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INTRODUCTION.

MY brother and I have collected folk-songs in many parts of Dorsetshire during the last two years. Our "hunting" (the pursuit really requires all the arts of the chase) has been desultory owing to my indifferent health; still, we have obtained up to now four hundred distinct ballads and songs, my brother noting words and I tunes. I have not made a point of recording *all* alternative versions of tunes, but have taken down some two hundred which impressed me.

About two thirds of the separate airs in our collection are major, the remaining third, together with a far larger proportion of the variants, Dorian, Mixolydian, or Æolian. One tune shows strong Phrygian influence. My experience of minor airs in Dorset confirms that of Mr. C. J. Sharp in Somerset. I have not yet heard one sung. I believe that they must have been always essentially "unpleasing to a *Dorset* ear," and that any that have been adopted by the folk have also been adapted to the favourite folk-modes. There is some evidence of such adaptation among the tunes I have noted.

The songs here printed, though few, represent the types of peasant song most popular in the county, though rollicking ballads, such as the "Friar in the Well," the "Jealous Old Woman," "Chilbridge Fair," and the "Derry Down" songs are more widely sung than might be inferred from the one or two examples I have been able to give.

Miss Gilchrist has pointed out that a good many folk-songs from Dorset are to be found in varying form of air and words in old Aberdeenshire and Banffshire collections, though, apparently, they are little known in other parts of Great Britain. I think that there is no recorded settlement of Dorset men in Banff or Aberdeen or *vice versa*. Is it then a similarity of temperament which has caused the natives of these counties to preserve in common certain ballads that have come among them? I once gathered a very slender straw of evidence bearing upon this highly speculative question, far too slender to show the direction of the wind, but worth noting, possibly, as conveying a pretty, unconscious compliment to the Dorset folk. I found a Banffshire girl, not a singer, staying with some villager friends near Dorchester. In

answer to a question she said that she was very fond of the Dorsetshire people; they were so like her own folk (like, obviously, in possessing the better qualities of the latter). I know too little of Banff and Aberdeen to attempt a comparison. The Aberdonian and Banffshire folk, however, are generally considered to differ in character from other Scots, and I should say from my experience that similarly the Dorset folk differ somewhat from their neighbours, at least, in Somerset, Hampshire, and Devon, if only in being cast in a sterner mould. I believe, further, that this difference would be found to be reflected in the folk-songs of the four counties, if they were compared. "Strawberry Fair" is a dainty and typical Devonshire air, to which the Devonian trips gaily "singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,—fol de dee!" The Dorset man storms to "Chilbridge Fair" to a rattling tune with a "Hey! ho! derry, derry, down!—with a hey!" and "Away with his Nancy he does go." He is nothing if not downright in all his moods, merry or otherwise, as I have learned at times to my sorrow. For, unlike the more tractable folk of my native Somerset, the Dorset peasant who says 'no' once when asked to sing, says it for all time, charm you never so wisely. Fortunately, if you state your business clearly to them, the great majority of his kind are most willing to help you, and let this desire outweigh all other considerations.

And here, in conclusion, I wish to offer our most sincere thanks, firstly to all country singers who have spent hours in telling us about their most interesting old songs and selves (most are over seventy, though their ages range from thirteen to ninety-three); secondly, to many members of other classes, who I would say have gone out of their way in helping us in our work, but then kindness and hospitality are never out of the way of Dorsetshire people; thirdly to the members of the editing committee of the Folk-Song Society, Miss Lucy E. Broadwood (L.E.B.), Miss A. G. Gilchrist (A.G.G.), Messrs. F. Kidson (F.K.), J. A. Fuller Maitland (J.A.F.M.), and C. J. Sharp (C.J.S.), and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams (R.V.W.), whose valuable notes are appended to these songs.

The following tunes, together with slightly altered versions of words, have been published in *Folk-Songs from Dorsetshire* (1907) by Messrs. Novello and Co., and appear in this *Journal* by their kind permission: "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-boy," "The Sprig of Thyme," "Nancy from London" (1st version), "The Turtle Dove" (1st version), "The Cuckoo," "As Sally sits a-weeping" (1st version), "One May morning as it happenèd to be," and "Betty and her Ducks."

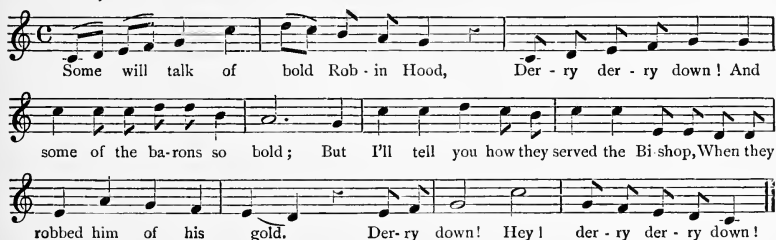
H. E. D. HAMMOND.

CONVENTIONAL BALLADS.

I.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE STONE,
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.



Some will talk of bold Rob - in Hood, Der - ry der - ry down ! And
some of the ba - rons so bold ; But I'll tell you how they served the Bi shop, When they
robbed him of his gold. Der - ry down ! Hey ! der - ry der - ry down !

Robin Hood he dressed himself in shepherd's attire
And six of his men also,
And, when the Bishop he did come by,
They round the fire did go.

"Oh ! we are shepherds," said bold Robin Hood,
"And keep sheep all the year,
And we are resolved to make merry to-day,
And to eat of our King's fat deer."

"You are a brave fellow," said the old Bishop,
"And the King of your doings shall know,
Therefore make haste and come along with me
And before the King you shall go."

Robin Hood set his back against an oak
And his foot against a thorn,
And out underneath his shepherd's cloak
Pulled out his bugle-horn.

He put the small end to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow.
Six score and ten of bold Robin's men
Came tripping along in a row.

" Oh what is the matter ? " said Little John,
Oh ! why do you blow so hastily ? "
" Oh ! the Bishop of Hereford he has come by,
And a pardon he shall have . "

" Here's the Bishop," said bold Robin Hood,
No pardon I shall have . "
" Cut off his head, Master," says Little John,
" And bundle him into his grave . "

" Oh ! pardon me, Oh ! pardon me," says the Bishop,
" Oh ! pardon me I pray .
If I had a-known it had been you,
I'd a-gone some other way . "

Robin Hood he took the Bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale,*
And made him sup with him that night,
And drink wine, beer, and ale.

" Call in the reckoning," the old Bishop said,
" For I'm sure 'tis going very high . "
" Give me your purse, Master " said Little John,
" I'll tell you by and bye . "

Little John he took the Bishop's cloak,
And spread it on the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmanteau
He pulled five hundred pound.

" There's money enough, master " said Little John,
" 'Tis a comely sight to see .
It makes me in charity with the Bishop ;
In his heart he don't love me . "

Little John he took the Bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play,
And he made the old Bishop dance till he sweat.
And he was glad to get so away.

George Stone, who is now 87, learned this tune at Christchurch, near Bourne-mouth, some sixty years back. He said that several other " Robin Hood " ballads used to be sung at that time at Christchurch, and mentioned especially " Robin Hood and Little John," of which he remembered one line: " Little John caught Robin Hood such a blow upon the crown."—H. E. D. H.

This is much the same as in Ritson's " Robin Hood," 1795, which he states is from an Aldermay churchyard copy compared with one from York. The " derry down "

* A woodland region in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

refrain is absent from this particular version as given by Ritson, but there is a variation of it a few pages onward called "Robin Hood and the Bishop," in which the burden "Hey down, down, and a down" occurs. In the Brit. Mus. Library there is a music sheet copy of it entitled "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," circa 1780; the air is different from the one here obtained traditionally, and is reprinted in *Minstrelsy of England*, edited by Moffat and Kidson [Bayley and Ferguson.]

When we remember how popular the *Robin Hood Garland* was, (being printed by small printers in nearly every town), it is astonishing how few traditional "Robin Hood" ballads have been obtained orally.—F. K.

Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* should be consulted for the full history of Robin Hood literature. It is there stated that "no notice of Robin Hood has been down to this time (1888) recovered earlier than that which was long ago pointed out by Percy as occurring in "Piers Plowman," and this, according to Professor Skeat, cannot be older than about 1377. Sloth, in that poem, says in his shrift that he knows 'rymes of Robin Hood and Randolf, erle of Chestre,' though imperfectly acquainted with his paternoster." (See interesting notes in the *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 10, p. 44).

From the 15th century to the 19th, Robin Hood continued the favourite subject for plays and ballads. The earliest known copy of *Robin Hood's Garland* is in the Bodleian Library. It was printed in 1663 and contains seventeen ballads. Garlands of the 18th century increase the number of ballads to twenty-seven. No copy of the ballad here printed has been found earlier than the 18th century. Child considers it "far superior," however, "to most of the 17th century broadsides." Chappell gives a version with eleven stanzas taken from a broadside with music "printed for Daniel Wright, next the Sun Tavern in Holborn." This air is different from the Dorsetshire tune. The Dorsetshire words seem a curtailed version of Ritson's ballad of twenty-one stanzas, *plus* the burden which Ritson's lacks.—L. E. B.

2.—FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. CRAWFORD,
AT WEST MILTON, MAY, 1906.

Fair Mar - g'ret is up at her high - er cham - ber win - dow A -
- comb - ing out her hair. She saw sweet Wil - liam
and his bride, As they were ri - ding there.

Down she flung her ivory comb,
And up she bound her hair.
Straightway out of the room she went,
And never more went there.

Sweet William dreamed such dreams that night
Such dreams that were no good;
He dreamed his bowels* were full of wild swine,
And his bridemaids† full of blood.

"What made you dream such dreams, sweet William,
Such dreams that were no good,
To dream your bowels* were full of wild swine
And your bridemaids† full of blood?"

He callèd up his merry, merry men
By one, by two, by three:
"You ride unto fair Margaret's life
By leave of my ladye."

When he came to fair Margaret's door,
He knocked so loud at the ring.
There was none so ready as Margaret's seven brothers
To let sweet William in.

"Oh! let me see the dead" he cried,
"I think she look pale and wan."
He oftentimes kissed her pale white cheeks,
But not one smile could he bring.

* "bower was"

† "bride-bed"

Then up-spoke Margaret's seven brothers
All in a pitiful tone :
" You may go and kiss your bonny brown bride
And leave our sister alone."

" If I go and kiss my bonny brown bride,
' Tis no more than I ought to do.
Fair Margaret died for her true love,
And I will die for sorrow."

Fair Margaret was buried in the higher churchyard,
Sweet William in the lower,
And out from her mouth there sprung a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew so high as the higher church wall,
They could not grow any higher,
They twingled, they tied in a true lover's knot
For all the young men to admire.

It has been suggested to me that "higher chamber window," is a corruption of "tire-chamber window." I have heard "twilled and twined" sung for "twingled" in the last verse. The three words have much the same meaning—of twisting or doubling about, and are connected with "twice" and "twin."—H. E. D. H.

See my Yorkshire version with a different tune, in *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9.

I have heard the final verse used in one or two lengthy ballads such as "Barbara Allen."—F. K.

Christie in his *Traditional Ballad Airs* gives other and distinct tunes and versions of the ballad, see "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "William and Margaret," and "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," or "The Nut Brown Maid" (a version epitomised by Jamieson).

As regards the word "twingled," I have heard, in Sussex, this line given as "twangled in a true lovier's knot."—A. G. G.

This Dorsetshire version is in general construction the same as two versions of twenty and eighteen stanzas quoted by Child (see also Percy's *Reliques* and Ritson's *Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783.) In the printed ballads there follows this verse, after the line "But never more came there":

" When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,
And stood at William's feet."

This verse is quoted by old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" and forms the beginning of a distinct ballad (usually of seventeen stanzas) called "William and Margaret." This latter ballad came to light in its earliest known form, a black-letter broadside, only after Chappell published his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and bears the newspaper duty stamp of Queen Anne's reign. It has a tune printed with it which Chappell reproduced in his very important article on the two ballads (see *Ballad Society*, Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii, Part 3, 1880). The broadside has no printer's name, but, in its place, the following: "N.B. This Ballad will sing to the Tunes of Montrose's Lilt, Rothe's Lament, or the Isle of Kell." Thomson reprinted this broadside *verbatim* in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, using a version of "Montrose's Lilt" (or "Never love thee more") for the tune. I have an eighteenth century music sheet with precisely the same broadside words to yet another tune. David Mallett took this broadside, and, in 1724, after altering it for the worse, gave it out as his original composition. Ramsay printed Mallett's version in his *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, and Johnson in his *Scots Musical Museum*, to yet a different tune. Chappell's tune to "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* differs from the Dorsetshire tune and from all the "William and Margaret" airs mentioned above.

Old Merrythought also quotes these two lines from "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," which are important improvements on some broadside corruptions of the same lines, and explain that Margaret was thrown over for a more eligible bride: "You are no love for me, Margaret, I am no love for you."

As these ballads are often confused, it has seemed advisable to give a few particulars concerning their history. It should also be pointed out that the ballad "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," (otherwise "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,") referred to here by Miss Gilchrist, is quite distinct from the ballads under discussion, though dealing with the same subject in part, and having some lines in common with them.—L. E. B.

3.—THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

Queen Jane lay in la - bour full nine days or
more, Till the wo - men were so ti - red, They could stay no long - er
there, Till the wo - men were so ti - red, They could stay no long - er there.

Variant.

" Good women, good women, good women as ye be,
Do open my right side and find my baby."

" Oh ! no," said the women, " That never may be,
We will send for King Henry, and hear what he say."

King Henry was sent for, King Henry came :
" What do ail you, my fair lady, you look so [fair and wan] " ?

" King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me ?
That's to open my right side and find my baby."

" Oh ! no," says King Henry " that's a thing I'll never do.
If I lose the flower of England, I shall lose the branch too."

Then they gave her some cordial which put her in a swoond,
And her right side was opened, and her baby was found.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. MARSH AT DORCHESTER, DEC., 1906.

Queen Jane was in labour full nine days or more,
The women grew tirèd, they fain would give o'er.

" Oh ! dear women, Oh ! dear women, will you go and get King Henry,
Will you go and get King Henry, that him I may see ? "

King Henry was sent for, King Henry came :
" Your eyes they look so watery, they do look so dim."

"Oh! King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me?
Will you open my right side where my baby you'll see?"

"Oh! Queen Jane, Oh! Queen Jane, this thing must not be done
For to destroy your sweet body besides your dear son."

Oh! they gave her some strong gards (?), they put her in a swoond,
They opened her right side, and her baby they found.

Oh! the doctors tried to save her, but they found it all in vain,
But so happy was Queen Jane she had a son for to reign.

A Scottish version of this ballad, with annotations and references, was printed in Vol. ii, No. 9, of the *Journal*. I do not give the tune that Marsh sang, because it was merely the first half of the tune to the "Cuckoo," which is published further on in this number.—H. E. D. H.

Mr. Hammond's second "Queen Jane" tune (*see* "The Cuckoo" in this number of the *Journal*), is, in a shorter form, the usual tune to the children's game of "Green Gravel." I have already pointed out in a note to "Queen Jane" in the *Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 222) the resemblance of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Queen Jane" tune to a second air sung to "Green Gravel" by north-country children, as well as a close coincidence in the verse-form. It is quite possible that the ballad of "Queen Jane" was modelled upon and sung to the tune of an earlier ballad upon the death of a young girl, as the game of "Green Gravel" shows traces of having originally represented a burial.—A. G. G.

Those who cannot consult Child's *Ballads* will find variants of the words in Kinloch's, Jamieson's, and Evans' books of ballads, and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*. "A ballett called The Lady Jane," and another piece entitled "The Lamentation of Queen Jane" were licensed in 1560.—L. E. B.

4.—THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Why had'st not thou a - waked me, my lit - tle foot - boy, That
I might have my will? And all the lit - tle birds in the
mer - ry greenwood, Of her should have their fill. And
all the lit - tle birds in the mer - ry greenwood, Of her should have their fill.

In singing this verse, the only one she could remember, Mrs. Russell often repeated lines 3 and 4 of the melody exactly.

We have noted from Mrs. Perry, of Cheddington, a major tune, and a fuller version of words which follows closely one of the versions in *Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—H. E. D. H.

Versions of this song, from the 17th century onwards, have always been popular. I have copies on ballad sheets. The full ballad is in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1857, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, etc.

It is generally entitled "The Merry Broomfield, or the West Country Wager."—
F. K.

The use of the blossoms of the broom as a charm to keep the Knight from waking during the lady's visit is an interesting point in the ballad. (See Miss Broadwood's note on flower-charms under "The Elfin Knight," in the *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 14 *et seq.*) The verse sung by Mrs. Russell is confused with another; the threat about the "little birds" is addressed by the Knight to his steed. "All the little birds in the merry greenwood" shall have their fill of the horse's flesh, if he fails to overtake the maiden in her flight.—A. G. G.

Miss Gilchrist's surmise about the magical use of the broom is probably correct. Child points out the use of magic in this ballad, and refers to Icelandic tales where a thorn is used to induce supernatural sleep, the thorn being, of course, a powerfully magical tree.—L. E. B.

5.—THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

She pressed her - self a - gainst the wall,
All a - lone and so lone - ly, And there she had two
pret - ty babes born, And 'tis down by the green - wood side oh !

Variant.

Oh ! Mother, Oh ! Mother, if these were mine,
All alone and so lonely (*or so lone O !*)
I would dress them in silks so fine!
And 'tis down by the greenwood side O !"

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. CASE,
AT SYDLING S. NICHOLAS, SEPT., 1907.

She laid her - self back a - gainst a thorn, All a - lo - ney, a - lo - ney, And
there she had two pret - ty babes born, Down by the green - wood si - dey.

She had a penknife long and sharp.
All aloney, aloney,
And she pressed it through their tender hearts
Down by the greenwood sidey.

She diggèd a grave both wide and deep,
All aloney, aloney,
And she buried them under the marble stone.
Down by the greenwood sidey.

As she was set in her Father's hall,
 All aloney, aloney,
 Oh ! there she saw two pretty babes playing at ball,
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

" Oh ! babes, Oh ! babes if you were mine,
 All aloney, aloney,
 I would dress you up in the scarlet fine,"
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

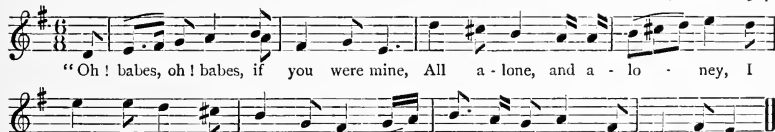
" Oh ! Mother, Oh ! mother, we once were thine,
 All aloney, aloney,
 You did not dress us in the scarlet fine.
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

You digged a grave both wide and deep,
 All aloney, aloney,
 And you buried us under the marble stone."
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. BOWRING,
 AT CERNE ABBAS, SEPT., 1907.



" Oh ! babes, oh ! babes, if you were mine, All a - lone, and a - lo - ney, I
 would dress you in scar - let fine." Down by the green - wood sid - ey.

A major tune to this ballad was published in Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 109, of this *Journal*, q.v. Mrs. Russell could remember only two verses of the words.—H. E. D. H.

Versions of the ballad are also given by Motherwell, Buchan, and Kinloch, and there are Danish versions very near the Scotch, the story being known in Germany also. The version in Kinloch has the refrain :

" All alone and alonie
 * * * * *
 Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie."

A tune for the ballad is given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, under the title of " Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O." The music for the second refrain resembles the corresponding part of Mr. Hammond's tunes. Christie prints a second

part to the melody, but it appears to be only a variation, arranged by himself so as to combine two verses in a longer stanza.—A. G. G.

See *Child's Ballads* for full history of this ballad.—L. E. B.

Cf. The fragment noted by Burns, "Fine Flowers of the Valley," and its tune, in *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum*, Vol. iv, 1792.—F. K.

Compare the tune of the second version with that of "Geordie," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 27 (first version).—C. J. S.

6.—TOM THE BARBER; or JOHN (or TOM) BARBARY.

(WILLIE O' WINSEBURY)

SUNG BY MR. W. BARTLETT,
AT WINBORNE, SEPT., 1906.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.



Oh ! it's of a mer - chant's daugh - ter dear ; She was dres - sed all in
green ; Oh ! and she looked o - ver her fa - ther's cas - tle wall, For to
see the ships sail in,..... For to see the ships sail in.

" Oh ! what's the matter with you, fair maid ?
You do look so pale and wan.
I'm sure you've had some sore sickness,"

* * * * *

Then he called down all his merry, merry men
Oh ! by one, by two, by three.
Oh ! Tom the Barber used to come first,
But the hinder one comes he.

Down then came Tom the Barber bold
All dressed all in silk.
Oh ! his eyes did change like the morning sun,
And his hands so white as milk.

" Oh ! will you wed my daughter dear,
And take her by the hand ?
And you shall dine and sup along with me,
And be heir to all my land."

" Oh! yes, I'll wed your daughter dear,
And take her by the hand,
And I will dine and sup along with thee,
And be heir of all thy land."

Now I have estate in fair Scotland,
I have gold and silver so free,
But where that you have got one guinea,
There I have got thirty and three."

This ballad is called by the Dorset folk "John Barbary," "Tom Barbary," or "Tom the Barber."—H. E. D. H.

See Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* for versions of this, under the title of "Willie o' Winsbury." "Tom the Barber" appears to be a corruption of "Johnny Barbary," which name occurs in another version, and may itself be a corruption of "John o'"—something, as the hero seems to have been the possessor of corn mills and landed estate in Scotland. It is just possible that the name was borrowed from the Border hero, Johnnie o' *Breadislee*, and afterwards corrupted into "Barbary."—A. G. G.

In Child's *Ballads* there is a version of words supplied by Mr. Macmath in which the hero's name is John Barborough or Barbary. It was derived from Kirkcudbrightshire. The air, supplied by Miss Macmath, has a strong likeness to the one here printed. In several versions the man's name is Thomas, (see "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie" in Kinloch's *Ballads*).—L. E. B.

I have taken down four tunes to this ballad in Somerset, and three full sets of words. In two of my copies the hero is that "Jolly, jolly tar that sails in along with thee." In the third version it is "Young William, who is one of your servant men," and a new *motif* is suggested in the last stanza, which runs :

I have got horses, and I have got land,
And plenty of money under my command,
Had it not been for your own daughter dear,
I never would have been your servant man.

The Somerset tunes are all substantially the same as the Dorset air.—C. J. S.

7.—NOW I PRAY YOU GO FETCH ME MY LITTLE FOOT-BOY.

(COME, MOTHER, MOTHER, MAKE MY BED.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond,
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. SARTIN,
AT CORSCOMBE HILL, JULY, 1906.

Now I pray you go fetch me my lit - tle foot - boy, That
is my sis - ter's son, That he may go and tell to my
own true love I shall die be - fore he can come.
Variant.

Now the first two miles this little boy did walk,
And the second two miles he did run,
Until that he came to a broad riverside;
Then he lay on his breast and swum.

He swum, till he came to the Lord's high gate
Where he saw the Lord in at meat:
"Oh! if you did know what tidings I've a-brought,
Not another bite would you eat"

"Oh! what's the matter, is the high castle wall falling down,
Or the new park gates overthrown?"

* * * * *

"It's not your high wall or your castle falling down,
Nor it's not your gates overthrown.
Your true love is sick, and is going for to die,
And will die before you can come."

"Go saddle, then, and bridle my milk-white horse,
That I may ride away;
That I may kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,
Before they are turned to clay."

Now the Lady she died all on Saturday
At twelve o'clock in the noon;
And the Lord then he died all on Sunday,
Oh! before evening prayer was done.

Now the Lady she was buried all in the old chancel,
The Lord all in the new choir;
Out of the Lady's breast there springs a damask rose,
And out of the Lord's a sweet briar.

They grew so stout, they grew so tall,
They could not grow any higher.
They tied themselves in a true lovers' knot,
And the rose wrapped round the sweet-briar.

I have noted five variants of the tune, all modal.

Dorsetshire singers usually begin the words as printed above. But sometimes they give as the first verse:—

"Come, mother, mother, make my bed,
And spread my milk-white sheet,
That I may lie down all on my bed of down,
To see if I can sleep."

And from one singer we noted this verse:—

"But, when he got to his true love's bedside,
Upon his bended knees he fell
A-wringing of his hands and a-tearing of his hair,
Crying: "Love, will you mourn for us all?"

If we put aside the last three verses of the ballad as a commonplace of ballad literature, it would seem that the major part of it is an episode taken from "Lady Maisry," while the three verses in which the theme is indicated (as far as *any* theme is indicated) have been derived from a story of the "Lord Lovel" type.—H. E. D. H.

The tune has points of resemblance to "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."—

J. A. F. M.

I noted in Sussex a mixolydian tune to this ballad which also resembled the "Bailiff's Daughter." This version began with the "Mother, mother, make my bed" verse given in "Come, mother" (Vol. I, p. 43 of the *Journal*), a version from near Bridgwater.

I consider it important not to confuse this ballad with the group of which "Lady Maisry" is a typical example. In the "Lady Maisry," "Prickly Bush," and "Golden Ball" class of ballads the *motif* is that of *ransom*. The victim is at war with her kindred, and in a position of dire peril and disgrace—abandoned by her relatives and in imminent danger of being burnt or hanged—a situation from which the lover—and only he—can, and will, deliver her, by restoring her lost honour or paying the ransom demanded in vain from her own kith and kin. But in the "Lord Lovel" and "Glenlogie" group the plight of the lady is different. She is an

innocent maid (more rarely a neglected wife) pining—though surrounded by family affection—for an absent and presumably careless lover, who is recalled to his allegiance by the news that she is dying. Lady Nancy is already on her bier when Lord Lovel returns; Queen Dagmar (in the Danish ballad) dies in little Christine's arms as the remorseful king rides up the street; but Glenlogie returns in time to bring the rose again to the cheek of bonnie Jean. The elements of ballads are shifting, and no hard and fast line can be drawn between their various groups; at the same time it is well to remember that such an incident as an absent lover returning in haste to his lady does not always belong to the same story.—A. G. G.

This ballad is more closely allied to that of "Lord Lovel" than to any other. Under the title of "Lord Lovel" Child gives a ballad supplied by Principal Robertson, the historian, from the Percy Papers. This, which begins "There came a ghost to Helen's bower," has seventeen stanzas. The fourth verse begins "O where will I get a bonny boy." The story then runs in much the same words as this Dorsetshire version. The little boy tells fair Helen's "dear lord" that she is dying, and he, hastening home, meets her corpse, kisses her, and dies. They are buried, and a birch and briar spring from their breasts and intertwine. The conventions common to many ballads (of a footpage who swims to bear news of a lady's death to an absent lover, of the questions put by the lover, and of his hurried ride home, etc.), should not mislead collectors into confusing this ballad with those mentioned by Miss Gilchrist in the foregoing note, or others such as "The Lass of Roch Royal," all of which have many stanzas in common. The Dorsetshire tune is much like a type of tunes often used for carols and May Day songs of "The Moon shines bright" class, and bears no likeness to the major tune in six-eight time which is commonly sung to "Lord Lovel." It is, however, closely allied to the air "Come, mother" (practically the same ballad as that here printed), which is in *Journal*, Vol i, No 1, p. 43.—L. E. B.

Although the distinctive *motif* of "Lady Maisry" is absent from this version, practically all the stanzas have been derived from it (*see* Child). For this reason it should, I think, be regarded as a fragment of "Lady Maisry." The absence of the main theme brings the story more or less into line with that of "Lord Lovel"; but this is a mere accident. In other respects the two ballads have no affinity.—C. J. S.

I have heard a very similar tune to this sung to the "Little Towns-boy" in Essex.—R. V. W.

LOVE SONGS.

8.—THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

KEY: *ÆOLIAN*.

SUNG BY MR. GREGORY,
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

Ear - ly in the Spring - time of the year, As the
sun did be - gin for to shine, There
were three branch - es for me to choose one, And the first I chose was
Thyme, The first I chose was Thyme.

Thyme, thyme is a precious thing,
It flourishes night and day.
But who come along but my jolly sailor boy?
And he stole all my thyme away,
And he stole all my thyme away.

My gardener he stood by,
And I asked him to choose for me.
He chose me the lily, the violet and the pink,
But these flowers I refused all three,
But these flowers I refused all three.

The violet I did forsake,
Because it fades so soon.
The lily and the pink I did overlook,
And I vowed I'd stop till June,
And I vowed I'd stop till June.

In June grows a red rosy bud,
And that is the flower for me.

My gardener he stood by,
And he told me to take great care.
For into the middle of that red rosy bud
There grows a sharp thorn there,
There grows a sharp thorn there,

But I did not take great care,
Till I had felt the smart,
And I oftentimes plucked at the red rosy bud,
Till it pierced my tender heart,
Till it pierced my tender heart.

Oh! begone, you false young man,
And leave me here behind;
And the grass that now is trodden underfoot,
In time 'twill rise again,
In time 'twill rise again.

Stand you up, stand you up, my jolly oak,
Stand you up, and do not die,
For I will be so true to the girl I love so dear,
As the stars shine so bright in the sky,
As the stars shine so bright in the sky.

This tune has some resemblance—though the opening phrase is different—to “You’ll never mind me more, dear Love” in *Christie’s Traditional Ballad Airs*. See under “The Turtle Dove” in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

Cf. The airs with “The Sprig of Thyme” in *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, and the numerous versions under the head of “The Seeds of Love” in the *Journal* and many collections of folk-songs.—L. E. B.

9.—ONE NIGHT AS I LAY ON MY BED.

(OPEN THE DOOR, MY LOVE, DO.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond,
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

One night, as I lay on my bed, I dreamt a - bout a
pret - ty maid, I was so dis - tressed, I could take no rest; Love
did tor - ment me so. So a - way to my
true love I did go.

or ends

Mrs. Russell ended her second verse thus :



Then my love arose and went his way,
My dad and mam a-grumbling lay
Saying " Who is there that makes such ado ? "
Replied the maid so fair,
" Hark ! how the wind doth blow."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MR. HOUSE,
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.



But, when I came to my love's window,
I boldly called her by her name
Saying " It's for your sweet sake I'm come here so late
Through this bitter frost and snow.
So it's open the window, my love, do."

" My mam and dad they are both awake,
And they will sure for to hear us speak.
There'll be no excuse then but sore abuse,
Many a bitter word and blow.
So, begone from my window, my love, do,"

" Your mam and dad they are both asleep,
And they are sure not to hear us speak,
For they're sleeping sound on their bed of down,
And they draw their breath so low.
So open the window, my love, do."

My love arose and she opened the door,
 And just like an angel she stood on the floor.
 Her eyes shone bright like the stars at night,
 And no diamonds could shine so.
 So in with my true love I did go.

Compare the tune with the Scottish variant :

OPEN THE DOOR, DO, LOVE, DO.

DORIAN.

From BUCHAN, ABERDEENSHIRE



A second part follows. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, vol. 2 (Appendix).—
 A. G. G.

In Johnson's *Scots Museum* is the song "As I lay on my bed on a night," described in the notes thereon as "An ancient ballad with its melody, recovered by Burns." It is a fragment of three stanzas which correspond with, and are in general language like, the first three of this Dorsetshire version. The notes in the *Scots Museum* are very interesting, and deal also with Dowland's song "Go from my window, go." Burns' tune is neither like Dowland's nor those here printed. For further notes on the history of similar songs, see Chappell's *Popular Music* under "Go from my window." Similar ballads are quoted frequently in sixteenth and early seventeenth century literature, musical and otherwise ; and most entertaining use of the song is made by Old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Kindred songs may be compared in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 5, p. 269, and Vol. ii, No. 6, pp. 55, 56.—L. E. B.

The second tune seems to have the characteristics of a Mixolydian tune on A. The final note D comes therefore as a surprise.—R. V. W.

The singer put a major ending to more than one modal tune.—H. E. D. H.

10.—FAREWELL, MY JOY AND HEART.

(THE WINTER'S GONE AND PAST.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

Fare - well, my joy and heart, Since you and I must
part; You're the fair - est that e'er I did sec. It's
down in Cu - pid's chain, Where we used for to re -
main, And in tears I will spend the whole day.

My love is like the sun
In the pleasant month of June
That do alway prove constant and true.
But yours is like the moon
That do wander up and down,
And every month she is new.

You put on your coat of black
With a band around your hat
And I'll dress in my velvet so green.

PLEASANT SUMMER'S GONE AND PAST.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH VINCENT,
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

Pleasant Summer's gone and past, Merry Christmas
come at last, And the small birds sing on ever-y green
tree. There is many a heart is glad, Oh! but my poor heart is
sad,..... Since... my true love is gone absent from me.
Verses 2 and 3 begin—
and continue as verse 1.

I should not think it strange
The wide world for to range
In hoping for to find my delight.
But now in Cupid's chain
I'm obliged for to remain,
And in sorrow I must spend my whole life.

I will dress myself in black
With the fringe all round my neck ;
Gold rings all on my fingers I will wear.
Then straightway I'll repair
To the county of Kildare,
And some tidings I will bring of my dear.

A version of this tune together with a fragment of the words is printed on p. 104 of *English County Songs*. I have only heard it sung twice in Dorset. But my brother has heard a very old Somersetshire man of the name of Staples try to sing a verse of it, and the version in *English County Songs* was collected in Middlesex, so that the song must formerly have been widely known in the southern counties. In

the second version Mr. Vincent has apparently transposed the words "Pleasant Summer" and "Merry Christmas." The first verse of his tune, no doubt, would be better if barred thus :



but it was not so sung.—H. E. D. H.

This is a version of "The Winter's gone and past" printed in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* and other works. There is a copy given by Petrie with a very similar tune, 1855, p. 168, and the history of the song is dealt with in Moffat's *Minstrelsey of Ireland*. I have early copies of the words on broadsides and in song garlands.—F. K.

See Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. i, and Appendix ("The Winter's gone and past") for notes on this song. The hero is supposed to have been an Irish highwayman called Johnston, hung about the middle of the 18th century for robberies committed in the Curragh of Kildare. Johnston's name appears in the Aberdeen and Banffshire version collected by Christie in 1845. Christie's tune, like Petrie's, is a variant of Mr. Hammond's.—A. G. G.

For further notes upon the history of this song see "The Winter it is past" in G. Farquhar Graham's admirable *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* (Wood and Co., Glasgow). Burns utilised the best stanzas from the common broadsides, and is often incorrectly credited with them. Versions of the words may be seen in Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii, p. 680, B. M. c 20 f "The Love Sick Maid" (eight stanzas) and B. M. Broad-sides 1875, b. 19. Burns' version, with a major tune distinct from this air, is in Johnson's *Museum*. The song appears in different forms in most Scottish collections.—L. E. B.

Cf. the tune with No. 47 *Folk-Songs from Somerset*.—C. J. S.

This tune is rather like "A Sailor in the North Countree." *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 194.—R. V. W.

II.—WELL MET, WELL MET, MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

(THE CARPENTER'S WIFE ; or THE DISTRESSED CARPENTER'S WIFE.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.
(a)

Well met, well met, my own..... true love, Long time have I been
(b) ab - sent from thee. I am late - ly come... from the salt
sea, And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.
(a) (b)

Variants.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And (by) one of them has brought me safe to land.
I've four and twenty mariners on board ;
You shall have music at your command.

The ship, my love, that you shall sail in,
It shall be of the fine beaten gold.
I've four and twenty mariners on board ;
It is a beauty for to behold.

Fuller words and a different, but also beautiful, tune are printed in *Songs of the West* (No. 76, in new edition).—H. E. D. H.

This is a fragment of a lengthy ballad, dealing with a ship carpenter's faithless wife, who was beguiled to sea by her old sweetheart. (See *Songs of the West* for notes and references). Christie, in *Traditional Ballad Airs*, gives a Scotch tune for the ballad under the title of "James Herries," but as sung to him it was called "The Banks of Italy." Ashton prints a version of the words in *Real Sailor Songs*, called "The Distressed Ship Carpenter." The story is one of the "Dæmon Lover" cycle of ballads.—A. G. G.

For words see also "The Distressed Ship Carpenter" in *Sea Songs and Ballads*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.—L. E. B.

The theme is allied to "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth," the broadside version of which runs to fifty-six stanzas. The tune is one of the finest Dorian airs I have seen.—C. J. S.

12.—THE BONNY BOY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

'Tis down the long val - leys and up the long groves, Like
one that was trou - bled in mind, I..... whooped and I..... hol - loaed, I
played on my flute,..... But my bon - ny boy could not
find,..... But my bon - ny boy could not find.

Mrs. Russell knew only this verse of the words.

I have noted two or three times in Dorset another form of this ballad beginning thus:

'Once I had a grey hawk, and a pretty grey hawk,
A sweet pretty bird of my own,
And I got a little bell, and tied it to her toe
Thinking she would fly not away.
But she took a flight, she flew away quite,
And there's nobody knows where she's gone,
My brave boys,
And there's nobody knows where she's gone.'

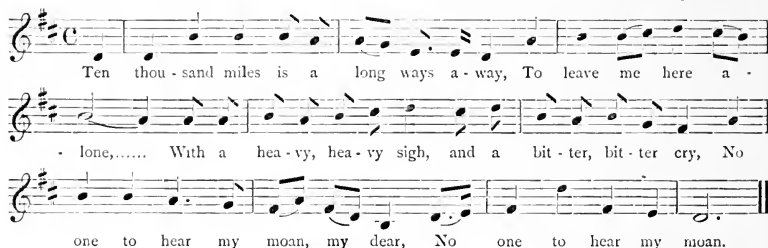
This version of the ballad is sung to a major tune which varies very little.—
H. E. D. H.

See "My Bonny Boy" in *English County Songs*; "The Bonny Bird," *Songs of the West* (new ed.); "Bonny Boy," *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 82; "Many a night's rest," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 5, p. 274, and annotations attached; also Chappell's *Popular Music*, under head of "Bonny, bonny bird" and "Brave boys." It is possible that an old ballad-title "My bonny Burd" (or young girl) may have suggested the allegorical use of the bird in some forms of this "Bonny Boy" ballad, so popular since the 17th century.—L. E. B.

13.—THE TURTLE DOVE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MRS. HANN,
AT STOKE ABBOT, JUNE, 1906.



Ten thou - sand miles is a long ways a - way, To leave me here a -
lone,..... With a hea - vy, hea - vy sigh, and a bit - ter, bit - ter cry, No
one to hear my moan, my dear, No one to hear my moan.

" My moan, my dear, you cannot hear,
Nor my pain you cannot ease,
But if I should go away, I'll return to you again,
Though I row ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I row ten thousand miles."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. BRIDLE,
AT STRATTON, DEC., 1906.



Oh! don't you see that lit - tle tur - tle dove, Sit - ting
un - der the yon - der tree La - ment - ing for her own true love, And
so shall I for thee, my dear, And so shall I for thee.

Mr. R. White, of Fordington, sang the same tune, note for note, as Mr. Bridle, except in the first line, which he recalled with difficulty, and sang variously, thus:



" Supposing I was to go ten thousands of miles
Through France, Scotland and Spain ? "
She said, " My heart will never be at rest,
Till I've seen your face again, my dear,
Till I've seen your face again."

" Ten thousands of miles, 'tis a very long distance,
That from you I must go,
Where there's many a dark and a dismal night,
And the stormy winds do blow, my dear,
And the stormy winds do blow."

" Why don't you say you remember me,
And speak by me as you find,
And not let your mind be like the weather-cocks,
That change by the weather and the wind, my dear,
That change by the weather and the wind ? "

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. SARTIN,
AT CORSCOMBEE, JULY, 1906.



Mrs. Sartin's words were fragmentary.

Mr. White's version of the words agreed with Mr. Bridle's, but had an extra verse :—

" Your red and rosy cheeks, and your smiling looks
Are exposed to the weather and the wind.
Give to me one kiss of your sweet lips,
Where you've had scores of mine, my dear,
Where you've had scores of mine."

And in Sydling S. Nicholas my brother noted quite recently this fragment given without a tune:—

“ Oh! don't you see that lily-white swan,
How she swims down yonder stream
Carrying her young ones all on her back
And sometimes on her wing ?

A-making a moan for the loss all of her own
And so shall I for thee, my dear.”

I have heard two or three more modal variants of the second and third versions of the tune, but never a major version except Mrs. Hann's. I understand from Mrs. Hann that she got her tunes chiefly from an old Dorsetshire woman, a famous singer, who lived near Stoke Abbot.—H. E. D. H.

The first tune is a very interesting variant of the *old* Scottish tune to the traditional song known variously as “The True Lover's Farewell,” “The Turtle Dove,” and “My love is like a red, red rose.” The old tune is in Johnson's *Museum*, where it is called “Queen Mary's Lament.”—A. G. G.

RED, RED ROSE (OLD SET).

FROM *Johnson's Museum*



Two of the traditional verses are to be found in an American burlesque song, sung in the fifties, called “My Mary Anne.” The tune is modern, though possibly derived from an older form, and the first verse runs:

Fare you well, my own Mary Anne,
Fare you well for a while,
For the ship it is ready and the wind it is fair
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne.

A. G. G.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND ME MORE, DEAR LOVE.

When you are on the sea sail - ing, And far from an - y
shore, I fear you'll ne - ver mind on me, You'll
ne - ver mind me more, my dear, you'll ne - ver mind me more.

A second strain follows, to vary the tune.

See the interesting notes to this ballad under the title "O my love is like a red, red rose" in *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland*. The editor, Farquhar Graham, there mentions a garland, supposed to have been printed about 1770, called "The Horn Fair Garland, containing six excellent new songs," one amongst them being a version of "The Turtledove, or True love's farewell." This is believed to have been in the possession of Burns, as his name, in a boyish hand, is scrawled on the margin of the last page. Mrs. Begg, Burns' sister, told Captain Charles Grey, R.M. that his song "O my love, etc." was founded on one of the many old songs sung by her mother. It was rather a long ditty, but she could still recollect sixteen lines, among which were those referring to the "seas," the "rocks" and "ten thousand miles." Cf. "Ten thousand miles" in *Journal*, Vol ii, No. 6, p. 57, words and tune.

—L. E. B.

The first version of words is interesting as being quite evidently the metrical source of Barham's beautiful song, "There sits a bird on yonder tree," the first verse of which runs thus :

There sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than cushat dove;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.
Oh! stoop thee from thine eyrie down,
And nestle thee near my heart,
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh,
When thou and I must part,
My love,
When thou and I must part.

(*Ingoldsby Legends*, Third Series, *ad fin.*)—J. A. F. M.

14.—THE CUCKOO.

SUNG BY MRS. GALE,
AT POWERSTOCK, MAY, 1906.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.



A - walk - ing, a - talk - ing, a - walk - ing went I..... To
meet my sweet Will - iam— he'll be here by and bye. For
meet - ing's a plea - sure, and part - ing's a grief; An
un - con - stant lov - er is worse than a thief.

A thief can but rob me and take all I have,
[An unconstant lover brings a maid to the grave.]
The grave it does rot you and turn you to dust,
So an unconstant lover no maiden can trust.

The Cuckoo she's a fine bird, she sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies,
She sucks the sweet flowers to keep her voice clear,
And the more she sings 'Cuckoo', the summer draw near.

Come all you pretty maidens, wherever you be,
Never put your trust in a sycamore tree,
For the top of it will wither, and the root will decay,
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away.

I have noted in Dorset four "Cuckoo" tunes of which this is the best. Also a variant of this air in Somerset, where Mr. C. J. Sharp has obtained the words to a tune usually associated with the words of 'The true lovers' or 'High Germany,' (vide *Folk Songs from Somerset, Third Series*).—H. E. D. H.

This tune has some resemblance to the Scottish tune to "Queen Jean" (*Journal* Vol. ii, p. 221) and four bars of it are sung in the children's game of "Green Gravel" as the usual tune. (See note on "The death of Queen Jane" in this number of the *Journal*). The *Garland of Country Song* contains two other versions and notes. See also Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* and Messrs. Baring-Gould and C. J. Sharp's *Folk-Songs for Schools* for further versions of the song.—A. G. G.

Three of these stanzas are in "The Americans that stole my True Love away," in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 208. The "Cuckoo" verse is absent from the song just named, but it appears in a random fashion often [just as the verse about "The lark in the morning" does,] in the middle of different ballads, besides figuring by itself in books of Nursery Rhymes.—L. E. B.

15.—AS SALLY SAT A-WEeping.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HANN,

AT STOKE ABBOT, JUNE, 1906.

As Sal - ly sat a - weep - ing down by the sea -
 - side, As Sal - ly sat a - weep - ing down by the sea -
 - side. "What ails you, my jew - el, What ails you, my
 jew - el, What ails you, my jew - el, And makes you for to cry?"

" Why, because I am uneasy and troubled in mind,
 Why, because I am uneasy and troubled in mind. [comfort
 Here's no joy nor comfort, here's no joy nor comfort, here's no joy nor
 In this world can I find.

Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none,
 Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none.
 He's a-gone, and he's leavèd me, he's a-gone, he's deceivèd me, he's
 a-gone, and he's leavèd me
 In sorrow for to mourn.

If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
 If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
 He never would have leavèd me, no, nor never have deceivèd me, he
 never would have leavèd me
 Until my life's end.

Here's a ship, love, I will enter, my sweet life I will venture,
 Here's a ship, love, I will enter, my sweet life I will venture.
 Here's a ship, love, I will enter, and cross the salt sea.

Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake,
 Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake ;
 And that shall be my mourning, my mourning, my mourning,
 And that shall be my mourning, I will wear it for his sake."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN & MINOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1906.

One night in sweet slum - ber I dream that I see, One
 night in sweet slum - ber I dream that I see My
 own dear - est jew - el, My own dear - est jew - el, My
 own dear - est jew - el come a - smil - ing to me.

But when I awoke, and found it not so,
 But when I awoke, and found it not so,
 Mine eyes were like fountains, mine eyes were like fountains,
 were like fountains
 Where the water doth flow.

I'll set my love a-sailing for France and for Spain,
 I'll set my love a-sailing for France and for Spain.
 A-shipboard I'll enter my sweet life to venture,
 And never to return to old England again.

For Mrs. Hann's version of the words of this song cf. *Songs of the West*, No. 39.—
 H. E. D. H.

The tunes are a good deal like those used for "Where are you going, my pretty
 maiden?" or "Dabbling in the dew," and also "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

This tune has some resemblance to "The Bonny Light Horseman" (Barrett's
English Folk Songs), which song also has a repeating refrain. There is a
 reminiscence of both words and tune in the children's game "Sally sits a-weeping"
 and, of the words, in the game "Sally wears a blue ribbon."—A. G. G.

SEA SONGS AND SAILOR SONGS.

16.—THE BOLD BENJAMIN.

SUNG BY MR. TAUNTON,
AT CORSCOMBE, SEPT., 1907.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone to sea, Oh! my boys, Oh! Brave
Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone to sea, Oh! Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone
to sea A - long of our ship's com - pa - ny On board the bold Ben - ja - min oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,
Oh! my boys, Oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,
Oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,
Our silver and gold for to gain,
On board the bold Benjamin, Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,
Oh! my boys, Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,
Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,
Our captain so loudly did call
"Here comes the bold Benjamin, Oh!"

We sailèd out five hundred men,
Oh! my boys, Oh!

We sailèd out five hundred men,
Oh!

We sailèd out five hundred men,
And brought back but sixty one.
They were lost in bold Benjamin, Oh!"

Here's the mothers crying for their sons,
 Oh ! my boys, Oh !
 Here's the mothers crying for their sons,
 Oh !
 Here's the mothers crying for their sons,
 And the widows for their husbands,
 That were lost in bold Benjamin, Oh !

Mr. Taunton learnt the song 50 years ago from a man-of-war's man. Mrs. Russell of Upwey sings Mr. Taunton's tune in $\frac{3}{4}$ -time throughout save one bar, and begins the words: "French (or Finch) Admiral he's gone."—H. E. D. H.

The song is one which is to be found in collections of old naval ballads, but I have never met with a tune for it before. This sailor-tune has some resemblance to, and may be an adaptation of, the old air to "Admiral Benbow" ("Oh, we sailed to Virginia.") See Moffat and Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*, and also *English County Songs* (p. 78), where the same tune is attached to the carol "A Virgin unspotted." The irregularity of rhythm in Mr. Hammond's tune is perhaps in this particular case due to the occurrence of the refrain

"Oh, my boys, Oh,"

which doubtless being sung in chorus (whether the song was a forecastle song or a chanty) may have, as in the case of chanties generally, struck in without cæsura upon the solo (the solo resuming in the same manner) into the regular barring of which such chorus cannot in consequence be made to fit. The tune might be barred thus:

SOLO. CHORUS.

Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea, Oh, my boys,

SOLO.

oh ! Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea, oh, Brave

Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea A - long of our

CHORUS.

ship's com - pa - ny On board the bold Ben - ja - min, oh !

* As sung by sailors with chorus, there would probably be no interval of time here before the entry of the chorus, which would come in on this beat, if not before!—A. G. G.

W. Clark Russell prints four verses of a very similar version to the above in an article on "The Old Naval Sea-Song" which appeared in *Longman's* and is reprinted in his "Mystery of the Ocean Star." The first verse, presumably omitting the repeating lines, runs :

Captain Edwards is gone to sea,
High sir, ho sir,
With a jovial ship's company
On board the bold Benjamin, O

The other three verses quoted are almost the same as Mr. Hammond's, his second verse, above, being omitted. Clark Russell calls the song a satirical stroke—why, I have not been able to discover, as it appears to me to be a quite unsophisticated account of an unlucky expedition. Mr. Hammond's third and fourth verses have been transposed in their order. They are placed correctly in Clark Russell's version.

—A. G. G.

In *A Sailor's Garland*, edited by John Masefield, there is an anonymous ballad of fifteen verses, called "The Benjamin's Lamentations for their sad loss at sea by storms and tempests." This begins "Captain Chilver's gone to sea," and is a reprint of a black-letter broadside, *circa* 1670 (see *Ballad Society's* Roxburghe Ballads, Part xxii, Vol. vii). The Dorsetshire version and Masefield's have the *subject* (of a disastrous voyage), in common, and similar refrains, but the verses of the two have no lines strictly in common.—L. E. B.

17.—MIDST OF NIGHT.

(THE WELCOME SAILOR.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ELLIOTT,
AT TODBER, SEPT., 1905.

'Twas in the midst of night, When dark-ness was all
o - ver; The moon did give no light, No, none could dis -
co - ver. Down by some ri - ver - side, Where ships were
sail - ing, A love - ly lass I spied Weep - ing and wail - ing.

I boldly stepped up to her, asked what grieved her,
The answer that she made : no one could relieve her.

" For they've pressed my love," cried she, " for to cross the wide ocean,
And my heart is like the sea, always in motion."

" Mark well, my lovely lass, mark well my story,
It was your true love and I fought for old England's glory.

And by one heavy shot we both got parted.
Great was the wound he got, Oh ! he died valiant-hearted."

She wrung her hands, and cried, flew up in anger ;
" Begone young man," cried she, " for I'll wed no stranger."

Into her arms he flew, he could stay no longer.
" God bless the ship," cried she, " that brought ye over,
Ay ! God bless the wind," cried she, " that brought ye over."

Then they both sat down, and sang, but my love sang clearest
Like a nightingale in Spring : " You're welcome home my dearest."

I have given the tune of two verses to show the main variants which were introduced.

Mr. Elliott also used intermediate variants of these after the fashion of many folk-singers. In the seventh verse the last line of the melody was sung twice, being, of course, suitably varied. I have met no other singer who knew anything about the ballad.—H. E. D. H.

The words are a version of " The Welcome Sailor," No. 74 in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*. " The Welcome Sailor " seems to be a condensed version of " The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love after a long Seven Years absence"—a ballad in the Douce and Wood collections in the Bodleian, and also found in the Roxburghe Ballads (Ballad Society) " in a slightly different version by Cuthbert Birket." The " Valiant Seaman"—apparently the earlier form—beginning " When Sol did cast no light," and reprinted with the above references in Christopher Stone's *Sea-songs and Ballads*, is a more elaborate ballad in 17 stanzas—more polished in its metrical form and language, and containing various classical allusions. It is printed in the short line metre of " Phillida flouts me"—the rhythm of which it exactly fits, though it is directed to be sung to the tune " I am so deep in love : or, Through the cool shady woods." Here is the first verse, attached to this tune :

WHEN SOL DID CAST NO LIGHT.

Tune—"Through the cool shady Woods" (from CHAPPELL).

When Sol did cast no light, Dark - ness being o - ver, }
 And the dark time of night Did the skies co - ver, }
 Run - ning a ri - ver by There were ships sail - ing,
 A maid most fair I spied, Weep - ing and wail - ing.

The above tune is in Chappell's *Popular Music*, under the title of "Cupid's Courtesy." It is also known as "Little Boy"—"Through the cool shady woods" being the first line of "Cupid's Courtesy," and "Little Boy" taken from the refrain. The song "Phillida flouts me" was also variously directed to be sung to the tune of "I am so deep in Love," "Little Boy," and "The Virgin's Complaint or Cupid's Courtesy" (all evidently the same air) and also to "Dainty, come thou to me," which Chappell thinks may be the same tune as "The Bells of Osney" ("Turn again, Whittington"). The three tunes thus preserved to us (including the tune now known as "Phillida flouts me")—belonging to various ballads in this peculiar metrical form—are all in triple time and dactylic metre; and I think a comparison of the last-printed tune with "Midst of Night," and also with the similar irregular tune to "Our Captain calls all hands"—another ballad in the same curious metre (*see Journal*, Vol. i, p. 131, and Vol. ii, p. 202)—will suggest that these tunes also have been originally in triple time, beginning on the first of the bar, and have become altered in rhythm through the singer making more or less of a pause at the end of each short line, thus causing a false stress upon the third beat of the second bar, turning the measure from dactyls into iambs, and producing this effect:

When Sol did cast no light Dark - ness being o - ver etc.

Here is the other tune restored to what I suspect to be the original form:

OUR CAPTAIN CALLS.

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.

There is a verse missing from Mr. Elliot's version of "The Welcome Sailor" which gives a needed explanation of why the lovely lass flew up in anger. The stranger relates that her lover

"Told me before he died his heart was broken;
 He gave me this gold ring, take it for a token.
 Take this unto my dear, there is no one fairer,
 Tell her to be kind and love the bearer."

And the "Valiant Seaman" version of the message is still more calculated to rouse her resentment, for it continues:

"Intomb'd he now doth lye
 in stately manner,
 'Cause he fought valiantly
 for love and honour:
 That right he had in you
 to me he gave it,
 Now since it is my due
 pray let me have it.

She raging flung away," etc.

A comparison between the (apparently) original form and the traditional version is of extreme interest, as showing the process by which a particular ballad, not o. the "folk" originally—for a cultured source is evident—is simplified and condensed without losing any of its intrinsic qualities of appeal. The pretty 'nightingale' verse is retained in all the versions I have seen.—A. G. G.

Miss Gilchrist's suggestions concerning the origin of the peculiar rhythm of this tune, and others of its class, are very interesting. Is it not likely, however, that they were originally dance tunes? The accent suggests the clapping of hands and stick-striking; and Mr. Hammond's tune is actually very like, in air and rhythm, the "Morris off," an old dance-tune whose latest appearance is in *Morris Dance Tunes*, edited by Cecil Sharp and Herbert Macilwaine (Novello and Co.) A good instance of another English song in this rhythm is "Good morning, pretty Maid" in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*. There is also a Gaelic song in the same rhythm called "Allt-an-t-Siùgar" (see *Celtic Lyre*) which actually seems to have a common origin with the tune noted in Sussex "Our Captain calls" (*Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 131, and Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 202), so close is the likeness. "The Welcome Sailor" is on a Catnach broadside of seven verses of four lines.—L. E. B.

18.—FAREWELL, DEAREST NANCY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

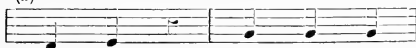
SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

ÆOLIAN.

VERSE I.

Fare - well, dear - est Nan - cy, Oh ! now I must
(a) leave you. Un - to the West In - dies my course I must
steer. I know ve - ry well that the part - ing will
(a) grieve you, But, my dear, I'll re - turn in the spring of the year.
(a)

Variant in verses 2 and 6.





" Oh ! don't talk of going, my dearest jewel,
Don't talk of leaving me here on the shore.
It's your sweet company that I do admire,
Therefore I shall die, if I never see you more."

" Don't let my long voyage be a trouble unto you,
Don't let my long absence run sore in your mind.
Although we are parted, my dear, I'll be true-hearted,
And we will be married when I do return."

" Just like some little sea-boy, my dear, I'll go with you,
In the midst of all danger oh ! I'll be your friend,
And when that the cold stormy winds are a-blowing,
Then, my dear, I shall be with you to wait on you then."

" Your lily-white hands cannot handle a cable,
Nor your pretty little feet to the topmast can't go,
Nor the cold stormy weather, my dear, you can't endure,
Therefore to the seas, dearest Nancy, don't go."

As she stood a-wailing, the ship set a-sailing,
Tears down her cherry cheeks, down they did flow,
And her lily-white hands in sorrow [she] stood a-wringing
Crying " Oh ! my dearest jewel, I shall never see you more."

Mr. C. J. Sharp has published a close variant of this tune in the third series of *Folk Songs from Somerset*. I give the tune both in the simplest and in the most expanded form in which Mrs. Russell sang it.—H. E. D. H.

Amongst Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* is what seems to be a major form of Mr. Hammond's tune. It is a variant of the " Yarmouth Tragedy " tune given in the

Journal, Vol. 2, p. 113, and was sung in Buchan to the same "long tragical ballad," which, though distinct from "Farewell, dearest Nancy," is in the same metre.—
A. G. G.

For a major tune see "Farewell, my dear Nancy," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 130. The Dorsetshire tune is a variant of "Adieu, lovely Mary" in Joyce's *Ancient Music of Ireland*.—L. E. B.

19.—NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

(NANCY FROM LONDON)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

PHRYGIAN (?)

SUNG BY MR. J. ELLIOTT,

AT TODBER, SEPT., 1905.

It's Nan - cy from Lon - don from the fair in - land
stream ; She was court - ed by Wil - liam, he be - longs to the
sea ; She was court - ed by Wil - liam a long time a - go. He's
on the seas sail - ing where the storm - y winds blow.

Oh ! the stormy winds blow, boys, and make my pillow shake ;
They make my room-window for to shiver and shake.
God knows where my love lies so far from the shore,
I'll pray for her welfare—what can I do more ?

When the sailors are sailing, drink a health to their wives,
For they love their sweethearts, as they love their lives.
Here's a punch going round, my boys, here's a full glass in hand,
Here's a health to loving Nancy that I leave on dry land.

Oh ! it's Nancy my jewel, my joy and heart's delight,
Here is one lovely letter I'm going for to write ;
Here is one lovely letter for to let you know
That I'm on the sea sailing where the stormy winds blow.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN

SUNG BY MR GREGORY,
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

ends

Vars. (a)

Vars. (b)

Vars. (c)

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS FORSEY,
AT WHATTON, MAY, 1906.

Pret - ty Nan - cy of Yar - mouth, my ... joy and de -

- light, It's ... of a kind let - ter I go - ing for ... to

write. And it is.... to in - form you what we... und - er -

- go All on the salt seas, boys, where the storm - y.... winds blow.

Now a ship in distress is a most dismal sight
Like an army of soldiers just going to fight,
But a soldier can fly from his most dismal doom,
But poor sailor must submit to his watery tomb.

It was early one evening just before it was dark,
Our honorary bold captain kindly showed us the mark
From what we can now, boys, perceive in the sky,
Oh! he told us for sure that a storm it was nigh.

Like the rollings of thunder we were tossed about,
Which made many a poor sailor though valiant and stout
So shaking and a-shivering betwixt hope and despair,
One moment down below, my boys, and the next in the air.

It was early next morning just before it was day,
Our honorary bold captain unto us did say :
" Be all of good heart, boys, be of a good cheer,
For whilst we have sea-room, brave boys, never fear."

I have noted three or four more Dorian and Mixolydian variants of this tune. The song is widely known in Dorsetshire, on account, I suppose, of its fine tunes, since I have never come across a complete and intelligible set of the words. The second version of the words here printed was sung by Mr. R. Barrett, of Puddletown. I give it in preference to Miss Forsey's version because it has two extra verses, being in other respects almost exactly similar.—H. E. D. H.

See *Songs of the West* (first edition) for a version, "Nancy," with a curious tune, printed in the notes upon the song, which has some resemblance to Mr. Hammond's third version. The air "Nancy of Yarmouth," given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, is quite a different tune, and fits not this but "Farewell, dearest Nancy," No. 18 *supra*.—A. G. G.

The words attached to the third version of "Pretty Nancy" tunes are much the same as those on a broadside by Pitts, called "Nancy of Yarmouth."* There are five stanzas in both ballads, but the Dorsetshire singer has misplaced the verse "Now a ship in distress," which in the printed broadside comes last.

The second tune has a likeness to "Through Moorfields," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 146, and "The Poor Murdered Woman," No. 4, p. 186, and the third tune to versions of "The Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

This ballad is a very common one in Somerset, and is usually sung either to the second or the third tune given above. The second tune is a variant of the well-known "Rosemary Lane" air (*see* "Brimbledon Fair," *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 77). The first tune strikes me as a genuine Phrygian air, though the C of the scale is absent.—C. J. S.

* Not to be confused with "The Yarmouth Tragedy, or Nancy of Yarmouth" a broadside of forty-six stanzas (*see Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7).

20.—OH! GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND FAIR.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HUNT,
AT BROADWAY, FEB., 1907.

Oh! gen - tle - men of..... Eng - land fair, Who
sit at..... home all free from care, How lit - tle do you
think or care [know?] What dan - gers sea - men un - der - go.

Variants.

When they moil and toil all round the waves,
And work like Turks or valiant slaves.

'Twas on November the second first [day?],
When first our admiral he bore away,
He bore away to the knavish [Spanish?] shore.
The wind from the West and the West did roar.

When standing by, a dismal sight,
The wrastling seas run mountains high,
Which made our seamen damn and swear;
The goodly ship we could not steer.

And now you shall hear the worst of all:
The [All?] lost and drowned were ships ['cept?] nineteen.
And that was the mate and eighteen more
All in the longboat got ashore.

This may be a fragment of the old sea ballad "The Bay of Biscay." Christie gives a version, sung by an old woman in Banffshire, with the same opening, but in a longer metre—*i.e.* that of "The Stormy Winds do Blow"—which begins with the same apostrophe. The air of the "Wraggle-taggle Gypsies," (*Folk Songs from Somerset*, 1st series,) has some resemblance to Mr. Hammond's tune, and it is to be noticed that one of the gypsies sang "Bonny, bonny Biscay, O," which suggests that the air to which "The Wraggle-taggle Gypsies" was sung had been a "Bay of Biscay" tune. It is in the same metre as Mr. Hammond's words.—A. G. G.

To make clear the difference between the "old" and "new" song "The Bay of Biscay," it should be borne in mind that the singer Incedon, (1763-1826), who was in the Royal Navy before becoming a professional musician, introduced the famous modern song in this manner: Hearing some drunken negro sailors singing in chorus an air, he remembered it, and hummed it to John Davy, who made the air the foundation of his song, to which Cherry wrote the words (see *National Melodies*, by John Cameron, Glasgow).—L. E. B.

Is not "Biscay, O" in the "Wraggle Taggle Gipsies," a corruption of "Briskly O"? I believe, though I can find no record of it in my note books, that I have heard it so sung.—C. J. S.

21.—THE BRISK YOUNG SAILOR BOLD.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HOOPER,
AT BYER, FEB., 1907

Oh! 'tis of a brisk young sai - lor bold, He's just re - turned from
sea. ... He's brisk, and bold, Well lined with gold, And his
true love he's gone see, He's brisk, and bold, well
lined with gold, And his true love he's gone see.

Oh! he went unto his true love's house
All in his ragged array. (dress?)
He said "My dear," I'm a-come to you
Quite poor and penniless.

My merchandise I have lost,
My ship she is gone astray;
I'm so much in debt that it makes me to fret,
And my debts I cannot pay."

"Come in, my dear," said she,
"Pull off your ragged array,
And I will be so very kind to thee,
And it's all your debts I'll pay."

"I've gold all of mine own
My debts all for to clear,
I've rings, I've rivets, I've jewelry,
Oh! like diamonds strike the air.

I'll stay at home with you,
No more to the seas I won't go.
For it's since you've been so very kind to me,
My lawful bride you shall be."

'Twas down in Westham Church
Where the happy knot was tied.
From land to land there is no man can
Match the sailor and his bride.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LARCOMBE,
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

It's of a sai - lor bold Just late - ly come a - shore; Both
(a)
brisk and bold, well lined with gold, To his lo - ver he did re - pair.

Variant.

In an old and ragged dress,
Unto his love did go,
Unto his love all for to prove
Whether she'll prove true or no.

"Oh! I fear no less than gaol.
What a sad and dismal tale!"
"I vow," said she, "I will have thee,
And all thy debts I'll clear."

To Stokon church they went,
And married were with speed.

* * * *

We obtained a third version from Mrs. Tuck, at Beaminster. The words began: "It's of a sailor bold," and were otherwise almost identical with Mr. Hooper's, though shorter by two verses. The chief variations were in verse 5:

"I've rings, I've ribbons, I've jewels so bright
And the diamonds strike the hair."

and in the last verse "Hampton Church."

"Diamonds strike the hair" probably means "Diamonds to trick the hair."—
H. E. D. H.

22.—A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR WALKED THE FIELD.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MR. F. STOCKLEY,
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

A brisk young sai - lor walked the field To see what plea - sure Flo -
ra would yield; He saw a maid dressed in a smock Bu -
sy a - rak - ing, bu - sy a - rak - ing all round the hay - cock.

He said, " Fair maid, your rake lay down,
And follow me to yonder town.
I'll buy you rings, ribbons and fine gloves
That shall entice you to fall in love."

She said, " I must and will not go,
For, if my master he should know
That I neglect making his hay,
He'd stop my wages, and send me away. '

With kisses sweet and words so kind
'Long with the sailor she had a mind.
She laid down her rake, and put on her gown,
Went with the sailor unto the next town.

And, when he got her to the yonder oak,
He treated her with wine and cake,
He bought her rings, ribbons, and fine gloves,
That did entice her to fall in love.

The sailor then goes to sea leaving the maid to mourn his absence, but returns after " three years are past and gone," when the happy couple are married " without delay." I have noted three versions of the song. In each case the rhythm of the tune is irregular.—H. E. D. H.

I have four versions of this song, all noted down in Somerset. The tunes are all irregular in rhythm.—C. J. S.

23.—THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

I am a sai - lor stout and bold, long time did plough the
o - cean, Un - der my Queen and count - te - ry got
hon - our and pro - mo - tion. Then I said "Bro - ther sai - lor, I'll
bid you a - dieu, No more I'll go to the sea with you, But I'll
tra - vel the coun - try through and through, And still be a ram - bling sai - lor."

If you want to know my name, my name it is young Johnson.
I've got permission from the Queen to court all girls that are handsome.
With my false heart and flattering tongue
I'll court them all and marry none,
I'll court them all both old and young,
And still be a rambling sailor.

I give as much as is printable, not of Mrs. Russell's words, but of a version sung to me, also to a Mixolydian tune, at Wareham. There is a flattened third in the fourth bar from the end of Mrs. Russell's tune for which *cf.* her tune to 'As Sally sat a weeping,' printed in this number.—H. E. D. H.

Baring Gould gives a version of this tune in *Songs of the West*, to re-written words. He calls it a hornpipe tune.—A. G. G.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

24.—CUPID THE PLOUGHBOY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN & ÆOLIAN INFLUENCE.

SUNG BY MR. H. MARSH,
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, when flow'rs were all in
bloom,..... I went in - to a flow - 'ry field, and smelt a sweet per -
- fume..... I turned my - self all round and round, and lis - tened for a
while, And there I saw Cu - pid the Plough - boy, and he my heart be - guiled.

(a)
Variant.

As this young man was ploughing his furrows high and low,
Raking his clods together, his barley for to sow,
I wished this pretty ploughboy my eyes had never seen.
'Tis Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

If I should write a letter to him, my mind to him unfold,
Perhaps he would take it scornful and say I am too bold,
But if he'd take it kinder and write to me again,
'Tis Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

The ploughboy hearing the lady thus sadly to complain
He said, " My honoured lady, I'll ease you of your pain.
If you will wed a ploughboy, for ever I'll be true,
'Tis you my heart have a-wounded, I can't love none but you."

This lady soon consents for to be his lawful bride.
 Unto the Church they went, and soon the knot was tied.
 So now they are united, and gold they have in store :
 The lady and the ploughboy each other do adore.

The last verse, substituting "young lord" for "ploughboy," is the same as the last verse of "The Noble Lord" in *Sussex Songs*, a ballad noted before 1840, and which I have never seen elsewhere.—L. E. B.

I have a version of the words on a broadside.—F. K.

For a major form of the air see "Cupid, the Ploughboy," No. 75 in the first edition of *Songs of the West* (it is omitted from the 1905 edition)—where references are given to various broadside versions. Almost the same words, to a different tune, are in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, with an additional verse.—A. G. G.

25.—THE BONNY LABOURING BOY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond,
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. R. BARRETT,
 AT PIDDELTOWN, OCT., 1905.

As I walked out one morn - ing he - ing in the bloom - ing
 Spring, I heard a love - ly maid com - plain, so griev - ous - ly she
 sing, Say - ing, " Cru - el is my pa - rents that did me so an -
 - noy, And will not let me mar - ry with my bon - ny la - b'ring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name, as you may plainly see.
 My parents did employ him their labouring boy to be,
 To harrow, reap, to sow the seed, to plough my father's land,
 And soon I fell in love with him, as you may understand.

My father came next morning, and he seized me by the hand.
 He swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foreign land.
 He locked me in my bed-room, my comfort to annoy,
 And to keep me to weep and mourn for my bonny labouring boy

My mother came next morning, these words to me did say:
 "Your father has intended to appoint your wedding day."
 But I did not make no answer, nor I dared not to complain,
 But single I will here remain till I wed my labouring boy.

Oh! his cheeks are like the roses, his eyes so black as sloes,
 He smiles in his behaviour wherever my love goes.
 He's manly, neat, and handsome, his skin so white as snow.
 In spite of all my parents with my labouring boy I'll go.

So fill this glass up to the brim, let the toast go early round,
 Here's a health to the labouring boy that ploughs and sows the ground.
 And when his work is over, his home he will enjoy.
 Oh! how happy is the girl that weds with the bonny labouring boy.

The words are very common on early 15th century ballad sheets. There is a verse given in 'Thomas Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse," as one of the songs sung in the district.—F. K.

The tune is of the type used for "Erin's Lovely Home" and "Young Henry the Poacher" by country singers. Compare two Mixolydian airs to the same words in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 206, and notes thereon.—L. E. B.

26.—NEWGATES.

(THROUGH MOORFIELDS.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
 AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

As I was a - walk - ing by New - gates one
 day, Oh! I heard some fair dam - sel to sigh and to
 say A - wring - ing of her hands and a - tear - ing of her
 hair, Cry - ing "Cru - el pro - se - cu - tor, you have been too se vere,"

'Twas out of the window he saw her bright eyes,
 Which struck the young sailor with a great surprise.
 He threw to the porter a large piece of gold,
 Saying: "Show me the room to the joy of my soul."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WHITE,
AT DORCHESTER, DFC, 1906

As I was a - walk - ing by New - gates one
day, Oh! I heard some fair dam - sel to sigh and to
say A - wring - ing of her hands and a - tear - ing of her
hair, Cry - ing "Cru - el pro - se - cu - tor, you have been too se - vere."

You've a-banished my own true love, as you very well know.
You've a-sent him a-sailing where the stormy winds blow.
You've a-sent him a-sailing all on the salt seas.
You've a-sent him a-sailing where the stormy winds blow.

Mrs. Russell sings this second tune to "The Lads of sweet Newbury," of which she can only remember the first verse:

"The lads of sweet Newbury, they are all roving blades,
They take much delight in the courting of young maids,
They kiss them, they court them, and call them their own,
While their own darlings are murmuring at home,"

I believe that Mr. White's tune, sung to the words of 'Newgates' has been noted for Dr. G. B. Gardiner in Hampshire; on the other hand I have noted, too late for publication, a fine Dorian variant of Mrs. Russell's tune with a fuller version of her words.—H. E. D. H.

For a full version of words and another Dorian tune see "Through Moorfields," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 146.—L. E. B.

Another magnificent Dorian air. The second version is identical with the second half of the tune of "The Cuckoo" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 72. I have heard the same air sung to the words of "Shooting of his dear."—C. J. S.

27.—ONE MAY MORNING, AS IT HAPPENED TO BE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN OR ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. R. BARRETT,
AT PIDDLETOWN, SEPT., 1905.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, One May morn - ing, As it
hap - pen - ed to be, Yo! there I met a fair pret - ty maid, She came
trip - pa - ling o - ver the green to me. To my right fol the dol, fol the
did - dle, fol the dee! right fol the dol, fol the did - dle, fol the dee! Yo!
there I met a fair pret - ty maid, She came trip - pa - ling o - ver the green to me.

The song, which consisted in Mr. Barrett's version of four verses, is of the loose and humorous kind.—H. E. D. H.

A copy of this song with a variant of this air, appears in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Vol. iv., 1792. It is certainly old, and does not appear in any prior collection. The first verse (there are eight in all), runs :

' As I went out ae May morning,
A May morning it chanc'd to be,
Then I was aware of a weel-far'd maid
Cam' linkin o'er the lea to me.'

F. K.

Cf. the tune with the second version of "Shule Agra" (with nonsense chorus) in the *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 29.—A. G. G.

28.—AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

(THE BAFFLED KNIGHT; OR, THE LADY'S POLICY.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MINOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BRIDLE,
AT STRATTON, DEC., 1906.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, I met a pret - ty
maid oh! I said "Pret - ty may, [what makes you stray] A -
- mong the new - mown hay, oh?" Right fal the did - dle dal the dee.

The ballad in this metre is given in sixty-three verses in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, London, in 1726.

For a version of the words in another metre, cf. "Blow away the morning dew," *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, p. 18.—H. E. D. H.

The tune may be compared with that of "Earl Richard" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, second series.—A. G. G.

29.—I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. BURROWS,
AT SHERBORNE, JULY, 1906.

I will give my love an ap - ple with - out e'er a
core; I will give my love a house with out e'er a
door; I will give my love a pa - lace where - in she may
be,..... And she may un - lock it with - out e'er a key.

My head is the apple without e'er a core,
My mind is the house without e'er a door,
My heart is the palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without e'er a key.

I will give my love a cherry without e'er a stone,
I will give my love a chick without e'er a bone,
I will give my love a ring, not a rent to be seen,
I will give my love children without any crying.

When the cherry's in blossom, there's never no stone,
When the chick's in the womb, there's never no bone,
And, when they're rinning running [the ring is running?], not a rent's
to be seen,
And, when they're [love-making], they're seldom crying.

The first two verses of this song are charming, and I have not met with them before. The 'ring' paradox is puzzling. Does it mean a metal ring with the two ends not welded together—the join being invisible when the ring is "running round"? Or should 'ring' be 'gown' or 'riband'—any rent being unseen if only the wearer or the observer is running fast enough? There is an old saying, used to console people when some defect in costume is being pointed out—"A man running for his life would never see it!"

The tune has some resemblance to that of "Glenlogie" in *Songs of the North*. It is, however, a better melody.—A. G. G.

This tune has probably a Celtic origin. It is like a tune noted in County Antrim by Mrs. Milligan Fox (1904), from the singing of a native of County Down, (*Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, No. 2, p. 58.) And the foregoing is much like an air in three-four time which I noted this year from an old Gaelic singer in Inverness-shire, who cannot read even his own language, and knows no English. He sings it to the bard Ross' poem "Brughaichean Ghlinn'-Braon," and I have not been able to trace his tune in any published collection. Ross' words are popular to quite a different tune, and one which my singer knows, but does not care for. Child quotes a song from a MS. assigned to the fifteenth century (see Wright's *Songs and Carols*, and *Sloane MS.*, No. 2593, British Museum), which begins "I have a yong suster fer beyondyn the se." This contains the familiar verse "I will give my love a cherry," etc, but with points of likeness that I have only met with in this ancient song and the third verse of this Dorsetshire version. See "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," Child's *Ballads*, Vol. i, 415.—L. E. B.

30.—YE MOURNERS [MARINERS] ALL.

(A JUG OF THIS.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN (?)

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Ye mourn - ers all, as you pass by, Call
[mar - 'ners]

in and drink, if you are dry; Come, spend, my lads, your

mo - ney brisk, And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! mourners all, if you have a crown,
You're welcome all for to sit down.
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! tipplers all, as ye pass by,
Come in and drink, if you are dry.
Call in and drink, think not amiss,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! now I'm old, and scarce can crawl,
My old grey beard, my head so bald,
Crown my desire, fulfil my bliss,
A pretty girl and a jug of this.

Oh! now I'm in my grave and dead,
All my sorrows are past and fled,
Transform me then into a fish,
And let me swim in a jug of this.

We had the same song to a major variant of Mrs. Russell's tune from W. Haines, of Halfway House, between Sherborne and Yeovil. In fact almost all of the words are Haines', Mrs. Russell's being fragmentary.—H. E. D. H.

"A Jug of this," to a different air, is included in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), the tune being noted in Wiltshire in 1857. In Barrett's copy, "Mourners" stands correctly as "Mariners."—F. K.

In verses 1 and 2 Mrs. Russell sang, as we thought, "mourners," pronouncing it "marners." But I find in Thomas Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge* "mariners"

given in dialect form as “mar’ners,” and we ought, no doubt, to have noted “mar’ners.”—H. E. D. H.

Barrett states that a copy was printed in one of the *Little Warblers*, printed by Ryle of Seven Dials, about 1838, but says the song may be older.—A. G. G.

The rather modern words of this song are here wedded to a good old tune, which is a variant of an air very much used in connection with the large class of ballads to which “My true love once he courted me,” “Deep in Love,” “I little knew what love could do,” etc., etc., belong. For a few printed examples consult Kidson’s *Traditional Tunes*, and the subject-index (*Phrases, favourite* “Dig me a grave, etc.”) in *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10.—L. E. B.

31.—THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE COCKNEY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MR. J. GREENING,
AT CUCKOLD’S CORNER, MAY, 1906.

The musical notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes or bars.

It's of a Lon - don cock - ney, as I shall now re -
- late, He went in - to the coun - try to find him - self a
mate, He went in - to the coun - try to find him - self a mate.

Oh! there he rode until he came to some public town.
Oh! then he unlighted, and he drank at the Crown.

A beauty fair damsel appeared all in his eyes,
Which made him to tarry and there for to bide.

He said, “ My fair damsel, if you will be mine,
Then all my gold and silver I have, shall be thine.”

A ploughboy was standing by and, hearing him say so,
Then up-spoke the ploughboy, “ I know what I know.”

"We will take up our arrows, and go to fight in field.
We'll fight a good battle and gain her goodwill."

After that the ploughboy he gave him such a blow :
"Now, you London cockney, I know what I know."

Oh ! it shall never be said, Oh ! its all on a plough-bench,
That a ploughboy was not willing to fight for his wench."

"Oh ! carry me to London, and there let me die.
Nor let me die here in a strange country."

I have a ballad sheet copy of this with no imprint. The town mentioned in the song is Beverley, so I suspect it is a Hull broadside. There are nine verses of four lines each. Its title is "The Cockney and Ploughboy."—F. K.

Cf. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* for another version, "The Bold Cockney." The town here mentioned is Huntingdon, and this version also has nine verses of four lines. Though the tune differs considerably from that above given, the two have passages in common which point to one original. The opening phrase of Mr. Hammond's tune is reminiscent of the old tune "The Simple Ploughboy," in Boosey's *Songs of England*, Vol. i,—a tune which has perhaps been elaborated from a simpler air.—A. G. G.

This tune shows the influence of the Mixolydian mode, though it cannot be called a purely Mixolydian tune.—R. V. W.

32.—THE WORCESTERSHIRE WEDDING.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

An old la - dy was clo - thèd in grey Whose
daugh - ter was charm - ing and young. Young Ro - ger de -
(a)
- lude her a - way With his false flat - ter - ing tongue. Three
gui - neas he gave her in hand ; He told her she
must not dis - pute. He brought her un - to his com -
- mand, And 'tis done, and 'tis not to be helped.
CHORUS.
(b)
Fal the dal the did - dle al, fal the dal did - dle al day.

Verse 2.
Variants. (a)

(b)

* C natural was also sung at these two points.

" Oh ! what will you give me, bold Hodge,
If I do take her from your hand ?
Will you make me a lord of the manor,
Likewise of your houses and land,
Your barns and your stables also
Both every wether and yeowe,
If I do take her as my bride ?
And speak up, if you will, ' Yes,' or ' No.' "
Fal the dal the diddle al,
Fal the dal diddle al day.

Then the bargain it was soon made,
 And the job it was soon done.
 The old woman wished them good luck,
 And was proud with her daughter and son.

* * * *

You see they are greater than duchess[es].
 The old woman wished them good luck,
 And she danced a fine jig on her crutches.
 Fal the dal the diddle al,
 Fal the dal diddle al day.

A full version of the unedifying words of the "Worcestershire Wedding" or "Joy after Sorrow" is given in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, printed for J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, London, 1726. It is, according to the compiler of that collection, to be sung to the tune of "The kind husband and the imperious wife."

In Mrs. Russell's tune the C in the second and third bars before the chorus was usually sharp, and variant *b* was hardly ever sung.—H. E. D. H.

This is a traditional survival of the 17th and 18th century song, "An old woman clothed in gray," the air of which was used in the *Beggars' Opera* for the song "Through all the employments of life." It would be interesting to trace how much or how little the original air has retained its form.

AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

The first air in the *Beggars' Opera*, 1727-8.



There were several versions of this early printed tune. One is "Let Oliver now be forgotten," and another is a country dance tune called "Unconstant Roger." This latter is in one of Walsh's country dance books, *circa* 1730, and in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1728. Many political songs were set to the tune.—F. K.

The C natural in the chorus of the Dorsetshire tune is the flattened third so often found in Mixolydian airs. I should interpret the F natural in the refrain to be a chromatic auxiliary note, which of course does not induce modulation.—C. J. S.

See also the tune in Chappell's *Popular Music* "The Winchester Wedding," tune used by D'Urfey for his song different from these words.—L. E. B.

33.—OLD MILITIA SONG.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. TAUNTON,
AT CORSCOMBE, SEPT., 1907.

From Dor - ches - ter we marched a - way To
Sel - sey camp with - out de - lay. King Geor - ge's word we
(a) must o - bey, When we heard the French was land - ed.
(a)
Variant.

And when to Selsey Camp we came,
Our Colonel he thought it no shame
For to cheat us brave Dorsetshire men
Out of what we call our bounty.

Here are so many brave Dorsetshire lads
That are come so many miles from home,
There's no one here will stand their friend
No! without a royal sovereign.

And, as we marched from town to town,
The landlords on us all did frown,
They never did ask us to sit down,
But we made ourselves right welcome.

So never mind what they do say,
Our knives and forks we'll make them play,
We'll pay them fourpence for one day,
And march away next morning.

Our adjutant he was but one short;
 He came to camp all with one shirt;
 Place for his was a-sooner got
 All in our showy regiment.

Our General being an honest man
 Straightway to London he did run,
 And there before the King he came,
 And laid the cause before him.

Oh! then the King a letter wrote,
 And sent to Selsey Camp that night,
 That every man should have his right,
 Oh! his right was read in order.

Good Lord! how our Colonel he did frown,
 And wish himself again at home,
 He'd sooner lose five hundred pound
 Than to have his name so scandaled.

Interesting as regards tune and also the form of the verse, which reminds one of a Danish folk-song. The music of the last line has quite the lilt of a Danish *folk-melodi* refrain.—A. G. G.

34.—OH! SHEPHERD, OH! SHEPHERD.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond,
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. DAVIS,
 AT DORCHESTER, DEC., 1906.

Oh! shep-herd, oh! shep-herd, will you come home, will you come home, will you come home?
rall. . . . a tempo.
 Oh! shep-herd, oh! shep-herd, will you come home To
Last time.
 your break - fast this morn - ing? Oh! morn - ing.

"What have you got for my breakfast
 For my breakfast, for my breakfast?
 What have you got for my breakfast,
 If I do come home this morning?"

"Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,
 A belly-full, a belly-full,
 Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,
 If you do come home this morning."

" My sheep they are all in the wilderness,
The wilderness, the wilderness,
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,
So I cannot come home this morning."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd will you come home,
Will you come home, will you come home ?
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd will you come home
To your dinner this morning ? "

" What have you got for my dinner
For my dinner, for my dinner ?
What have you got for my dinner,
If I do come home this morning ?

" Pudding and beef, a belly-full,
A belly-full, a belly-full,
Pudding and beef, a belly-full,
If you do come home this morning."

" My sheep they're all in the wilderness,
The wilderness, the wilderness,
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,
So I cannot come home this morning."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home,
Will you come home, will you come home ?
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home
To your supper to-night ? "

" What have you got for my supper
For my supper, for my supper ?
What have you got for my supper,
If I do come home to-night ? "

" Bread and cheese } a belly full,
or Basin of broth }
A belly-full, a belly-full,
Bread and cheese (or basin of broth), a belly-full,
If you do come home to-night."

" My sheep they're all in the wilderness,
The wilderness, the wilderness,
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,
So I cannot come home to-night."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home,
Will you come home, will you come home ?
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home
To your lodging to-night ? "

" What have you got for my lodging
For my lodging, for my lodging ?
What have you got for my lodging,
If I do come home to-night ? "

[“ Oh ! your house is clean swept, and your true love's there,
Your true love's there, your true love's there,
Oh ! your house is clean swept, and your true love's here,]
If you do come home to-night.”

“ Oh ! I'll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,
The wilderness, the wilderness,
I'll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,
And I will come home to-night.”

I have noted a close variant of this tune, in the same mode, from Mr. Drake of Dorchester, and I used frequently, at Clevedon, Somerset, to hear a major form of it sung to the words of the Christmas carol “I saw three ships come sailing by.” Oddly enough, several verses of this carol, as sung at Clevedon, had the same ending as the nursery rhyme quoted below, to which an apparently edited version of the modal form of the folk-tune has been set.—H. E. D. H.

The song is curious, but the air is a well-known and published version of “Green-sleeves” set to the nursery rhyme :

“ Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies,
Bake your pies,
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas day in the morning.”

See Walter Crane's “Baby's Opera,” etc.—F. K.

A Scottish version of this song dialogue between a shepherd and his wife is given in Herd. The Scottish tune for the song—which appears in *Johnson's Museum* as “The Shepherd's Wife”—has been adapted to Burns' song “A Rosebud by my early walk.” Chambers prints a modified version of the song in his *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, beginning :

The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lea,
Cries o'er the lea, cries o'er the lea,
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lea
“Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?”

It proceeds in the same form of verse with question and reply :

“What shall I ha'e gin I come hame?” etc.
“Ye'll ha'e a panfu' of plumping porridge
And butter in them,” etc.
“Ha ha how ! That's naething that dow,
I winna come hame again e'en, jo !”

and so on. “Again e'en” seems to mean “against evening.”

The primitive, rhymeless structure of the verse and the arrangement of the dialogue are so reminiscent of a singing-game that it seems possible that the song has at one time been used as a game—probably in the form of the advancing and retiring line—in which one of the players personated the shepherd to whom various inducements are held out to persuade him to return home, until at last he succumbs to the allurements offered.

The tune, though a version of “ Dame, get up,” is interesting as retaining the modal character destroyed in the printed copies of “ Greensleeves.”—A. G. G.

I have noted four modal versions of “ Greensleeves ” from country fiddlers in Gloucestershire and Somerset.—C. J. S.

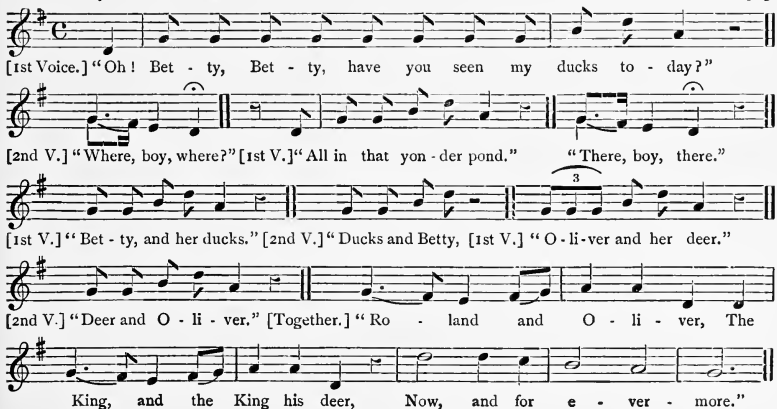
This tune calls up an interesting point in the question of folk-song genealogy. Is the tune “ Greensleeves ” a version of the above air “ improved ” by some ignorant musician? Or is the tune a version of “ Greensleeves ” made modal by a country singer? Whichever answer is the true one, it will accentuate the fact that the modal scales are native to folk-song, and not imported from the outside.—R. V. W.

35.—BETTY AND HER DUCKS.

SUNG BY MR. ADAMS,

AT STURMINSTER NEWTON, AUG., 1905.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.



[1st Voice.] “Oh! Bet - ty, Bet - ty, have you seen my ducks to - day?”

[2nd V.] “Where, boy, where?” [1st V.] “All in that yon - der pond.” “There, boy, there.”

[1st V.] “Bet - ty, and her ducks.” [2nd V.] “Ducks and Betty, [1st V.] “O - li - ver and her deer.”

[2nd V.] “Deer and O - li - ver.” [Together.] “Ro - land and O - li - ver, The King, and the King his deer, Now, and for e - ver - more.”

" Oh ! Thomas, Thomas, have you seen my horse to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All on that yonder plain "

" There, boy, there."

Thomas and his horse, horse and Thomas, Betty and her ducks,
ducks and Betty, Oliver and her deer, etc.

" Oh ! Agnes, Agnes, have you seen my geese to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All on that yonder common."

" There boy, there."

Agnes and her geese, etc.

" Oh, huntsman, huntsman, have you seen my hounds to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All in that yonder cover "

" There, boy, there."

Huntsman and his hounds, etc.

A curious cumulative song, the meaning of which has perhaps been lost. According to the plan it follows, a first verse beginning " Oliver, Oliver, have you seen my deer to-day " seems to be missing. The song has the appearance of having been used as a game, in which perhaps forfeits were exacted for failure to respond promptly with the right words. As it stands it is somewhat illogical—but perhaps the intentional humour of it lies in the " boy " laying claim to, and pretending to search for, animals which are not lost, and are not *his* property but that of the person of whom he is enquiring.—A. G. G.

Hall, the historian, almost a century before Shakespeare, used the expression " to have a Roland to resist an Oliver " ; Roland and Oliver being two of Charlemagne's paladins whose exploits were so similar that it is difficult to keep them distinct. Shakespeare alludes to " England all Olivers and Rolands bred." This song may well be an old one, probably a forfeit drinking-song.—L. E. B.

36.—SOVIE, SOVIE; OR THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

So - vie, So - vie, on a cer - tain day She
dressed her - self in man's ar ray, Hung a sword and pis - tol all
at her side,..... And to meet her true love, To meet her true love a -
way she ride.

or ends

Mrs. Russell could remember no more of the words.—H. E. D. H.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. YOUNG,

AT LONG BURTON, JULY, 1906.

Shil - lo, shil - lo all on one day, She dressed her - self in
man's ar - ray; With a brace of pis - tols hung by her side, To
meet her true love, to meet her true love a - way she ride.

As she was riding over the plain,
She met her true love, and bid him stand.
"Stand and deliver, kind sir," said she,
"Or else you shall this moment die."

Oh ! when she'd robbed him of his store,
 She said, " Kind sir, there is one thing more,
 A diamond ring which I know you have,
 Deliver it your life to save."

" My diamond ring a token is ;
 My life I'll lose, the ring I'll save."
 She being tender-hearted much like a dove,
 She rode away from her true love.

Next morning in the garden green
 Just like two lovers they were seen.
 He saw his watch hanging by her clothes,
 Which made him blush like any rose.

" What makes you blush at so silly a thing ?
 I fain would have had your diamond ring,
 But now I have a contented mind ;
 My heart and all, my dear, is thine."

Oh ! then this couple married were,
 And they did live a happy pair.
 The bells did ring, and the music play ;
 Now they've got pleasure both night and day.

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
.EOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. CRAWFORD,
 AT WEST MILTON, MAY, 1906.



Mrs. Crawford had the same words as Mrs. Young, except that her last two verses were :

What makes you blush, you silly thing ?
 I thought to have had your diamond ring.
 'Tis I that robbed you on the plain,
 So here's your gold and watch again.

I did intend and it was to know
 Whether you was my true love or no.
 So now I have a contented mind ;
 My heart and all, my dear, is thine."

I have noted another version of the tune, also in the Æolian mode, from John Northover, of Uploders. I should mention perhaps that each singer began the song differently, Mrs. Russell singing, "Sovie, Sovie" (Sophy), Mrs. Young, "Shillo, Shillo," Mrs. Crawford, "Sally, Sally," and Mr. Northover, "A lass, a lass."

A Mixolydian variant of the tune may be found in the second series of *Folk Songs from Somerset*.—H. E. D. H.

I have noted a copy of this as "Sylva, Sylva," which I suppose is a contraction of "Sylvia," a name given formerly—in very rare instances—to males.—F.K.

I have obtained a good version of this song in Sussex, to a vigorous major tune (a variant of "Sovay, Sovay," in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series), under the title of "Silvie," or "Silvery" (Sylvia). Though in the major mode, it has points of resemblance to versions one and two above.—A. G. G.

This is an exceedingly favourite ballad with country singers. Such, amongst other printers, has published a version with the title "The Female Highwayman." The tune is often a version of a major air usually sung to the ballad "Phœbe and her dark-eyed Sailor," and I have noted it in Sussex to that tune.—L. E. B.

37.—THE STEALING OF MARY NEALE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL.
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907,

I am a young and un-daunt-ed youth, My name is John M'

Cann, I am a na-tive of Ed-in-bro', And wil-ling to tra-

-pan. For steal-ing an heir-ess I was laid and left in

gaol, And her fa-ther said he would hang me for steal-ing Ma-ry Neale.

All in cold irons I lay bound, and my love sent word to me
 "Don't fear my father's anger, and I will set you free,
 For the ship she's now waiting to Derry for to go,
 And I'll bribe the Captain to let no one know."

Then he gave consent, and back she went, and stole away her clothes,
 And nary one that was in the house her mind she did not tell,
 And her yellow locks were floating all on the waves so high,
 And I'm to stand my trial for stealing Mary Neale.

Cf. the air with "Jack the Roving Journeyman," *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

Cf. also with "By chance it was"—also in *Songs of the West*.—A. G. G.

If this air be put into common time we have the favourite folk-tunes "Lazarus," "Murder of Maria Martin," "Come all you worthy Christians," etc., etc. (see *English County Songs* and *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. ii, No. 7).—L. E. B.

38.—THE FLANDYKE (?) SHORE.

SUNG BY MRS. NOTLEY,
 AT MORETON, DEC., 1906.

1. I went un-to my love's cham-ber win-dow, Where I oft-en had been be-
 - fore. 'Twas to let her know un-to Flanders' shore, un-to Flanders' shore Never
 to re-turn to En-gel-land no more, Ne-ver to re-turn to
 &c., as Verse 1.
 Eng-land no more. 2. I went un-to my love's cham-ber door Where I

I went unto my love's chamber door
 Where I never had been before.
 I saw a light spring from her clothes,
 Spring from her clothes,
 Just as the morning sun when first arose.

As I was a-walking on Flanders' Shore,
 Her own dear father did I meet.
 "My daughter she is dead," he cried,
 "She is dead," he cried,
 "She has broke her heart all for the loss of thee."
 Then I hove a bullet on fair England
 Just where I thought my own true love lay.

Mrs. Notley had the song from a very old woman of Moreton, a famous local singer. The story of the song, she said, was that a young man called to the wars in Flanders went to pay a farewell visit to his love, whose father locked her in her chamber, thus frustrating the endeavour. The title "Flandyke Shore" which Mrs. Notley gave, is doubtless a corruption of "Flanders Shore."—H. E. D. H.

I have a close variant of this ballad. The tune, which I noted down from an old lady in Somerton, is substantially the same as Mrs. Notley's, except that it is in $\frac{3}{2}$ time throughout, and is in the Mixolydian mode. My version consists of four verses, the last two of which are more or less the same as the Dorset verses. The first two are as follows:

When I was young and a courting go,
 I loved a fair maid as my life,
 From four in the morning till nine at night;
 I never would gain my own heart's delight.

When her father came for to hear
 That I did court his daughter dear,
 He locked her up in a room so high;
 That was the beginning of all my misery.

C. J. S.

39.—THE DEVIL AND THE FARMER.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

Whistle.

There was an old far-mer in York-shire did dwell,
 He had an old wife and he wished her in Hell. Sing
 fa la la la, fa la la la, Sing fa la la lid-dle la day.

Oh! the Devil came in when he was at plough,

[Whistle]

Saying, "One of your family I will have now."

Sing Fal la la la, fal la la la, sing fal la la liddle la day.

"Now Oh! Mr. Devil, and which do you crave?"

[Whistle]

"Your ugly old wife, and she I will have."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they bundled the old woman into a sack.

[Whistle]

The Devil he lugged her away on his back.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So when Mr. Devil he came up to his door:

[Whistle]

"In there you must go [for to bide evermore]."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

There she spied three young devils a-hanging in chains.

[Whistle]

She took off her pattens, got smashing their brains.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they to the Devil for mercy did call:

[Whistle]

"This ugly old woman she will kill us all."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they bundled the old woman out over the wall.

[Whistle]

She came down [on the earth a most terrible fall].

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So the women are ten times worse than the men,

[Whistle]

Since they've been into Hell and got kicked out again.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

For this form of "The Farmer's Curs't Wife," words and tune, together with copious notes thereon, see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 184.—H. E. D. H.

This, as the "Farmer's Old Wife," a Sussex Whistling Song, is in Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry*, 1857. The county named is Sussex, not Yorkshire.—F. K.

40—YOUNG WILLIAM RILEY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. GOULD,
AT MORECOMBE LAKE, MAY, 1906.

“Rise up, young Will - iam Ri - ley, and come a - long with
me, For I am re - sol - ved to leave my coun - te - ry, To
leave my fa - ther's buil - dings, his hous - es and his land.” So
went young Will - iam Ri - ley with his dear young *Col - lom Ban.

* Colleen Bawn or Coolen Iawn.

Over hills and lofty mountains this couple took their way,

Her father following after with all his armed men,
And he took young William Riley and his dear young Collom Ban.

This lady being confined all in her chamber bound,
Poor Riley was sent to gaol in some part of the town,

And there to bide till 'sizes his trial did come on.

In the morning of the 'sizes the just keeper's son did say
“Arise, young William Riley, you must appear this day
Before your noble judge, standing at his right hand,
And I'm 'fraid you'll suffer sorry for your dear young Collom Ban.”

This lady being sent for to come immediately,
Poor Riley standing at the bar, expecting for to die,

Just like some moving beauty she did appear to him.

“Ye, gentlemen of the jury, some pity take on him,

For the blame is not on Riley, for all the blame's to me,
For I loved him out of measure which proved his destiny.

* * * * *

These goods, good lord, I give to you as a token of goodwill,
And if you've not removed it, I am sure you have it still
There is one ring amongst it, I'll 'low for you to wear
And five and twenty diamonds to set off your hair.

Take this, young William Riley, wear it on your right hand,
And think all on my broken heart, when you're in some foreign land."

We noted quite recently a much fuller version of this ballad following closely the words printed below, but with "Susan Band" for "Colinband." The tune was major and entirely unlike Mrs. Gould's—H. E. D. H.

Christie prints a full version of this in his *Traditional Ballad Airs* (see "Willy Reilly.") His words are taken from Carleton's "Willy Reilly and his dear Cooleen Bawn—a tale founded on fact" (1857), collated with a traditional copy from Banff; and his tune, "sung for long in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff," is a variant of Mr. Hammond's.—A. G. G.

There are several versions of "The Trial of Willie Reilly." They became known in America, for Mark Twain in one of his earliest sketches, "The Launch of the Steamer *Capital*," introduces it in an extremely humorous situation, and I have a copy of the "trial," and also of "William Reily's Courtship" in a small song-book, *The American Songster*, published at New York in 1838. The "trial" is much like the usual copies; the other ballad deals with his release and marriage.—F. K.

The fragmentary Dorsetshire version of words may be fitly eked out by the accompanying from a broadside of the Catnach period (no printer's name), "William Riley and Colinband," as they are more alike than other ballads on the same subject.

Rise up, William Riley, and go along with me,
I mean to go with you, and leave this country,
I'll leave my father's dwelling, his houses and rich land,
And away with William Riley and his dear Colinband.

Over hills and lofty mountains, through violet groves and plains,
Over hills and lofty mountains, bad company to refrain,
Her father followed after with a chosen band,
And taken was poor Riley with his dear Colinband.

The lady was taken, and in her chamber bound,
And Riley was sent to prison in the same town,
And there to await the assizes, when his trial does come on,
For stealing his poor lady, his darling Colinband.

On the morning of the assizes the jailor's son did say,
Oh rise up young Riley, you must appear to-day,
They say that Squire Furlow's anger is hard to stand,
I fear that you will suffer dearly for your dear Colinband.

It was late in the evening these words I heard of thee,
That the lady's oath will hang thee, or else will set thee free.
If that be true, said Riley, with pleasure I will stand,
I am sure I shall not be hurt by my dear Colinband.

Oh gentlemen of the jury, some pity take on me,
This villain's come among us to disgrace our family,
Besides he's impertinent, and not fit to be found,
I'll have the life of Riley if cost ten thousand pounds.

Up spoke a noble lord at the table standing by,
Oh gentlemen of the jury, look at the extremity,
To hang a man for love is murder you may see,
Oh spare the life of Riley, and let him leave this country.

It's good my lord, but he stole from her among other things,
Gold watches, brooches, and several diamond rings;
These goods, my lord, he stole, they are not to be found,
I'll have the life of Riley, or I'll leave this Irish ground.

The lady she is sensible, and in her blooming youth,
And if Riley has deluded her I'm sure she'll speak the truth.
If that be so, said Riley, with pleasure I will stand,
I'm sure I never injured my dearest Colinband.

The lady she was sent for to come immediately,
While Riley stood at the bar, expecting for to die.
Just like a moving beauty bright before them she did stand,
You're welcome here, my heart's delight, my dearest Colinband.

Oh gentlemen of the jury, some pity take, says she,
The fault is none of Riley's, the blame is all on me,
I forced him to leave his place, and go along with me.
She saved him beyond measure, this proved his destiny.

These goods I gave to him, my lord, as a token of true love,
And when we are parted he will them back return,
And if you have them Riley, return them back again,
I will, my honoured lady, with many thanks to thee.

There is one among the rest I desire you to wear,
With seven and twenty diamonds all set in gold so rare,
As a token of my true love wear it on your right hand,
And think of my broken heart, when you're in a foreign land.

Up spoke the learned judge, you may let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, the jury all do know,
He has released her true love, and renowned be his name,
Her honour being bright, true love has risen Riley's fame.

I have also a broadside by H. Such, called "Trial of Willy Reilly" (of fourteen stanzas), but it is not so much like the Dorsetshire ballad. It is not quite so doggerel, and follows Carleton's version (of fifteen stanzas) much more closely, though showing considerable variations therefrom. In Such's ballad, and Carleton's also, Reilly (or Reily) is taken to Sligo gaol and Fox (afterwards a judge) is the prisoner's counsel. Such gives the irate parent's name as "the great Squire Ralliand," Carleton (as quoted by the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy in his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*) gives it as "The Great Squire Foillard," and Christie as "Folliard." Mr. Gavan Duffy writes thus (in the 39th edition of his book, 1866): "The story on which it is founded happened some sixty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity." Mr. Carleton, who knew the ballad from boyhood, as sung by his mother, published a well-known novel, "Willy Reilly," founded on the song. This Dorsetshire tune is like innumerable Irish airs of the type, both in melody and structure. In the *Complete Petric Collection* is one example (No. 510), with the title * "Rise up Young William Reilly," and another (No. 351), called "John O'Reilly."

It may not be out of place here to mention that light is thrown upon a number of "Reilly Ballads" (for we have "John" and "Charley" Reilly heroes as well as "Willy" in our folk-songs), in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (Duffy and Sons, 15, Wellington Quay, Dublin, and 1, Paternoster Row, London).—L. E. B.

* Much the same as Christie's tune.

NOTES.

CUSHAMORE, OR COSHMORE.

Since the publication of Journal No. 10, Mr. Clandillon has been good enough to supply the Irish text to the tune "Coshmore" (see *Journal* Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 10). Miss Dorothea Knox has most kindly and ably made two translations of the words, one in prose, and the other in verse to suit the tune. The versified translation is so entirely faithful to the prose that it is here given.

COIS ABHA-MHOIRE.

Is ró-bhreagh an duthaig go mbéarainn liom thú.
Cois Abha mhóire na n Déiseach;
Mar a labhrann an smóilín, gus an lon go ceólmhar
Agus fiadh na mbeann ann ar saothar;
Bionn cnaí cúmbra ann ar chrainn ag lúbadh,
Agus bláth na n-ubhall ann ar gheagaibh
Agus an chuach gan amhras i dtúis an tsamhraidh
Agus an tradhnach ag labhairt san bhféar ghlas.

Na pós an smiste de bhodach chíor-dubh
Ní bheidh sé choidhche acht ag pléidhe leat
Béidh sé ag bruighean leat, de ló gus ist oidhche,
Agus ag casadh gníomhartha an tsaoghail leat;
A chuid sa mhaoineach ná tuig it intinn
Ná gurab í an fhirinne léighim duit,
Acht gabh le buachaill ó cois Abha-mhóire
Na cuirfidh gruaim san tsaoghail ort.

Innis dod' athair nó dod' mháthair
Pé aca is fearr leat féinneach
Mar nilemse, fallsa, bocht nó craidte
Chum dul ar sgáth ein-sgéil leó,
Acht tá agam árus fairsing fáilteach,
Agus lán stait dá éagmuis
D'imireoghainn táiplis i bhfocair bhfear ngalanta
Lucht Laidin árd agus Gréigis.

Ní neósad dom athair nó dom' mháthair,
Pé aca bhfearr liom féinneach
Mar is annamh aitreabh, cruach nó stáca
Ag máighistir scoláiri in éanchor
Nílím ag séanadh ná fuilim i ngrádh leat
Thar a maireann beo san tsaoghal so;
Seo barra mo laimh duit, agus glac le páirt i,
Do mhalairt go bráth ná déanfainn.

Dá dtiocfa sa anonn liom is ro-bhreagh an tabharthas
Thiubhrainn ann dom chéad shearc;
Diamonds jewels agus carabuncles
Agus seoda luachmhara daora;
Marcaigheacht shugach i gcoistibh teampaill
Agus eachra ann dá ngléas duit
Gach lá breagh samhradh ar shraid mhór Lonndainn
Ag cur slán anall le h-Eirinn.

These words were taken down by Padraic McSweeney of Fermoy, from an old woman named Máire ní Chrotaigh (Mary Crotty) of Bally Duff, in the Deisi; and published in an Irish Magazine "Banba," May 1902. The opening stanza particularly shows a great love for nature, but the style of the composition is much inferior to that of Donogh Mac Con-Mara (Donncad Ruad, Mac Con Mara). The words seem to me to have been composed at a considerably later date.—*Seamas Clandillon.*

TRANSLATION—CUSHAMORE.

(*He*) "To a fine handsome country my love I'd be bringing,
Cushamore, in the Decies; 'tis there
That the thrush and the blackbird in tune do be singing
To the rush of the antlered wild deer.
The sweet-scented hazel-tree waving its branches,
And the apple in flower is seen,
And the cuckoo is found there as summer advances,
And the corn crane is heard in the green.

Don't marry the "bodach,"* that black-headed clown,
'Tis fighting he'd ever be with you,
Disputes he'd be raising from morn to sundown,
Every lie in the country he'd bring you:
My share of the world † believe me, for faith!—
'Tis the truth I am telling—no more—
You'll not get a frown in the length of your days
With the boy from beside Cushamore.

Go say to your father, or else to your mother,
Which ever yourself would like best,
That I am not lazy nor poor like another,
To cheat them with lies or a jest.
For I have a homestead, and in it is plenty,
Its praises are not far to seek;
I play at backgammon at ease with the gentry
And them that speak Latin and Greek."

(*She*) "'Tis not to my father I'd carry that tale back,
To my mother 'twould be just as bad,
For 'tis seldom a homestead, or hayrick, or turf-stack
Is owned by a schoolmaster lad.
But I am not denying, 'tis thee I will love
For the length of my days in this life,
My hand here upon it: by All that's Above
I'll not be another man's wife."

(*He*) "If you will come with me, 'tis rich and 'tis rare
The presents I'll give to my own,
Carbuncles and diamonds and jewels so fair,
And many a fine precious stone.
Each day of the summer, on London's broad roadways
To drive at your pleasure to chapel on Sundays,
Are coaches and horses galore,
Or bring you to Ireland, once more."

DOROTHEA KNOX.

* Ruffian, a common word in Anglo-Irish talk.

† A common term of endearment.

THE MERMAID.

Mr. E. T. Wedmore kindly contributes the following very interesting version of words (for tunes and other words see *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 47), which he noted from Mrs. Anne Down, Brake Brook, Parracombe, N. Devon, in 1899. Mrs. Down was then considerably over eighty, and had known the song from childhood. Mr. Wedmore noted no tune.

Come all you jolly seamen bold
That ploughs the raging main,
Come listen to my tragedy
That you may do the same.

I parted from sweet Molly dear,
The girl that I adore,
The raging main and stormy winds
And raging billows roar.

I had not sailed but seven months
The stormy winds did rise,
The waves they flowed in mountains high,
And dismal looks the sky.

As we were steering of our ship
Our Captain he did cry
"Lord have mercy on us all,
For in the deep we lie!"

The mermaid on the rocks she sat,
With comb and glass in hand,
"Cheer up, cheer up, you mariners,
You are not far from land!"

Aloft our bossin* climbs
Up the main top high,
He looks all round with watery eye,
No light nor land could spy.

"Let us steer our ship before the wind,
And from all rocks keep clear,
Upon the wide ocean we will remain
Till daylight does appear."

The first crack our ship did have
Our Captain he did cry
"Lord have mercy on us all,
For in the deep we lie!"

The next crack our ship did have
In pieces went and never was seen more,
Out of eighty-seven seamen bold
Three of them got to shore.

*boatswain.

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

BORN JUNE 28, 1831: DIED AUGUST 15, 1907.

EDVARD GRIEG.

BORN JUNE 15, 1843: DIED SEPT. 4, 1907.

THE loss of two great men has saddened the whole musical world this autumn, and, as both were honoured members of the Folk-Song Society, our members will feel a peculiar sorrow at their departure. It is tempting, in such a case, to make comparisons between them; but the task would be not only unfruitful but misleading, for beyond the fact that each devoted his whole life to the service of the same art, there was hardly a point in their circumstances, lives, or careers, or in the nature of their ideas, at which the two came into contact.

The career of JOACHIM as an interpretative artist began in 1844, and lasted for no less than 63 years. In that time, he, perhaps more than anyone else, educated the musical world of his time to appreciate in succession, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach and Brahms. Beethoven's string quartets (more especially the "posthumous" works) were a sealed book to most English and German amateurs until their beauties were brought out by the Joachim Quartet in Berlin, and here at the Popular Concerts. His violin concerto had of course been often played in public before Joachim was born, but it was left to him to show what it meant. Of Mendelssohn's concertos he was the composer's favourite interpreter, and his influence went for very much in the work of obtaining recognition for Mendelssohn's music in England. That that recognition passed eventually into an indiscriminate fetish-worship of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and *Elijah*, was not Joachim's fault. Into the worthier cause of spreading a knowledge of Bach's greatest works, Joachim threw himself heart and soul, and though the famous Chaconne is now in the repertory of every violinist, yet it was Joachim, let us not forget, who brought it forward first in modern times; and in the great revival of interest in Bach's greater works no one has taken a more active part than the illustrious violinist who so lately passed away. What he did for the music of Brahms need not be dwelt upon; not only did he aid that great master with counsel, friendship, and encouragement of every kind, but his propagandist work in connection with Brahms's music was to him a labour of love, and to his English

admirers it seems only fitting that the last notes they heard him play, in November, 1906, were in that splendid series of concerts consisting of the chamber music of the great modern masters. It is not the place to refer to the technique of his playing, or to discuss the exquisite maturity of style which lasted even when some imperfections, due to advancing age, could be traced; private character, personal qualities and peculiarities, are generally held unfit for the consideration of the public, but in the case of a nature so noble, a character of such rare integrity, and a disposition of such sweetness and generosity as Joachim's, there is a special fitness in mentioning them, possibly because they had a direct bearing on the royal richness of his phrasing, and partly because they explain the smallness of his productivity as a composer. In other circumstances, the author of such things as the overtures to *Henry IV*, a comedy of Gozzi's, and that in memory of Kleist; of the splendid Hungarian concerto, the concerto in G, and the variations for violin; of the Hebrew Melodies, and of the smaller pieces for violin, would inevitably have been universally recognized as one of the greatest composers of his time; but Joachim's devoted personal friendship for Brahms and his whole-hearted admiration for Brahms's work, unquestionably led him to keep in the background his own work as a composer. It was as a player that he elected to be judged, and as a player no one has ever equalled him. If he did not perform the acrobatic feats in which Paganini delighted, it was not from want of skill; that he devoted himself to attaining the highest possible point in the interpretation of the great classics is as certain as that he actually obtained it. Only the slaves of a phrase, like the superficial people who couple the word 'classical' with the word 'cold,' could succeed in blinding themselves to the intensely warm, deep expression of his playing in some of the romantic movements of Beethoven and Brahms; and not less marvellous was his power of giving a movement of Mozart with an irresistible spontaneity and ebullience that suggested the buoyancy of youth. As he identified himself with the great classics of music, he very soon merged his Hungarian nationality in a cosmopolitanism that made his friends almost oblivious of the nation which could most rightly claim him. He belonged to the whole world, and received suggestions for his beautiful music from English and Italian poets as well as German. In such a career, unlike that of his great friend, Brahms, there was little opportunity for the study of folk-song.

EDVARD GRIEG, on the other hand, identified himself with folk-song more closely than any of the other great composers has done. His devotion was to the music of his native country, and by long residence in Norway the Scottish line of his descent had become almost forgotten; still, his name is, save for a vowel-transposition,

identical with the Scottish Greig, and it is perhaps worthy of mention that another active member of the Folk-Song Society, Mr. Gavin Greig, comes from the same Aberdonian stock. To proclaim a Norwegian nationality in music was Grieg's mission, and it is curious to notice how entirely he assimilated the musical idioms of the country, repeating them with the guileless reiteration of a bird, even in music that was not intended to reflect the national characteristics. He most rarely set any poems not of Norwegian origin, or took musical suggestions from other than Norwegian writers. One of the best exceptions to this is in an early pianoforte piece that reflects with wonderful faithfulness the scene of the porter in *Macbeth*. In his early life he had an ardent fellow-worker in his great friend Richard Nordraak, who was a year senior to Grieg, and who, until his death in 1866, did much in collecting and editing the folk-music of Norway. It is a pretty incident that, in his will, Grieg should have given directions that a funeral march by Nordraak should be played over his body. Like many of the composers whose work is racy of the soil, Grieg excelled in those pieces which are most nearly allied to the simple poems of genuine folk-music, rather than in those which were meant to conform to the classical modes. But whether in his *Peer Gynt* music, the violin and violoncello sonatas, the beautiful vocal piece "Landerkennung," or in the songs, he always contrived to convey a suggestion of his northern pine-woods, with their pungent, aromatic smell. Much of his music is already accepted by the world at large, and a curious little bit of evidence of the universality of its appeal may be mentioned, in that the piece called "Ase's Death," was, and perhaps is still, played during the solemn procession of the wooden effigies of the Passion through the streets of Seville in Holy Week. Many of Grieg's many songs are of exquisite quality, and all are strongly imaginative and romantic; even if some of his more ambitious compositions may not endure the test of time, that which will remain will always be very dear to the hearts in which it is enshrined, and many of the early songs are certain of immortality.

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

It is interesting to read the double tribute paid by Grieg to the work of our Society.

EXTRACTS, TRANSLATED, FROM DR. EDVARD GRIEG'S LETTERS

(Written to Mr. Percy Grainger, 1906 and 1907), and reproduced by his kind permission.

" . . . I often receive from the *Folk-Song Society* their new journals and pamphlets. I admire the way in which the work of the Society is organised, and grieve that my fatherland (so rich in folk-material), cannot boast such an organisation " (1906).

" . . . I have again immersed myself in your folk-song settings, and I see more and more clearly how full of genius they are. In them you have thrown a clear light upon how the English folk-song (to my mind so different from the Scotch and Irish), is worthy of the privilege of being lifted up into the "niveau" of art, thereby to create an independent English music. The folk-songs will doubtless be able to form the basis of a national style, as they have done in other lands, those of the greatest musical culture not excepted. I am impressed by the earnestness and energy with which the English Folk-Song Society carries out its object. May it ever enjoy fresh increase of strength and enthusiasm to pursue its goal ! . . ." (August 11th, 1907).

It is interesting to know that almost the last compositions which Dr. Grieg brought out are his "Slaater," pianoforte arrangements of traditional Norwegian peasant dances (Opus 72), and that he had asked Mr. Grainger to collect folk-tunes in the mountains of Norway next summer, with the intention of arranging them also.

JAMES C. CULWICK.

BORN 1845 : DIED OCTOBER 5TH, 1907.

WE have with great regret also to record the death of Dr. CULWICK, organist of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, since 1881. He was a native of Staffordshire, and from boyhood devoted himself with singular earnestness to the study of the science and history of music. Few were more deeply read in these subjects, and, in the course of his long career as an enthusiastic and thorough musician, he accumulated a very fine musical library. Dr. Culwick settled in Ireland in 1866, and for the remainder of his life worked untiringly in Dublin to promote a love for the best in music, founding choral societies for the performance of artistic and scholarly programmes, delivering lectures or writing upon subjects of historical and archæological interest, and freely giving his help and sympathy to all earnest students of music. Throughout his life the beginnings of music attracted him, and led him to study folk-music and primitive scales. Amongst his published lectures are "Folk-Song, and what it has done for us," and "The Distinctive Characteristics of Ancient Irish Melody, being a Plea for Restoration and Preservation of the Scales." He was one of the first to join the Folk-Song Society, and often wrote letters of encouragement and appreciation concerning its work and aims. Dr. Culwick took a lively interest in the establishment of the "Feis Ceoil" for the preservation and fostering of Irish music. He was greatly beloved by a very large number of friends to whom his death has come as a deep sorrow.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN Volume I, No. 6, of the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, a small bibliography was published, compiled by Mr. Frank Kidson, of works useful for the study of the Folk Song of Great Britain and Ireland. The following have since then been published, and their titles may be added with advantage to the former list.

ENGLAND.

- Folk Songs from Somerset.* C. J. SHARP and C. L. MARSON. 2nd and 3rd Series. Simpkin and Co. (5s. net).
- Morris Dance Tunes*, arranged for pianoforte, sets 1 and 2 (2s. net), and, published in connection with it, *The Morris Book*, a history of Morris Dancing, with instructions. Edited and compiled by C. J. SHARP and H. C. MACILWAINE. Novello and Co.
- English Folk Songs for Schools*, edited by S. BARING GOULD and C. J. SHARP. Curwen and Co. (2s. 6d.)
- Folk Songs from Dorsetshire*, collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND, with pianoforte accompaniment by C. J. SHARP. (Sixteen songs). Novello and Co.
- Folk Songs collected in East Anglia*, and arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Mus. Doc. (Sixteen songs). Novello & Co.
- Eighty Singing Games for Children*, old and new, adapted and edited by FRANK KIDSON, with pianoforte accompaniment by ALFRED MOFFAT. Bayley and Ferguson. (2s. 6d.) (Contains many traditional games with old tunes, interestingly annotated).
- Eight Hampshire Folk Songs.* Collected and arranged by ALICE E. GILLINGTON. Curwen and Sons. (1s.)

SCOTLAND.

- The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands.* A collection of Highland Melodies with Gaelic and English words. Edited and arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by ALFRED MOFFAT. Bayley and Ferguson. (67 songs, in the preparation of which Mr. Moffat has had the help of such well-known authorities on Gaelic song as Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Mr. L. Macbean, Mr. Henry Whyte, etc.)

IRELAND.

- An Londubh.* Twelve tunes, unharmonised, with their Irish words, collected by MARGARET AND JAMES CLANDILLON. Office of the Gaelic League, Dublin. (1s.)
- Songs of Ulster.* Collected and arranged by PADRAIG MACAOBH O'NEILL (HERBERT HUGHES) and SEOSAMH MACCATHMAOIL. Dublin. M. Gill and Co. (2s. 6d.) (Contains some interesting traditional airs wedded to fanciful new English words, however).
- Irish Peasant Songs in the English Language.* Collected by P. W. JOYCE, M.A., LL.D., etc. Dublin. M. Gill and Son, 50, Upper O'Connell Street. (6d. net).
- Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* Vols. 2, 3, 4, 5. To be had from the Hon. Secretary, 20, Hanover Square, London.

In addition to these collections, the following publications dealing with British Folk-Song have appeared :

- English Folk-Song: some conclusions*, by C. J. SHARP. Novello and Co. (7s. 6d. net.)
- Miscellanea* (Part 2) of the *Rymour Club*, Edinburgh, containing examples of Scottish traditional songs and tunes lately collected.
- Folk-Song in Buchan*, by GAVIN GREIG, M.A. Peterhead. P. Scrogie, "Buchan Observer" Printing Works. (An essay, with many musical examples, by this scientific collector).

It is also of interest to record that at two English Musical Festivals held during the Autumn of 1907, important works based upon English folk-songs have been performed. At the Cardiff Festival, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams' beautiful "Norfolk Rhapsodies" (Nos. 3 and 4), founded on tunes from his own collection, made a great impression; and at the Leeds Festival a brilliant success attended Mr. Rutland Boughton's clever and amusing "Choral Variations upon two English Folk Songs" (Reeves, 83, Charing Cross Road, 1s. net). These, together with several minor compositions mentioned in the Society's Reports for 1906 and 1907, show an increasing inclination on the part of our younger British composers to make use of our traditional melodies in orchestral and choral works.

