, when in the ground he thrust,
 And there he found his daughter, mingling with the dust.

My trial is hard, I could not stand, most woeful was the sight,
 When her jaw-bone was brought to prove, which pierced me to the heart,
 His aged mother standing by, likewise his loving wife,
 And with her grief her hair she tore, she scarcely could keep life.
 Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost run,
 On Monday next, will be my last, when I am to be hung.
 So you young men that do pass by, with pity look on me,
 For murdering Maria Martin I was hanged upon a tree.

26.—COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MR. GALLETT,

AT LEIGH LINTON, WORCESTERSHIRE, JAN. 23RD, 1902.

Tune noted by Miss Norbury.

Come, all ye faith - ful Christ - i - ans, That dwell up - on the earth,
 Come, ce - le - brate the morn - ing Of our dear Saviour's birth. This

is the hap - py morn - ing, This is the hap - py morn, Where -

- on to save our ru - ined race The Son of God was born.

Behold the Angel Gabriel,
 In scripture it is said,
 Did with his holy message
 Come to the Virgin Maid.
 "Hail blest among all women!"
 He thus did greet her then,
 "Lo! thou shalt be the mother
 Of the Saviour of all men."

Oh! then replied the Virgin,
 "These things I know full well,
 That there are no such wonders,
 No, not in Israel!
 That I should be a mother,
 How could it be? or can?
 For me to conceive a Saviour,
 That never knew a man?"

Oh ! then replied the Angel,
" These things shall surely be,
The powers of the Almighty
Shall overshadow thee.
Rejoice at these glad-tidings,
That come forth from the Lord."
" Be it unto thy handmaiden
According to thy word."

Her time, it being accomplished,
She came to Bethlehem,
And there she was delivered
Of the Saviour of all men.
No princely pomp attended Him,
His honours were but small ;
A manger, was His cradle,
His bed an ox's stall.

At twelve years old they found Him
Within the Temple sit
Among the learned Doctors,
The most renowned for wit :
Hearing and asking questions,
At which they wondered all,
For, full well, they knew that
His learning was but small.

Then He did many wonders,
Likewise from time to time
He turned the purest water
Into the best of wine ;
He cured the bloody issue,
He made the lame to walk ;
The blind had sight restored them,
Likewise the dumb to talk.

Then He did many wonders,
Likewise from day to day,
Until the traitor, Judas,
He did our Lord betray
Into the hand of sinners,
The evil-minded Jews,
And they with many torments
Did basely Him abuse.

They brought Him before Pilate,
Who Governor was then,
And had sentence passed upon Him,
The vilest of all men.
Though innocence pretending,
They did Him crucify.
Thus by the hand of sinners
The Lamb of God did die.

While on the cross was suffering,
To His Father He did call,
" They know not what they are doing,
So pray forgive them all,"
For the space of six hours
Was darkness o'er the earth,
While the whole creation
Was trembling at His death.

The rocks were burst asunder,
The Temple rent in twain,
The graves they did open,
The Lamb of God was slain ;
Each thing was struck with horror
At this most dismal sight ;
Then spake the bold Centurion,
" This was the God of might !"

Then Joseph came to Pilate
And did His body crave,
And did His body bury
Within a new-made grave.
The third day, when He had passéd
The regions of the dead,
He arose, and then by Angels
To heaven He was led.

Now up to Him ascended
Then let your praises be,
That we His steps might follow,
And He our pattern be.
That when our lives are ended
May hear the blessed call,
" Come, souls, receive the Kingdom
Prepared for you all."

Mr. Gallett learned this carol at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, more than sixty years ago.

27.—DIVES AND LAZARUS.

SUNG BY MRS. HARRIS,

Tune noted by E. Andrews.

OF EARDISLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

As it fell out on a ... * { light dul - ly day, } When Di - ve - rus made a ...

feast ; And he in - vi - ted all his friends, And grand gent - ry of the best.

Then Lazarus laid himself down and down

Under Dives' wall :

"Some meat ! some drink ! brother Diverus ?

For hunger, starve I shall !"

"Thou wert none of my brethren as I tell thee,

Lie begging at my wall ;

No meat nor drink will I give thee,

For hunger, starve thou shall !"

Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs

To worry poor Lazarus away.

They hadn't the power to bite one bite,

But they licked his sores away.

Then Lazarus, he laid himself down and down,

And down at Diverus' gate :

"Some meat ! some drink ! brother Diverus,

For Jesus Christ His sake."

Then Diverus sent to his merry men

To worry poor Lazarus away.

They'd not the power to strike one stroke,

But they flung their whips† away.

As it fell out, on a light dully* day,

When Lazarus sickened and died ;

There came two Angels out of heaven,

His soul for to guide.

"Arise ! arise ! brother Lazarus,

And come along with we ;

There's a place provided in heaven,

(For) To sit on an Angel's knee."

As it fell on a dark dully† day,

When Dives sickened and died ;

There came two serpents out of hell,

His soul for to guide

"Arise ! arise ! brother Diverus,

And come along with we ;

There is a place provided in hell,

For to sit on a serpent's knee !

There is a place provided in hell

For wicked men, like thee ;

* ;
† ;

"Who had they as many days to live

As there is blades of grass,

I would be good unto the poor

As long as life would last !"

This carol was noted for Mrs. Leather of Weobley, Herefordshire, by her friends Miss Andrews and Dr. Quinten Darling of Eardisley. Mrs. Harris, the singer, is aged eighty. She is the widow of a mole-catcher, and learned this carol from her father who was a noted singer. These details are interesting, as there is a traditional version of this carol, with a tune that has many points of likeness to the one here given, in Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols Old and New*. Had the singer been young, one might have supposed that the carol had been recently learned in school or choir-practice. Mrs. Harris' words differ but little from the traditional

* (?) Bright holiday.

† Pronounced "weeps."

‡ (?) Dark holiday.

Worcestershire version used in *English County Songs* (see "Lazarus"), excepting that she gives six additional lines. She adhered to the old form of the name, for "Dives" always saying "Diverus."

In *Songs of the Nativity* Husk quotes the same carol, printed from a Worcester ballad-sheet of the 18th century. He gives three verses after the angels' summons to Diverus, which run as follows:

Then Dives, lifting his eyes to heaven,
And seeing poor Lazarus blest:
"Give me a drop of water, brother Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst!" (? breast)

"Oh! had I as many years to abide
As there are blades of grass, [day]
Then there would be an ending day, (? unending
But in hell I must ever last!"

"Oh! was I now but alive again
For the space of one half-hour,
I would make my will, and then secure
That the devil should have no power."

In Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (1639) he uses the form "Diverus," and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour* "Dives" is spoken of as one of the ballads hanging at church corners.—L. E. B.

28.—ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT THE JOY-BELLS RING.

(CAROL.)

Tune noted by James C. Culwick, Mus. Doc.

SUNG BY COLLIERIES
IN SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

On Christmas night... the joy - bells ring, ... To tell what news... the an - gels

bring, News of great glad - ness, news of great mirth, News of the bless - ed Sa - viour's birth.

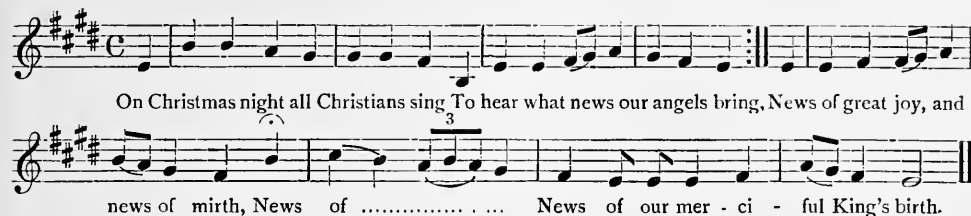
Dr. Culwick, who communicated this carol in 1904, writes from Dublin as follows: "I have certainly not heard this for the past forty years. I have written it from memory of my mother's singing. She said when she learned it the recital lasted nearly an hour. There were about ninety verses sung, slowly, by a man with a strong, rough and deep bass voice."

In Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols* there are three verses of words beginning with the fragment here given, but set to modern music, and apparently "arranged" from some traditional source such as that from which the following Surrey version came.—L. E. B.

29.—ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT ALL CHRISTIANS SING.

SUNG BY MR. GRANTHAM (CARTER),
HOLMWOOD, SURREY, FEB., 1892.

Tune noted by Lucy Broadwood.



On Christmas night all Christians sing To hear what news our angels bring, News of great joy, and
news of mirth, News of News of our mer - ci - ful King's birth.

The King of Kings, of earth and heaven,
The King of angels and of men!
Angels and men, rejoice and sing!
All for to see our new-born King.

Why on earth can man be sad?
Redeemer is come for to make us glad;
From sin and death hath set us free,
For He has brought us liberty.

Angels and men, sing in the air,
Which (? For) Christ man's ruin may repair,
When prisoners in their chains rejoice
To hear the echo of His voice.

From out of darkness we have light,
Which makes all angels sing this night,
"Glory to God, and peace to men,
Both now and for evermore. Amen."

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL, MONKS GATE,
NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, MAY 24TH, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Mus. Doc.



See "On Christmas night the Joy-bells ring" (No. 28.) Mrs. Verrall sang almost exactly the same words as Mr. Grantham, though fewer verses. Compare the tunes with "Hark, hark the news" in W. Sandys *Christmas Carols*, 1833. The words of both these were still being annually printed up to 1823 on ballad-sheets. (See Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*, 1823).—L. E. B.

30.—CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' CAROL.

Tune noted at Lyne, near Horsham, Sussex, by L. E. Broadwood, 1880 and 1881.

Slow.

Oh, right - eous Jo - seph wed - ded was Un - to a Vir - gin ..

maid—..... The glo - rious an - gels from hea - ven came, Un -

- to this Vir - gin said,..... un - to this Vir - gin said : ...

Oh! blessed Mary, full of truth,
And happy now shall be;
She will conceive and bear a Son,
Our Saviour for to be.

No mortal man can remember so well
When Christ, our Saviour, was born;
He was crucified between two thieves,
And crownèd with the thorns.

No mortal man can remember so well
When Christ died on the tree;
He died, for our sins and wickedness
Christ shed His precious blood.

God bless the master of this house
With a gold chain round his waist;
It's whether he walks, or whether he rides,
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house
With a gold chain round her waist;
It's whether she sleeps, or whether she wakes,
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle and your store;
The Lord will increase you day by day,
And send you more and more.

From Mr. A. Glaysher, Cumber's Farm, Trotton, Rogate, Sussex, who heard it sung "over forty years ago," and in writing says that it is called "Richous Joes."

SECOND VERSION.

It was righteous Joseph wedded was
Unto a virtuous maid;
Two glorious Angels from heaven came
Unto that virtuous maid.

Ye mortal man remembers well
When Christ our Saviour was born;
He was crucified betwixt two thieves,
And crownèd with the thorn.

Ye mortal man remembers well
When Christ our Saviour died;
He was buried in some sepulchre
Where no man ever laid.

Ye mortal man remembers well
When Christ died on the cross.
It was for we and our wickedness
His precious blood was lost.

God bless the mistress of this house
With gold all round her breast;
Where'er her body sleeps or wakes,
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless the master of this house
With happiness beside;
Where'r his body rides or walks,
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless your house, and cattle too,
Your children and your store;
The Lord increase you day by day,
And send you more and more.

The above is from Mrs. Small of Smith's Brook, Lodsworth, near Petworth, Sussex. She has known the carol from childhood, and is now sixty-two years old.

THIRD VERSION.

Righteous Joseph wedded was
Unto some Virgin pure;
Some glorious Angel from heaven came
Unto this Virgin pure.

"God bless Saint Mary," then said he,
"Thou shalt conceive and bear,
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
Our Saviour for to be."

No mortal man remember well
When Christ our Saviour was born;
He was crucified betwixt two thieves,
And crown'd with a thorn.

No mortal man remember well
When Christ died on the rood;
'Twas for we and our wickedness
Christ shed His precious blood.

No mortal man remember well
When Christ was wrapped in clay
He was laid in a new sepulchre,
Where never no man lay.

God bless the master of this house
With happiness beside;
Wherever he walks, or where he rides
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house
With a gold chain round her breast;
Wherever she weeps, or where she sleeps,
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle, and your store;
The Lord increase you day by day,
And send you more and more.

The above was sent by Mr. E. T. Hedgecocks, of Strettington, in Sussex, who learned it orally more than fifty years ago as a schoolboy, but has not heard it sung for many years.

FOURTH VERSION.

This begins:

Joseph and his wedded wife
Together as they met,
Betwixt them both they never shall part,
How happy they may be.

The verses begin "No mortal man can remember well;" there are seven in all, with but slight variations from the foregoing. The words are supplied by Mr. Alfred Hunt, now living in Wimbledon, whose home is in West Sussex. Mr. Hunt sings them to the tune "Our ship she lies in Harbour," noted by me in Surrey. See *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, 196.

FIFTH VERSION.

This begins:

Oh! mortal man doth remember well
When Christ our Lord was born.

and is much like the above versions. Mr. H. Steer of Petworth, Sussex, sent the words.

The very beautiful tune here given was sung by illiterate Mummers, also called "Tipteers" or "Tipteerers," in Sussex. They clustered together at the close of their play of "St. George, the Turk, and the seven Champions of Christendom," and sang it, unconscious of the extraordinary contrast between the solemn music and words and their fantastic dresses of coloured calico, shreds of ribbons and gaudy paper fringes, together with old "high" hats bedecked with odd ornaments.

I was able to note only exceedingly corrupted fragments of the words, and after 1881 the Mummers appeared no more. Two copies sent me by two of the actors (of the name of Hampshire) scarcely helped me. The word "sepulchre" was sung, and written, "*music-port!*" However, I patched together all the fragments, for the sake of including the carol in *Sussex Songs*. This year, in answer to an appeal of mine in the *West Sussex Gazette* I received five sets of words, here given. From a farmer near Battle I learned that he also used to sing the carol as a child. He could not "put together the words" unfortunately, but said that the verses should begin "Oh, mortal man, remember well," which certainly seems the most likely form of words. The Tipteers sang "No mortal man remember well."

I have been unable to find tune or words in print. Davies Gilbert's tune (collected in the West of England before 1823) to "The Lord at first had Adam made," has a very faint likeness in one or two bars, and the first verse of this Mummers' carol has some likeness to the first verse of Gilbert's traditional "When righteous Joseph," but beyond that all likeness ceases.—L. E. B.

CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' CAROL.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. Balfour Gardiner

SUNG BY MR. JOHN CARTER,
AT TWYFORD, HANTS, 1905.

God bless the mas - ter..... of this house, And send him long to
reign; Where ev - er he walks, Where ev - er he rides, Lord
Je - sus be his guide, Lord Je - sus be his
guide, Lord..... Je - - sus be his..... guide.

God bless the mistress of this house,
With a gold chain round her breast
Amongst her friends and kindered,
God send her soul to rest.

Good man, good man, remember thou
When first our Christ was born;
He was crucified between two thieves,
And crowned with the thorn.

Good man, good man, remember thou,
 When Christ laid on the rood ;
 'Twas for our sins and wickedness
 Christ shed His precious blood.

Good man, good man, remember thou,
 When Christ was wrapped in clay ;
 He was put in some sepulchre,
 Where never no man lay.

God bless the ruler of this house,
 And send him long to reign ;
 And many a merry Christmas
 We may live to see again.

Dr. George B. Gardiner communicates the above Hampshire version. The tune has a certain likeness to that noted in Sussex. It is worth mentioning that amongst the Sussex Mummers were two brothers with the surname of Hampshire, and from them I got the fragmentary words printed in *Sussex Songs*. From a Hampshire correspondent I learnt that he had often heard a similar carol in that county.—L. E. B.

31—THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,
 HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by Miss A. M. Webb.

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light, A lit - tle be - fore it was
 day. The Lord our God He call-ed on us, And bid us a-wake and pray.

Awake, awake, good people all ;
 Awake, and you shall hear,
 Our Lord our God died on the cross,
 For you He loved so dear.

There is six days in every week
 Is for the labouring man ;
 And on the seventh you must serve the Lord,
 The Father and the Son.

And when you goes into the Church,
 Down on your two knees fall,
 And pray unto the living Lord
 For the saving of your souls.

And for the saving of your souls
 Christ died upon the cross ;
 We never shall do for Jesus Christ
 As He has done for us.

And for the saving of your souls
 Christ died upon the tree ;
 We rever shall do for Jesus Christ
 As He has done for we.

Bring up your children well, dear man,
 They have but little thought ;
 It's better for them to be unborn,
 Than them to be untaught.

To-day a man's alive, dear man,
 With many a hundred pound ;
 To-morrow morn he may be dead,
 And his corpse be underground.

With one turf at your head, dear man,
 And another at your feet ;
 Then your good deeds and bad ones
 Before the Lord shall meet.

And when you are dead and in your grave,
 And covered over with clay ;
 The worms shall eat your flesh, dear man,
 And your bones shall mould away.

Versions, tunes and words widely differing, of this very popular carol are to be found in nearly every carol-book or collection of traditional songs, from Sandy's *Christmas Carols* (1833) onwards; amongst others, in C. Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, *English County Songs*, *Sussex Songs*, *Songs of the West*, Rimbault's *Carols* (Chappell and Co.), Bramley and Stainer's *Carols*, and *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4. It is sung, with appropriate adaptations, either at Christmas time or on May day. Hone states, in 1823, that it was one of the carols still annually printed on ballad-sheets. Cf. "May Day Carol," (i and ii) on the following pages of this Journal.—L. E. B.

32.—MAY DAY CAROL.

SUNG BY FIVE CHILDREN ON MAY DAY, 1905.

Tune noted by J. E. Smith, Organist of Rushden Parish Church.

AT RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



The hedg - es and the trees Are all ve - ry green, As
green as an y leeks; Our Heav'n - ly..... Fa - ther
wa - ters ... them with the dew of Heav'n so sweet.

The verse here printed, and the only one noted by Mr. Smith, is the usual third verse of "The moon shines bright." It does not appear in the version of it given in this Journal however.—L. E. B.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES BALDOCK, AS HEARD

Tune noted by Arthur Foxton Ferguson, 1905.

AT SOUTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE, CIRCA 1860, ETC.



Mr. Charles Baldock states that the above was commonly sung in the "sixties" of the last century about Southill and Warden. The Mayers, who had the night

before left big bunches of May at the doors of the houses to be visited, came there on May Day morning, bearing garlanded poles. Two of the men amongst them were *dressed in rags*, and *carried besoms* (a significant fact for folk-lorists, and one too important to be dealt with in this Journal). They sang this tune to well-known words, of which a version is given on page 131 (see "The moon shines bright.")

Cf. this Bedfordshire air with one noted in Hertfordshire (*English County Songs*, note to "The moon shines bright.")

For much interesting information on May Day carols, Sweeps Festivals on May Day, etc., see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, 1838 (now reprinted).—L. E. B.

33.—THE FOUNTAIN OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

There is a foun - tain of Christ's blood, Wide o - pen stretch'd for to drown our sins; Where

Je - sus stands with o - pen arms ... ot mer - cy to in - vite us in.

Here you may see His bleeding wounds,
And hear Him breathe His dying groans.
He shed His rich, redeeming blood,
Only to do poor sinners good.

His crown of thorns spit on with scorn,
He sold His pain, His fleshly store.
With ragged nails, through hands and feet,
They nailed our rich Redeemer sweet.

With bloody spear they pierced His heart,
And bruised His bleeding body sore.
From every wound the blood ran down,
The spring of life could bleed no more.

When all His precious blood was spent,
The thunder roared, the rocks did rent;
The earth did quake, the clouds did rumble,
Which made hell shake and devils tremble.

The sun and moon a-mourning went,
The seas did roar and the temples rent;
And the richness of Christ's precious blood
Did open graves and raise the dead.

With glass* and looks the spirits stood,
The Jews did tremble then with fear;
The Jews did tremble then with fear,
And said it was the Son of God.

Now we have crucified our King,
The true blood, royal spring of life;
Whose precious blood, we can farther tell,
Has power to quench the flames of hell.

† Now let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

"Here is a fountain of Christ's Blood" is mentioned by Hone in his *Ancient Mysteries* (1823) as a carol still annually printed on ballad-sheets. It has nothing in common with Cowper's hymn which begins "There is a fountain filled with blood." Compare the tune with that of "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," "The Iron Peel" and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—L. E. B.

* (?) Glassy

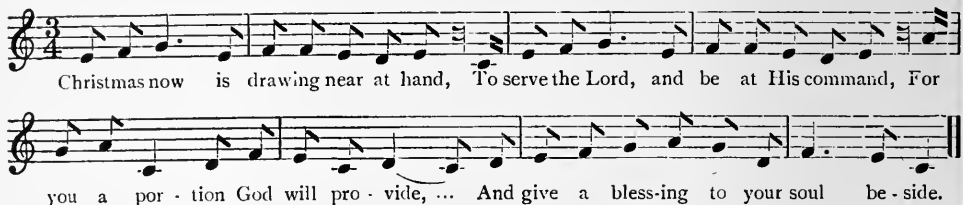
† See *Hymns A. and M.*, "O, come and mourn with me awhile."

34.—CHRISTMAS NOW IS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND.

(CAROL.)

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.



Oh,* remember, man, that thou art made of clay,
And in this world thou hast not long to stay.
Oh, this wicked world will never be content
With all the gifts that our great God hath sent.

How proud and lofty do the people go,
Dressing themselves, like lawyers in a show!
They patch and paint, and dress with idle stuff,
As if God had not made them fine enough.

Down in the garden, where flowers grow in ranks,
Down on your knees and give the Lord thanks.
Down on your knees, and pray both night and day;
Leave off your sins, and praise the Lord alway.

But, remember, man, that thou art born to die,
And to the judgment-seat thy soul must fly.
So let your sins be ever so great or small,
They must appear before the God of all.

So now sing praises to our God and King,
That did on earth this great salvation bring;
Who laid down His life upon the cursed tree,
And died a cruel death upon Mount Calvary.

Compare this tune and the words with a version in *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (by Charlotte Burne), which was noted from the singing of gipsies habitually wandering through Shropshire and Staffordshire. Mrs. Leather, who communicates these words, has also collected near Weobley the words of the carol "The Black Decree," sung to a variant of this widely-spread air. See "The Black Decree" in Stainer's *Christmas Carols* (Novello) where this tune is associated with the words, and both are called "traditional." Compare the tune with that to "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Have you not heard," "The Iron Peel," and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—L. E. B.

* Mrs. Leather, who kindly contributes this from her collection, writes that Mr. Colcombe puts in "Oh" when he has more notes than words.

35.—HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF OUR DEAR SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM PHILLIPS AND FAMILY,
AT LEIGH, WORCESTERSHIRE, JANUARY 11TH, 1899.

Tune noted by Miss Norbury.

Have you not heard of our dear Sa-viour's love? And how he
suf-fered like a harm-less dove? But if we in our wick-ed-
ness re-main,..... Christ will not shed his blood for us a-gain.

If you were going to be put to death,
It would be hard to find a friend on earth
Who would lay down his life to set you free,
Yet Christ with patience shed His blood for me.

Consider what our Lord did undergo,
For to preserve us from the gulf of woe;
Repent in time, your wickedness remain,
Christ will not shed His blood for us again.

To love each other, as we ought to do,
Is God's command, although it's kept by few;
For little love can in this world be found,
Nothing but spite and malice doth abound.

There is a thing which Scripture plainly shows:
To pray for them which are our greatest foes;
And if you ever wish to enter heaven,
You must forgive as you would be forgiven.

'Tis very apt in some to curse and swear,
But let us now persuade you to forbear,
And do no more abuse the name of God,
Lest He should smite you with His heavy rod.

The sin of drunkenness leave off in time,
For that's another sad, notorious crime.
Lead sober lives, and lay that sin aside;
Nay, likewise too, that odious sin of pride.

Some make their riches as their god, I know,
And on the poor they nothing will bestow.
'Tis good to help the poor in their distress,
Relieve the widow and the fatherless.

Attend thy church, the Sabbath don't neglect;
All* work by Scriptures well thy path direct,
And ever let it be thy constant care
To serve the Lord by daily fervent prayer.

Some do by gaining lose their whole estate,
And then are sorry, when it is too late.
'Tis better to live in darkness here on earth,
Than lose the light of heaven after death.

Now, one thing more I to you wish to say:
Your tender parents honour and obey.
'Tis they took care to bring you up, indeed,
You ought to help them in their time of need.

So now I will conclude, and make an end,
† For these few lines which are sincerely penned;
Now buy the book, the price is very small;
God grant it may be for the good of all.

Compare this tune with "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "The Iron Peel," and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—
L. E. B.

* (?) Alway by.

† (?) Of.

36.—OH, HAVE YOU HEARD AND SEEN OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE?

(CAROL.)

SUNG BY MRS. CAROLINE BRIDGES,
AT PEMBRIDGE, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by William T. B. Burnett, Pembridge.

Adagio.

Oh, have you heard and seen our Sa - viour's love? And
how he suf - fered like a harm - less..... dove, And if we in our
wick - ed - ness re - main, We cru - ci - fy our bless - ed Lord a - gain.

Mrs. Leather, who communicates this tune, describes the fine effect produced by Mrs. Bridges' beautiful deep voice. The words are practically the same as those of the preceding carol, "Have you not heard," and are on a penny sheet of Christmas Carols printed by H. Elliott, 99, East Street, Hereford.—L. E. B.

37.—THE IRON PEEL.*

Tune noted by Mrs. Grahame, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, April, 1904.

Good Chris - tian peo - ple, pray now lend an ear, And
you a dread - ful sto - ry soon shall hear, A sto - ry strange, but
cer - tain true in - deed, E - nough to make a heart of stone to bleed.

In Kent there lived a labouring man of late,
Whose family, indeed, was very great;
Provisions dear, his children being small,
And nought had he to keep his babes withal.

Now this poor man, quite overwhelmed with grief,
Took to his bed; for there was no relief.
In ten days' time he did resign his breath,
His wife and children now all being left.

* An instrument used for putting bread into the oven.

One morn his widow left her babes in bed :
 "Stay, dears," says she, "while I go get you bread."
 Unto her brother's house direct she went,
 Who a baker was, and lived four miles from Kent.

This weeping widow found to her dismay
 That she had come upon the market day.
 He was forced to go, because he couldn't stay ;
 So he called unto his wife, and thus did say :

"Here is my sister ; she's in want, I know ;
 Give her a loaf of bread, with cheese also,
 That her dear infants may not starve and die
 In such a time of woe and misery."

The baker's wife did then begin to fume,
 Bidding the weeping widow quit the room.
 "Out of my house, unto your brats," said she ;
 "You shall have neither loaf nor cheese of me !"

Now this poor widow, overwhelmed with grief,
 Found for her babes she could get no relief ;
 And when she saw them in their chamber lay,
 She cut their throats ; sure 'twas a bloody fray !

As they lay bleeding in their purple gore,
 She quickly rose, and closed the door.
 A rope unto the bedstead she then tied,
 And hanged herself quite close to their bedside.

And when the baker, he came home at night,
 He said, "My dear, my joy, my heart's delight !
 Have you relieved my sister dear this day
 In what I ordered ? Tell me, love, I pray."

"It is in vain to flatter you," said she ;
 "Your sister's had no loaf or cheese of me !
 Indeed, we may give all we have away,
 And come to want ourselves another day."

And then the baker, overwhelmed with grief,
 Straight to his sister's house he took relief ;
 And never could his horror all be told,
 At the most dismal sight he did behold.

No mortal man could e'er be more concerned
 Than her dear brother ; and he home returned.

(He quarrels with his wife.)

As in this angry passion he did stand,
 He chanced to have his *iron pecl* in hand,
 With which he hit her an unlucky blow,
 Which split her head, and soon did lay her low.

He tore his hair, to see what he had done,
 And upstairs in a frenzy he did run.
 A loaded pistol in his chamber lay,
 He shot himself ! Sure, 'twas a bloody day !"

MORAL.

Ye covetous people, whom God has blessed with store,
 Remember this, and give unto the poor ;
 For God, you know has promised a reward,
 "What's given the poor is lent unto the Lord."

This was sung by the daughters of a Kentish squire, the last of whom died at a very advanced age in 1865. Compare the tune with the airs of "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," and "Death and the Lady."—L. E. B.

38.—DEATH AND THE LADY.

Tune noted by her niece, Mrs. Launcelet Kennedy.

SUNG BY MISS MARY OULTON,
 OF ANTRIM (AGED 73), 1892.

Death.] "Fair la - dy, lay those cost - ly robes a - side ; No long - er.....
 may you glo - ry in your pride ; Take . leave of all your
 car - nal vain de - light, I come to sum - mon you a - way this night.

- Lady.* "What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know
From whence you come, and whither must I go?
Shall I, a high-born lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale-faced visage? 'Who art thou?'"
- Death.* "Do you not know me. I will tell you then;
I'm he that conquers all the sons of men.
No rank or beauty from my dart is free;
My name is Death. Have you not heard of me?"
- Lady.* "Yes! I have heard of you, time after time;
But, being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think that thou would'st call so soon.
Oh! must my morning's sun go down at noon?"
- Death.* "Talk not of noon; you may as well be mute;
This is no time, or subject for dispute.
Your jewels, gems, your gold, and garments all,
You must resign to me, where'er I call."

This is one of our extremely early moral ballads. It is very frequently alluded to in 18th century literature.

Henry Carey used the old tune for a sort of burlesque cantata, called "A New Year's Ode," and it is included in his *Musical Century*, most of the plates of which are dated 1740. Carey heads the tune with the following quaint acknowledgment: "The Melody stolen from an old ballad called 'Death and the Lady.'"

CAREY'S VERSION.



For very interesting remarks on this tune and kindred airs see Chappell's *Popular Music*. The subject of "Death and the Lady" seems to have been a favourite for very many centuries; Chappell mentions a woodcut called by that name on a ballad of the 16th century, and there are many 17th century black-letter broadside versions of the dialogue, in the *Roxburghe* and *Donce Collections*, etc. The old tune "Fortune my Foe" has a likeness to the air in some of its forms (see Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1840). A Sussex traditional version is given in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, where it is compared with the tune to "Stinson the Deserter." The Rev. S. Baring Gould's song, called "Death and the Lady" in *Songs of the West*, has nothing in common with tunes or words here mentioned. Compare "The Messenger of Mortality" in Dixon and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, for an early broadside version.

The following tunes given in this Journal testify to the great popularity of this type of ballad-air, to which we may for convenience give the name of "Death and the Lady." They are "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," and "The Iron Peel." The Sussex bell-ringer, Mr. Burstow, however, despised the ballad of "Death and the Lady," and would hardly be persuaded to sing it to me, complaining that "it wasn't much of a tune, being almost all on one note."—L. E. B.

SAMUEL REAY, MUS. BAC.

IT is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. SAMUEL REAY which took place on July 21st, at Newark.

Born at Hexham in 1822, and the son of an accomplished organist there, he became a chorister at Durham Cathedral at the age of eight. Very early in life he became noted as an organist and sound musician, and held several important posts as such. In 1864 he became organist of the Parish Church at Newark, and succeeded Dr. Dearle there in the ancient and important office of Song-Schoolmaster under the Magnus Charity. He was also conductor of the Newark Philharmonic Society. As a composer of part-songs and hymns he was well-known and successful, his musical aims being always high and his taste refined.

He was a pioneer in many ways, for as early as in 1849 he delivered interesting courses of lectures with musical selections from old composers, on Ancient Keyed Instruments, Old English Ballad Music, etc. He was an authority on the Northumbrian pipes and lectured on them and also on his favourite subject, Folk-Song. Mr. Reay was the first person to produce Bach's comic *Coffee* Cantata and *Peasant* Cantata in England. The performance of these took place under his direction in 1879, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, Mr. Reay and Mrs. Newton supplying an English text to the cantatas. In conjunction with the chief collector, Mr. John Stokoe, Mr. Reay noted, edited and harmonized the valuable collection of traditional *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*. He became a member of the Folk-Song Society only two months before his decease, but notwithstanding his eighty-three years, and infirm health, took the liveliest interest in its work, sending letters of appreciation and encouragement on the subject till within a few weeks of his death.