

Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 8

Being the Third Part of Vol. II.

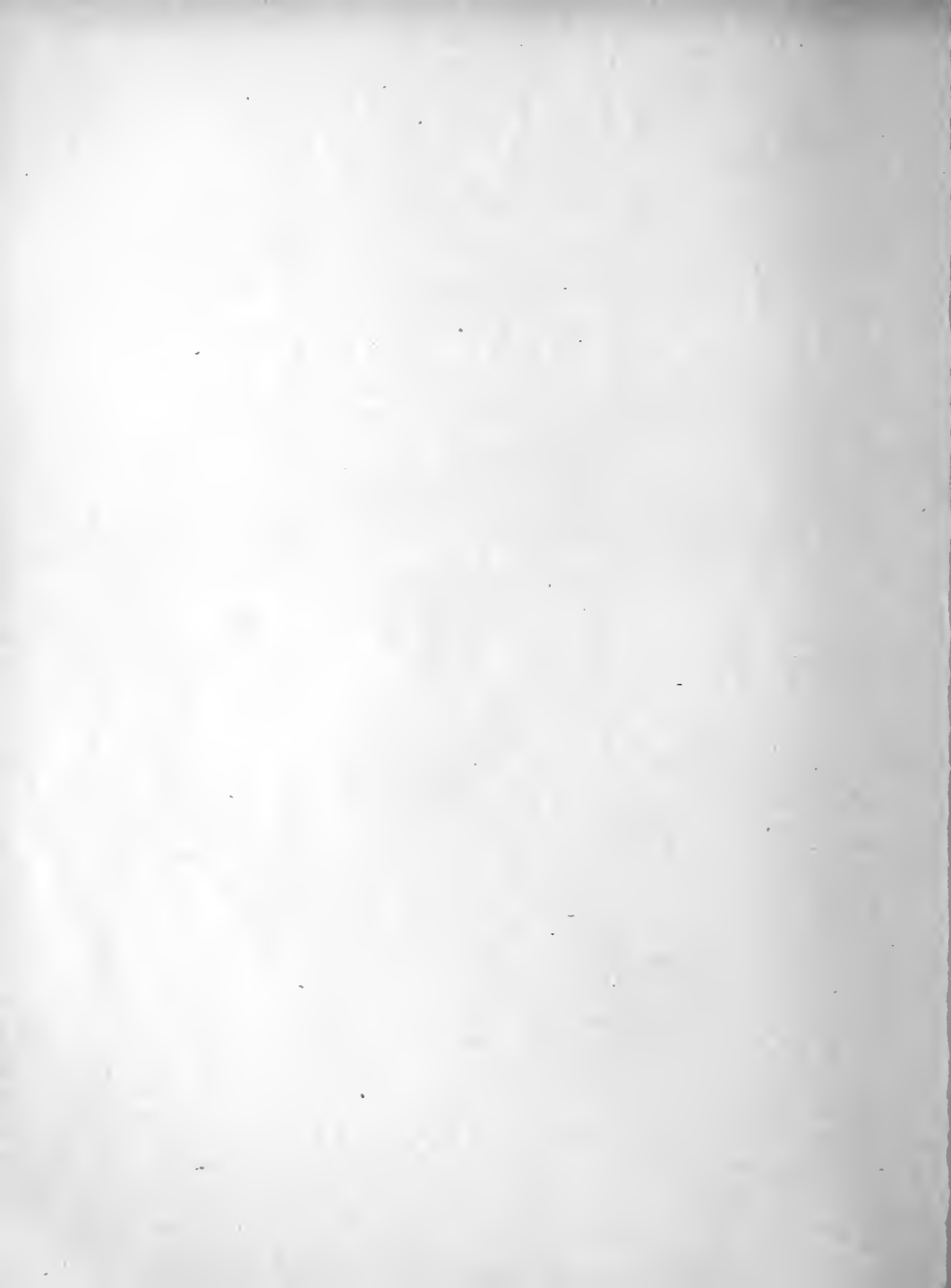
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PREFACE.

THE following collection of folk-tunes differs from most of those hitherto printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* in that, while former collections have been gathered from one county, the present tunes represent no less than seven—namely Essex, Norfolk, Sussex, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Kent, and even London. It is not suggested that the tunes grouped under the counties are their exclusive property—indeed the more wonderful fact elicited from the search for folk-songs is that the same tune may be heard, with hardly any variation, in Norfolk, Sussex or Yorkshire. This proves more than anything the fundamental character of the genuine Folk-song. It will be noticed that a large proportion of the tunes in this collection are modal in character—Dorian, Æolian or Mixolydian. I suggest that the Mixolydian and Dorian tunes are more characteristic of agricultural districts, while Æolian tunes belong more to towns, and trades such as fishing and cobbling—but this suggestion is merely empirical and founded on very partial evidence.

Although the field covered by the tunes in this journal is in one sense very large, in another it is very small—since it is only a small part of each county which I have searched for songs, and the time spent has been of necessity very short.

What results might be obtained from a systematic and sympathetic search through all the villages and towns of England! And yet this precious heritage of beautiful melody is being allowed to slip through our hands through mere ignorance or apathy.

I could imagine a much less profitable way of spending a long winter evening than in the parlour of a country inn taking one's turn at the mug of "four-ale"—(surely the most innocuous of all beverages), in the rare company of minds imbued with that fine sense which comes from advancing years and a life-long communion with nature—and with the ever-present chance of picking up some rare old ballad or an exquisitely beautiful melody, worthy, within its smaller compass, of a place beside the finest compositions of the greatest composers.

My heartiest thanks are due first to the singers of the following songs, who have always been most anxious to give me of their best and have often themselves written

out the words of the ballads for me. Among these I would especially mention Mr. H. Burstow, of Horsham (*see* Vol. i, p. 139, of the *Folk-Song Journal*), Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. Pottipher, shepherd, and Mr. Broomfield, woodman, all three of Ingrave (Essex) and the neighbourhood; Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, formerly of Monks-gate, Sussex, now living in Horsham. Mrs. Verrall obtained the prize given in 1905 by the *West Sussex Gazette* for the best Sussex tune; the tunes being "Covent Garden" and "Salisbury Plain," both in this Journal. Messrs. Carter and Anderson, fishermen of King's Lynn, both of them probably with Norse blood in their veins; since the fishing colony of King's Lynn are a distinct race and still talk of the rest of the town as "foreigners."

Secondly I must thank those who have so kindly helped me by finding out singers and helping to note both tunes and words—especially the Misses Heatley of Ingrave Rectory, Essex; the Rev. A. Huddle of King's Lynn, and Mr. Ansfield, gamekeeper, of Telscombe, Sussex.

And thirdly the members of the editing committee who have added valuable expert notes to this collection—namely Miss Lucy E. Broadwood (L. E. B.), Messrs. F. Kidson (F. K.), J. A. Fuller-Maitland (J. A. F. M.), and C. J. Sharp (C. J. S.)

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

13, CHEYNE WALK, S.W.

March 25th, 1906.

SONGS COLLECTED FROM ESSEX.

1.—BUSHES AND BRIARS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,
AT INGRAVE (NEAR BRENTWOOD), DEC. 4TH, 1903

Through bush-es and through bri - ars, Of late I took my way ; All
for to hear the small birds sing, And the
lambs to..... skip and play. All for to hear the
small birds sing, And the lambs to..... skip and play.

I overheard my own true-love,
Her voice it was so clear,
"Long time I have been waiting
For the coming of my dear."

I drew myself unto a tree,
A tree that did look green,
Where the leaves shaded over us,
We scarcely could be seen,

I sat myself down by my love,
Till she began to mourn,
"I'm of this opinion,
That my heart is not my own.

Sometimes I am uneasy,
And troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I'll think I'll go to my love
And tell to him my mind;
And if I should go to my love,
My love he will say nay,
I show to him my boldness,
He'd ne'er love me again.

I cannot think the reason,
Young women love young men,
For they are so false-hearted,
Young women to trepan,
For they are so false-hearted,
Young women to trepan,
So the green grave shall see me,
For I can't love that man."

Words completed from a Fortey ballad sheet.

It is impossible to reproduce the free rhythm and subtle portamento effects of this beautiful tune in ordinary notation.

Mr. Pottipher sang the same tune to "Willy of the Wagon Train," the words of which are to be found in Fortey's ballad sheets. I asked Mr. Pottipher if he could tell me anything about the origin of this and other of his tunes, his answer was "If you can get the words the Almighty will send you the tune;" an æsthetic principle which lies at the base of all the great song-writers work.—R. V. W.

The word "Bushes" probably suggested to Mr. Pottipher the opening phrase of this tune, which is identical with that of the air associated most often with the broadside version of "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

The likeness to "Green Bushes" does not extend beyond the first two bars. There are certain initial phrases that are used by the folk-singer in much the same way as the words "As I went a walking" are employed by the ballad maker. The opening bars of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" are met with in many folk tunes.

Cf. the first phrase of the tune to "Bold Princess Royal" in the present volume.
—C. J. S.

The tune is decidedly a version of one of "The Green Bushes" airs (*see* Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*). The words of the ballad were as early as Catnach's time, being merely reprinted by Fortey. In the earlier version the line, last but one, runs:—

"So the green grave shall *case* me,"

The air seems to have been popular, for songs on other ballad sheets are directed to be sung to "Bushes and Briars," "Young Edwin and the Lowlands Low" being one of these.—F. K.

2.—THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,
DEC. 4TH, 1903.

(? ?)

The four - teenth day of Febru - ary we sailed from the bay, In the
bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New-found - land; With her
for - ty bold sea - men, for her ship's com - pa - ny..... So
bold - ly from the east - ward to the west - ward sailed we.

The rest of the words are to be found in the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, pp. 62 and 103), with the exception of the following verse.

I'll not haul down my topsail, nor heave my ship to,
Reef my top gallant sail and royal, boys, and from them we'll go;
They fired shots after us but they could not prevail,
When the bold "Princess Royal" soon shewed them her tail.

R. V. W.

Cf. this tune with "Sheepcrock and Black Dog" in *English County Songs*.—L. E. B.

I have twice taken down this ballad in Somerset—tunes in each case quite different from the above.

Cf. Folk-Song Journal, Vol. i, p. 103.

The third is often flattened in Mixolydian tunes. In this case, if it were not for the sharpened 7th in the first bar, the tune would be Dorian rather than Mixolydian.

—C. J. S.

I have noted down two copies of this song in North Yorkshire, both different in tune from the above (one is printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* as referred to). The words are on ballad sheets of the Catnach period. One bears a Bristol imprint, and another is issued by H. Such. On these copies there are identical eight verses.—F. K.

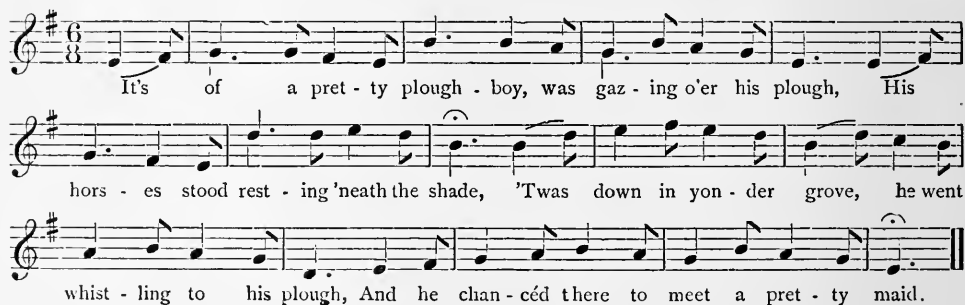
3.—THE PRETTY PLOUGH-BOY.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,

FEB. 2ND, 1904.



It's of a pret - ty plough - boy, was gaz - ing o'er his plough, His
hors - es stood rest - ing 'neath the shade, 'Twas down in yon - der grove, he went
whist - ling to his plough, And he chan - céd there to meet a pret - ty maid.

For the rest of the words see the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 132.—R. V. W.

A version of this was noted down last year at Brigg. The words are found on Fortey ballad sheets, and a set of words of an earlier date, "printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great Andrew St.," circa 1800, having considerable difference, is here appended.

THE PRETTY PLOUGH-BOY.

A pretty little plough-boy a-driving of his team
And his horses stood under the shade,
" 'Tis all for your sweet sake I come this way
And so I'm rewarded for my pains."

The tears ran down her cheeks from her sloe-black eyes,
She was drest like some goddess I vow,
"You had better keep at home," says he, "my pretty maid,"
And away he went singing to his plough.

He finished his song as he walked along,
And thus to himself he did say,
"If I should have you, pretty maid,
The next day I shall be sent to sea."

Soon as his parents came to know
As he was ploughing on a hill,
A press gang came and pressed him away,
And sent him to the wars to be slain.

She dressed herself in man's attire,
And her pockets were lined with gold,
She went to the seas in hopes to find ease,
And she met with a sailor bold.

"I'm come to sea, young sailor," said she,
"Did you meet with a little plough boy?
He's gone across the deep, I'm going to the fleet,
So pray young man let me ride."

She got into the boat and sailed along
Till she came to the Spanish shore,
Oh! how she sigh'd and cried for her little plough boy
When she heard the loud cannons roar.

The ballad printer has here abruptly ended "for lack of space."—F. K.

The last four bars are nearly identical with the corresponding bars of a version of "The Keys of Heaven" which I recently noted in Somerset.

I have taken down "The Pretty Plough-boy" three times in the West of England. All my tunes are Mixolydian and they all bear some relation to the Essex version.

For a very interesting form of this Ballad see "The Simple Plough-boy" in *Songs of the West*, No. 59.—C. J. S.

4.—NEW GARDEN FIELDS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,
AT EAST HORNDON, APRIL 22ND, 1904.

First version of the song, sung by Mr. Broomfield. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Come all you pret - ty fair maids, I pray you now at -
- tend, Un - to these few lines I am go - ing to
pen, Un - to these few lines I am just go - ing to
write, She is my whole stu - dy and my dreams all the night."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams

SUNG BY MR. J. PUNT,
AT EAST HORNDON, APRIL 23RD, 1904.

Second version of the song, sung by Mr. J. Punt. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second staff begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "On the 17th of August the 8th month of the year,
Down the new garden fields where I first met my dear,
She appeared like some goddess or some young divine,
And come like a torment to torture my mind."

On the 17th of August the 8th month of the year,
Down the new garden fields where I first met my dear,
She appeared like some goddess or some young divine,
And come like a torment to torture my mind.

"No, I am no torment young man" she did say,
"I am pulling these flowers so fresh and so gay,
I am pulling these flowers which nature doth yield,
And I take great delight in the new garden fields."

And I said "Lovely Nancy, dare I make so bold
Your lily white hand one minute to hold,
It will give me more pleasure than all earthly store,
So grant me this favour and I'll ask you no more."

And she turnèd and said " Young man I fear you must jest,
If I thought you were earnest I would think myself blest,
But my father is coming there now," did she say,
" So fare you well young man, it's I must away."

So now she's gone and left me all in the bonds of love,
Kind Cupid, protect me, and you powers above,
Kind Cupid, protect me, and pray take my part,
For she's guilty of murder and quite broke my heart.

She turned and said " Young man, I pity your moan,
I'll leave you no longer to sigh alone :
I will go along with you to some foreign part,
You are the first young man that has won my heart.

We'll go to church on Sunday and married we'll be,
We'll join hands in wedlock and sweet unity,
We'll join hands in wedlock and vow to be true,
To father and mother we will bid adieu. '

Words completed from a Such ballad sheet.—R. V. W.

For another tune see Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*.—L. E. B.

This tune is a striking example of a structure not common in *English Folk-Songs*, in which the first and fourth lines of the verse are identical, and the second and third are identical. Among Celtic tunes the melodic pattern is far more usual.

Compare the tune in Bunting's collection for which Mr. A. P. Graves wrote the words " My Love's an Arbutus " in Sir C. V. Stanford's *Songs of Old Ireland*.—
J. A. F. M.

The ballad sheet by Such is identical with one printed by Catnach. I have noted an air similar to Barrett's, sung to the ballad " The Deserter."—F. K.

5.—THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,
FEB. 22ND, 1904.

(a)

When first in this coun - try a..... stran - ger,..... Cur -
os - i - ty ... caused me to roam; Ov - er Eur - ope I re -
solved to be a ran - ger, When I left Phil - a - del - phia my home.

Variant.

(a)

We quickly sailed over to England,
Where forms of great beauty do shine.
Till at length I beheld a fair damsel,
And I wish'd in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble,
Where the winds and sweet breezes did blow,
It was down by a clear crystal river,
Where the sweet purling waters did flow;—

'Twas there I espied a fair creature,
Some goddess appearing to be,
As she rose from the reeds by the water,
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stopt up and wished her good morning,
When her fair cheeks did blush like the rose,
Said I, "The green meadows are charming,
Your guardian I'll be if you choose."

She said "Sir, I ne'er want a guardian,
Young man you are a stranger to me,
And yonder my father is coming,
O'er the green mossy banks of the Lea."

I waited till up came her father,
And plucked up my spirits once more,
I said "If this is your fair daughter,
That beautiful girl I adore.—

Ten thousand a year is my fortune,
And a lady your daughter shall be,
She shall ride with her chariot and horses,"
O'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Then they welcomed me home to their cottage,
Soon after in wedlock to join,
And there I erected a castle,
In grandeur and splendour to shine.

And now the American stranger,
All pleasure and pastime can see,
With adorable gentle Matilda
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

So it's all pretty maidens attention,
No matter how poor you may be,
There is many a poor girl as handsome
As those with a large property.

By flattery let no one deceive you,
Who knows but your fortune may be
Like that young gentle Matilda
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Words completed from a Such ballad sheet.—R. V. W.

Cf. this tune with "The pretty girl milking the Cow" in Bunting's first edition of Irish airs.

The words are astonishingly popular amongst country singers.—L. E. B.

The words of this ballad are common on broadsides by all printers. I have copies from the presses of Walker, Durham; Barr, Leeds; Taylor, Fortey, and Such; the first named is the earliest, *circa* 1850. They are all practically the same verbally except the Durham issue, more correctly printed:—

"When I left dear Ireland my home," instead of "Philadelphia my home."

The tune is certainly akin to "The pretty girl milking the cow," first printed by Bunting in 1796.—F. K.

I recently noted down this ballad, under the title "An American Stranger," from a Minehead singer. My tune is in the Dorian mode and is a variant of that given above, but more elaborate in structure. The words are substantially the same, but the Minehead singer omitted the last verse.—C. J. S.

6.—AS I WALKED OUT.

Tune noted R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,
OCT. 6TH, 1904.

As I walked out ... one May morn - ing, So.....
ear - ly..... in the spring; I placed my back a - gainst the
old gar - den gate, And I heard my true love sing.

To hear my true love sing, my boys,
To hear what she had for to say,
" 'Tis now very near three quarters of a year,
Since you and I together did stay."

" Come now, my love, and sit down by me,
Beneath this green lofty oak where the leaves are springing green,
It's now very near three quarters of a year,
Since you and I together have been."

" I will not come and sit down by you,
Nor no other young man;
Since you have been courting some other young girl,
Your heart is no longer mine."

This tune is a good example of the extraordinary breadth and melodic sweep which is to be found in English Folk-Song.—R. V. W.

Some versions of "The Seeds of Love" are very like this tune, and the third line is almost identical with that given in *English County Songs*, with the single exception that the characteristic drop of two thirds (at the words "garden gate") is here one note lower than in the version referred to.—J. A. F. M.

7.—TARRY TROUSERS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HUMPHREYS,
FORMERLY OF LAINDON, NOW OF INGRAVE.

Subsequent verses start here.



As I walked out one fine sum - mer's morn - ing, The
morn - ing be - ing both fine and clear, There I..... heard a
ten - der moth - er Talk - ing to her daught - er dear.

"Daughter, daughter, I'd have you to marry,
Live no longer a single life;"
But she says "Mother, I'd rather tarry,
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold."

"Sailors they are given to roving,
Into foreign parts they do go,
Then they will leave you broken-hearted,
And then they'll prove your overthrow.

Don't you hear the great guns rattle
And the small ones make a noise?
When he's in the height of battle,
How can he attend to you, my dear?"

My mother wants me to wed with a tailor,
And not give me my heart's delight,
But give me the man with the tarry trousers
That shines to me like diamonds bright.

Mr. Sharp prints a version of this in his second series of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*. The words are on broadsides by J. Catnach, and Mr. Vaughan Williams' informant has not quite remembered them if he has taken them from a ballad-sheet copy. There are eight verses in the original, and the fifth runs:—

"I know you would have me wed a farmer,
And not give me my heart's delight,
Give me the lad whose tarry trousers
Shines to me like diamonds bright."

The last two lines, which give the title to the song, Dickensians will remember are quoted by Captain Cuttle in one of his poetic flights.

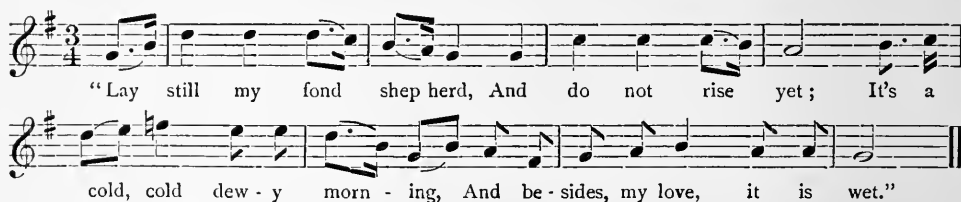
The ballad was known in Yorkshire, but I have never been able to get a tune to it.
—F. K.

I have taken down this ballad twice in Somerset. One version, in the major key, is printed in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41. The other, which was sung to me by a Mendip singer, is in the Dorian mode, and is very nearly identical with the Essex tune.—C. J. S.

8.—LAY STILL, MY FOND SHEPHERD.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. KEMP,
HERONGATE, OCT. 26TH, 1904.



"Lay still my fond shep herd, And do not rise yet ; It's a
cold, cold dew - y morn - ing, And be - sides, my love, it is wet."

"Let it be wet my love,
Never so cold ;
I must arise, my fond Floro,
And away to my fold."

"No, no, bright Floro,
It is no such thing ;
It's a bright sun shining,
And the lark's on the wing.

When the lark rises in the morning
She does whistle and sing ;
And at night she does return
To her own nest again.

And when the plough-boy has done
All he's got for to do ;
He trips down the meadows
All the milkmaids to view.

And when the plough-boy has done
All he's got for to do,
He trips down to the meadows
Where the grass is all cut down."

There are points of resemblance in these words to those of "The Lark in the Morn" (Baring Gould's *A Garland of Country Song*), and "The Pretty Plough-boy" (Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*).—L. E. B.

9.—A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DENNY,

AT THE BILLERICAY UNION, APRIL 25TH, 1904.

A bold young farmer he courted me, He gained my heart and my lib - er - ty, He has
gained my heart with a free good will, And I must con-fess that I love him still.

For the rest of the words see "There's an Alehouse." *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252.—R. V. W.

This should be compared with "Died for Love" and "In Jessie's City," both in this collection.—L. E. B.

10.—ROBING WOOD (ROBIN HOOD) AND THE PEDLAR.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

PENTATONIC.

SUNG BY MR. DENNY,

APRIL 25TH, 1904.

It's of a ped - lar, ped - lar bold, a ped - lar bold, so bold was he; He takes his
pack all on his back And mer - ri - ly trudged o'er the lea.

For the rest of the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 144.

A close variant of this tune, to the words "It was one morning in the Spring I went on board to serve the King," was sung to me by Mr. Stacey of Hollycombe, Sussex.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad are on broadsides printed by Catnach and by Such. I have not found them in any of the regular Robin Hood collections or garlands. Both words and tune are undoubtedly old.—F. K.

This tune is a modified version of the tune in *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 144.—F. K.

The tune is a variant of a melody which, in some form or other, is constantly recurring in English Folk-Song. It is usually in the Mixolydian mode. For an example in the major key see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 99.—C. J. S.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. VERRALL,
OF HORSHAM, SUSSEX, MARCH 17TH, 1906.

Just as this goes to press, and without the possibility of annotation by the editing committee, I have noted in Sussex a very beautiful variant of this tune. Rather than omit it altogether I introduce it here out of its proper place.—R. V. W.

11.—THE COBBLER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,
OF EAST HORNDON, APRIL 21ST, 1904.

O, a sto - ry, a sto - ry to you I will tell, Con - cern - ing a but - cher in
Lon - don he did dwell, The but - cher was pos - sessed of a beau - ti - ful
wife, And the cob - bler he loved her as dear as his
REFRAIN.
life to my wack - fol - de - li - do - dood - le - all - the - day.

The rest of the words are not suitable for publication and have little interest except, perhaps, in giving a modern example of the kind of rough fun which we find in Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenforde."

The words are evidently modern, or modernized, since a policeman is one of the characters introduced.—R. V. W.

The words under the heading "The Cunning Cobbler" are to be seen in broadsides printed by H. Such. The melody appears to be one formerly adapted to narrative ballads of similar nature.—F. K.

Cf. the tune to "The Irish Bull," *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48.—C. J. S.

12.—NEWPORT STREET.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,
APRIL 23RD, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



In... Newport Street it was re - port - ed, A come-ly dam - sel there did dwell; And
by a ser - vant man was cour - ted, Who lov - ed her ex - ceed-ing well.

He says, "My dear let us get married,
Oh, dearest love, don't dislike me,
For I'll work for you both late and early,
If you my wedded wife will be."

She says, "Let us consider,
We are both yet too young to wed,
O, when we are married we are bound together,
Let us live single another year."

Then he saw her dancing with some other,
A jealous thought run into his mind
And for to destroy his own true lovier,
He gave her poison in a glass of wine.

She drunked the wine and then she halted,
"O dearest love, O pray take me,
For the glass of wine you just now gave me,
Makes me as ill as ill can be."

And as they were walking home together,
 These very words to her did say,
 "That is a glass of poison I just now gave you,
 It will soon take your sweet life away.

And I myself I'll take another."
 And what a silly young man was he,—
 And in each other's arms they died,
 Therefore young men don't jealous be.

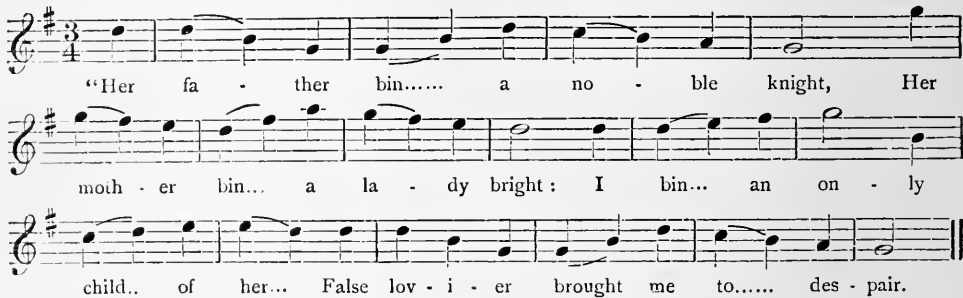
This is a very popular ballad in Somerset. I have noted it down four times. The words—except for the first two verses—are substantially the same as the Essex set. The Somerset tune is generally a variant of "The Virgin's Wreath" in *A Garland of Country Song*, p. 62.

The words are on a broadside by Catnach, under the heading "Oxford City."—
 C. J. S.

13.—DIED FOR LOVE.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,
 APRIL 23RD, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



"Her fa - ther bin..... a no - ble knight, Her
 moth - er bin... a la - dy bright: I bin... an on - ly
 child.. of her... False lov - i - er brought me to..... des - pair.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,
 FEB. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams



There is a flower some people say,
 Will give ease by night and day ;
 But if I could that flower find
 'Twould ease my heart and cheer my mind."

Then in her father's fields she run,
 Gathering flowers one by one :
 Then some she plucked and some she pulled,
 Until she gathered her apron full.

Then unto her father's house she run,
 Told them over one by one,
 But (of) all the flowers she could not find
 Would ease her heart and cheer her mind.

" O yonder he stands on yonder hill,
 He's got a heart as hard as steel,
 He's gained two hearts in the room of one
 And he'll be a true lovier when I am gone.

Then dig my grave both long and deep,
 Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
 And in the middle a turtle dove
 To let the world know I died for love."

The first tune given reminds one slightly of the fourth version of " My true love once he courted Me," printed in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and the song is much of the same theme.—F. K.

I have taken this down once in Somerset. Tune quite different—words much the same.—C. T. S.

14.—IN JESSIE'S CITY.

SUNG BY A MAID AT INGRAVE RECTORY,
 (FORMERLY OF CHIGWELL).

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

In Jes - sie's ci-ty, oh there did dwell, A post - man boy I loved so well, 'Twas
 he... that stole my heart a - way, And now with me he will... not stay.

There is an inn in this same town,
Which my love goes and sits himself down,
And takes a strange girl on his knee,
He tells her what he doesn't tell me.

It's grief to me I'll tell you for why,
Because she has more gold than I,
But needed time her gold shall fly,
And she shall be as poor as I.

I went upstairs to make my bed,
And nothing to my mother said,
"O daughter, O daughter, what is the matter
O daughter what is the matter with thee?"

"O mother, mother, you do not know
What grief and sorrow comes from joy,
Go get a chair and set me down,
And pen and ink to write it down,"

Her father he came home at night,
Saying "Where has my daughter gone?"
He went upstairs, the door he broke,
And found her hanging on a rope.

He took his knife and cut her down,
Within her breast these lines were found;
"O what a foolish maid was I
To hang myself for a postman boy."

"Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove
To show the wide world I died for love."

There is a close resemblance between both words and tune of this song and those of the previous one.—"Died for Love."—R. V. W.

Cf. "A bold young Farmer" and "Died for Love" in this collection, and interesting variants, words and tunes, under the title "My true Love once he courted Me" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*. All versions of the words have parts of the songs "Deep in Love" and "There is an Ale-house" (or "Tavern") strangely mixed.—L. E. B.

SONGS COLLECTED FROM NORFOLK.

15.—THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CARTER,
AT KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 9TH, 1905

One day this poor boy to me was bound apprentice, Be - cause of his... be-ing
fa - therless ; I took him out of St. Jame - s' workhouse, His mother being in deep distress.
Variants. (a) *(b)*
or

One day this poor boy unto me offended,
But nothing to him I did say,
Up to the main mast shroud I sent him
And there I kept him all that long day.

All with my garling-spikk I misused him
So shamefully I can't deny,
All with my marling-spike I gagged him,
Because I could not bear his cry.

His face and his hands to me expanded,
His legs and his thighs to me likewise,
And by my barbarous cruel entreatment
This very next day this poor boy died.

You captains all throughout the nation,
Hear a voice and a warning take by me,
Take special care of your apprentice
While you are on the raging sea.

Mr. Carter belongs to the colony of fishermen who inhabit the "North End" at King's Lynn. They possibly have a Norse ancestry—the wild character of this remarkable tune points to such a stock.

This song was also sung to me by Mr. Bayley, also a fisherman, who substituted "gasket" for "garling-spikk" in verse 2. The words are evidently local. "St. James' Workhouse" is the King's Lynn Union.

The following variant of the tune was sung to me by Mr. Harper, also of North End, to the words of "Oxford City."—R. V. W.

OXFORD CITY.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

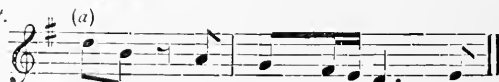
DORIAN (?)

SUNG BY MR. HARPER,

KING'S LYNN, JAN. 13TH, 1905.



Variant.



"Garling-spikk" is most likely "Marling-spike,"* a small pointed steel instrument for unpicking rope. The ballad was probably called forth by a particularly brutal case of ill-treatment, similar to that narrated in it, which occurred some twenty or thirty years ago.

The ballad "Oxford City," to which this air evidently belongs, is found on broad-sides of the Catnach period.—F. K.

As "marling-spike" occurs two lines afterward, I am inclined to think that the real word has been forgotten, all but its initial letter, and "garling-spikk" coined so as to "rhyme" with "marling-spike." The original word is very likely "gasket" which means a rope's end used for flogging.—J. A. F. M.

* Marline-spike is the correct form of spelling.

16.—WARD THE PIRATE.

SUNG BY MR. CARTER,

JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

(a)

Come, all you gal-lant sea-men bold, all you that march to drum, Let's
go and look for Cap-tain Ward, far on the sea he roams, He
is the big-gest rob-ber that ev-er you did hear, There's
not been such a rob-ber found for a-bove this hun-dred year.

Variants.

(a)

(b)

A ship was sailing from the east and going to the west,
Loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best,
But meeting there with Captain Ward it proved hard to maintain,
He robbed them of all their wealth and bid them tell their King.

Captain Ward wrote a letter to our king on the 14th day of February,
To know of him if he might come in and all his company,
To know of him if he might come in old England to behold,
And for his pardon he would give five hundred tons of gold.

O then the king provided a ship of noble fame,
She's called the *Royal Rainbow*, perhaps you've heard her name,
She was as well provided for as any ship can be,
Full thirteen-hundred men on board to bear her company.

O then this gallant *Rainbow* came crossing o'er the main,
Saying, "Yonder lies bold Captain Ward and here we must remain,"
"I'm here, I'm here," cried Captain Ward, "my name I'll not deny,
But if you are one of the king's fine ships you are welcome to pass by."

"O no," says gallant *Rainbow*, "it grieves our king full sore,
That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have done before;"
"Come on, come on," cries Captian Ward, "I value you not a pin,
For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel within."

O, then the gallant *Rainbow* she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck were slain,
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,
For if you fight this month and more your master I will be."

It was eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night:
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your king from me,
If he reigns king on all the land, Ward will reign king on sea."

This song was also sung by Mr. Bayley, who described it as a "Master-song."
(Cf. "Lausch, Kind! Das ist ein Meisterlied."—*Wagner*, "*Die Meistersinger*,"
Act III.)

Mr. Bayley had gained a prize for singing this song at a cheap-jack's singing match.—R. V. W.

This is one of our very old naval ballads. A copy of the words was printed as early as the middle of the seventeenth century by William Onley, and it has survived on ballad sheets, and by tradition, to late times. Pitts, Catnach, and Such all print versions. For very full notes on "Captain Ward and his ship the *Rainbow*" see Halliwell's volume of the Percy Society, *Early Naval Ballads*, 1841. It is also reprinted in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868, in *Real Sailor Songs*, and elsewhere.

The event occurred in the reign of James I. The old version began:—

Strike up ye lusty gallants
With musick and sound of drum,
For we have descryed a rover
Upon the sea is come, etc.

Mr. Baring Gould has noted down a version of the tune (yet in MS.) and there is a copy in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*.—F. K.

17.—THE BOLD ROBBER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

O come you good peo - ple that go out a - tippl - ing, I
pray give at - ten - tion and list'n to my song, I'll
sing you a dit - ty of a jol - ly bold rob - ber, Stood
sev - en feet high in pre - por - tion quite strong.

He robbed lawyer Morgans and lady of Dorgans, (?)
Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them,
Till he was a-walking he met a young sailor
And bold as a lion he stepped up to him.

"Deliver your money, my jolly young sailor,
You have plenty of bulk in your pocket I see,"
"But then (aye?)" says the sailor, "I have plenty of money,
But while I have life I have got none for thee.

I have just left my shipping and taken my money,
I'm bound for old England my friends for to see,
I've ninety bright guineas my friends to make merry,
So I pray, jolly robber, don't you take it from me."

Then the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor,
Such a blow on the head which brought him to the ground,
"But aye (?) " says the sailor, "you have struck me quite heavy
But I must endeavour to return it again."

O then they did strippèd like lambkins they skippe'd
They went life for life like to soldiers in field,
And the ninety-eighth meeting it was a completement
And this jolly young sailor the robber then killed.

Says the jolly young sailor to the bold saucy robber,
"I hope you won't lay any blame on to me,
If I'd been a robber of ten hundred guineas
I never would have stoppèd a poor sailor like me."

I have never come across this ballad on a broadside or elsewhere. The tune is decidedly old and the song is one of the many narrative lyrics of highwayman exploits which formerly must have been sung around the firesides of most country inns.—F. K.

18.—YOUNG HENRY THE POACHER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Come all you wild and wick - ed youths wher - ev - er you may
be, I pray you give at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me, The
fate of us poor trans - ports as you shall un - der - stand, The
hard - ships that we un - der - go, up - on Van Die - men's land.

The complete words, which are of no great interest, are on a Such ballad sheet.

The words of "The Gallant poachers" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 142) have much in common with these.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad seem to have been very commonly known in country districts where poaching is a strong reality; it has been much printed on broadsides. I have copies by Such, Fortey, and Bebbington of Manchester, in which last it is called "Young Henry's Downfall."

To complete the song the burden—

"Young men all now beware
Lest you're drawn into a snare"

is to be appended to each verse and this is given with all printed copies.

To fill local requirements the birthplace of Young Henry is varied. The Manchester version, 2nd verse, is:—

“ My parents rear'd me tenderly, good learning gave to me,
Till with bad men I was beguil'd which proved my destiny.
I was brought up in Lancashire, near Bolton town did dwell,
My name it is Young Henry, in Chorley known full well.”

The Fortey copy gives Warwickshire as the county and Southam and Harbourn as the other place-names. It is not so long ago that poaching had the penalty of seven and fourteen years transportation attached. The ballad is in date about 1835-40 I should say.—F. K.

The tune seems nearly akin to “ The Noble Lord ” (*Sussex Songs*), and others.—
J. A. F. M.

19.—ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,

JAN. 9TH, 1905.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty one, Then
I be-came a ser-vant un-to a gen-tle-man; I
served him true and hon-est and that is ver-y well known, But
cru-el-ly he ban-ish'd me from E-rin's love-ly home.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHESSON,
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

1st.

2nd.

(a)

(b)

Variants.

(a)

(b)

For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 117.—R. V. W.

For other versions see *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 38; *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, p. 117; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, p. 11.

A large number of English Folk-tunes are modelled on the same pattern, and conform in general melodic outline to "Erin's Lovely Home," e.g. Nos. 18, 21, 28, and 33 in this collection of Norfolk airs.—C. J. S.

20.—A BOLD YOUNG SAILOR.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
JAN. 10TH, 1905.

A bold young sail - or court - ed me, And stole a -

- way ... my lib - er - ty; He stole my heart with my

free good - will, I must con - fess ... I love... him still.

(a)

or

or

For the rest of the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252.—R. V. W.

For other airs to this ballad see Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 44. Other versions commence "A brisk young cropper" and "A rich young farmer," according to district. A cropper is an obsolete term for a workman formerly employed in cloth finishing.—F. K.

21.—THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

(a)

I... was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de - gree, My pa - rents do - ted

(b)

on me, hav - ing no child but me; I roved a - bout for plea - sure wher -

(c)

- e'er my fan - cy led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.

Varsiants.

(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOWARD,
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

(a)

I was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de - gree, My pa rents do - ted

(b)

on me, hav - ing no child but me. I roved a - bout for plea - sure, wher -

(c)

- e'er my fan - cy led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.

Variant.



For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 200.—R. V. W.

The words are frequent on broadsides. A copy of the song with a tune is given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 66 as noted down in the North of Scotland.—F. K.

I have noted down this ballad twice in Somerset. One of my versions is sung to the tune of "Erin's lovely home," with which both of Mr. Vaughan Williams' tunes have some affinity.—C. J. S.

22.—THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
JAN. 13TH, 1905.

On the four - tenth of Feb - ru - a - ry we sailed from the
land, In the Bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New - found -
- land. We had for - ty bright sea - men for our ship's com - pan -
- y, and bold - ly from the east - ward, to the west - ward bore we.

For the complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 62.—R. V. W.

I have noted down two versions of this song in Yorkshire, and the ballad itself is to be found on broadsides of sixty or seventy years ago.—F. K.

Cf. the tune of "Sheepcreek and Black Dog" in *English County Songs*. The air is much like one often used to the words "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

23.—GLENCOE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DONGER,
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 13TH, 1905.



The words to this fine tune were unfortunately not noted.—R. V. W.

The title of the ballad, which is to be found on Catnach and other broadsides, is "Donald's return to Glencoe."

There is a version of the tune, No. 677, in *The Complete Petrie Collection*, and I have noted down versions both in Yorkshire and Scotland.—F. K.

24.—COME ALL YOU YOUNG SAILORS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DONGER,
JAN. 13TH, 1905.



The words of this song were not noted.—R. V. W.

A characteristic “narrative” ballad tune with, I should say, a “Derry Down” refrain.—F. K.

Cf. the tune “The Shepherd Boy” in *Sussex Songs*.—L. E. B.

This is the tune to which “Henry Martin” is usually sung in the West of England. *Cf.* *Songs of the West*, No. 53 and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30.—C. J. S.

25.—RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOWARD,

AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

As I was a - walk - ing down Lon - don, A - walk - ing down Rat - cliffe High -
- way, Mind you nev - er step in - to a gin - shop, To spend a long night and a day.

Old Dosy (?) came rolling up to me
As I had the money to sport.
A bottle of wine changed a guinea
She quickly replied “That’s your sort.”

A bottle of wine being finished
I called for glasses coming on (?)
I (?) take change of a guinea
She tipped (me) the voice of a song.

The night being right in our favour
So on board I quietly (?) crept,
I found a boat bound for Bedford,
I got upon board of a ship.

It was impossible to take down the words of this song at all accurately, and at the best they are fragmentary.—R. V. W.

The full words (scarcely suitable for reproduction) are on a broadside by Catnach entitled “Rolling down Wapping.”—F. K.

26.—JUST AS THE TIDE WAS FLOWING.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HARPER,
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 14TH, 1905.



Fragments of words.

O being weary we both sat down, underneath a tree where branches hung (?) around
And what was done shall ne'er be known, just when the tide was flowing.
O there its we walked and there we talked as we ganged down together,
The little lambs did skip and play and pleasant was the weather.

O its to some public-house we'll go where ale and wine and brandy flow.
Success to the girl that will do so, just when the tide was flowing.
O she says, "I've twenty pound in store, meet me here when you will have more
My jolly sailor I adore," all when the tide was flowing.

I was only able to obtain fragments of these words.—R. V. W.

The words are on ballad sheets by Barr of Leeds, Hodges of London, and other printers. They are printed with an air in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, as well as in Mr. Cecil Sharp's second collection of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*.—F. K.

27.—THE LINCOLNSHIRE (OR YORKSHIRE) FARMER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITBY,
TILNEY-ALL-SAINTS, NORFOLK, JAN. 8TH, 1905.

Good peo - ple at - tend and soon you shall hear, It's
of an old farm - er lived in Lin - coln shire, A York - shire boy he
kept for his man, For to do his business as you shall un - der - stand.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

fol - de - lol, etc.

Early one morning he called for his man
For to go to the fair as you shall understand,
Saying, " Boy, the cow's in good order and her I can spare,"
Saying, " Boy, the old cow you shall take to the fair."

Away the boy went with the cow in a band,
To go to the fair as you shall understand,
As he was a-going he met with three men,
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

Away they went to the alehouse to drink,
Where the men paid the boy down his chink,
There sat the old highwayman drinking of wine,
Said he to himself, " All that money is mine."

The boy unto the landlady did say,
"What am I to do with my money I pray?"
"Sew it up in your coat-lining," the landlady did say,
"For fear you should be robbed upon the highway."

Now as John he was a-walking home,
This highwayman he followed him quite soon,
"O how far are you going?" the highwayman said.
"Four miles and further," the poor boy replied.

.
"Four miles and further the odds I don't know"
So its jump up behind and away they did go.

Then they rode till they came to a green shaded lane,
"O now my little boy I must tell you it plain,
Deliver up your money, without any strife
Or else this very minute I'll make an end of your life."

When he found he had no time to dispute

(1 line missing)

From the lining of his coat he tore the money out,
And amongst the long grass he scattered it about.

This highwayman he jumped from his horse,
And little he thought it was to his loss,
For while he was gathering the money from the grass,
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.

O he holloed and he shouted and bid him to stand,
The boy would not hear him but still galloped on.

(2 lines missing)

Now as John as he was riding home
The servant was standing all in the front room,
She runs to her master, says she "Here's a loss,"
Says she "The old cow has turned into a hoss"

When the saddle bag was opened within was a hole,
They took sixty pounds in silver and gold.
Says the boy to his master "I hope you'll allow
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow."

These words are those of the first version completed from the second.—R. V. W.

The usual title of this song is "The Crafty Ploughboy, or The Highwayman Outwitted," and under this title the words are found on a Pitt's broadside with the earlier address, 14, Great St. Andrew St. They are also on later ballad sheets and are included in the *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868.

I have found in an old 18th century magazine, *The Universal Museum* for February, 1766, a prose account of the circumstances as having just happened. It is quite possible, however, that the editor has for lack of copy dished up an old tale into a circumstantial account.

The name of the Shire varies in most copies, but the Yorkshire lad's sharpness is always given as credit to his county.—F. K.

This ballad has been sung to me in Somerset as "The Herefordshire Lad," which is in accordance with the Pitt's broadside above mentioned.—C. J. S.

28.—ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 9TH, 1905.

(a)

When I was young and scarce eighteen, I drove a roar-ing trade, And

many a sly trick I have play'd With many a pret-ty maid, My...

(b)

par-ents found that would not do, I... soon would spend their store, So...

they re-solv'd that I... should go, On... board a Man of War.

Variants.

(a)

(b)

A bold press gang surrounded me,
Their warrant they did show,
And swore that I should go to sea,
And face the daring foe,
So they lugg'd me to the boat,
Oh how I cursed my fate,
'Twas then I found that I must float
On board of a ninety-eight.

When first I put my foot on board,
How I began to stare,
Our Admiral he gave the word,
There is no time to spare.
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail,
And off they bore me straight,
To watch the foe in storm and gale
On board of a ninety-eight.

Before we reached America,
They gave me many a drill,
They soon learnt me a nimble way
To handle an iron pill.
In course of time a fight began,
When bold Jack Tars laid straight.
What would I give if I could run
From on board of the ninety-eight.

But as time fled I bolder grew,
And hardened was to war,
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew
And valued not a scar.
So well I did my duty do,
Till I got boatswain's mate
And, damme, soon got boatswain too,
On board of a ninety-eight.

So years rolled by at Trafalgar,
Brave Nelson fought and fell;
As they capsized that hardy tar
I caught a rap as well.
To Greenwich college I came back,
Because I saved my pate,
They only knocked one wing off Jack,
On board of a ninety-eight.

So now my cocoa I can take,
My pouch with baccho stored,
With my blue clothes and three cocked hat
I am happy as a lord.
I've done my duty, served my king,
And now I bless my fate,
But, damme, I'm too old to sing
I'm nearly ninety-eight.

This tune has an affinity to, "The gallant poachers," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i,
p. 142.
The words are completed from a ballad-sheet printed by F. Paul, Spitalfields.—
R. V. W.

The above words verbatim are also on a broadside by Ryle and Co., who were successors to Catnach, Anne Ryle being the latter's sister. F. Paul was at one time manager to Anne Ryle, so there is every probability that the ballad might have been issued by Catnach.—F. K.

29.—SPURN POINT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Come all good peo - ple... and list'n a - while, A..... dread-ful stor - y..... to
you I'll tell, Of a ves - sel called the..... In - dus - try, Was lost all on the
ra - ging sea.

Variant. (a)

For the complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 228.—R. V. W.

I have noted down the tune and words from a young sailor. The words are on a Hull broadside printed by W. Forth.—F. K.

This tune appears in many collections of Irish music. For examples see "The Robber, or Charley Reilly" (Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840), and "The Rambling Boy" (S. Holden's *Irish Tunes*, 1800.) It is a favourite air amongst country singers, and is met with in England and Scotland very often, not only in connection with the broadside of "Charles Reilly" but many other ballads. For a Scotch version see "The Lion's Den" (Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*). For a Yorkshire variant see "All on Spurn Point" (*English County Songs*).—L. E. B.

30.—THE SPANISH LADIES

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,
JAN. 11TH, 1905.

Fare you well and a - dieu to you Span - ish
la - dies, Fare you well and a - dieu to you la - dies of
Spain, For we've re - ceived or - ders to sail for old
Eng - land; And I hope in a short time to see you a - gain.

Then we'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea;
Until we arrive at the channel of old England,
And from Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, all for to get sounded,
We hove our ship to, and soundings took we,
We had forty fathoms and a bright sandy bottom
And we squared our mainyard and up channel stood we.

The first land we made was called the Dead Man,

We passed by Beachy and by Dungeness and Fairley
Till [at length] we arrived at North Foreland light.

These words are very fragmentary. The song was described by its singer as "A Royal Navy song."—R. V. W.

Captain Marryat first quoted the words in his Novel "Poor Jack," and William Chappell in *Popular Music*, 1856-9, gave an air under the title "Farewell and Adieu," which has been frequently reprinted. The present air is a variant of it. The words are on ballad sheets of the Catnach period. The song may be most aptly described as "Sailing directions for the English channel," as almost every notable point from Ushant to the North Foreland is mentioned.—F. K.

A version of this beautiful ballad was given me by Mr. R. R. Terry and is printed in *A Book of British Song*, No. 15. I have also an unpublished variant that was sung to me by an old Bridgwater sailor.

For other versions, see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 736; Tozer's *Sailors' Songs and Chanties*, p. 736; and Mr. Baring Gould's *English Minstrelsie*, iv, p. 56 (and note). Mr. Vaughan Williams' version is the only one that I have seen in which the leading note is flattened throughout.—C. J. S.

31.—JOHN RAE BURN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CRIST,

IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

My..... name it is John Rae - burn, In..... Glas - gow I was
 born,..... The place all of my res - i - dence I'm forced to leave in
 (a) scorn,..... The place all of my res - i - dence, I'm forced to gang a -
 (b) - wa' To leave the [love - ly] hills and dales of Cal - e - do - ni - a.
 Variants.
 (a)
 (b)

My character soon taken was and I was sent to gaol,
 My friends stood all around me, there was none that could me bail.
 And then my old mother her gray old locks did tear,
 Saying, "O son, what have you done to be sent so far awa'?"

When we reached the gangway leading to the ship,
 The guard stood all around me for fear I'd make a break,
 The guard stood all around me for fear I'd break awa',
 And try to regain the hills and dales of Caledonia.

There is a girl in Glasgow town, a girl I love so well,
 And if ever I do return again with her I'll dwell,
 I'll quit all my night walking and shun bad company,
 And farewell to the hills and dales of Caledonia.

According to Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, vol. ii, 1901, the hero of the ballad was one James Raeburn, a baker, who was transported for theft (though innocent) some sixty years ago.

As "The Hills of Caledonia Oh" I have the words on several broadsides, the name being as Ford has it, "Jamie Raeburn"; there are six verses.—F. K.

32.—IT'S OF AN OLD LORD.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ELMER,
 IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

It's of an old Lord who in Lon - don did dwell, He

(a) had but one daugh - ter whom a sail - or loved well; There was

(b) many came to see her, But she re - fused them all, And

(c) for that young sail - or who was pro - per and tall.

Variants. (a) (b) (c)

Her father went to her one day with a frown,
 Saying, "Is there a lord or duke in this town
 But he can enjoy your sweet lovely face,
 For to marry this young man your friends to disgrace."

Now her father was grieved, but not to the heart,
 To think he should force this young couple to part.
 "It would cost me ten hundred bright guineas," said he,
 "I'll send for the press gang and I'll send him to sea."

They went to get married, got to the church door,
They met with the press gang, about half a score,
They pressed her own true love on to the salt sea
And instead of being married brought sorrowful day.

Now soon you shall hear how it fell to her lot,
To be a true lover's messmate though he knew it not ;
It was every morning this young couple arose,
They got up together and slipped on their clothes.

(Some verses evidently missing here).

Saying, " I once had a true love in London," says he,
" But her cruel father forced me to sea ;
Come tell unto me the day of your birth,
Tell unto me with a good deal of truth.

For I am your true love and you are my joy,
And if I can't have you my life I'll destroy,"
" Now we'll send for the parson, the parson with speed,
Now we'll send for the parson and married we'll be."
" If ever I'm married it shall be to you,
Here's adieu to my father and all he can do."

33.—NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams,
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOODS,
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Fare - well ye splen - did cit - a - del, met - ro - po - lis called Par - is, Where
Phoe - bus ev - 'ry morn - ing shoots forth re - ful - gent beams, Where
Flor - a's bright au - ror - a ad - vanc - ing from the O - ri - ent, With ra - diant light a -
- dorn - ing the pure shin - ing streams. At eve when Cen - ture does re - tire,
While the o - cean glides like fire, And the u - ni - verse ad - mires our mer - chandise and
store: Com - mand - ing Flor - a's fra - grance, the fer - tile fields to
de - cor - ate To il - lu - min - ate the Cor - si - can a - gain on the French shore.

For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 14.—R. V. W.

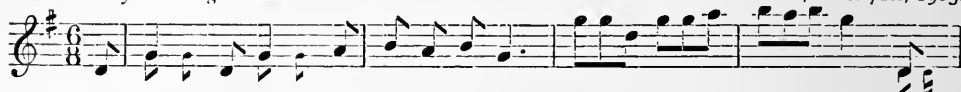
The words are on a ballad sheet by Taylor, London.—F. K.

SONGS COLLECTED FROM SUSSEX.

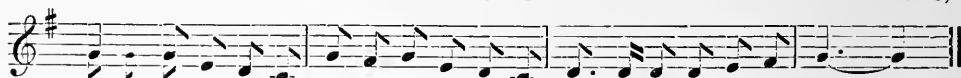
34.—THE DEVIL AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW,
OF HORSHAM, DEC. 7TH, 1903.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



The De - vil he came to an old man at plough, (*Whistle.*)..... Saying,



"One of your fam - i - ly I must have now to my fal - de - ral lit - tle - law - day..

It is not you nor yet your son,
But your bad scolding wife that you have got at home,
To my fal, etc."

"O take her, O take her with all my heart,
And I wish she and you may never more part.
To my fal, etc."

The devil he took her upon his back,
And like a bold Scotchman he carried his pack.
To my fal, etc.

The devil he took her upon his prong,
And into hell he put her headlong.
To my fal, etc.

There was two young devils in chains, in chains,
She took off her pattens and knocked out their brains.
To my fal, etc.

Two more young devils jumped over the wall,
Saying "Turn her out, father, or she will kill us all."
To my fal, etc.

Now to conclude and make an end,
You see the women is worse than the men,
If they get sent to Hell, they get kicked back again,
To my fal, etc.

A version of the words of this song is given in Child's Ballads, with a note that it used to be sung in Sussex with a whistling chorus.

For an account of Mr. Burstow and his songs see the preface to Part iv (Vol. i, p. 139) of the *Folk-Song Journal*.—R. V. W.

A version of the words of this Sussex Whistling Song was first printed as such by Mr. J. H. Dixon in a volume of *Traditional English Song* which he contributed to the Percy Society, in 1846. This collection is now best known by its reprinted edition *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* . . . edited by Robert Bell, 1857, and later editions. Dixon's version differs from the above and is said to have been sung to the air "Lilliburlero." The song must have been current all over the country and no doubt, in sundry forms, has been a very old joke.

In Scotland it got permanently fixed in print as "Kellyburn Braes" in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792. It was contributed by Robert Burns and is generally said to have been written by him. This, of course, is quite improbable, though he may have touched it here and there. Another version of "Kellyburn Braes," strikingly like Mr. Burstow's words, occurs in Cromeck's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810.

The tune printed in Johnson's *Museum* has no resemblance to the Sussex one.—F. K.

In *Sussex Songs and Music*, a paper contributed to the British Archæological Association in 1886 by the late F. E. Sawyer, Esq., F.S.A., a version of this song is given, called "The Sussex Farmer's Old Wife." The first verse runs

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

Mr. Sawyer states that the tune of "Lilliburlero" was used for his words, which differ a good deal in phraseology from those here printed. Burns merely founded his "Carle of Killyburn Braes" upon the older song; Mrs. Burns, when informing Cromeck of the alterations that her husband made on old songs, said of it "Robert gae this ane a terrible brushing."

The tune given in Johnson's *Museum* is very much like that of "T'owd yowe wi' one horn" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 79), and I trace a certain likeness in both to the tune here printed.—L. E. B.

See also *The Songs of Robert Burns* by James C. Dick, No. 331 and note. It is there stated that "another and a different version by Burns is in *Aitken's*, edit. 1893." Mr. Dick also says that "Cromeck printed a version in *Nithsdale's and Galloway Songs*, 1810-83, differing materially from Burns and represented to be the Burns original, which I do not believe."—C. J. S.

35.—THE DEEDS OF NAPOLEON.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,

DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams

You he - roes of the day that are live - ly brave and
 gay, On - ly think of for - mer cham - pi - ons by land and
 sea, Midst the bat - tle's fire a - ray, when the can - non loud do
 play, Like hearts of oak they smiled on their en - 'mies.

Variants.

Words as given on a ballad-sheet by R. Barr, of Leeds (c. 1850).

You heroes of the day, that are lively, brave, and gay,
 Only think of former champions by land and sea,
 'Midst the battle's fierce array, when cannons loud did play,
 Like hearts of oak they smil'd and met their enemy.

The total pride of France, with his eagles did advance.
 That hero came from Corsica, and prov'd himself a don,
 Tho' Kings he did dethrone, and some thousands caus'd to groan,
 Yet we miss the long lost Emperor Napoleon.

Duncan, Jarvis, and Lord Howe, long the ocean they did plough,
 They fought the French, the Spaniards, and the Danish fleet;
 When the crimson gore did flow, then true courage they did show,
 They fought with desperation, and never was beat.
 The French did cry "Mon Dieu!" while their decks to pieces flew,

The Spaniards did surrender, the Danish fleet was quite undone,
 Bold Boney fought on land, like an Emperor so grand,
 And his soldiers cried, "Long life to Napoleon."

Then the Norfolk hero bold, he was never brib'd by gold,
Great honour to Lord Nelson, now a long time dead,
To Copenhagen, and the Nile, he led them rank and file,
But alas ! at Trafalgar he fell and bled !

When Captain Hardy he, did his duty so free,
And Collinwood he acted like a true Britannia's son,
He made a dreadful crash, and there enemies did thrash,
But now I must tell the deeds of bold Napoleon.

Then Boney in a rage did his enemies engage,
And 'twas on the Peninsula he declared a war,
He manœuvered his men, like the council of ten,
When he went to Valenciennes and Vittoria.

Then at Bazacco hill, where the blood would turn a mill,
From whence to Egypt he did go, but soon away did run,
To France he went again, and rose a powerful train,
Now, " come on my lads to Moscow " cried Napoleon.

'Twas over the Alps so wild, he led his men and smil'd,
Over hills and lofty mountains, and a barren plain,
When Moscow was in view, they their trumpets loudly blew,
But soon it turned their joy to grief and pain.

For Boney in amaze, beheld old Moscow in a blaze,
Then his gallant army vanish'd like snow before the sun,
To France he went near craz'd, and another army rais'd,
Now, " come on to death or glory," cried Napoleon,

Then he away from France, with his army did advance,
He made the Dutch and Germans before him fly,
And then at Quatre Bras, he let loose the dogs of war,
Where many thousand Prussians did fall and die.

And then at Waterloo, many thousands he slew,
Causing many a mother to weep for her son,—
Many a maid to shed a tear, for her lover so dear,
Who died in the battles of Napoleon.

Tho' so bravely he fought, he at Waterloo was bought,
He was took to St. Helena where he pin'd away and died,
Long time he there did lay, till Soult did come this way,
To beg the bones of Bonaparte ! the Frenchman's pride.

Oh ! bring him back again, it will ease the Frenchman's pain,
And in a tomb of marble we will lay him with his son ;
We will decorate his tomb, with the glories he has won,
And in letters of bright gold inscribe " Napoleon."

The middle cadence of this tune is distinctly Æolian in character.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad must have been written before the second funeral of Napoleon.

I suspect all these ballads having Napoleon for their hero, (in both senses of the word,) have emanated from an Irish source, or from that large party of Englishmen who, originally holding the opinions of Thomas Paine, drifted, themselves and their successors into chartists. The ballad with its tune is known in Leeds, but I have never been able to hear it sung.—F. K.

36—GRAND CONVERSATION ON NAPOLEON.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

'Twas o - ver that wild beat - ing track, a friend of [the] bold
 "Ha! hush, rude winds," the stran - ger cried, "While I [do] range this
 Bon - a - parte, Did pace the sands and loft - y rocks of
 drear - y spot, Wherea - las this gal - lant he - ro his
 Saint Hel - e - na shore; The wind blew in an
 hea - vy (?) eyes... did close; But, while his va - liant
 hur - ri - cane, the light - 'ning flash a - round did dart, The
 limbs do rot, his name sha'l ne - ver be for - got." This
 sea - gulls were shriek - ing and the waves all round did roar.
 grand con - ver - sa - tion on Na - po - le - on a - rose.

" Ha, England," he cried, " why did you persecute that hero bold ?
 Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo.
 Napoleon was a friend to heroes all, both young and old,
 He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go.
 Plans were arranging night and day, this bold commander to betray,
 He cries " I will go to Moscow and then it will ease my woes,
 If fortune shine without delay,
 All the world shall me obey "

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

" Thousands of thousands he then did rise
 To conquer Moscow by surprise,
 He led his men across the Alps oppress by frost and snow ;
 But being near the Russian land
 He then began to open his eyes,
 All Moscow was a blazing and his men drove to and fro.
 Napoleon dauntless viewed the flames
 And wept in anguish for the same,
 He cried, " Retreat, my gallant men, for time do swiftly go."
 What thousands died on that retreat,
 Some were their horses forced to eat."

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

" At Waterloo his men they fought, commanded by great Bonaparte,
 Attended by Field-Marshal Ney and he was bribed with gold.
 When Blucher led the Prussians in it nearly broke Napoleon's heart ;
 He cried, " My thirty-thousand men are slain and I am sold," [crossed,
 He viewed the plains and cried, " 'Tis lost," 'twas then his favourite charger
 The plains were in confusion with blood and dying woes
 The bunch of roses did advance
 And boldly entered into France."

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

The words of this ballad with a capital tune are included in Dr. Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), see my remarks on the Napoleon ballads under " Deeds of Napoleon." Chappell has " A Grand Conversation under the Rose," p. 730, old edition. There were also issued about 1855-6 ballad sheets, " The Grand Conversation on Sebastopol," and others, all of the same metre and adapted to some particular tune or tunes associated with these " Conversations."

The Napoleon " Conversation " is on a Catnach ballad sheet.—F. K.

37.—PRETTY WENCH.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

It's of a pret-ty wench, That came run-ning 'long a trench, And
sweet-heart she could not get one, "When there's many a dir-ty sow a
sweet-heart has got now, And I a pret-ty wench can't get
one, get one, get one, And I a pret-ty wench can't get one.

A ploughman dresses fine,
He drinks strong beer, ale and wine,
And the best of tobacco he do smoke;
Saying "Pretty maids don't think it amiss
A ploughman to kiss,
For his breath smells as sweet as a rose, a rose, a rose,
His breath smells as sweet as a rose."

A ploughman in his shirt
He completely does his work,
And so loudly to the little boy do call,
Saying "Be nimble and be quick
By the swishing of your whip,"
And so merrily he'll rattle them along, along, along,
And so merrily he'll rattle them along.

When our shears are shod
To the blacksmith off we wad (?)
And so loudly to the blacksmith we do call,
Saying "Be nimble and be quick,
And throw your blows in thick," [around,
And so merrily he will swing his hammer round, around,
And so merrily he'll swing his hammer round.

When our shears are done
 To the alehouse we do run,
 And so loudly to the landlord we do call:
 Saying "Bring to us some beer
 For while I am here,
 A ploughman is always a-dry, a-dry, a-dry,
 A ploughman is always a-dry."

This tune should be compared with "There was a pretty Lass, and a Tenant o my own" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. Chappell states that that air was introduced into very many ballad-operas, and also that the ballad is printed on broadsides with music under the title of "The condescending Lass." It belongs to a type of tune of which "The Cruiskeen Lawn" is an Irish variant. For exhaustive notes see Chappell's *Popular Music* (comparing also "Paul's Steeple" therein) "The Cruiskeen Lawn" in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and "John Anderson my Jo" in Wood's *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* with notes by G. Farquhar Graham.—L. E. B.

38.—THE NORTH FLEET.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW,
 Nov., 1905.

(a)

It was one sum - mer's morn - ing, The four - tenth day of
 May, Our north fleet [it] weighed an - chor, From Spit - head sailed a -
 way. The sun did shine most glor - ious To Lis - bon we were
 Variant.
 bound. The hills and fields were li - néd, With pret - ty girls all round.

There was one lofty damsel just in her blooming years,
Making woeful lamentation, her eyes were filled with tears,
It was for her best beloved, as you may understand,
Who had a great mind to travel into some foreign land.

Little did she think of parting with her own heart's delight,
Until he came and told her he must go out to fight,
For to defend the nation and them that dwell therein,
And as he did salute her these words she did begin—

“Come marry me, sweet William, come marry me I pray,
My heart is full of sorrow and well enough it may,
For the cause of all my grieving for you it is well known,
So marry me, sweet William, and leave me not alone.”

“Where the drums and trumpets sounding to drown the dismal cry,
Poor men they lay bleeding, it is a dismal sight to see,
So stay at home, dear Polly, and do not go with me.”

“Talk you not of danger, for, love, I am incline
To see the line of battle and there to spend my time,
Along with you I will venture all for old England's pride,
And never will we part, love, until the day we die.”

This tune has a slight resemblance to that usually associated with “Erin's lovely Home.”—R. V. W.

Cf. “Lisbon” *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 22.

The Somerset tune has many points in common with the Sussex version.—
C. J. S

39.—THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,

Nov., 1905.

You peo - ple that live at home eas - y, And free from the ri - ot of
war, (Two lines missing.)
Know that long has the scythe of de - struc-tion Been sweeping our na-tion a -
- round; It nev - er yet cut with such keenness As on the great eighteenth of June.

From half past five in the morning, to half past seven at night
The people of the [?] never before saw such a sight,
When the thunder of five hundred cannons proclaiming the battle was won,
The Moon in the night overshone, as recorded the eighteenth of June.

You lasses whose sweethearts were yonder, go gaily and buy a black gown,
A thousand I will lay to a hundred he fell on the eighteenth of June,
Sixty thousand stout hearted mortals that fell, made an awful paltune (?)
Many a sad heart will remember with sorrow the eighteenth of June.

What a sad heart had poor Boney
To take up instead of a crown
A canter for Brussels and Paris
Lamenting the eighteenth of June.

Mr. Burstow learnt this song from a soldier in the Rifle Brigade who fought at Waterloo. Mr. Burstow thinks it was sung by the soldiers during the campaign.

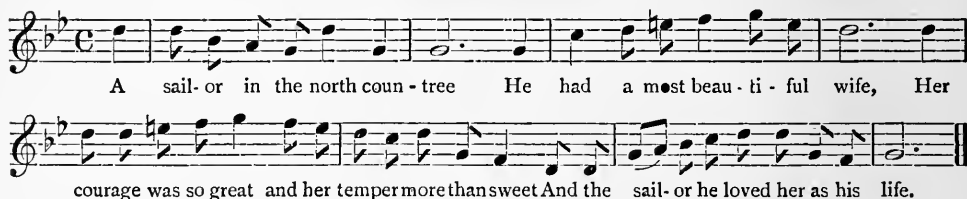
The tune has some resemblance to those of "The green mossy banks of the Lea" in this collection.—R. V. W.

Sir C. V. Stanford had, many years ago, a set of verses on the Crimean war, which was sung to "The Groves of Blarney." Those verses, though comic in their effect, may possibly have had a serious origin, such as would have corresponded closely with these examples of the class.—J. A. F. M.

40.—A SAILOR IN THE NORTH COUNTEE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,
FORMERLY OF MONK'S GATE, NEAR HORSHAM, MAY 24TH, 1904.



As they were walking out one day,
They met a noble captain on the way,
Kind obedience to the maid, but she bowed and nothing said,
'Twas her beauty did the captain's heart betray.

The captain to his house then he goes,
And sent for the sailor straight away,
"My business runs so: to the West Indies you must go,
In the morning or by the break of day."

"To obey the noble master I will go
On the seas to venture my life; "
But a little did he dream the captain's heart was so inflamed,
On the charms of his most beautiful wife.

The sailor to his wife then he goes,
And kissed her and called her his dear.
"Bad news I have to tell you, I must bid you farewell,
In the morning when daylight does appear."

As soon as she heard him say so,
She wrung her hands and bitterly did cry,
She kissed him and said "My dear Jimmy I'm afraid
You'll be drowned in the raging ocean wide."

The hour and the moment did come,
The poor sailor no longer could stay,
To hear his wife lament filled his heart with discontent,
He kissed her and went weeping away.

He had only been gone two days or three
On the seas for to venture his life,
Before the captain came, with his heart in great flame,
To seize on the poor sailor's wife.

"Your pardon dear lady," he cried,
 "Pardon dear lady, if you please,
 Pardon if you please, for 'tis you can give me ease
 One night to enjoy your sweet charms."

"O, are you any lord, duke, or king,
 Or are you any ruler of the land?
 The king shall lose his crown before my feet you shall lie down,
 Or before I will be at your command."

'Twas only one twelve months ago,
 That I was made your man Jimmy's bride,
 The pleasing to my lot the best of husbands I have got,
 I'll be constant unto him for life."

The opening phrases of this tune have some similarity to those of "Salisbury Plain," in this collection.

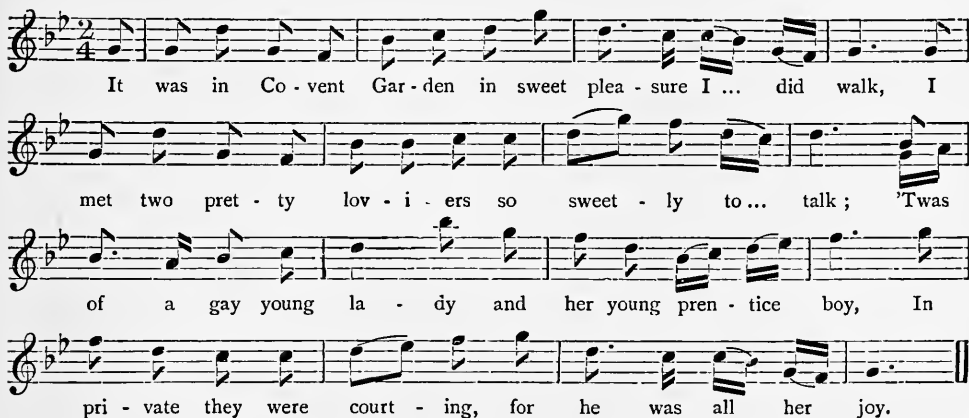
41.—COVENT GARDEN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,

MAY 24TH, 1904.



It was in Co-vent Gar-den in sweet plea-sure I ... did walk, I
 met two pret-ty lov-i-ers so sweet-ly to... talk; 'Twas
 of a gay young la-dy and her young pren-tice boy, In
 pri-vate they were court-ing, for he was all her joy.

He said "Dear honoured lady, I'm your apprentice boy,
 However could I hope a lady to enjoy?"

"Your cheeks they are like roses, your humours are so free,
 My dear, if ever I marry it shall be unto thee."

When her own dear parents came to understand,
 This young man they banished into a foreign land,
 While she lay broken hearted, lamenting she did cry
 "For my handsome, charming apprentice a maid I'll live and die."

This young man to a merchant a waiting lad was bound,
And by his good behaviour good fortune there he found,
He soon became a butler which proved a note of fame,
And by his own desire a steward soon he came.

A fortune in the lottery this young man put down
There he gained a ticket worth twenty thousand pounds,
Then with gold and silver this young man did proceed,
And back to England he returned to his true love with speed.

When she beheld his features she flew from his arms,
"No lord or duke or nobleman shall ever enjoy my charms;
I curse your gold that glitters, your riches I defy,
For my handsome, charming apprentice a maid I'll live and die."

He said "Dear honoured lady, you have been in my arms,
Here is the ring you gave to me for kissing of your charms,
You vowed if ever I married you your charms I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I'm your apprentice boy."

Then she beheld his features and flew into his arms,
With kisses out of measure she enjoyed his charms,
'Twas down in Covent Garden their road to church they found,
In everlasting comfort these lovers they were bound.

Mrs. Verrall won the prize offered by the *West Sussex Gazette* in 1905 with this beautiful tune.—R. V. W.

42.—SALISBURY PLAIN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
ÆOLIAN.

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

(a)

As I walked o - ver Saliz - bur - y plain O there I met a

(b)

scamp - ing young blade, He kissed me and en - ti - ced me

(c)

so..... Till a - long with him I was forced for to go.

Variants.

(a) (b) (c)

Ear - ly next morn - ing my love he a - rose And so
nim - bly he put on his clothes, Straight to the high - way he set
sail,..... And there he robbed the coach called the mail.
or, he rob - bed all the coaches of the mail.

(These verses are sung as verse one.)

O, it's now my love in Newgate gaol do lie,
Expecting every moment to die,
The Lord have mercy on his poor soul,
For I think I hear the death-bell to toll.

So come you young men, and a warning take by me,
And never keep those flash girls company,
For if that you do you will rue,
And you'll die upon the high-drop at last.

(Several verses have been omitted.)

Another interesting variant of this tune was also sung to me in Sussex, as follows:—

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. T. CHENNEL,
AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, DEC. 23RD, 1904.

This tune would certainly be Æolian if it were not for the B♭ in bar five. This, it seems to me, is not a Dorian characteristic but effects that transition to a different

tonal centre which in harmonic music has been developed into modulation. This, it seems to me, is also the case in several so-called Dorian tunes. This is, of course, merely a chance suggestion which I hope will one day be thoroughly discussed by folk-song experts.

Another tune to these words is given in Vol. i, p. 150, of this journal. The two tunes, though superficially quite different, have a curious resemblance of phraseology which points to a common origin.—R. V. W.

I noted the Sussex version of "Salisbury Plain" referred to above (Vol. i, p. 150), at a great disadvantage, as Mr. Burstow would only hum the tune, and got confused, saying that he never could sing without words. His rhythm was impossible to note, but seemed most to fall into $\frac{3}{4}$ -time. However, Mr. Burstow's tune if it had been sung to words might have taken a more definite shape, and proved to be in the same rhythm as the above.—L. E. B.

The tune, especially the cadence of line two, may be compared with "Bristol Town," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 148.—J. A. F. M.

43.—THE JOLLY THRESHERMAN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN (DORIAN?).

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

It's of a no - ble - man in the vil - lage of late, It's
of a jol - ly thresh - er - man whose fam - i - ly was great, He
had sev - en chil - dren and most of them were small And
no - thing but his la - bour to main - tain them all.
Variant of 3rd line in Verse 5.
with my frail on my shoul - der, and a bot - tle of good beer, I'm as

The nobleman came to him and unto him did say,
"How do you maintain your wife and family?"
"Sometimes I reap, sir, and sometimes I mow,
And other times to hedging or ditching I go.

.
Nothing goes amiss with me, the harrow or the plough,
And so I gain my living by the sweat of my brow.

When I go home at night as tired as I may be,
I take my youngest child and sit it on my knee,
The others they come round me with a sweet and prattling joy
That's all the pleasure that a poor man can enjoy.

My wife she is willing to chirp or cheer,
We live like two turtle doves with thousands a year,
With my frail on my shoulder, and a bottle of strong beer,
I'm as happy as those with ten thousand a year."

I have marked this tune as Mixolydian or Dorian; experts differ as to how tunes of this type should be classed—see below. A version of this tune with the sharp third throughout was sung to me by Mrs. Humphreys of Ingrave, Essex, to the words of "The Golden Glove."—R. V. W.

For full history of the song, and another traditional version see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79.—F. K.

For other examples of Mixolydian tunes, with occasional flattened thirds, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 5, 16, and 37; and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, second series, No. 47.

Tunes with this tonal peculiarity, although exceptional, are not therefore uncommon; I have one or more instances among my unpublished tunes.

If the examples, above cited, be carefully studied it will be found that despite the inflection of the third the tunes in every case retain their Mixolydian character; at any rate they are Mixolydian rather than Dorian.

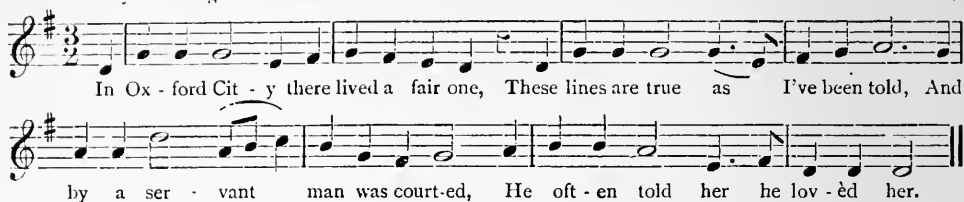
The tonal peculiarity exhibited by these tunes may possibly be traced to the influence of Plain Song. For in the 7th tone of the Church system—which corresponds to the Mixolydian—the 3rd note, B, may be flattened at will.—C. J. S.

The tune seems to me to be Dorian with an *accidental* sharp in the last line.—
J. A. F. M.

44.—OXFORD CITY.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams



In Ox - ford Cit - y there lived a fair one, These lines are true as I've been told, And
by a ser - vant man was court-ed, He oft - en told her he lov - ed her.

She loved him too, but at a distance,
She did not seem to be quite so fond,
He said "My dear you seem to slight me,
I'm sure you love some other one."

It was soon after this lovely creature
Was invited to a dance, you know,
This jealous young man followed after,
And soon prepared her overthrow.

As she was dancing with some other,
His jealousy soon filled his mind;
To destroy his own true lover
This jealous young man was inclined.

And then some poison he prepared
And mixed it in a glass of wine,
He gave it to his own true love,
She drank it down so cheerfully.

As soon as she drank the wine she felt it,
"O take me home my dear," said she,
"The glass of wine you lately gave me
Makes me as ill as ill can be."

As they were walking home together,
This jealous young man to her did say,
"I gave you poison in your liquor,
To take your tender sweet life away.

I have dranked of the same, my jewel,
I soon shall die as well as thee."
In each other's arms they died,
So young men beware of jealousy.

For similar words see "In Newport Street" in this collection.—R. V. W.

The words of this song are common on broadsides. I have copies printed by
Harkness of Preston and Such of London.—F. K.

Cf. the tune of Lord Bateman, *Sussex Songs*.—L. E. B.

45.—FARE THEE WELL.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,

DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

“ Fare thee well, my dear-est dear, Fare thee well, a - dieu, [For] I must go to
 sea for the sake of you, love, And a pa - tient heart, and you must bear the
 [Have?] [for?]
 smart, Since you and I..... must part... my tur - tle dove.”

Silver and gold, houses and land,
 What more can you desire, love, don't complain,
 Jewels you shall have, servants to wait on thee,
 But you must think of me when I'm gone.”

“ Your gold I'll count like dust when you have fled,
 Your absence proves me lost, and strikes me dead,
 When you are from (?) your servants I'll have none,
 I could rather live alone than company.”

She dressed herself in man's attire,
 For to go to sea was her heart's desire,
 She cut her lovely hair, but no mistrust was there
 That she a maiden were, all at the time.

To Venice we were bound with heart's content,
 No fear of ship being wrecked away we went,
 From London in one day our ship was cast away,
 Which caused our lives to lay in discontent.

Our ship was cast away, misfortune it did frown,
 I swam to shore but she was drowned,
 Now she lies in the deep in everlasting sleep
 Which causes me to weep for evermore.

46.—OUR CAPTAIN CALLS.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Our cap - tain calls all hands on board to - mor - row
Leav - ing my dear to... mourn in grief and sor - row
Dry up those bri - ny... tears and leave off weep - ing
So hap - py may we be..... at our next meet - ing.

For the rest of the words and a variant of this tune see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 131.—R. V. W.

I have noted down a Somerset version of this song, as irregular in its rhythm as the above, and the tune in the *Journal*.—C. J. S.

47.—ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. TED BAINES,
PLUMMER'S PLAIN, LOWER BEEDING, DEC. 22ND, 1904.

All things are quite si - lent, each mor - tal at rest, When me and my
love got snug in one nest, When a bold set of ruf - fi'ns they
en - tered our cave, And they forced my dear jew - el to plough the salt wave.

I begged hard for my sailor, as though I begged for life,
 They'd not listen to me although a fond wife,
 Saying, "The king he wants sailors, to the sea, he must go,"
 And they've left me lamenting in sorrow and woe.

Through green fields and meadow we oft'times did walk,
 And sweet conversation of love we have talked,
 With the birds in the woodland so sweetly did sing,
 And the lovely thrushes' voices made the valleys to ring.

Although my love's gone I will not be cast down,
 Who knows but my sailor may once more return?
 And will make me amends for all trouble and strife,
 And my true love and I might live happy for life.

48.—THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM.

SUNG BY MR. GARMAN,

FOREST GREEN, SURREY, DEC. 1903.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

I am a plough-boy stout and strong as ev - er drove a team, Now
 three years since I slept in bed I had an aw - ful dream: Now
 since the dream has done me good, I'll put it down in rhyme, That
 oth - er boys might read and sing, When - ev - er they have time.

I dreamt I drove my master's team with Dobbin, Bald and Star,
 Before a stiff and handy plough, as all my master's are.
 I found the ground was baked so hard, 'twas more like bricks than clay,
 I could not cut my furrow through, nor would my beasts obey.

* * * * *

Now Dobbin lay down, both Bald and Star they kicked and snorted sore,
 The more I lashed and cursed and swore the less my cattle stir.
 Then lo, above me a bright youth did seem to hang in air,
 With purple wings and golden hands, as angels painted are.

Mr. Garman, though living now in Surrey, is a native of Sussex; I have therefore included this among Sussex Songs, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 99.

Mr. Garman only remembered fragments of the words.—R. V. W.

Compare tune with "The Country Farmer's Son," *Songs of the West*, No. 69.—
C. J. S.

49.—HORN FAIR.

SUNG BY MR. TEAL,

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, DEC. 23RD, 1904.

As I..... was a - walk - ing... one morn - ing in spring,
So soft..... blew the winds and... the leaves grow - ing green,
I met a pret - ty dam - sel [all ?] on a grey mare, As
she..... was a ri - - ding on to Horn... Fair.

I asked this pretty damsel for to let me ride
"O no," then "O no, my mammy would sigh,
And besides my old daddy would bid me for sure,
And never let me ride on the grey mare any more."

"O, O my pretty damsel how can you say so,
Since it is my intention Horn Fair to go?
We will join the best of company when we do get there,
With horns on our heads as fine as our hair."

There were the finest horns as ever you did behold,
There were the finest horns as were gilded with gold,
And ride merry, merry, merrily Horn Fair we did go,
Like jolly brisk couples, boys, and all in a row.

This tune is thought worthy of inclusion because of its remarkable similarity to a German *Volk-lied* introduced by Humperdinck into Act II of "Hansel und Gretel."
—R. V. W.

50.—OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT.

(CAROL)

SUNG BY MR. HUNT,

AT WIMBLEDON, SEPT., 1905.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Our... Sa - viour tar - ried out on a high hol - i - day, Some
drops of rain did... fall... did... fall, Our Sa - viour asked leave of his
mo-ther Mar - y, Might he go and play... at the ball.

"To play at the ball, my own dearest son,
It is time you're going, or gone, or gone,
And it's never let me hear of your ill-doing
At night when you don't come home."

It was up the hall, it was down the hall,
Our Saviour he did run, did run,
As our Saviour was a-running for to play at the ball,
He met three jolly jolly dons.

"Well met, well met, you three jolly dons,
Well met, well met," said he,
"And its which of you three jolly, jolly dons,
Will play at the ball with me?"

Our Saviour built a bridge by the sunbeams of the sun,
And 'twas over the bridge went he, went he,
And the dons they went a-following after he,
And they got drowned all three.

"O mother, dear mother, don't scold on your son,
For 'twas over the bridge went he, went he,
And the dons they went a-following after he,
And they got drowned all three."

She gathered an armful of small withys
And laid him across her knee, her knee,
And with that armful of small withys
She gave him lashes three.

"O the withy, the withy, the bitter withy,
That has caused me to smart, to smart,
And the withy it shall be and the very first tree,
Shall perish all at the heart."

Mr. Hunt is a native of Sussex and learnt this carol at his home ; I have, therefore, included it among Sussex songs.

Can the verse dealing with the sunbeam-bridge be traced to a Norse origin?—
R. V. W.

A most extraordinary carol. The words, I should say, are very old. The tune has points of resemblance to some other carol melodies.—F. K.

Mrs. Leather has noted a Herefordshire version of this carol to a different tune. Her singer called it "The Sally Twigs." A modernised arrangement of 'traditional words' to a 'traditional tune' from Derbyshire is in Stainer's *Christmas Carols* where it is called "The Holy Well." The Derbyshire tune is quite unlike that here given.
—L. E. B.

51.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BOOKER,
KINGSFOLD, NOV. 8TH, 1905.

At the age of six - teen he was a mar - ried man, At the
age of... seven-teen he was fa - ther of a son, At the
age of... eight-teen his green grave was grow - ing o - ver him, For my
A very long pause here.
bon - ny love is young but he's grow - ing..

Mr. Booker only knew this verse. For the rest of the words and a tune with a similar cadence see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 44. See also the exhaustive notes on this ballad given there. For another tune and notes see also *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 214.—R. V. W.

52.—THE LONG WHIP.

SUNG BY MR. BACK.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

AT RODMELL, SUSSEX, JAN. 10TH, 1906.

'Twas of an old man who lived in the cit - y, He had a wife who was
won - der - ful pret - ty, She had a good no - tion of writ - ing a let - ter, Her
hus - band loved well but a - noth - er one bet - ter. Fol - lol - de - lol - lay.

The rest of the words are not suitable for this journal.—R. V. W.

53.—COME ALL YOU JOLLY PLOUGH-MEN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOOLER,

TELSCOMBE, JAN. 10TH, 1906.

Come all you jol - ly plough - men and lis - ten to me, I'll
sing in the praise of you all, For if we don't la - bour how
shall we get bread? Let's sing and be mer - ry with - al.
Variants. la - bour how..... shall we get

COME ALL YOU YOUNG PLOUGH-BOYS.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. VERRALL,

OCT. 8TH, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Come all you young plough-boys and help me to sing, I will
sing in the praise of you all, For if we don't la-bour how
can we get bread? We'll sing and be mer-ry with-al.

Variant. Verse 4.

For the rest of the words and a variant of these two tunes see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 80.

54.—AS I WALKED OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

SUNG BY MR. DEADMAN,

AT RODMELL, JAN., 1906.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

As I walked o-ver Lon-don Bridge one mid-summer's morn-ing ear-ly O
there I spied a fair la-dy la-ment-ing for her Geor-die.

Variants.

(1) or (2)

For similar tunes and the rest of the words see Vol. i, p. 164 and Vol. ii, p. 27 of this journal. Though this tune has a major cadence the body of it is, in my opinion, characteristic of the Æolian mode, though experts who have seen the tune are inclined to doubt this.—R. V. W.

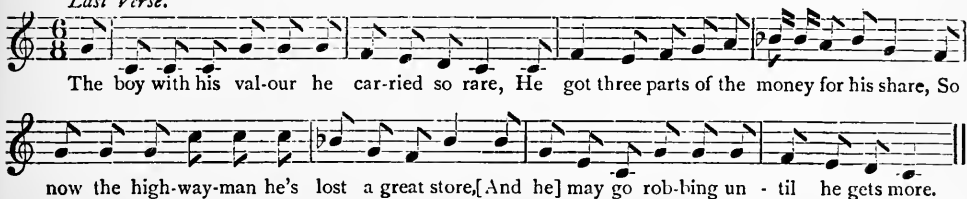
Cf. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 133; Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* 187, with tune in appendix; and Mr. Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns*. Mr. Dick states that Burns himself recovered the tune given in the *Scots Musical Museum*, and that the original Broadside was printed by Henry Gosson (c. 1630).—
C. J. S.

55.--IT'S OF AN OLD FARMER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG IN THE INN AT RODMELL,
JAN., 1906.

Last Verse.



The boy with his val-our he car-ried so rare, He got three parts of the money for his share, So
now the high-way-man he's lost a great store, [And he] may go rob-bing un - til he gets more.

For the rest of the words and two other tunes see "The Lincolnshire Farmer" in this collection.

For similar tunes see "A bold young farmer" in this collection.
"There is an alehouse" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252) and "My true love once" (Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 46).—R. V. W.

SONGS COLLECTED FROM WILTSHIRE.

56.—THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOOLFORD,
RAMSBURY, AUG. 27TH, 1904.

When first in this coun - try a stran - ger, Cur - os - i - ty caused me to
roam, O - ver Eur - ope I re - solved to be a stran - ger, So I left Phil - a -
del - phia my home. We quick - ly sailed o - ver to Eng - land.....
..... Where forms of great beau - ty do shine, Till at length I be -
held a fair dam - sel, And I wished in my heart she was mine.

For the rest of the words and a variant of this tune, with notes by the editing committee, see the Essex Songs in this collection.—R. V. W.

57.—ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. SMITH

BRITFORD, NEAR SALISBURY, SEPT. 1ST, 1904.

When I was young and in my prime, my age was twenty one, Then
I be - came a ser - vant un - to a gen - tle - man; I.....
served him true and hon - est, and that is ve - ry well known, But of
cru - el - ty they ban - ished me from Er - in's love - ly home.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOOLFORD,

RAMSBURY, AUG. 27TH, 1904

(a) Variant (a)

I was introduced to Mr. Smith by the Rev. Geoffry Hill, editor of *Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols*.

For a similar tune to Mr. Smith's and further verses, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 116.—R. V. W.

Cf. the first tune with that of "Brigg Fair" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 80.) "Brigg Fair" if played in common time has a strong likeness to it, and possibly both

tunes may have a common ancestor with "Lazarus" (*English County Songs*) and "Come all ye faithful Christians," for which, together with notes on the air, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 115-119.—L. E. B.

58.—AN ACRE OF LAND.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK BAILEY,
COOMBE BISSET, AUG. 31ST, 1904.

My fa - ther left me an a - cre of land, There goes this i - ver - y. (?) My

fa - ther left me an a - cre of land, And a bunch of green holly and i - ver - y.

I ploughed it with my ram's horn
There goes this ivery (?)
I sowed it with my thimble,
And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

I harrowed it with my bramble-bush,
There goes etc.
I reaped it with my penknife,
And a etc.

I sent it home in a walnut shell,
etc.
I threshed it with my needle and thread,
etc.

I winnowed it with my handkerchief,
etc.
I sent it to mill with a team of great rats,
etc.

The carter brought a curly whip,
etc.
The whip did pop and the waggon did stop,
etc.

The words are a version of an old nursery rhyme to be found in print in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. His version commences:—

My father he left me three acres of land,
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy.
My father he left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and Ivy.

I ploughed it one morning with a ram's horn,
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy.
And sowed it all over with one pepper corn,
Sing holly, go whistle and Ivy.

To this there has been printed the following fine old air, evidently traditional :—



See Moffatt and Kidson's *Children's Songs of Long Ago* (Augener and Co.)—F. K.

A Sussex quarry-man sang me a fragment of this song at Bury, near Amberley, with the refrain of "Sing ivy!" There are several known traditional versions in which plants figure in the burden, including "ivy," but it has been suggested that the latter word may be a corruption of "I-ho!" a favourite refrain in old drinking-songs and ballads [as "Here's a health to jolly Bacchus, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho" and "Blow the Winds, I-ho!"]

The ballad belongs to that large class of Riddle Tales or Songs which, as Professor Child reminds us, have their origin in the remotest antiquity. For his exceedingly interesting notes on the version here printed and on similar songs, see "Riddles wisely expounded" and "The Elfin Knight" in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.

Other examples of traditional riddle-songs are "Scarborough Fair," "There was a Lady in the West," "I will sing you one, O!" and "Cold Blows the Wind," (last verse only,) in *English County Songs*; "Whittingham Fair" in *Songs of Northern England*, "Scarborough Fair" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, "The Dilly Song" in *Songs of the West*, and "A Paradox" in Mason's "Nursery Rhymes."—L. E. B.

See also "The Lover's Tasks" and note thereto in *Songs of the West* No. 48.—

C. J. S.

SONGS COLLECTED FROM KENT, YORKSHIRE, AND LONDON.

59.—JOHN REILLY.

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

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. TRUELL,
GRAVESEND, DEC. 31ST, 1904.

John Reil - ly is my true love's name, He lives down by the quay, He
is the fi - nest of young men That ev - er my eyes did see, My
fa - ther he got rich - es great, Young Reil - ly he was poor, Be -
cause I loved my sail - or bold He could not me en - dure.

For the rest of the words and a version of the second half of the tune, (without, however, the characteristic flat leading note of the above,) see Vol. i, p. 256, of this Journal.—R. V. W.

I have noted down in Yorkshire an air to this ballad very similar to the above. The words are found on broadsides by many printers, as H. Such, W. Forth of Hull, etc., as "John O'Reilly" dated 1859. A version of the air is to be seen in "The Complete Petrie Collection," no. 351. Also in the first number of the Journal

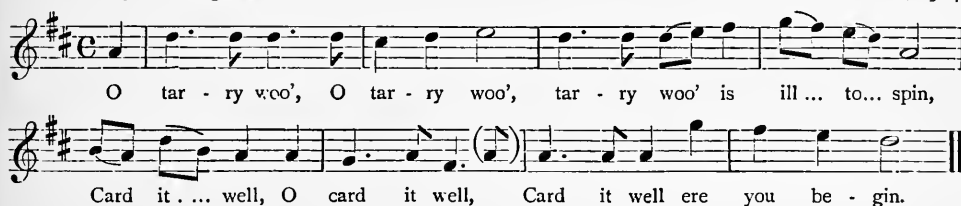
of the *Irish Folk-Song Society* under the title "One Evening Fair." The air and a fragment of the ballad are there contributed by Dr. Joyce.—F. K.

The tune should be compared with "Erin's Lovely Home," collected in North Devonshire by Mr. Cecil Sharp, and contributed by him to the first number of the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*.—L. E. B.

60.—TARRY WOO'.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN MASON,
DENT, AUG. 10TH, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



O tar - ry woo', O tar - ry woo', tar - ry woo' is ill ... to... spin,
Card it ... well, O card it well, Card it well ere you be - gin.

When it's carded, wove and spun, then your work is nearly done,
But when it's woven, dressed and clean, it will be clothing for a queen.

Up, you shepherds, dance and skip, o'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing of the praise of tarry woo', and of the flock that bears it too.

Poor harmless creatures, without blame they clothe the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty too, weel's on us our tarry woo'.

Sing of my bonny harmless sheep that feed upon yon mountains steep,
Sweetly bleating as they go, through the weary winter's snow.

Hart and hind and fallow deer not by half so useful are,
From kings to him that holds the plough, all are obliged to tarry woo'.

How happy is the shepherd's life, far from court and free from strife,
Whilst his gimmers bleat and bay and the lambkins skip and play.

Who'd be a king, can any tell, when a shepherd lives so well,
Lives so well and pays his due with a honest heart and tarry woo'?

He lives contented, envies none, e'en not the monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways he has no sweeter holidays.

And no such music to his ear, of thief or foe he has no fear,
For steady Kate and Curly too, will defend the tarry woo'.

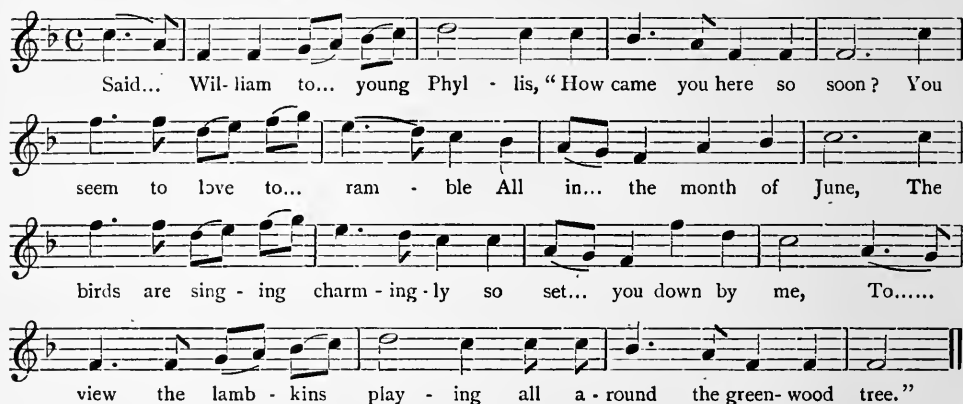
Mr. Mason only knew one verse traditionally, but supplied the rest from a version given in a local newspaper as being locally sung at "sheepshearings."—R. V. W.

This is a version of the old Scottish song "Tarry Woo'" which probably first appeared, so far as the words are concerned, in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" vol. iv., *circa* 1740, and the Scottish tune for it in McGibbon's second "Collection," 1746. A North of England version of "Tarry Woo'" was sung a year or two ago at the Westmorland Festival in the *Folk-Song* competition. The song appears to have been popular in such wild sheep rearing districts as the country round Dent in North Yorkshire.—F. K.

61.—WILLIAM AND PHYLLIS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY THREE MEN IN THE STREETS
OF WESTMINSTER, MARCH 24TH, 1904.



Said... Wil- liam to... young Phyl - lis, "How came you here so soon? You
seem to love to... ram - ble All in... the month of June, The
birds are sing - ing charm - ing - ly so set... you down by me, To.....
view the lamb - kins play - ing all a - round the green- wood tree."

She said, "My charming sailor, my parents do me blame,
They said to wed too early they thought it was a shame,
My father has declared he'll prove your overthrow,
Because you are a sailor bold that plough the ocean through.

But I never mind my father although he threatens you,
For though I am his daughter such usage will not do,
I will venture with my sailor, no longer will I mourn,
For you seldom find a better when your old sweetheart is gone."

Said William, "Now the ocean has summoned me away,
I hope you'll change your notion, and with your parents stay.
It will hurt your constitution, and your fingers are so small,
So stay at home and do not roam our cable ropes to haul."

Said Phyllis, " I have clothing all ready for the sea,
 So we will go together unto America,
 And then we'll be united and live so happily,
 And talk about our tales of love, likewise the greenwood tree."

They both did go together to sail the ocean wide,
 Young Phyllis did her duty, for William was her pride,
 But mark their desolation, the wind began to blow,
 The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, in flakes down fell the snow.

For three weeks on the ocean, they were tossed up and down,
 The ship had lost her anchors the masts away were blown ;
 When short of provisions and all prepared to die,
 Young Phyllis hung around her love and bitterly did cry.

Young William let the small boat down, and in it they did go,
 Poor Phyllis and young William all on the sea did row :
 Their drink it was salt water and that alone was sweet,
 They tore their clothing from their backs for they had nought to eat.

With thirst and cold and hunger they on their knees did pray,
 Midst lightning rain and thunder they passed their time away,
 At length upon a dismal night they were cast upon a strand
 On the coast of America, good and friendly land.

They met with kind assistance, it did their health restore,
 And now they are united all on that fruitful shore,
 They are happy in America, all in prosperity,
 Young Phyllis and young William who went away to sea.

This tune is interesting as proving that the Folk-Song survives in London.

I heard this song from my house in Barton Street, Westminster ; it was sung by three men selling ballad sheets. I bought a sheet from which the words above are copied.

The tune is, I think, undoubtedly a folk-tune, though perhaps not one of the most interesting ; it has some resemblance to the universal " Banks of Sweet Dundee " tune.—R. V. W.

It is most interesting to know that the genuine " ballad chanter " yet survives in London streets.

I have copies of the words of this ballad on broadsides. One printed by J. Catnach directs it to be sung to the tune of " William and Harriet," as does a Such broadside. Another copy is printed by Pratt of Birmingham ; they are all identical with each other and with the one here given.

The tune is decidedly a version of " The Banks of Sweet Dundee."—F. K.

Under the title " William and Harriet " I have noted down this ballad twice in Somerset. In both cases the tune was a variant of " The Banks of Sweet Dundee."

—C. J. S.

