

Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 13.

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JUNE, 1909.

INTRODUCTION.

AT the suggestion of Miss Broadwood, then Secretary of the Society, I undertook the systematic collection of Folk-Songs in Hampshire in the summer of 1905, and I have continued my quest during four seasons. Miss Broadwood described Hampshire as a very promising county and the event has not belied her prediction. My budget now numbers nearly eleven hundred songs, and by the end of 1907, the date to which this *Journal* extends, I had collected nine hundred. Of the latter number I discarded one hundred and seventy and sent to the Society seven hundred and thirty.

Among these there are probably not more than four hundred distinct songs, because many variants are included in the number. To "John Barleycorn," for example, I have recorded five distinct tunes, two of them excellent, one good, and two inferior, and to "The Shooting of his Dear," one beautiful and one ordinary tune. Where the text is striking, as in the case of "Young Edwin" or "The Cruel Ship-carpenter," or where it is ancient, like that of a ballad, one never refuses to hear the song from a new singer, because there is always the chance of recovering a fresh and exquisite melody. It might have been supposed that the tune of "Barbara Allen," which was known from song-books before the work of collection began, was *the* tune to that text, but there are several tunes to it in my collection and I have recently discovered one which competent critics consider more beautiful than the one that is so familiar. Other collectors will confirm my experience.

Of novelties, that is of folk-songs probably printed for the first time, this *Journal* contains about twelve. Examples are "Beautiful Nancy," "Abroad as I was Walking," "Through the Groves," "The Highwayman" and "The Unfortunate Tailor"; while "Moorfields," "Fare ye well, lovely Nancy," "The Lowlands of Holland," "Claudy Banks," "Sing Ivy," and "In London, fair City" may fairly be described as rarities.

With regard to the modes in which the tunes were sung, about a third of the present selection are Major tunes, less than a third are Dorian, less than a fifth Æolian, and less than a sixth Mixolydian. The modal tunes were chiefly collected in the heart of the county in the district between the Basingstoke and the Alton lines of railway; the New Forest yielded only two Dorian tunes. My musical colleagues inform me that most of the tunes they have noted are Major tunes. Hampshire would therefore appear to be less rich in modal tunes than the counties farther west.

In conclusion I offer my best thanks to my singers, but for whose kindness my collection could not have been formed, and to my musical colleagues, Mr. Gamblin, of Winchester, Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner and Mr. Guyer, of Southampton, for the extreme care with which they have noted the tunes. Not less am I indebted to Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for his great kindness in verifying certain tunes which presented modal or other problems and to the Editorial Committee of the Society for equipping this selection of songs with illustrative notes.

GEORGE B. GARDINER.

MELROSE,
June, 1909

I.—WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

(SHEPHERD'S SONG.)

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

(a) (c)

Shep - herds are the clev - er - est lads that ev - er trod Eng - land's

(a) (b)

ground, They will call all at some ale - house and val - ue not one

crown, They'll call for liq - uors mer - ri - ly and pay be - fore they

(d)

go, They will work in the fields where storm-y winds do blow.

(a) (b) (c) (d)

Variants.

Shepherds are the cleverest lads that ever trod England's ground,
They will call all at some alehouse and value not one crown,
They'll call for liquors merrily and pay before they go,
They will work in the fields where stormy winds do blow.

Come, all you galliant shepherds, that has got galliant tongues,
That do go out in the morning and never fear a storm,
We never will be faint-hearted, we'll fear no frost or snow,
We will work in the fields where stormy winds do blow.

A shepherd looked out all on the hill which made his heart to ache,
To see the sheep with their tongues out just ready to complete,
He looked up with courage bold, and up the hill did go
For to drive them to fold when cold, stormy winds do blow.

And after he had folded them, returned back again
Amongst some jovial company, and there he did remain
A-drinking of strong liquor, boys, which was our heart's delight,
While our sheep lays asleep full safely all this night.

The following text was obtained from the station-master at Cliddesden, by Basingstoke, Hants, in September, 1907.—G. B. G.

Come, all you brisk young shepherds, wherever you do march,
On a cold and rimy morning did you ever feel the smart,
Did you ever feel the smart, my boys, through ilgo, frost or snow
And drive your sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds do blow.

As I walked over Mount Star plain, the frost did cut my feet,
My ewes and lambs hung out their tongues and round me they did weep,
Then I took up my courage bold and over the hills did go
And drove my sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds did blow.

So now we have folded them and returned safe back again,
Into some jovial company I am boldly entered in,
A drinking of strong liquor, my boys, it is my heart's delight,
And I have left my flock a-sleeping all through the cold, stormy night.

Young shepherds are the briskest young youths, that ever treads England's ground,
They are so tender-hearted that they values not a crown,
They values not a crown, my boys, through ilgo, frost or snow,
And drives their sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds do blow.

This tune is distinct from that of "We Shepherds are the best of men" in *English County Songs*. It is practically the tune of "The Marigold," *Songs of the West*, p. 226, a tune which is pretty much "The Miller of the Dee" taken slowly. I have heard this tune sung to a variety of texts: (1) "Maria Marten," by Mr. George Digweed, of Micheldever, Hants; (2) "Job," a carol, by Mr. Richard Read, Bishop's Sutton, by Alresford, Hants; (3) "It's of a brisk young sailor bold," by Mr. George Blake, St. Denys, Southampton; (4) "Young Johnson," by Mr. James Rampton, Whitechurch, Hants; (5) "The Lowlands of Holland," in two forms, which appear in this *Journal*, and (6) "Claudy Banks" (*see this Journal*), the tune here assuming a serpentine form.—G. B. G.

It is, of course, a member of the "Lazarus" family.—J. A. F. M.

2.—WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

(YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.)

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, *Jan.*, 1909.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. MOSES MILLS, (83),
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.

(a)

Ye gen - tle - men of Eng - c - land, that lives at home at ease, But

lit - tle do you think, or know the dan - gers of the seas, But,



This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 104, and from Hadow's *Songs of the British Islands*, p. 6. It recalls the "Lazarus" tune and begins like "John Anderson, my Jo, John." Is it not possible that the tune may have been coloured by the hymn-tune "I heard the voice of Jesus say"? Parallel instances will be found in my notes.—G. B. G.

This appears to me to be a fragment, not of "Ye Gentlemen of England," but of the *old* sea-ballad "The Bay of Biscay, O"—a song apparently modelled upon the former. Dr. Gardiner's tune has points of resemblance to Christie's "Bay of Biscay" tune (see *Traditional Ballad Airs*), traced back through "aged relatives" to 1780, and his verse appears to belong to the same ballad, which Christie took down from the recitation of an old woman in Banffshire. (See Appendix to Vol. i of *Traditional Ballad Airs*). It opens:

"Ye gentlemen of England that stay at home at ease,
 Ye little know the dangers that we have on the seas,
 For when we get our orders, we're all obliged to go
 Across the stormy main,* let the wind blow high or low.
 On the second day of April from Spithead we did sail,
 With the *Ramsay* in our company, and had a pleasant gale;
 We sailed down the Channel to the Bay of Biscay, O,
 And sailing on a storm came on, and the wind began to blow."

The ballad proceeds to describe a disastrous storm, in which the captain was crushed out of life:

"And he lay
 'Till next day,
 Then we overboard him threw."

and ends with the arrival of the disabled ship at Gibraltar.

"Now no pine,
 So drink wine,
 And drink a long farewell to the Bay of Biscay, O."

* "Over the main To proud Spain" preserves the rhyme in Dr. Gardiner's version

It is, I think, evident from these quotations (*cf.* "There *she* lay All that day," etc.) that this was the identical song which Incedon the singer transmitted from recollection to John Davy, the composer of the modern "Bay of Biscay"; moreover, that the sailors whom Incedon heard singing this *old* "Bay of Biscay" were singing their ballad to the "Stormy Winds" tune proper to the original "Gentlemen of England" upon which this old "Biscay" ballad is modelled. *Cf.* the chorus of Davy's tune with that of the tune "Ye Gentlemen of England"—a fine traditional version of which is given, to "The Valiant Lady," in Miss Broadwood's *English Traditional Songs and Carols*.—A. G. G.

It is possible that both the original "Bay of Biscay" and "Ye Gentlemen of England," in their primitive states may have been variants of the same song. J. W. Callcott's glee has, of course, nothing in common.—F. K.

With regard to Dr. Gardiner's reference to Dykes' hymn-tune, is it not probable that Dykes' tune was influenced by "John Anderson," the beginning of which is similar to the above tune? Moreover "John Anderson" is a well-known tune which Dykes would have been likely to have known. Similar suggestions of well-known folk-songs appear in other of his hymn-tunes which may account for the real vitality which, in spite of obvious artistic defects, the best of his tunes undoubtedly possess.
—R. V. W.

This air is a curious blend of the old tune "Paul's Steeple" (*see* Playford's *Dancing Master*, etc.) and a modal air to "Admiral Benbow," beginning "Come, all you seamen bold," noted by myself many years ago in Sussex. It should be compared with the major tune "When the stormy winds do blow" or "You Gentlemen of England" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. Probably the air called "When the stormy winds do blow," which was used so largely for a variety of ballads during the 17th century, was a major tune of which the melody to "The valiant Lady" (*see English Traditional Songs and Carols* and notes in the Appendix), is a good traditional survival. Dr. Vaughan Williams has noted a version to "The valiant Lady" words which is almost identical with my tune. In the Roxburghe Ballads (II, 543) there is a ballad called "Neptune's Raging Fury, or the Gallant Seaman's Sufferings." This has fourteen verses, the first of which runs as does the first in Chappell's *Popular Music*, and is almost identical with the traditional verse here given, except that Spain is not mentioned. The Roxburghe ballad dates *circa* 1635. There is a short version of the words, three verses long, on a broadside by E. Hodges (late Pitt's), *Seven Dials*.—L. E. B.

3.—OH, MY OLD FATHER WAS A GOOD OLD MAN.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD, (ÆT. 78),
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Oh, my old fa-ther was a good old man, He sent me to ser-vice
when I was young. My mis-sus and I nev-er could a-gree, Be-
cause my mas-ter would love me, To my Fal-lal lid-dle-lal le day.

This tune is similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156, and very similar to Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48, and to the next tune (No. 4).—G. B. G.

This tune is a variant of Chappell's fine old air "O rare Turpin" ("Turpin Hero"). See his *Popular Music*, also Moffat and Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*. Chappell's air would be Dorian also but for the absence from the melody of the sixth degree.

—A. G. G.

This is certainly the case. I have a couple of traditional versions of "O rare Turpin" from Scarboro' which are much the same.—F. K.

See also "The Little Cobbler" in *Folk-Song Airs*, Book I.—C. J. S.

4.—THE COBBLER.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 23rd, 1906.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE, (ÆT. 58),
LYNDHURST, HANTS.

Very quickly.

A sto-ry a sto-ry to you I will tell con-cern-ing of a but-cher in
Lon-don did dwell. This but-cher was pos-sessed of a beau-ti-ful wife And the
cobb-ler he loved her so dear as his life To my fol-le did-dle li-do lid-dle fol-le day.

The first tune is slightly similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156, and very similar to Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48.—G. B. G.

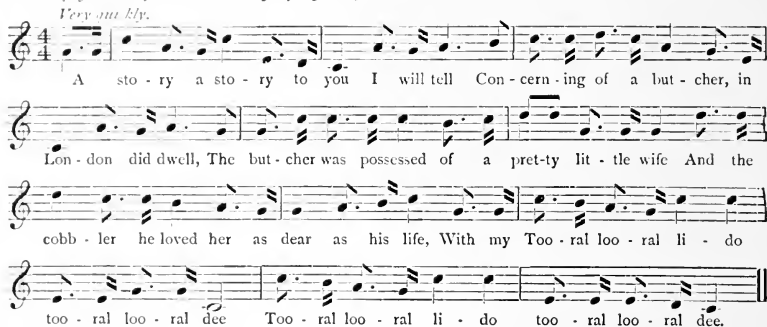
This is a Mixolydian variant of the preceding tune "Oh, my father was a good old man." (See note).—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE SMITH, (AET. 77),
FAREHAM, HANTS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., July 25th, 1906.

Very quiet.



A sto - ry a sto - ry to you I will tell Con - cern - ing of a but - cher, in
Lon - don did dwell, The but - cher was possessed of a pret - ty lit - tle wife And the
cobb - ler he loved her as dear as his life, With my Too - ral loo - ral li - do
too - ral loo - ral dee Too - ral loo - ral li - do too - ral loo - ral dee.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156. The refrain resembles the Scottish air, "Cockie Bendie," to which Lady Nairne wrote the words, "Bonny ran the burnie down."—G. B. G.

This tune seems to be a variant of the Scottish air "Cawdor Fair," known in England as one of the tunes commonly sung to "Sing a Song of Sixpence." See Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*, etc.—A. G. G.

CAWDOR FAIR.

FROM SMITH'S *Scottish Minstrel*.



5.—JOHN BARLEYCORN.

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD, (ÆT. 78),
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.

(a) (b)

There was three men come from the North The vic-'try for to try Then

(c)

these three men did vow and de-clare John Bar-ley-corn should die To my

rite lol le rol lol lid-dle for le rol Kite fol le rol li day.

(a) (b) (c)

Variants. (a) or (b) or (c)

This tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 134, Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 14, Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*, No. 14, *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 81, and from the other versions in my collection. It is a variant of Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 58.—G. B. G.

The old Yorkshire carol-tune "Here we come a-wassailing" seems to be another form of this version.—A. G. G.

"I will sing you one, oh" and "Bingo" are sometimes sung to a tune very similar to the above. In the Roxburghe Ballads there is "A pleasant new ballad to sing both Even and Morne, of the bloody murder of Sir John Barleycorne. To the tune "Shall I lye beyond thee." This has thirty-four verses. Chappell states that the oldest known copy of the ballad is of the reign of James I. Since then versions have appeared in profusion, on ballad-sheets and in chap-books, up to the present day. Such printed two separate versions, one beginning "John Barleycorn is a hero bold" and the other "There was three knights came from the north." It is a popular error that Burns composed the well-known ballad. He merely trimmed it and re-wrote it—for the worse. For a traditional version of twelve stanzas see Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*. For further notes see *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 82.—L. E. B.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton,
DORIAN

16th June, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY KING, (AET. 75),
LYNDHURST, HANTS.

Briskly.

There was three Kings come from the North, Come from the North so
high, They all did make a sol - emn vow, John
Bar - ley - corn should die, With my fol le did-dle rite fol le day.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 81, Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 134, Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 14, Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (new ed.), No. 14, Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 58, and from the other versions in my collection.—G. B. G.

There is a version of "John Barleycorn" in Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, but to a modern and evidently "composed" tune.—A. G. G.

Cf. the words with the broadside printed by Such.—L. E. B.

The following additional text was noted from Mr. George Smith (aet. 77), Fareham, Hants, July 25th, 1906, to a tune which from considerations of space is not printed here.

There was three men come from the East,
Who sold both corn and rye,
They made a solemn vow, my boys,
John Barleycorn should die.

Chorus—To my rite fol lol diddle lol le day,
Rite fol lol li dee.

They ploughed the ground and sowed it,
Put clots upon his head,
And made a solemn vow, my boys,
John Barleycorn was dead.
Chorus.

And he bid in till midsummer,
When rain from the sky did fall,
John Barleycorn he rose,
And quite surprised them all.
Chorus.

In comes the jolliest flesher
 And cuts him flesh from bone,
 The miller served him worse than that
 For he ground him between two stones.
 Chorus.

Next in comes the poker
 And pokes him with his fork,
 And the carter served him worse than that,
 For he tied him on his cart.
 Chorus.

Here's brandy in a bottle
 And cider in a can,
 John Barleycorn in that brown jug
 Will floor the jolliest man.
 Chorus.

6.—THE BAFFLED KNIGHT.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE, (ÆT. 67),

MEDSTEAD, BY ALTON.

5th Verse.

When she came to her fa - ther's house, The house that's walled all
 round,..... oh, She did go in and shut the door, And
 shut me out be - hind, ... oh, Rite fal - lal - lid - dle - lal - le - day.

(7th verse.) "When you met with me, kind Sir,
 You thought you had met with a fool, oh,
 So take your bible under your arm
 And run along to school, oh."
 Rite fol, etc.

(The other verses are omitted.)

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 8. For the text and copious notes see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—G. B. G.

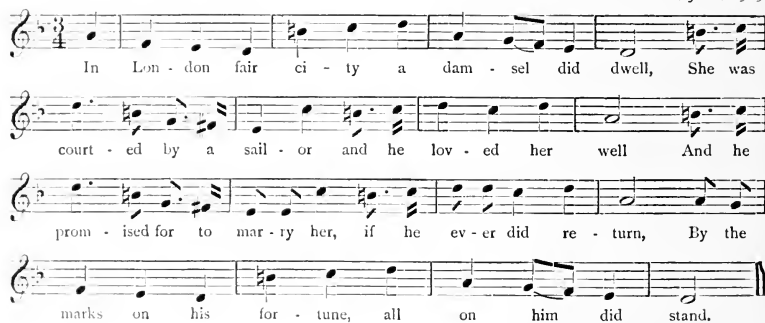
Cf. the tune with "The Nightingale" (My love was drowned in the *Nightingale*) in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, also with "Tarry Trowsers" (2nd version) in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

For notes on this ballad, which is connected with "The Shepherd's Son" or "Blow the Winds, I ho!" see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, pp. 18-20. The air is similar to one to which the ballad of "The Cruel Mother" or "Aloney-o!" is sometimes sung.—L. E. B.

7. IN LONDON FAIR CITY.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams
DORIAN—MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE, (ÆT. 67),
MEDSTED, BY ALTON, HANTS, JAN., 1909.



In Lon - don fair ci - ty a dam - sel did dwell, She was
court - ed by a sail - or and he lov - ed her well And he
prom - ised for to mar - ry her, if he ev - er did re - turn, By the
marks on his for - tune, all on him did stand.

In London fair city a damsel did dwell,
She was courted by a sailor, and he loved her well
And he promised for to marry her if he ever did return,
By the marks on his fortune, all on him did stand.

As he was a-sailing along so brave,
Those winds and those waves began for to rise,
The storm it was a-rising and the billows loud did roar,
Which tossed this young sailor all on the sea-shore.

As she was a-walking down by the sea-sung (*sic*),
She saw her drowned sailor lie dead on the ground
And, when she came near to him, he put her to a stand,
She knew 'twas her true Love by the marks on his hand.

She kissed him, she hugged him, she called him her dear,
Ten thousand times over she kisséd him there,
Saying : " I'm very well contented, Love, to lie by your side,
My green grave shall be instead of a new married life."

As she was a-walking down by the seaside
And wringing of her tender hands, so bitterly did cry,
Saying : " My joys are all ended, my sorrows are all fled,"
In a few moments after this young damsel died.

In Robin Hood's churchyard this couple was buried
And all for a memorandum a tombstone was laid,
Come, all you constant lovyers, that here do pass by,
See this unfortunate couple how happy they do lie.

The following text was obtained in 1906 from Mr. George Cooper, Southampton Workhouse.

In Scarborough town a young damsel did dwell.
She was courted by a seaman and he lovéd her well
And he promised for to marry her if he should return,
But mark what misfortunes all on him did frown.

His ship was got ready and fitted for sea
And the wind it blew West with a pleasant fine gale
And, as they were sailing to their great surprise,
A storm from the East began for to rise.

The wind it blew high and the billows did roar
And tossed those poor sailors all on the sea-shore.
Twenty-five of them they took to their boat
And short of provisions they all went afloat.

And it fell to her Love's lot for him to be one
And he lost his dear life in the watery pond.

.

When those sad news it reachéd her ears,
She fell wringing of her tender hands and tearing her hair ;
Crying : " Oh, you, cruel waves, tossed my true Love on shore,
That I might behold his sweet features once more."

And as she was walking down Robin Hood's Bay,
She saw a poor sailor lying dead by the way
And as she drew near him in amazement did stand,
For she knew it was her true Love by the mark on his hand.

She kissed him and loved him and called him her dear,
And loved and kissed him many times o'er,
Saying : " Love, I am willing for to die by your side."
In a few moments she fainted and died.

In Scarborough churchyard this young couple were laid,
The lines were on their headstone what those two had said,
" Farewell to all pleasures, since life it is fled,
We've a grave now instead of our new marriage bed."

The above tune is distinct from Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 112. It is slightly similar to "Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth" in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

All copies of this ballad, which I have only heard (never seen in print), tend to show that it tells of a real incident that occurred at the picturesque village of Robin Hood's Bay—locally called merely "Bay" or "Bay Town." I have heard it sung as "In Scarborough," similar to the second copy of Dr. Gardiner's words, but I believe the original is as I have it in my *Traditional Tunes*, "On Stowbrow"—Stowbrow being a high hill overlooking Robin Hood's Bay, upon which there are many scattered farmsteads.—F. K.

Compare the words with those of "The Drowned Lover" in *Songs of the West*, No. 32, and in my Somerset Collection, No. 32.—C. J. S.

I have a version of this ballad "The Drowned Sailor, or Lover," communicated by Mrs. Macartney who noted it from Bill Moat, a Whitby fisherman, in 1907. The singer told her that the song describes a real event, recorded on a tombstone in the old disused churchyard at Robin Hood's Bay which is close to Whitby. The inscription is now almost illegible. Mr. Moat's version begins "In Stoupbrow (Stowbrow) a damsel did dwell," and describes the girl's walk "from Stoupbrow to Bay." His tune is almost identical with that noted by Mr. Kidson (see *Traditional Songs*), and is widely used throughout England for the ballad "The Golden Glove." Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted a version in Dorsetshire to a "William and Dinah" type of tune.—L. E. B.

8.—JOSEPH WAS AN OLD MAN.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester.

SUNG BY MRS. DAVEY, (CIRCA 60),
ALRESFORD, HANTS, NOV., 1907.

Jo - seph was an old man and an old man was he, He
mar - ried his cou - sin the Queen of Gal - il - ee.

Variants noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

(a) (b)

For texts of this carol see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 54.
—G. B. G.

This carol is a well-known one, and occurs in most penny carol-books sold in Leeds. A version of the tune appears in Bramley and Stainer's collection, and in earlier books. It is generally called "The Cherry Tree Carol," from the chief incident in the story.—F. K.

The "Cherry Tree" portion of the carol (which is one of the few carols printed by Child in his *Popular Ballads*) is founded upon the Pseudo-Matthew's Gospel, chapter xx. The incident also occurs in No. viii of the "Ancient Mysteries" printed by Hone. (Mystery viii is No. 15 of the pageants produced by the Grey Friars at Coventry). The earliest printed tune which I have seen for this carol is the one given in Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, 1833. Like several other tunes in the same collection, it appears to be wrongly noted. (I think it should be barred in triple, not common, time). The same tune re-appears in Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*; a solution of the wrong notation is there attempted, but still in common time. Dr. Gardiner's tune seems to be a fragment of the traditional tune to "A Virgin most pure" in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient Carols*, 1823, and, as a variant, corresponds with the refrain of this.—A. G. G.

The carol is still sung in Gloucestershire. The words are printed on the "Divine Mirth" broadsides by Evans and Pitts.—C. J. S.

9.—GOD BLESS THE MASTER.

(FROM MORN TO MORN.)

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG, (ÆT. 84),

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

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

CAROL.

God bless the master of this house
And send him long to reign ;
Where'er he walks, where'er he rides,
Lord Jesus be his guide, Lord Jesus be his guide.

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

From morn to morn, remember thou,
When first our Christ was born,
He was crucified between two thieves,
And crown'd with the thorn, and crown'd with the thorn.

From morn to morn, remember thou,
When Christ laid on the rood,
'Twas for our sins and wickedness
Christ shed His precious blood, Christ shed His precious blood.

From morn to morn, remember thou,
As Christ was wropped in clay,
He was put into some sepulchre,
Where never no man lay, where never no man lay.

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

Now I've said my carol,
Which I intend to do,
God bless us all both great and small
And send us a happy new year.

Cf. the Sussex "Mummer's Carol" (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 128, also *English Traditional Songs and Carols*) for another form of the same tune. This is evidently the carol-air "arranged" by Arthur Sullivan to form his tune "Noel" (to the Christmas hymn "It came upon the midnight clear.") Sullivan's copy (presumably a traditional one) may, however, have been nearer to his own tune than these forms. A West Sussex variant very like Dr. Gardiner's tune was recently sent to me by the Rev. H. Peckham, Nutley, Uckfield. In the accompanying verses the mistress of the house is said to have "freedom on her breast"—a puzzling corruption. It may be pointed out that the verse about "righteous Joseph," with which this carol sometimes begins, has no real connection with it, but belongs properly to the carol beginning "When righteous Joseph wedded was To Israel's Hebrew Maid"—a carol which deals with the Annunciation, Joseph's doubt, and his re-assurance, during sleep, by "God's angel." Both carols seem to have been sung to the same tune, ("Oh, mortal man" is probably the older of the two). Although at first sight there

appears little connection between Sandys' tune to "Righteous Joseph" and Dr. Gardiner's "God bless the Master," on examination Sandys' "Righteous Joseph" will, I think, show itself to be an eight-line and more elaborate form of Dr. Gardiner's tune. Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner's tune (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 130) should also be compared with Sandys' version. All these tunes are evidently connected with each other.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION. (OH, MORTAL MAN.)

Communicated by the Rev. H. Peckham.

FORMERLY SUNG AT ALDINGBOURNE, SUSSEX.

God bless the mas - ter of this house With great pros - per - i -
 - ty And whe - ther he walk or whe - ther he ride Lord Je - sus be his
 guide And Lord Je - - - sus be his guide.

WHEN RIGHTEOUS JOSEPH.

SANDYS' *Christmas Carols*, 1833.

When righ - teous Jo - seph wed - ded was To Is - rael's
 He - brew maid, A..... glo - rious An - gel from Heaven came Who
 to the Vir - gin said, Hail, bless - ed Ma - ry,
 full of grace, The Lord re - mains with thee Thou shalt con -
 - ceive and bear a Son, Our..... Sa - viour for to be.

10.—THE PELICAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN NORMAN (ÆT. 65),

SOUTHAMPTON.

Noted by J. F. GUYER, L.R.A.M., June 25th, 1906.

As I was a-walk-ing down by a wil-der-ness, There was I as -
 -ault-ed by ma - ny wild beasts, And there I did hear a bird
 mak-ing her moan, That the young ones had fled and gone far from their home

As I was a-walking down by a wilderness,
 There was I assaulted by many wild beasts
 And there did I hear a bird making her moan,
 That the young ones had fled and gone far from their home.

Then she followed me down to the yonder green grove,
 And searched for those young ones that had all gone from home
 And when she had found them, how so sad were they
 And cold was the harbour wherein they did lay.

Then she took them safe home all at her own breast
 And she fed them with some dillon and food of the best
 And she spared them some blood that came from her own breast
 And she bid them drink freely and leave home no more.

This song is an illustration of the popular superstition that the pelican feeds its young with blood from its own breast. See Chambers' *Encyclopædia* under *Pelican*. In architecture the pelican is an emblem of Christ or the Christian Church. "The young ones (that) had fled and gone far from their home," but return at last to their mother, will, therefore, be those who have strayed from the Church and afterwards returned to it. The symbolical text may be ancient, the melody is poor. The singer, an inmate of Southampton Workhouse, belonged to East Meon in the Meon Valley, which was opened up by the railway only three or four years ago. (This note was written early in 1907).—G. B. G.

The obscure word "dillon" may possibly be dill-water, given to infants, but is more probably derived from "diluent"—a medicinal term for waters and thin watery liquors given to increase the amount of fluid in the blood. The word "dillo" is given in Dr. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* as a term used by Hampshire brick-

layers for the water with which mortar is mixed (*i.e.* diluted?). *De l'eau* is the derivation suggested in the dictionary, but I think a connection with "dilute" seems more likely for both words.—A. G. G.

Cf. the tune of "Sheepshearing Song" (*English County Songs*). The air in various forms is a great favourite in Sussex, Hampshire and Wiltshire.—L. E. B.

11.—BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. MUNDAY, (CIRCA 60),
AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1907.

(a) As beau - ti - ful Nan - cy... was a - walk - ing one day, She
(b) met a young sail - or up - on the high - way. Said
he "My pret - ty fair maid, where are you a - go - ing, Where
(c) are you a - go - ing tell me pret - ty maid."

Variants noted by
R. Vaughan Williams,
Jan., 1909.

(a) (b) (c)

As beautiful Nancy was a-walking one day,
She met a young sailor upon the highway;
Said he, "My pretty, fair maid, where are you a-going,
Where are you a-going, tell me, pretty maid."

"I am searching for young Jamie, young Jamie, my dear,
I have not a-seen him for more than nine year,
But a man that lives absent, a maid I will live and die,"
But little did she think it was young Jamie so nigh!

Then Jamie he stood, as long as he could forbear,
And straightway he made himself bekknown to his dear,
She denied lords and squires for young Jamie, her dear,
And now she's possessed of nine hundred a year.

A text of this song in eight verses is given in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 56. I have recorded other tunes to this text distinct from the present.—G. B. G.

The tune has some resemblance to "Glenlogie" in *Songs of the North*.—A. G. G.
And also to "Sweet Kitty" in my Somerset Collection (No. 5).—C. J. S.

12.—YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

ÆOLIAN. SONG BY MRS. HOPKINS (ÆT. 25), AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1907.

Come, all you wild young peo - ple, and lis - ten to... my
song, While I will un-fold con - cern - ing gold, that guides so ma - ny
wrong, Young Em - ma was a ser - vant maid and loved a sail - or
bold, He ploughed the main much gold to gain for his Love, as we've been told.

Come, all you wild young people, and listen to my song,
While I will unfold concerning gold, that guides so many wrong.
Young Emma was a servant maid and loved a sailor bold,
He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his Love as we've been told.

As Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam,
When seven years were past and gone, then Edwin hailed his home.
He went unto young Emma's house to her much gold to show,
What he had gained upon the main, above the Lowlands Low.

Her father kept a public inn, it stood down by the sea,
Says Emma, "You can enter in and there this night can be;
I'll meet you in the morning, don't let my parents know
Your name it is young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low "

As Emma she lay sleeping, she had a frightful dream,
She dreamt her Love stood weeping and blood pour'd in a stream;
She rose up in the morning and to her friends did go,
Because she loved him dearly that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

" Oh, mother, where's the stranger come here last night to lay ? "
 " Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell," her father he did say.
 " Then father, cruel father, you will die a public show,
 For murdering of my Edwin, that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

Says Emma, " I will wander down by the stormy seas,
 Where Edwin he lies under who once did brave the breeze.
 The shells that in the ocean are rolling to and fro
 Reminds me of my Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

The fishes of the ocean swim o'er my lover's breast,
 His body rolls in motion, I hope his soul's at rest.
 How cruel was my parents to prove his overthrow,
 And take the gold from one so bold that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

As many a day she passed away and tried to ease her mind,
 Crying, " Oh, my friends, my Love is gone and I, poor girl, behind."
 Her friends were broken-hearted, to Bedlam forced to go,
 Their shrieks were for young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

This tune has a distant resemblance to *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 124, and it is slightly similar to two variants in my collection. It is a very curious fact that the father of the singer gave this to me as a major tune, while the singer herself sang it in the *Æolian* mode. I have another tune to this text, which is almost identical with *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 255.—G. B. G.

The words are very frequently met with on ballad-sheets by all printers.—F. K.

13.—YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams from a phonographic record.

SUNG BY MRS. RANDALL (ÆT. 55), AT ELLISFIELD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS,

DORIAN.

JAN., 1909.

2nd Verse.



(First verse.)

Yonder sits a fair young damsel,
 Who she is I do not know,
 But I will go and court her for her beauty,
 Let her answer be " Yes " or " No."

The phonographic record noted is that of the second verse, as the first verse was indistinctly sung by Mrs. Randall. The words of the latter half of the verse were not clear enough to be noted.

This tune is distinct from "Twenty, Eighteen," *English County Songs*, p. 90, from *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 94, and from two other tunes to this text, which I have recorded. It is slightly similar to Mrs. Hall's "Tarry Trowsers" in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

This tune may be compared with the traditional Welsh air "Llanilar," in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn-book, Carnarvon, 1897.—A. G. G.

LLANILAR.

DORIAN.

WELSH AIR.



Compare the tune with that of "Bold William Taylor," *Folk-Song Journal*, No. ii, p. 214.—C. J. S.

14. ROBIN HOOD AND THE THREE SQUIRES.

As told by R. Vaughan Williams from a phonographic record.

SUNG BY MRS. GOODYEAR (ÆT. 75),

MINOLYDIAN.

AMFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, Jan., 1909.

Bold Rob - in Hood rang - ed the for - est all round, The
 for - est all round rang ed he And the first that he met was a
 gay la - dy Come weep - ing a - long the high - way,

Bold Robin Hood rangèd the forest all round,
The forest all round rangèd he,
And the first that he met was a gay lady,
Come weeping along the highway.

"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?
Oh, why do you weep?" said he.
"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?
I pray thee come tell unto me.

Oh, do you weep for gold or fame,
Or do you weep for me
Or do you weep for anything else
Belonging to anybody?"

"I don't weep for gold or fame,
Nor I don't weep for thee;
Nor I don't weep for anything else
Belonging to anybody?"

"Then why do you weep, my gay lady?
Why do you weep?" said he.
"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?
I pray thee come tell unto me."

"Oh, I do weep for my three sons,
For they are condemned to die."
"Oh, what have they done?" said bold Robin Hood,
"Oh, what have they done?" said he.

"What parish church have they robbed?" said bold Robin Hood,
"Or what parish priest have they slain?
Did they ever force a maid against her will,
Or with other men's wives have they lain?"

Oh, what have they done," said bold Robin Hood,
"Oh, what have they done?" said he.
"They have stole sixteen of the king's white deer,
To-morrow they are condemned to die."

"Go your way home, my gay lady,
Go your way home," said he.
"Oh, go your way home, my gay lady,
To-morrow I set them quite free."

"What men are all those?" said bold Robin Hood,
"What men are all those?" said he.
"They are all of them mine and none of them thine,
They are come for the squires all three."

"Go and take them, go and take them," says the master sheriff,
"Go and take them all," said he;
"Never no more in fair Nottingham towne
Shall borrow three more of me."

For texts of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—G. B. G.
Cf. "The Outlandish Knight," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 282, 1st version, for a major
version of the tune, from Yorkshire.—A. G. G.

15.—LORD DERWENTWATER.

(LORD ELLENWATER.)

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MRS. GOODYEAR (ÆT. 74), AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, AUG., 1907.

The king he wrote a long let - ter And sealed it up with gold And
sent it un - to Lord El - len - wa - ter For to read it if he could.

Variants.

The king he wrote a long letter,
And sealed it up with gold,
And sent it unto Lord Ellenwater,
For to read it if he could.

The first three lines Lord Ellenwater read,
It made his heart to revive;
And the next three lines Lord Ellenwater read,
The tears fell from his eyes.

He called for his stable groom,
To saddle his milk-white steed,
That up to London I might go,
For I am sure there never was more need.

He put one foot all in his stirrup,
Another across his steed,
Three drops of blood fell from his nose,
As he mounted his milk-white steed

"That token's enough," Lord Ellenwater said,
"That I never no more shall return,

• • • • •

Here to you, my gay lady,
Which is my wedded wife,
an estate
To maintain you all the days of your life.

Here is fifty thousand pounds in one pocket,
To be given away to the poor,
Fifty thousand in the other pocket,
Shall be strewed from door to door."

There stands the old grim man
With the shining axe all in his hand,
Saying, "Come, you, along here, Lord Ellenwater
For your life is at my command."

The people all amazed stood
And well enough they may
For he jumped three times upon his legs
After they had cut off his head.

For texts of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. In Sussex the ballad is known as "Lord Allanwater." See the song competition of the *West Sussex Gazette*. My singer said "Lord Ellenwater."—G. B. G.

The ballad here given must not be confused with Surtees' own composition beginning "Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall" which he communicated to Hogg, under the title of "Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight." Nor has it anything in common with another imitation of an old ballad, by Allan Cunningham (see Cromek's *Remains*). James Ratcliffe, earl of Derwentwater, was suspected of concerting a rising in the North of England on behalf of the Pretender. He was executed in 1716. It is interesting to note that his name has been changed by Hampshire and Sussex singers to Ellenwater and Allenwater, for a large part of his Northumbrian estates were in and around Allendale, through which the river Allen runs. A Cumberland singer would naturally sing "Derwent-water," but a Northumbrian might conclude that "Allen-water" was most correct. In Buchan's MSS. the name appears as "Lord Arnwaters."—L. E. B.

The ballad by Allan Cunningham in Cromek's *Remains* is reprinted by Hogg in his *Jacobite Relics* under the title of "Derwentwater." It is possible that Cunningham's song was founded upon an existent ballad. The tune which is given to it in the *Jacobite Relics* seems old, and there is some resemblance in the first part to the one given above.—A. G. G.

I have collected this ballad (as "Lord Ellenwater") to a very fine Æolian tune, in Cambridgeshire. —R. V. W.

16.—PRETTY NANCY.

A. B. G. R. Folk-Songs of
Folk-Ly.

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG (AET. 84),
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

Pret-ty Nan-cy of Yar-mouth, she dwells in the street, She was court-ed by
Wil-liam, he be-longs to the fleet. When the trum-pet it sound-ed, to the
wars he must go, It filled her poor bo-som with sor-row and woe.
Farewell.

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth, she dwells in the street,
She was courted by William, he belongs to the fleet.
When the trumpet it sounded, to the wars we must go,
It filled her poor bosom with sorrow and woe.

"Oh, William, dear William, this will break my heart,
Since you and I, Love, for ever must part,
You're a-going to those wars, Love, where cannon loud roar,
Where I never, no never, shall see you any more."

"Oh, Nancy, dear Nancy," these words he did say,
"Our ship she lies anchored and I must away."
As he kissed her red rose cheeks, from his eyes tears did fall,
When he bid his dear Nancy adieu and farewell.

Then our bold captain, he showed us a mark,
The mark, that he showed us, it appeared in the dark.
It came roaring like thunder and the lightning flash flew,
All on the salt seas, where the stormy winds blow.

This is a kind letter I'm going to write,
To Nancy, my charming, my joy and delight,
It is to inform you what we undergo
All on the salt seas, where the stormy winds blow.

Then up speaks our captain, a well speaking man,
"Come, all my bold heroes, here's to old England,
For the soldiers they will skip, my boys, at the sound of the drum,
Whilst we poor sailors meets a watery tomb."

This tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 282. It is slightly similar to *a* and *b* in *Journal*, Vol. iii, pp. 101 and 102 and to the tune of "In London Fair City" in this volume, and it is similar to No. 78 of *Folk-Songs from Somerset* and to another tune I have recorded with this text.—G. B. G.

17.—NELSON.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG (ÆT. 54),
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.

Bold Bri-tain's long ex-pect-ed good news from our fleet, Com-
- mand-ed by Lord Nel-son the French for to meet, Till at
length the news came o-ver through the coun-ter-ie was spread, That the
French was de-feat-ed and Nel-son was dead.

The rest of the words are not worth printing.

18.—THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES TAYLOR (ÆT. 67),
KINGSLERE WORKHOUSE, HANTS, MAY, 1907.

It is of a lit-tle boy in the mea-dows went to
play, When three Gyp-sies be-trayed him and stole him a-
- way, Long time my child was miss-ing and could not be
found, They searched the sha-dy groves and the mead-ows all

round, They searched the sha - dy groves whilst its mo - ther took no
 (a)
 rest, For the thoughts of the lit - tle one who suck - led at her breast.
 (a)
Variants.

The rest of the words are not worth printing.

I have two other tunes to this text, one distinct from the present, the other slightly similar to it.—G. B. G.

“The Pretty Ploughboy” ballad is often sung to variants of this tune. The verse given here is a paraphrase of the first verse of “The Lost Lady Found.”—L. E. B.

I have collected a variant of this ballad in Somerset.—C. J. S.

19.—SING IVY.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM MASON (ÆT. 60),
 EASTON, BY WINCHESTER, NOV., 1906.

My fa - ther gave me an a - cre of land, Sing ov - y Sing i - vy, my
 (b) fa - ther gave me an a - cre of land, (c) A bunch of green hol - ly and (d) i - vy.
Variants.
 (a) (b) (c) *once these two bars are inserted.* (d)

My father gave me an acre of land,
 Sing ovy, sing ivy,
 My father gave me an acre of land,
 A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I sowed it with two peppering corns,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I sowed it with two pepper corns,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I rolled it with a rolling-pin,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I rolled it with a rolling-pin,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I reaped it with my little pen-knife,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I reaped it with my little pen-knife,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I stowed it in a mouse's hole,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I stowed it in a mouse's hole,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I threshed it out with two beanstalks,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I threshed it out with two beanstalks,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I sent my rats to market with that,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
I sent my rats to market with that,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

My team o' rats came rattling back,
Sing ovy, sing ivy,
My team o' rats came rattling back
With fifty bright guineas and an empty sack,
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

The above tune is distinct from those in *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 83, and Vol. ii, pp. 212 and 213. For notes on the song see the foregoing references, and *Journal*, Vol. iii, pp. 12-16.—G. B. G.

For a version of this, with a tune evidently traditional, see *Children's Songs of Long Ago* (Kidson and Moffat), p. 48.—F. K.

This air has certain peculiarities not commonly met with in English traditional melody, but usual in Gaelic music. I have noted a Western Highland tune the first half of which has points of strong likeness to the above.—L. E. B.

20. THE TREE IN THE VALLEY.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM MASON (AET. CO), EASTON, BY WINCHESTER

V. A. 11. H. P. 11. G. 11. and J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M.

1st verse only.

All the other verses begin here.

Down in yon ders green mea - dow there grows a fine tree And
on the tree there was a limb, As fine a limb as
ev - er you see And the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground
Down in yon - ders green mea - dow there grows a fine tree.

Varianti.
(a) **Sometimes as this.*

tree in the ground. *Notes always as above.*

Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree
And on that tree there was a limb,
As fine a limb as ever you see
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground,
Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree.

And on that limb there was a twig,
As fine a twig as ever you see
And the twig on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground,
Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree.

And on that twig there was a nest, etc.

And in that nest there was an egg, etc.

And on that egg there was a shell, etc.

And in that shell there were some bones, etc.

And on these bones there was some flesh, etc.

(The rest is wanting,)

The melodies given in *English County Songs*, p. 174, and in the first edition of *Songs of the West*, p. 220, are distinct from the present melody.—G. B. G.

I am glad to see a form of this interesting cumulative song—found in several other European countries—included in the *Journal*. In *Songs of the West* (1st edition—the song is omitted from the later issue) reference is given to a Breton version, “Ar parc caer.” A very curious traditional carol, at least four hundred years old, “Over yonder’s a park that is newly begun”—which there may another time be occasion to discuss in the *Journal*—is framed upon a similar enumerative formula, (see *Notes and Queries*, 10 S. iv, September 2nd, 1905). There is also a French form, with a very polite ending, in *La Mère L’Oie*—a book of French nursery-rhymes. This is called “Le Bois joli” and begins :

Au quatre coins de Paris
Devinez ce qu’il y a ;
Il y a un bois,
Un petit bois joli, Mesdames,
Il y a un bois,
Un petit bois joli, il y a.

It ends with a message, found within the yolk of the egg :

Et dedans ce petit jaune
Il y a écrit
Votre serviteur, Mesdames,
Il y a écrit
Votre serviteur je suis !

This version does not “pile up” the objects named, as our English forms do, but merely proceeds from one to another with the formula of repetition shown in the first verse. There is also a Danish form, very like ours, with tune, in a collection called *Danmarks Melodier* :

Langt udi Skoven laa et lille Bjerg—
Aldrig saa jeg saa dejligt et Bjerg—
Bjeiget ligger langt udi Skoven.

[Long out in the wood there lay a little hill,
Never saw I so fair a hill—
The hill lies long out in the wood.]

Then “On the little hill there stood a tree,” etc. The song is marked in this collection as a “Folkesang” with the descriptive title of a “Sang-Remse,” equivalent to “Song-Rigmarole”—a very good name for this class of folk-songs!
—A. G. G.

LANGT UDI SKOVEN.

(DANISH FOLK-SONG.)

FROM *Danmarks Melodier*.

1. Langt u - di Sko - ven laa et lil - le Bjerg. Al - drig saa jeg saa dej - ligt et Bjerg,
 2. Paa det lil - le Bjerg der stod et lil - le Træ. Al - drig saa jeg saa dej - ligt et Træ,
Vers 2 ant. following.
 Træ - et paa Bjerg-en, Bjerg-et lig - ger langt..... u - di Sko - ven.

A version of this has lately been noted in Switzerland (Canton Bern). It begins "Dert unde-n-i-der Ou Dert steit e Birliboum" (see *Kinderlied und Kinderspiel im Kanton Bern*, G. Zürcher). This begins with the tree, and ends with the pip within the core. A Welsh version of great beauty, both of melody and text, has been recently noted. Mrs. Davies, Hon. Sec. of the Welsh Folk-Song Society, when singing it to me pointed out that the Welsh words, which in the main follow our more commonplace English version, entirely conform to the highly complicated Celtic rules for verse, including assonance, and the proper sequence of consonants, etc. This is a striking fact, and suggests that possibly the Breton and Welsh forms of the song are the oldest.—L. E. B.

* See "Ar y bryn daeth pren" ("On the hill there came a tree"). *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, No. 1.

21. —WE'RE ALL JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.

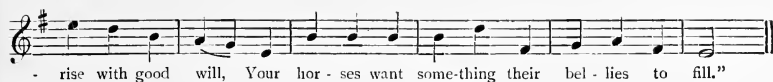
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),

EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Bri lly. (a)

'Twas ear - ly one morn - ing at the break of the day, The cocks were a -
 (c)
 - crow - ing, the far - mer did say, "Come a - rise, my good fel - lows, Come, a -



Variants. Jan. 1909.



'Twas early one morning at the break of the day,
The cocks were a-crowing, the farmer did say,
"Come, arise, my brave fellows, come, arise with good will,
Your horses wants something their bellies to fill."

When four o'clock comes, then up we do rise
And into the stable so merrily flies
A-rubbing and scrubbing our horses, I vow,
And we're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough.

When six o'clock beats, at breakfast we meet,
Here's beefsteak and pork, boys, so hearty we eat :
With a piece in our pocket I'll swear and I'll vow,
We're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough.

We harnessed our horses and away we did go,
Tripped over the plain, boys, as nimble as does,
Tripped over the plain, boys, as nimble as does
And see which was first a straight furrow could hoe.

Our master came round some time in the day,
Saying, "What have you been at this long summer's day,
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
And you're lazy fellows, that follows the plough."

Our head-man looked round and he looked very sly,
"What's that you've been saying? You tells a big lie.
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
And we're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough."

Our master he laughed and he smiled at the joke,
"It's past two o'clock, boys, it's time to unyoke,
Unharness your horses and rub them down well,
I'll give you a mug of my best brown ale."

This tune is very similar to *English County Songs*, p. 65 (foot): to "Henry Martin" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30; to "Robbie and Granny" in *Miscellanea* of the Edinburgh Rymour Club II, p. 29; to "White Copper Alley" in this *Journal* and to two tunes in my collection. This text is very commonly sung to the "Villikins" tune.—G. B. G.

This tune has also some resemblance to a Lancashire "Robin and Gronny" tune I have noted in Southport, though my tune is more modern in character.—A. G. G.

It has also a suggestion of one of the versions of "Derry Down."—F. K.

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 63.—C. J. S.

Evidently a variant of the Dorian tune noted by me in Surrey to "The Blind Beggar of Bethlem Green" (*Journal*, Vol. i, p. 202).—L. E. B.

22.—THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906,
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Brill.

'Tis of a shep-herd's daugh-ter, Kept sheep all on a
hill, The squire's son came rid-ing by And sware he'd have his will.
CHORUS.
kite fal riddle ral de ri-do Rite fal le day.

'Tis of a shepherd's daughter,
Kept sheep all on a hill,
The squire's son came riding by,
And sware he'd have his will.

Chorus—Rite fal le riddle ral de rido
Rite fal le day.

"Some they call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some they call me John,
And when I'm in King George's train,
They call me Sweet William."
Chorus.

He put his feet into the stirrup
And across the horse did stride,
She hooked her crook into the bridle,
And she run by the horse's side.
Chorus.

The first three miles she walked,
The next three miles she run,
And when she came to the broad water side
She fell on her breast and swum.
Chorus.

He mounted on his milk-white steed
And she on her dapper grey,
He hung the bugle round his neck,
And then they rode away.
Chorus.

The very first town that they came to
 They bought the wedding ring
 And the very next town that they came to
 They set the bells to ring.
 Chorus.

The tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 184, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 28. It bears a distant resemblance to Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 16, and it is similar to *Musical Times*, January, 1907, p. 17. For texts see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Parts of the text resemble "The False Lover won back," also in Child's Collection.

—G. B. G.

There is a copy of "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter" in my *Traditional Tunes*, and the tune much resembles this.—F. K.

This tune belongs to a type which is very commonly found in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Patrick Macdonald and Fraser noted several versions in the 18th Century, and I have noted Highland variants myself lately. It appears to be a favourite type also in Ireland (see the *Petrie Collection* and *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, P. W. Joyce, 1909, Nos. 658, 783, 819, etc.) It seems usually taken at quick march time.—L. E. B.

23.—THE GREEN BED.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 79),
 EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

A sto - ry a sto - ry, a sto - ry was one Con -
 - cern - ing of a sail - or whose name it was John, He had
 been a long voyage and had late - ly come on shore, For his
 mon - ey was good, but his rig - ging was tore.

A story, a story, a story was one
Concerning of a sailor whose name it was John,
He'd been a long voyage and lately come on shore,
For his money was good, but his rigging was tore.

Johnny called at an alehouse where he had been before.

Saying, "You're welcome in, young Johnny, you're welcome in," said he,
"For last night my daughter, Molly, was dreaming of thee."

"Where is your daughter Molly? Come fetch her unto me."
"My daughter Molly's busy, John, and cannot come to thee.
My daughter Molly's busy, John, and cannot come to you,
So kindly I'll invite you with one pot or two."

Johnny being tired, he hung down his head,
He called for a candle to light him up to bed.
"Our beds were all engaged, John, and will be for a week,
I would have you to seek a nice lodging to sleep."

He called for the landlord his reckoning to pay,

"Here's four and forty shillings, John, you owes me as a owe,"
Then out of his pocket pulled handfuls of gold.

At the jangling of this money then downstairs she flew,

She huddled him, she cuddled him, as she had done before,
Saying, "The green beds are empty, and Johnny might sleep there."

"No, sooner than I'd lay in your green bed, I know,
I would rather lay myself down in the street,
If I hadn't got no money, out of doors I'd been turned,
So it's you and your green bed might go and be burned."

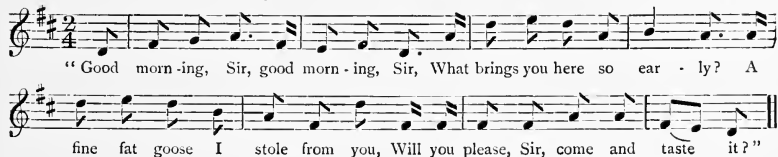
"Come, all you young sailors, that sails on the main,
That do get your living by cold storms of rain;
And, when you have got it, pray lay it up in store,
For the fear that your companions should turn you out of doors.

The above tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 48, from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 250, from *Songs of the West*, p. 186, and from another tune in my collection to the same text. It is similar to a tune I have collected to the words, "It's of a Pretty Ploughboy."—G. B. G.

24.—GOOD MORNING, SIR.

SUNG BY MRS. RIMLETT (ÆT. 81),
SOUTHAMPTON.

Noted by F. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 27th, 1906.



“Good morn-ing, Sir, good morn-ing, Sir, What brings you here so ear-ly? A
fine fat goose I stole from you, Will you please, Sir, come and taste it?”

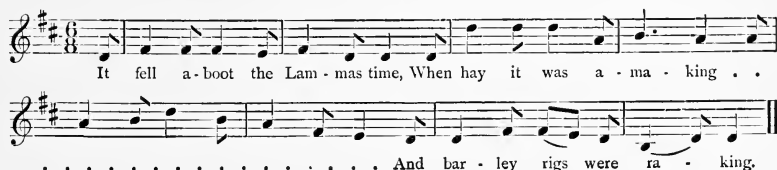
Good morning, sir, good morning, sir!
What brings you here so early?
A fine fat goose I stole from you,
Will you, please, sir, come and taste it?
Will you, please, sir, come and taste it?

I didn't go away to stay away,
I didn't go away to leave you.
Oh, my goose, my very fine goose,
I'll come and take you with me,
I'll come and take you with me.

.
.

Cf. with the old Scottish air “Get up and bar the door, O,” whose earlier name seems to have been “The Barley Raking.” I append an Aberdeenshire version sent me by the Rev. J. K. Maconachie as remembered from his childhood:

THE LAMMAS TIME.



It fell a-boot the Lam-mas time, When hay it was a-ma-king . .
. And bar-ley rigs were ra-king.

A. G. G.

“Barbara Allen” is sometimes sung to a variant of this tune.—L. E. B.

See also *Songs of the West*, No. 85.—C. J. S.

25.—THE JOLLY HIGHWAYMAN.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L. R. A. M., June 23rd, 1906.
MINOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE (ÆT. 58),
LYNDHURST, HANTS.

It's of a jol - ly high - way-man, like - wise a no - ted rov - er, I
drove my par - ents al - most wild when I first went a - rov - ing, I
rob - bed lords, I rob - bed dukes in a ve - ry rak - ish man - ner Not
on - ly to main - tain my - self, like - wise my a - ged mo - ther.

It's of a jolly highwayman, likewise a noted rover,
I drove my parents almost wild when I first went a-roving,
I robbed lords, I robbed dukes in a very rakish manner,
Not only to maintain myself, likewise my aged mother.

The very first man that I did rob, it being a lord of honour,
I did abuse that mighty lord in a very rakish manner.
"Deliver your money, my lord," said I, "without any more desire,
For, if you don't, it's my desire with powder and shot to fire."

I put a pistol to his breast, which made him frown to shiver,
Ten thousand guineas all in bright gold to me he did deliver,
Besides a gold repeater watch to me he did surrender,
I thought I had a noble prize to me he did deliver.

The very next man that I did rob was down in Kelpin's garden,
And not long after he was robbed, in Newgate I was fastened.
To hear the turnkeys and the locks and bolts at six o'clock in the morning
Glad was I, resolved to die, so fare you well, companions.

The third verse was derived from Mr. George Blake, father-in-law of Mr. Stansbridge.—G. B. G.

This tune has some resemblance to that of "The Kilties in the Crimea," a long popular street-song in Scotland. See Ford's *Vagabond Songs*, where the tune is said to have been composed by the author of the words, John Lorimer. It certainly does not appear to be modern, and probably was merely adapted from some older song—perhaps "The Jolly Highwayman." One strain of Dr. Gardiner's tune has

perhaps been lost, as the second half is merely a repetition of the first. Both tunes may also be compared with "The Old Man can't keep his Wife at Home" in *Songs of the West* (New edition).—A. G. G.

Cf. this tune with "Sing Ivy" in this *Journal*. It seems Celtic rather than English.—L. E. B.

26.—THROUGH THE GROVES.

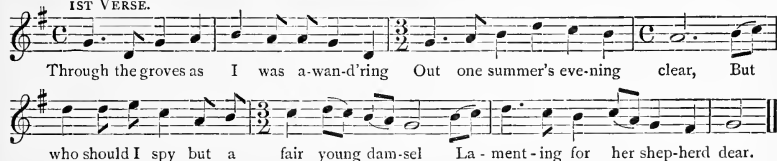
Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M.,

and R. Vaughan Williams, June 21st, 1906, and Jan. 1909.

SUNG BY MR. E. SHERGOLD (AET. 75),

SOUTHAMPTON.

1ST VERSE.



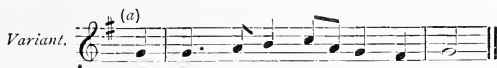
Through the groves as I was a-wan-d'ring Out one summer's eve-ning clear, But
who should I spy but a fair young dam-sel La-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear.

OTHER VERSES.



I boldly stepped up unto her, And she blushed as I drew near;
I says, "Fair maid, what is your trouble, Or what makes you so lamenting here?"

Variant.



She says, "Young man, if you will believe me,
My trouble is more than I can bear.
For my true Love is gone, is gone and left me,
Across the seas I know not where."

Through the groves as I was a-wandering
Out one summer's evening clear,
But who should I spy but a fair young damsel
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

I boldly stepped up unto her,
And she blushed as I drew near;
I says, "Fair maid, what is your trouble,
Or what makes you so lamenting here?"

She says, "Young man, if you will believe me,
My trouble is more than I can bear.
For my true Love is gone, is gone and left me,
Across the seas I know not where."

Who is my shepherd I love so dearly,
 How can I love him any more ?
 For he's gone, he's gone, he's gone and he's left me,
 I never shall see him again, I fear."

'Twas down in yonder flowery garden,
 Where the river runs so bright and clear ;
 That her cheeks was like two blooming roses
 Upon the tree that bud and bear

A version of this melody has been printed in Yorkshire and is known as "The Holmfirth Anthem." Is "The Holmfirth Anthem" based on this folk-tune or is this folk-tune an echo of the "anthem?" The singer of this tune, an inmate of Southampton Workhouse, belonged to Amesbury, Wilts. The "anthem" is very popular in the North of England. To this text I have recorded a second tune similar to this.—G. B. G.

"The Holmfirth Anthem" is certainly originally a folk-song. It is probable that it was merely arranged for four voices by Perkins, who lived in that district and was so musical that he called one of his sons "Mendelssohn Perkins." I once met a man who knew him.—F. K.

27.—THE LOSS OF THE "RAMILLIES."

Noted by J. F. Gwyer, L.R.A.M., June 21st, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK WHITE (AET. 68), SOUTHAMPTON.

It was on one day, one cer - tain day, When the
 Ram - il - lies at her an - chor lay, That ve - ry night a
 gale came on And our ship from her an - chor - age a - way did run.

It was on one day, one certain day,
 When the *Ramillies* at her anchor lay,
 That very night a gale came on,
 And our ship from her anchorage away did run.

The rain pouring down in terrible drops,
 The sea broke over our fore top,
 Our yards and canvas neatly spread.
 We were thinking to weather the Old Ram's Head.

Our bo'sun cries, " My good fellows all,
 Listen unto me while I blow my call,
 Launch out your boats, your lives for to save,
 For the seas this night will be our grave."

Then overboard our boats we tossed,
 Some got in, but soon were lost,
 There were some in one place, some in another,
 The watch down below, they all were smothered.

When this sad news to Plymouth came,
 That the *Ramillies* was lost and all of her men,
 Excepting two that told the tale,
 How that ship behaved in that dreadful gale.

Come, all you pretty maidens, and weep along with me,
 For the loss of your true lovers and the *Ramillies*,
 All Plymouth town it flowed with tears,
 When they heard the news of that sad affair.

The *Ramillies*, man-of-war, was wrecked in 1760 between Bolt Head and Prawle Point in South Devon and 734 men perished. There is an inlet named *Ramillies Cove* after the ill-fated ship.—G. B. G.

I have another ballad on this event, published by Catnach and entitled "The Fatal *Ramillies*." In this the number of men lost is 720.—F. K.

See "The Wreck of the *Industry*," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 246, for a close variant of the tune. Christie's tune to "The Sailing Trade" (see *Traditional Ballad Airs*) was sung, he says, to a ballad "My Love was lost on the *Ramillies*."—A. G. G.

28.—CLAUDY BANKS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Jan., 1909.
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK WHITE (ÆT. 68),
 SOUTHAMPTON.

(a)

As I roved out one eve - ning all in the month of
 May, Down by the banks of Claud - y I care - less - ly did

stray, There I be-held a young maid in sor-row did com-
 (b)
 - plain, La-ment-ing of her true Love who had crossed the ra-ging
 main, I-o-o-o-o-o he is my dar-ling
 boy, He is the dar-ling of my heart up-on the walls of Troy.
 Variants.

As I roved out one evening all in the month of May,
 Down by the Banks of Claudy I carelessly did stray.
 There I beheld a young maid in sorrow did complain,
 Lamenting of her true Love, who had crossed the raging main.

Io, Io, he is my darling boy,
 He is the darling of my heart upon the walls of Troy.

I stepped up unto her and gave her a great surprise.
 I own she did not know me, for I was in disguise.
 I said, " My pretty fair maid, my joy and heart's delight,
 How far do you mean to wander this dark and dreary night ? "
 Io, etc.

It's on the Banks of Claudy I wish you would me show
 Take on a fair young maid who has nowhere to go,
 For I am in search of a young man, young Johnny is his name,
 And on the Banks of Claudy I hear he does remain."
 Io, etc.

" This is the Banks of Claudy, on them you now do stand,
 Do not believe young Johnny, for he's a false young man.
 Do not believe young Johnny, he will not meet you here,
 Through the green woods you may tarry, no danger you may fear."
 Io, etc.

" Oh, if my Johnny was here to-night, he would keep me from all harm,
 But he's on the field of battle and in his uniform.
 He's on the field of battle, all danger does defy,
 Like the royal king of honour upon the walls of Troy.
 Io, etc.

It's six long months, and better, since my Johnny left the shore
To cross the raging ocean where thundering billows roar,
To cross the raging ocean for honour and for fame."
"I heard the ship was wrecked upon the coasts of Spain."
Io, etc.

As soon as she heard this, she fell in deep despair,
A-wringing of her lily-white hands and a-tearing of her hair,
Saying, "If my Johnny's drowned, no other man I'll take,
Through lonesome woods and valleys will I wander for his sake."
Io, etc.

As soon as he heard this, no longer could he stand;
He flew into her arms, saying, "Betsy, I'm the man."
Saying, "Betsy, I'm the young man who caused your grief and pain,
And since we've met on Claudy's fair Banks, we never will part again."
Io, etc.

The tune is distinct from Nos. 422, 423 and 756 in the *Petrie Collection*, from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii, pp. 70 and 72, from Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 88 and 89, from Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland* (ed. 1904), p. 317, and from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 19. Is it not a form of the *Marigold* tune?—G. B. G.

See also Bunting, 1840, p. 33.—F. K.

This tune has some resemblance to the older forms of the rollicking tune known as "The Gentleman Soldier" or "The Sentry Box." One of these older forms is given without title in Levey's *Dance Music of Ireland*, and another as "Monday Morning" in *Alawon fy Ngwled*, a Welsh collection; in neither case are any words attached.—A. G. G.

This is evidently one of the variants of a very favourite tune in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which in common time is still more familiar to collectors throughout Great Britain and Ireland (see "Gilderoy," "Lazarus," "Maria Marten," etc.) The $\frac{6}{8}$ tune usually appears in the form printed in *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 41 (see "Sally Gray," "Tam Glen" and annotations thereon).—L. E. B.

29.—THROUGH MOORFIELDS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 7th, 1906.
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. MOSES BLAKE (AET. 80),
EMERY DOWN, LYNDHURST, HANTS.

'Twas through Moorfields I wan-dered by my - self all a - lone, I
heard a maid in Bed - lam a - ma - king her sad moan, She was
wring-ing of her ten - der hands and a - tear - ing of her hair, Cry - ing
slender?
"Oh, cru - el pa - rents, You have proved to me se - vere."

'Twas through Moorfields I rambled by myself all alone;
I heard a maid in Bedlam a-making her sad moan.
She was wringing of her tender hands, and a-tearing of her hair,
Crying, "Oh, cruel parents, you have proved to me severe."

It's all through my own true Love, a prentice boy you know,
And he was sent to the seas which hath proved my overthrow.
With his long lamentation, which makes me to complain,
Crying, "Oh, shall I ever see my own true love again?"

'Twas early next morning this young sailor came on shore,
He walked and he talked down longside by Bedlam door;
Where he give to the young porter a large piece of gold,
Saying, "Show to me my wife, she's the joys of my soul."

Then he took her from her strawy bed and sat her on his knee,
Saying, "I am the young man that was sent to the seas by thee;"
Saying, "I am the young man and from all sorrows fled,"
Crying, "Adieu unto these chains and this cold strawy bed."

The melody in the *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 146, is distinct from the one given above.

—G. B. G.

The tune is a variant of "Erin's Lovely Home."—C. J. S.

Cf. "The Jolly Thresherman" noted in *Sussex (Journal)*, Vol. ii, p. 198). For notes on similar "mad-songs" see *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, "Through Moorfields" (appendix), and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, "Bedlam" (appendix).
—L. E. B.

30.—CHARLES DICKSON.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., May 30th, 1906.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE BLAKE (AET 78),
 ST. DENYS, SOUTHAMPTON.

My name it is Charles Dick - son, a black-smith by my trade, In
 this lit - tle town I was born and I was bred. From this town to Bel - fast a -
 - work-ing I did go, 'Twas there I fell in love with young Sal - ly Mun - ro.

My name it is Charles Dickson, a blacksmith by my trade,
 In this little town I was born and I was bred.
 From this town to Belfast a-working I did go,
 'Twas there I fell in love with young Sally Munro.

It's I to this lassie kind letters I did send,
 It was by a comrade, I thought he was my friend ;
 Instead of being a friend to me, he proved to be a foe,
 For he never gave that letter to young Sally Munro.

About six months or better not a word could I hear
 From that bonny lassie I once loved so dear.
 'Twas on one Sunday evening down by Sandy Row,
 It was there I fell in love with young Sally Munro

Then she said to her old mother, " Pray be aware of he,
 For he have got a wife in his own counterie."
 " Then," said her old mother, " since I have found it so,
 You never shall enjoy my young Sally Munro."

31.—WHITE COPPER ALLEY.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1900.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (AET. 73), BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1906.

As I was a - walk - ing up White Cop - per Al - ley, As I was a -
walk - ing I heard man - y say, "A lass neat and pret - ty of
fair Lon - don Ci - ty." Her cheeks were like ro - ses, her cloth - ing was gay.

Variants.

This tune is very similar to *English County Songs*, p. 65 (foot), Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30, *Miscellanea* of the Edinburgh Rymour Club, Vol. ii, p. 29, and to three tunes in my collection.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune with "The Unfortunate Lad" in *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 254. The tune is printed in Kerr's *Merry Melodies* as "The Unfortunate Rake," and seems usually attached to words on the same subject, both in England and Ireland.—L. E. B.

32.—THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record),

by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (AET. 80),

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

(Verse 5.)

He tied a nap - kin round her head, And he tied it round
soft - ly, And he threw her right o - ver both she and her ba - by.
O she shall have a cof - fin And the nails shall shine yel - low And my



Variants (a) almost C# once, (b) almost F# occasionally.

- 1 It's of a sea captain livéd near the seaside, oh,
And he courted a lady till she proved by child.
- 2 "Oh, it's fetch me some of your father's clothes, and some of your
mother's money,
That I might go on board of ship with my own dearest honey."
- 3 We hadn't been on board of ship but six weeks or better
Before she wanted women and could not get any.
- 4 "Oh, it's hold your tongue, oh you silly girl, oh, it's hold your
tongue my honey,
For we cannot get women for love nor for money."
- 5 He tied a napkin round her head, and he tied it round softly,
And he throwed her right over, both she and her baby.
- 6 I got out upon the deck for to see my love in the water.
- 7 Seeing how she doth swim, my boys, seeing how she doth swagger,
She will never leave swimming till she come to some harbour.
- 8 Oh, she shall have a coffin if ever she is founded,
- 9 Oh, she shall have a coffin, and the nails shall shine yellow ;
And my love she shall be buried in the banks of green willow.

Verses five and nine have been chosen for printing under the music because these were clearest in the phonographic record.

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 14, and from the versions in the *Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 33-35.—G. B. G.

This tune seems to me to have Scandinavian rather than English characteristics.
—C. J. S.

33. — A SAILOR COURTED A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY DAY (AET. 67),
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

A musical score for a song. The melody is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staff. There are several musical ornaments: a slur with a dot underneath for 'court', a triplet of eighth notes for 'lived', a slur with a dot underneath for 'followed', and a slur with a dot underneath for 'ocean'. The score ends with a double bar line.

A sail - or court - ed a far - mer's daugh - ter that
(a) (b)
lived con - ven - ient in the Isle of Man; And mark good peo - ple, what
(c)
fol - lowed af - ter, a long time court - ing a - gainst his fa - ther's will; A
(a)
long time court - ing and still dis - cours - ing of things con - cern - ing the
o - cean wide, He said "My dar - ling, at our next meet - ing, if
you'll be con - stant, I'll make you my bride.

Variants.

Two musical variants for the song. Variant (a) is a single eighth note. Variant (b) is a triplet of eighth notes. Variant (c) is a slur with a dot underneath. Variant (d) is a slur with a dot underneath. The variants are written on a single staff in G major and 3/4 time.

(a) (b) (c)
(d)

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter that lived convenient in the Isle of Man;
And mark, good people, what followed after, a long time courting against his father's will;
A long time courting and still discoursing of things concerning the ocean wide,
He said, "My darling, at our next meeting, if you'll be constant, I'll make you my bride."

"But as for sailors I don't admire them because they sails in so many parts.
First they love you and then they slight you, and leave you behind with a broken heart."
"Don't you say so, my dearest jewel, I never intended to serve you so;
I have once more to cross the ocean, and you know, my darling, that I must go."

The news was carried unto his mother before he stepped one foot on board
 That he was courting a farmer's daughter, whose aged parents could not afford
 One penny portion, going to the ocean like one distracted his mother run ;
 "If you don't forsake her, and your bride not make her, I will disown you to be my son."

· · · · ·
 · · · · ·
 · · · · ·

I won't forsake her but my bride I'll make her, let my scolding old mother say what she will.

The above tune resembles the one given in the *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 221.—G. B. G.

The tune is in Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840, p. 102. I have many ballad-sheet copies of the words. Samuel Lover alluded to it in an essay on "Ballads and Ballad Singers."—F. K.

Sir C. Villiers Stanford has Bunting's air to new words, "A Sailor Lad wooed a Farmer's Daughter," in his *Songs of Old Ireland*, and A. P. Graves quotes a verse of the old song in his *Irish Songs and Ballads* :

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter
 Who lived convenient to the Isle of Man,
 Remark, good people, what followed after,
 A long time courting and nothing done.

The tune may be compared with that of "Eggs in her Basket," *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 46—a melody of even more breathless character than this—of which it is possibly a much corrupted form.—A. G. G.

Cf. "The Imprisoned Lady" in *Songs of the West* (old ed.) The tune is possibly connected with that most often used for the ballad of "The Young Servant Man" or "Two Affectionate Lovers" (see *Journals*, and *English Traditional Songs and Carols*).—L. E. B.

34.—THE FOGGY DEW.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams. Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (ÆT. 80),
 BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.





This tune is similar to Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland* (1840), p. 109, and to Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 165. It is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 134, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 17. The first two lines of the text resemble *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 176.—G. B. G.

The air is a curious blend of "The Last Rose of Summer" or "The Groves of Blarney" and "The Girl I left behind me" or "Brighton Camp."—L. E. B.

The Bunting version of this tune is included in Sir C. V. Stanford's "Songs of old Ireland" under the same title, but with new words by Mr. A. P. Graves.
—R. V. W.

35.—ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, Aug., 1906.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (AET. 73),
BASINGSTOKE.

Variants noted Jan. 1904 by R. Vaughan Williams.

Abroad as I was walking,
Down by some green woodside,
I heard some young girl singing
"I wish I was a bride."

"I thank you, pretty fair maid
For singing of your song ;
It's I myself shall marry you ;"
"Kind sir, I am too young."

"It's all the farmers' daughters
To the market they do go ;
But it's I, poor girl, must stay at home
And rock the cradle so.

Rock the cradle, sing and sew,
Sing hushee, lullaby.
Was there ever any poor, young girl
So crossed in love as I ? "

I have recorded this text a second time with a slightly similar tune. The song is also known in the New Forest.—G. B. G.

This tune seems to me to exhibit Scottish characteristics, and from a certain likeness to the tune of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" in Johnson's *Museum* (also Christie's *Traditional Airs*, as "Fair Annet") and to the tune of "Jock o' Hazel-dean," which is also a "Willie and Annet" air, according to Stenhouse (see Graham's note in Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, Vol. ii, p. 69), I think it may have been a tune for the (probably) earlier ballad. A verse about other lasses going to the market—

"While I at home must stay
And jig the cradle with my tae"—

is familiar to me in some Scottish song. It is possible that the two last verses of Mr. Porter's song may be a tag from some other ballad.—A. G. G.

The verse quoted by Miss Gilchrist is from the original song of "Duncan Gray."
—F. K.

This is merely the second part of the tune most often associated with "There was a Shepherd Lad" or "Blow the Winds I oh ! " For traditional versions of the whole tune see *Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 18, 19. For an early printed version see *Scottish Airs* harmonized by Haydn (Whyte, Edin., 1804).—L. E. B.

36.—FARE YE WELL, LOVELY NANCY.

Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record) by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE LOVETT (AET. 68), WINCHESTER.

(a)

Fare ye well, love - ly Nan - cy, for now I must leave you, I am

bound to th' East In - dies my course for to steer, I

(c)

know ve - ry well my long ab - sence will grieve you, But, true

(b)

Love, I'll be back in the..... spring of the year.

(a)
Variants. All verses but first.



(b)
The F was sometimes possibly F#.

"Fare ye well, lovely Nancy, for now I must leave you,
I am bound to the East Indies my course for to steer,
I know very well my long absence will grieve you,
But, true Love, I'll be back in the spring of the year."

"Oh, 'tis talk not of leaving me, my dearest Johnny,
Oh, 'tis talk not of leaving me here all alone,
For it is your good company that I do admire,
I will sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

In sailor's apparel I'll dress and go with you;
In the midst of all dangers your friend I will be;
And that is, my dear, when the stormy wind's blowing,
True Love, I'll be ready to reef your top-sails."

"Your neat little fingers strong cables can't handle;
Your neat little feet to the topmast can't go;
Your delicate body strong winds can't endure;
Stay at home, lovely Nancy, to the seas do not go."

Now, Johnny is sailing and Nancy bewailing,
The tears down her eyes like torrents do flow,
Her gay golden hair she's continually tearing,
Saying, "I'll sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

"Now, all you young maidens, by me take warning,
 Never trust a sailor or believe what they say.
 First they will court you, then they will slight you;
 They will leave you behind, Love, in grief and in pain."

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, pp. 24 and 130, Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 25, and Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 76. Line one of verse five of the text is Irish in style.—G. B. G.

The tune is probably Irish. There are many such in Irish collections. For examples recently published see Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, 1909, Nos. 712 and 820. Some versions of "Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies," resemble this air.—L. E. B.

37.—GEORGE COLLINS.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton, Sept. 27th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY GAYLOR (ÆT. 76), MINSTEAD, NEW FOREST, HANTS.

George..... Col - lins walked out one May morn - ing, When
 may was all in bloom,..... 'Twas then he be - held a
 fair pret - ty maid, She was wash - ing her mar - ble stone,

George Collins walked out one May morning

When may was all in bloom.

'Twas then he beheld a fair, pretty maid,

She was washing her marble stone.

She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice

And she held up her lily-white hand.

"Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,

"For thy life shall not last you long."

George Collins rode home to his father's own gate,

And loudly he did ring.

"Come, rise, my dear father, and let me in,

Come, rise, my dear mother, and make my bed.

All for to trouble my dear sister
For a napkin to bind round my head.

For, if I chance to die this night,
As I suppose I shall,
Bury me under that marble stone
That's against fair Helen's hall."

Fair Helen doth sit in her room so fine,
Working her silken skein;
Then she saw the finest corpse a-coming
As ever the sun shined on.

She said unto her Irish maid:
" Whose corpse is this so fine? "
" This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,
That once was a true lover of thine."

" You go upstairs and fetch me the sheet
That's wove with a silver twine
And hang that over George Collins' head,
To-morrow it shall hang over mine."

This news was carried to fair London town,
And wrote all on fair London gate;
Six pretty maids died all of one night,
And all for George Collins' sake.

The following additional text was noted from Mr. Philip Gaylor, also of Minstead.

George Collins walked out one May morning,
When may was all in bloom,
And there he beheld a fair pretty maid,
She was washing her marble stone.

She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice,
And held up her lily-white hand,
" Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,
" And thy life shall not last thee long."

He put his foot to the broad water side,
And over the lea sprung he,
He embraced her around her middle so small,
And kissed her red, rosy cheeks.

George Collins rode home to his father's own gate
And loudly did he ring.

" Arise, my dear father, and let me in,
Arise, my dear mother, and make my bed,
Arise, my dear sister, and get me a napkin,
A napkin to bind round my head

For, if I should chance to die this night,
As I suppose I shall,
You bury me under the marble stone,
That joins the fair Eleanor's hall."

Fair Eleanor sat in her room so fine,
A-working the silver twine,
She saw the fairest corpse a-coming
As ever the sun shone on.

She said unto her servant maid,
"Whose corpse is this so fine?"
"This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,
And an old true lover of thine."

"Come, put him down, my six pretty lads,
And open his coffin so fine;
That I might kiss his lily-white lips,
For ten thousand times he has kissed mine."

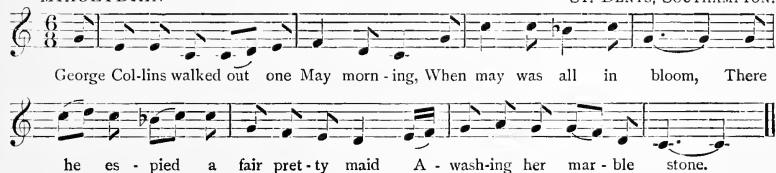
Those news was carried to London town
And wrote on London gate,
That six pretty maidens died all of that night,
And all for George Collins' sake.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., July 16th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE BLAKE (AET. 78),
ST. DENYS, SOUTHAMPTON.

MIXOLYDIAN

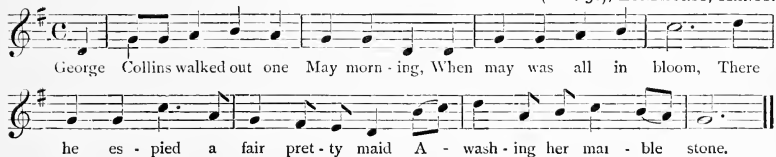


George Col-lins walked out one May morn-ing, When may was all in bloom, There
he es - pied a fair pret - ty maid A - wash-ing her mar - ble stone.

THIRD VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton, Sept. 27th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE (AET. 58), LYNTHURST, HANTS.



George Collins walked out one May morn-ing, When may was all in bloom, There
he es - pied a fair pret - ty maid A - wash-ing her mar - ble stone.

Compare the text with that of "Lady Alice," No. 85 in *Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. The three tunes are distinct.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune of the first version with "Giles Collins" in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*, and for another version of the words, see Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. In the latter form of the ballad there is a pretty variation of the rose and briar incident :

There grew a lily from Giles Collins
That touched Lady Anna's breast.

But the lily was cut in twain by a "cold north-easterly wind," and perished, never to re-appear.—A. G. G.

There is in the British Museum Library a sheet-song [in G, 308] called "Giles Collins." It is directed to be sung "in a crying style" and was sung by Mr. Needham. It is evidently a parody of "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" and was published by Skillern about 1778 or 1780. It begins :

Giles Collins he came to his own father's gate
Where he so oft had been—a,
But who should come down but his own mother dear
For to let Giles Collins in—a.
Oh, for to let Giles Collins in.

—F. K.

Tunes Nos. 1 and 2 are very favourite ballad-airs, and are used more especially for "The Outlandish Knight," "Lord Lovel," "Giles Collins," and "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor." Tune No. 3 is a variant of that to "The Wealthy Farmer's Son" in *English Traditional Songs and Carols*.—L. E. B.

38.—THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906,
and by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM STRATTON (AET. 70),
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

(Mr. Balfour Gardiner having marked his copy "a little uncertain.")
DORIAN or ÆOLIAN.

Fas'.





This version does not apply to the *first* verse.

Oh, the nobleman met with the thresher one day,
He said, " Good, honest fellow, come tell to me, I pray,
Thou hast so large a family, I know it to be true,
Pray how dost thou maintain them so well as thou do ? "

" Why, sometimes I does reap and sometimes I does mow,
Sometimes to hedging and a-ditching I does go,
And nothing comes amiss with me, I can harrow, sow and plough,
And so I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

My wife she is willing to join in the yoke,
We live like two turtle doves and never does provoke.
Although the times are hard and we are very poor,
Yet we always keep the ravens and the owls from the door."

" Well done, good, honest fellow, you speak well of your wife,
I'll make thee to live happy all the days of your life,
Here's fifty acres of good land, I'll give it unto thee
For to maintain thy wife and thy sweet family."

" So God bless thee, rich man, that considers a poor man,
I hope that in Heaven you'll get the upper hand
And those that's left behind we're in hopes for to mend
And we must follow after as well as we can."

Mr. Stratton's tune is distinct from *English County Songs*, p. 68, from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79 and Vol. ii, p. 198, and from Mr. Stagg's tune and two other tunes in my collection. For a good text see Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, n.d., p. 98.—G. B. G.

The first phrase of this tune is similar to that collected from Sussex and given in Vol. ii, p. 198, of this *Journal*.—R. V. W.

The text is on ballad-sheets and a version also appears in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, Vol. iv, 1792, No. 372.—F. K.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by H. E. D. Hammond, March, 1906,
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JAMES STAGG (AET. 68),
WINCHESTER.

A no - ble - man lived in the vil - lage of late Hard
by an old thresh - er, whose fam - i - ly was great, His
fam - i - ly was great and the most of them was small. He'd
no - thing but his la - bour to main - tain them all.

The text to this tune is as far as it goes practically the same as that of the first version.

This tune is distinct from *English County Songs*, p. 68, and from Mr. Stratton's tune and two other tunes in my collection. It is slightly similar to *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79, and Vol. ii, p. 198, and it is similar to *Sussex Songs*, p. 28.—G. B. G.

39.—OH, MOTHER, GO AND MAKE MY BED.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (AET. 80),
BASINGTOKE, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

Oh, mo - ther go and make my bed, Spread me the milk - white sheets, That
I may go and lay down on the clothes For to see wheth - er I could sleep.
Variants.

Oh, mother, go and make my bed,
Spread me the milk-white sheets,
That I may go and lay down on the clothes
For to see whether I could sleep.

Oh, sister, go and tell your brother's son
That his own true Love she's going for to die.

She will die and before you can come.

The first two miles the little boy walked,
And the next two miles he run.
He run till he came to the broad water's side,
And he laid on his breast and swum.

He swum till he came to the high park gates,
Where they all sat down at meat.
"And if you could but hear the bad news brought you,
Not a bit more could you eat.

Your high park gates are not fallen down
Nor your high castle wall overthrown;
But your own true Love is going for to die,
She will die and before you can come."

He calléd for his stable groom:
"Go, saddle me my milk-white steed,
That I may go and kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,
That once they were so sweet."

The lady she died on a Saturday,
And the lord he died on the following Sunday.

And before the prayers at noon.

The lady was buried in the large chancel,
And the lord he was buried in the choir;
And out of the lady sprang a red rosy bud,
And out of the lord a sweet-briar.

This rose and this briar they grew up together,
Until they could not get no higher;
They grew and tied a true lovyer's knot,
And the rose he wropped round the sweet-briar.

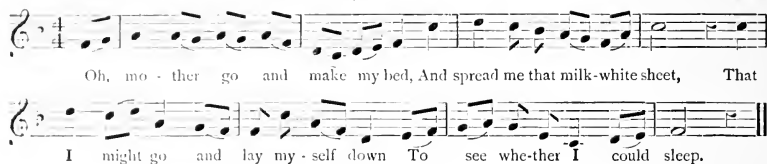
This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 75, and from Mr. David Marlow's tune in this *Journal*. It has a family likeness with *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 43. The text is a farrago. It contains reminiscences of "Lady Maisry" and at the end occurs the ballad commonplace, which is seen in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 74*a*, fin., and elsewhere. Cf. verse three with verse eight of Child, No. 110.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune with "Now, I pray you, go fetch me my little Footboy, *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 74, where also various notes on the ballad will be found.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester,
Oct., 1906, and by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID MARLOW (ÆT. 84),
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.



Oh, mother, go and make my bed,
And spread me that milk-white sheet,
That I might go and lay myself down
To see whether I could sleep.

Then she sent for her little posty,
And as fast as he could run,
That he might go and tell her lord from her
That his Love will die ere he come.

Then the first three miles, oh, the little boy walked,
And the next three miles he run ;
He run till he came to some broad water side,
Where he fell on his breast and swum.

He swum till he came to the high park gate,
When my lord he was there standing by.
"What news, oh, what news hast thou brought unto me ?"
"Oh, your true Love is sick and will die."

"Go, bridle and saddle my milk-white steed,
That I may go and kiss her red, ruby lips,
And before that she turn to cold clay."

Then my lady was buried in the high chancel,
And my lord he was buried in the choir ;
And out of my lady there grew a damask rose,
And out of my lord a sweet-briar.

Then they grew up so high and so tall,
Till they could not grow up any higher ;
Then they turned and they tied a true lover's knot,
And the rose wropped round the sweet-briar.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 43, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 75. From the end of the fourth complete bar it is very close to the beginning of another tune in my collection.—G. B. G.

This tune is reminiscent of the tune commonly sung to "The Sprig of Thyme."
—A. G. G. & F. K.

40.—THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE (ÆT. 66),

DORIAN or ÆOLIAN.

MEDSTED, BY ALTON, HANTS.

As I walked out one May morn-ing down by a riv - er side, There
I be - held my love - ly fair, Oh then to be my bride; Oh
then to be... my bride, my boys, and the cham-bers to be - hold, May the
Heavens a - bove pro - tect my Love for a jol - ly sail - or bold.

As I walked out one May morning down by a river side,
There I beheld my lovely fair, oh then to be my bride;
Oh then to be my bride, my boys, and the chambers to behold,
May the Heavens above protect my Love for a jolly sailor bold.

I will build my Love a gallant ship, a ship of noble fame,
With a hundred and seventy sailor boys to box her about the main,
To box her about the main, my boys, without any fear or doubt,
With my true Love in the gallant ship I was sadly tossed about.

Said the father to the daughter "What makes you so lament?
There is a lad in our town can give your heart content."
"There is not a lad in our town, neither lord nor duke," said she,
"Since the raging sea and stormy winds parted my Love and me.

No handkerchief shall bind my head, no comb go through my hair;
No firelight nor candle bright shall view my beauty fair
And neither will I married be until the day I die,
Since the raging sea and stormy winds parted my Love and I."

The anchor and the cable went overboard straightway,
The mainmast and the rigging laid buried in the sea,
'Twas tempests and bad weather and the raging of the sea,
I never, never had but one true Love, and he was drowned at sea.

This tune is distinct from Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, No. 115, from *Songs of the West*, No. 103, from Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads*, p. 55, and from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97. It is slightly similar to Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 236, and in the middle to *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 44, and to

Mr. Phillimore's version in this *Journal*. It is similar to Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 69, and to a variant in my 1907 budget. Is not this another member of the "Lazarus" family? One text is printed in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 21, and another in Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads*, p. 55.—G. B. G.

The ballad in its original form is, of course, very old. The well-known Scottish tune resembles Marshall's "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," to which Burns' words "Of a' the 'airs" were adapted.—F. K.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. STEPHEN PHILLIMORE (ÆT. 75),
ANDOVER, HANTS.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, July, 1906.

As I walked out one May morn - ing down by a riv - er ...

side, There I be held my love - ly fair, oh then to be my

bride; Oh then to be my bride, my boys, and the cham - bers to .. be -

hold,..... May th' Heavens a - love pro - tect my Love for a jol - ly sail - or bold.

This tune is distinct from Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, No. 115, Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 236, Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 69, *Songs of the West*, p. 210, *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 44. See my note in this *Journal* to "Stormy Winds do Blow."

Mr. Herbert Jamieson, of Melrose, points out that the tune resembles "Good night and joy be wi' ye a'" (Balmoral edition of the *Songs of Scotland*, p. 380). From the end of bar nine to the end of bar eleven it bears a curious resemblance to a part of Sullivan's "Onward, Christian soldiers."

The text, which I omit, is a farrago. Part of it resembles "The Lowlands of Holland," *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97, and Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 25, and part belongs to a song about a jolly sailor bold, which I cannot identify. With the text cf. also Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1 vol., 1905), p. 654, col. 2.—G. B. G.

Cf. "The Maid's Lamentation for the loss of her True Love" in Christopher Stone's *Sea-Songs and Ballads*. (It is No. 59 of Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*.) This version also has the "jolly sailor" verse, "corrected from a version in the possession of Professor Firth," as follows :

"She was to have been a Bride, my boys, and a charmer to behold,
May the Heavens above protect and keep all jolly sailors bold."

The ballad is substantially the same as that given above, but the fifth verse of Dr. Gardiner's version occurs as the third instead.

The tune has some resemblance to that of another sailor song, "Just as the tide was flowing." See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, (Vol. ii), etc.—A. G. G.

41.—THE AMERICAN STRANGER.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (ÆT. 74),

MIXOLYDIAN.

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

I'm a stran-ger in this coun-trie from A-me-ri-ca I
came, There's no one here that knows me, nor that can tell my
name, I'm a stran-ger in this coun-trie and will tar-ry here a-
while, I will ram-ble from my dar-ling a-ma-ny a good long mile.

Variants.

The rest of the words need not be printed.

The words are on many ballad-sheets. Compare with Joyce's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1873, p. 73, "I am a poor stranger and far from my own."—F. K.

Cf. also versions of "The Green Bushes" air.—L. E. B.

42.—JOCKEY AND JENNY.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1907.
DORSET.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (ÆT. 74).
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.



O, Jock - ey court - ed Jen - ny all in the height of
Spring, O, Jock - ey would give an - y - thing that Jen - ny's heart could
win, With her black and roll - ing eye, and a dim - ple in her
chin, O, Jock - ey would give an - y - thing that Jen - ny's heart could win. ...

Variants.

O, Jockey courted Jenny all in the height of Spring,
O, Jockey would give anything that Jenny's heart could win;
With her black and rolling eye and a dimple in her chin,
O, Jockey would give anything that Jenny's heart could win.

"I'll go all through my kinsmen, I'll ask them their advice,
Whether I should marry you or live a single life."
"Oh, kinsman, oh, kinsman, I advise you for the best,
For whilst a man's a bachelor, a single life's the best."

For when a man gets married he must provide a house,
Likewise a cage to keep a bird, and a trap to catch a mouse,
Here's feather beds, here's bolsters and everything beside,
But whilst a man's a bachelor, there is nothing to provide.

Here's spoons, pans and platters, and everything beside,
But whilst a man's a bachelor, there is nothing to provide.

There are a considerable number of old Scottish "Jockey and Jenny" songs ("John and Joan" in England), all dealing with a rustic courtship, and generally exhibiting great independence of spirit on the part of one or both of the pair. The suitor announces bluntly "I canna come ilka day to woo"; or if Jenny refuses him,

it is "‘E'en's ye like,' quo' Jockey, ‘ye may let it be!’" Ramsay prints in his *Miscellany* a "Jockey and Jenny" song with the title "For the love of Jean" (perhaps the name of another song to the same tune), and there is another "Jockey and Jenny" song in D'Urfe's *Pills*, besides "'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town." This other song ("Jockey's Lamentation") is however of a different type. "Jockey and Jenny" seem to have been the conventional names for any pair of rustic lovers.

Dr. Gardiner's tune seems to be a form of the ubiquitous "Painful Plough." I have taken down a Mixolydian variant of this tune to a sailor's song, "Rounding the Horn."—A. G. G.

43.—THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record) by C. F. Sharp & R. Vaughan Williams, Jan. & Feb., 1909.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY DAY (ÆT. 66), BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

My Con-nor, his cheeks were as red as the morn-ing, The
 bright-est of pearls could not mim-ic his teeth; Whilst na-ture with
 ring-lets his wild brow a-dorn-ed; And his hair Cu-pid's bow-strings, as
 ro-ses his breath. Smil-ing, be-guil-ing, cheer-ing..... en-
 -dear-ing, To-geth-er how oft o'er the moun-tains we've
 strayed, With each oth-er de-light-ed, and fond-ly u-
 -nit-ed I could list-en all day to my dear I-rish boy.

No foe - luck more swift - er could fly o'er the monn-tains, No
 vet - e - ran more bol - der in dan - gers or scars He's light - ly, he's
 spright - ly, he's clear as the foun - tain, Sure his eyes twin - kles
 lve now he's gone to the wars; Smil - ing, be - guil - ing
quicker. *slow again.*
 cheer - ing en - dear - ing, To - geth - er how oft o'er the
 moun - tains we have strayed; With each oth - er de -
quicker.
 light - ed and fond - ly u - nit - ed I could list - en all
slow again.
 day to my dear I - rish boy. Now the wars are all
 o - ver and he is not re - turn - ed I fear that some
 en - vi - ous [his?] plot has been laid, Or some cru - el
quicker. *slow again.*
 slave has him so cap - ti - va - ted He's gone to the wars, left his

dear I - rish maid. Smil - ing, be - guil - ing cheer - ing, en -
quicker. *slow again.*
 - dear - ing, to - geth - er how oft o'er the moun - tains we have
 strayed with each oth - er de - light - ed and fond - ly u -
quicker. *slow again.*
 - nit - ed I could list - en all day to my dear I - rish boy.

NOTE.—The song was sung very freely throughout, like an improvisation. An earlier phonographic record gives still other variants.

This tune is distinct from the *Petrie Collection*, No. 586, and from Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 200. A different arrangement of the text is given by Lover, at p. 58 of his *Irish Lyrics*.—G. B. G.

For another version see Dr. Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, p. 207.
 —C. J. S.

This is, of course, obviously an Irish tune. It should be noticed that this collection is not one of *Hampshire Tunes* but of tunes collected in Hampshire.—R. V. W.

For a version, tune and text, see A. P. Graves's *Irish Song Book*.—L. E. B.

44.—TARRY TROUSERS.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.
 MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),
 EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

(a)
 (b) (c) (d)
 Variants. (a) (b) (c) (d)
 jol-ly, jol-ly

As I walked out one fine summer's morning,
The weather being both fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.

"Daughter," said she, "I would have you marry,
Live no longer a single life."
"No," said she, "I would sooner, sooner tarry
For my jolly sailor boy.

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

Sailors they're worthy men of honour
And will face their enemy,
Where the thundering cannons do rattle
And the bullets they do fly."

"Polly, my dear, our anchor's awaiting,
Now I'm come to take my leave,
So I leave you, my dearest jewel,
Charming Polly, don't you grieve."

"Jamie, my dear, let me go with you,
No foreign danger will I fear,
For when you are in the height of battle,
I will tend on you my dear."

Hark! how the cannons they do rattle
And small guns do make a noise,
For, when we were in the height of battle,
She cries, "Fight on, my jolly tars."

Come, all pretty maidens, pray take a warning,
With a jolly sailor takes your delight
And never be forced to wed with any other,
For all their gold and silver bright.

Mr. Arnold's tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41. It is very similar to Mrs. Hall's version printed in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

(SECOND VERSION.)

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MRS. HALL (AET. 72),

DORIAN.

NORTH WALTHAM, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

As I walked out one mid-sum-mer morning, The wea - ther be - ing fine and clear,
There I heard a ten - der mo - ther, Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.

The rest of the text is omitted, being nearly the same as that of the first version.

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41, and from Sharp's *English Folk-Song*, p. 121, *a* and *b*. At the beginning it is slightly similar to "Yonder sits a fair young damsel" in this *Journal*. It is similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 153, and it is very similar to the variant printed in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

This is frequently on ballad-sheets. Dickens makes Captain Cuttle in *Dombey and Son* sing a fragment of the song.—F. K.

Cf. this tune with "The Nightingale" ("My love was drowned in the *Nightingale*") in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*; also with "The Baffled Knight" in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

45.—ON MONDAY MORNING.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. W. ALEXANDER (AET. 73),

DORIAN.

CLIDDSDON, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

On Mon - day morn - ing I mar - ried a wife, Think - ing to live and a
(a)
so - ber life, But as she turned out I'd bet - ter been dead, The re -
- mark - a - ble day that I was wed (to my) rite fol lol lid dle lol le day.
(a)

Variant.

On Mon - day morn - ing I mar - ried a wife, Think - ing to live and a
so - ber life, But as she turned out I'd bet - ter been dead, The re -
mark - a - ble day that I was wed (to my) rite fol lol lid dle lol le day.

On Monday morning I married a wife,
Thinking to live and a sober life,
But as she turned out I'd better been dead,
The remarkable day that I was wed,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Tuesday morning I goes to the wood,
I cut a stick both fine and good,
The finest stick that ever you did see,
I cut him out of a holly, holly tree,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Wednesday morning then home goes I,
Thinking a battle I must try,
I beat him about her back and her wig,
Until I'd a-broke my holly, holly twig,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Thursday morning my poor wife,
Was sick and like to die,
If she isn't better to-morrow to be,
The devil may have her to-morrow for me,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Friday morning the sun did shine,
And I walked out in the midst of my prime,
Oh, the devil he come in, in the midst of the game
And he took her away both blind and lame,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Saturday morning it's five days past,
My poor wife is dead at last,
The big bell shall ring and the little one shall toll
And I'll go home as a jolly old soul,
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Sunday noon I dined without,
I had ne'er a wife to scold me about,
Here's good luck to my sweet pipe,
To my bottle and my friend,
And here's good luck to a week's work's end.

Mr. Alexander's tune is distinct from Mr. Mills's. Is it not often sung to "The Cobbler"?—G. B. G.

Cf. Mr. Baring-Gould's version, *Songs of the West* (New Edition), No. 117—"A week's work well done," to another tune. Dr. Gardiner's tune is a variant of Chappell's traditional air, "O rare Turpin"; the "Cobbler and Butcher" form to which he refers above is another variant of the same.—A. G. G.

Words on a similar plan are quoted from Don Preciso's *Collección de Coplas*, Madrid, 1799, in the article *SEGUNDA* in Grove's *Dictionary*.—J. A. F. M.

I have a reference (now mislaid) that this was sung by Grimaldi the clown, circa 1820, and I am possessed of a printed copy of that period.—F. K.

(SECOND VERSION.)

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. MOSES MILLS (ÆT. 83),
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.



No text is given with this tune.

Mr. Mills's tune is distinct from Mr. Alexander's. It ends like "The Bay of Biscay."—G. B. G.

This tune has a marked "sailor" flavour, more particularly in the second half.
—A. G. G.

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This is the first publication of the Welsh Folk Song Society. The First General Meeting of the Society was held at Llangollen, September 2nd, 1908.