

CAEDMON

TC 1225

THE FOLKSONGS
OF BRITAIN Vol. X

ANIMAL SONGS

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
PETER KENNEDY AND ALAN LOMAX



NOTES AND TEXT

1. THE HAPPY FAMILIE

Harold Covill, March, Cambridgeshire.
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Alfred Williams, collector in the "Upper Thames" area, received a version of this song from a singer who called it "The Song of the Stock." There is also another unpublished version in the Cecil Sharp manuscript called "The Irish Family" noted from John Coles at Hambridge in Somerset. We recorded the song from Jim Baldry of Woodbridge, Suffolk. The song has not hitherto appeared in any published collection and yet has apparently enjoyed widespread popularity in many parts of England.

The tune has been used for a popular Australian sheep-farming song called "Click go the Shears."

Harold Covill of March, Cambridgeshire, who works on the railway as a guard, learned his songs from his mother.

THE HAPPY FAMILIE

1. OMITTED *O me father he had a horse
And me mother she had a mare,
Sister Susan had a rabbit
And Jonah had a hare.*

*We'd a ride from father's horse
And a ride from mother's mare,
A pie from Susan's rabbit
And a race with Jonah's hare.*

2. *O me father had a bull
And me mother she had a cow,
Sister Susan had a pig
And Jonah had a sow.*

*O the beef from father's bull
And the milk from mother's cow,
The pork from Susan's pig
And the pigs (litter) from Jonah's sow.*

CHORUS:

*O the more we have to drink, the boys
The merrier we shall be,
For we all belong
To one happy familie.*

3. OMITTED *buck / doe / tup / ewe
horn / venison / mutton / lamb*

4. OMITTED *cock / hen / robin / wren
fight / eggs / chicks / hunt*

5. *O me father he had a rat
And me mother she had a mouse,
Sister Susan had a flea
And Jonah had a louse.*

*O the rat did eat the corn
And the mouse did nibble the bread,
The flea bit poor old Susan's arm
And the louse bit Jonah's head!*

CHORUS

6. *OMITTED* *O me father he had a knife
And me mother she had a fork,
Sister Susan had a bottle
And Jonah had a cork.*

*We'd a cut from father's knife
And a pick from mother's fork,
A drink from Susan's bottle,
Jonah bunged it with his cork.*

Handwritten musical notation for the song "O me father he had a knife". The notation is on four staves in treble clef with a common time signature. The first staff is the main melody. The second staff has a "Chorus" section starting with a double bar line and the word "Chorus" written above it. The third staff has a section marked "-- even --" above it. The fourth staff is labeled "Verse 1 starts:" and ends with "etc."

2. BRIAN O LYNN

Thomas Moran, Mohill, Co. Leitrim, Eire
(recorded by Seamus Ennis)

Like so many traditional songs surviving in Britain today, this probably owes its origin to an historical event not now remembered by the singers. Such comical nonsense pieces often contain an underlying streak of truth that makes the ballad last.

Sam Henry, who contributed songs to the *Northern Constitution* newspaper in Co. Derry, Northern Ireland, found some old records of the manor of Cashel, Portglenone, which make reference to a Brian O'Lynn, April 18, 1786, who was on that day appointed both Grand Juror and Apprizer. Under the signatures of the Grand Jurors he found the following couplet:

*Brian O'Lynn was a Scotchman bold
His head it was bald and his beard it was shorn*

Sam Henry contributed a version of the song to the well-known Scots tune, *Laird o' Cockpen*. It contained the following "hat" verse:

*Briann O'Lynn had no hat to his head
He thought that the pot would do him instead
Then he murdered a cod for the sake of his fin
Whoo! 'Twill pass for a feather, says Brian O'Lynn*

According to Alfred Williams (*Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* 1923) the song was a favourite "from Malmesbury to Faringdon and in the neighbouring villages as far as Aldsworth". Williams gives a version from Lechlade, Gloucestershire, with the following "coat" verse:

*Brian O'Lynn was hard up for a coat
So he borrowed a skin from a neighbouring goat
With the horns sticking out from the shoulders within
They'll take them for pistols, says Brian O'Lynn*

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (*Songs of the West* 1890) quotes from a lecture given on the condition of Dartmoor in Devonshire in 1837:

"For roughing it on the Moor, warm waterproof coats were made by using a sheepskin, the wool on the inside. Warm caps of rabbitskin were common with lappets over the ears." He quotes an old rhyme which was sung locally:

*Old Harry Trewin, no breeches to wear
He stole a ram's skin to make a new pair
The shiny side out and the wooly side in
And thus doth go old Harry Trewin*

Anne Gilchrist (*Journal Folk Song Society* No. 33) contributes a Buckinghamshire version which was sung "amongst the lace-makers and makers of Windsor chairs about 1860 and certainly earlier." It contains a penultimate verse about Brian O'Lynn's old grey mare:

*Brian O'Linn went to fetch his wife home
He'd only one horse that was all skin and bone
But he seated her on it as neat as a pin
I think it'll do, said Brian O'Linn
CHORUS:
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Linn: It'll do*

There are Scottish versions. *Tam O' The Lynn*, in Dean Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (vol. I, 1876) has a similar text to the copy printed in Chambers *Scottish Songs* 1829. "Thom of Lyn" is a dance of the shepherds in Wedderburn's *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549 and a "ballet of Thomalyn" was licenced in 1558.

Anne Gilchrist writing in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* in 1929 draws attention to the two types of verses in this song; those in which Brian comments on the various accidents which befall him and his family, whether they fall into the fire or sink into a bog, and those in which he shows his ability at overcoming the poverty of his clothing, adornment, food and bedding. She says:

"It seems to me possible that these latter verses may be the last relics of a song written in derision of the rude habits and scanty clothing of the Celt, whether Scottish or Irish."

She quotes Newbolt's *Froissart in Britain* and Froissart's *Chronicle* at the time of Richard II and Edmund Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written a century and a half later, about the Irish "mantle," which served for "howsing, bedding and clothing."

"From such evidence it seems possible that the original song was an English satire upon the rude shifts and unruffled complacency of the savage Gael—whether Irish or Scotch."

Miss Gilchrist then quotes *The North-Country Chorister*, 1802 where there is not only a version called Tommy Linn (a Scotchman born) but also another ballad called "*The Bonny Scot made a Gentleman*" which derides the clothing worn by the beggarly Scotsman before England transformed him into a gentleman.

Thomas Moran was certainly one of the greatest store-houses of Child Ballads to be recorded in recent years. He can be heard on other records in this series:-

TC 1143 (Songs of Seduction). The Jolly Tinker
TC 1145 (Child Ballads I). Strawberry Lane
Lord Randall

The Cruel Mother
Lord Bateman
Barbara Allen

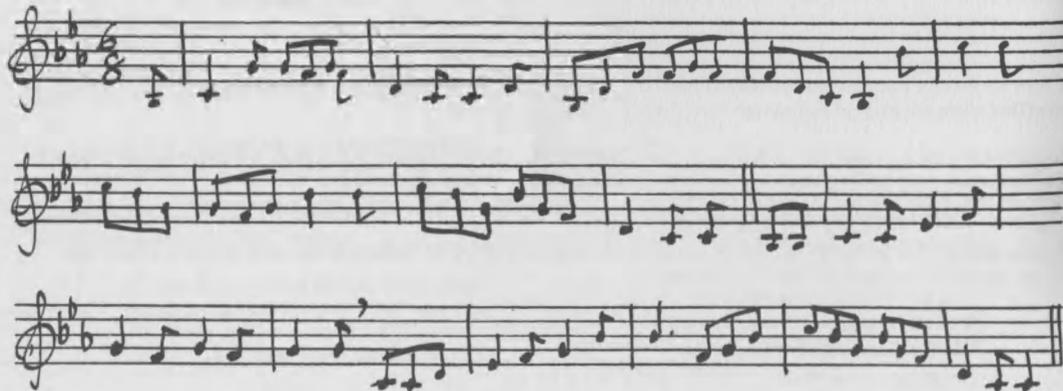
TC 1146 (Child Ballads II). The Farmer's Curst Wife
TC 1162 (Sailormen and Serving Maids). The Boat that brought me
TC 1163 (Fair Game and Fowl). Drumhullogan Bottom
TC 1164 (A Soldier's Life For Me). Handsome Polly-O

A farmer all his life, Moran learned his songs and ballads mainly from his mother, Brigid Murphy, and her 4 brothers and 3 sisters. She was renowned locally for her ability as a storyteller and balladsinger. Michael Moran, his son, described his father to us:

"He was like a tape-recorder himself, for whatever he heard, he had it all the same and this ability he enjoyed to the full." The tradition has been inherited by his grandson, Michael's eldest, who has recently won first prize in a Connaught ballad-singing contest, and his brother and 2 sisters are also interested in the traditional singing.

BRIAN O'LYNN

1. *O Brian O Lynn had an old grey mare,
Her legs they were long and her sides they were bare,
He galloped away through t'ick and through t'in, -
And a wonderful beauty," says Brian O Lynn.*
CHORUS:
*With-me-ranting-roaring-boring-wedging-sledging,
Three-handled-iron-gauging-pin, -
(Well) "I'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O Lynn.*
2. *O Brian O Lynn had no coat to put on,
He bought a big buckskin to make him a one,
He clamped the two horns right under his chin, -
"They'll answer for pistols," says Brian O Lynn.*
3. *O Brian O Lynn had no trousers to wear,
He bought a big sheepskin to make him a pair
With the wooly side out and the fleshy side in, -
"There's pleasant and cool," says Brian O Lynn.*
4. *O Brian O Lynn had no watch for to wear,
He got a big turnip and scooped it out fair,
He put a live cricket then into it then, -
"They'll think it's a-ticking," says Brian O Lynn.*
5. *OMITTED Brian O Lynn and his wife and wife's mother,
They were all crossing over the bridge together,
The bridge it broke down and they all tumbled in, -
"We'll find ground at the bottom," says Brian O Lynn.*



3. THE EWIE WI' THE CROOK-ED HORN

Lucy Stewart, Fetterangus, Aberdeen, Scotland
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Lucy Stewart learned this from her father and mother in Aberdeen when she was a child about 1910. The song was rewritten and extended by the Rev. John Skinner of Longside, Aberdeenshire:

*O were I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blow*

*She never threatened scan nor rot
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot
Baith to the fauld and to the cot
Was never sweir to lead no ca'*

*A better nor a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need e'er hae wished
For silly thing she never miss'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa*

*The first she had I ga'e to Jock
To be to him a kind o' stock
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thretty head and twa*

*The neist I ga'e to Jean and now
The bairn's sae braw her faulds sae fu'
That lads sae thick come her to woo
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw*

*Cauld nor hunger never dang her
Wind or rain could never wrang her
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw*

*When other ewies lap the dyke
And ate the kale for a' the tyke
My ewie never play'd the like
But teesed about the barn wa'*

*I lookit aye at even for her
Lest mishanter should come ower her
Or the foomart nicht devour her
Gin the beastie bade awa'*

*Yet last ouk for a' my keeping
Wha can tell o't without greeting
A villain cam' when I was sleeping
Staw my ewie horn and a'*

*I socht her saur upon the morn
And doon aneath a bush o' thorn
There I found her crookit horn
But my ewie was awa'*

*I never met wi' sic a turn
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn
Safe steekit up but 'gain the morn
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'*

*A' the claes that we hae worn
Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn
The loss o' her we could ha'e born
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'*

Explanation of Scots words:—

<i>Nicken</i>	Gauger (Exciseman)
<i>Fan</i>	When
<i>Carf</i>	Cut or incision
<i>Keel</i>	Mark

The Rev. Skinner transformed this song from a lamentation about a raided illicit whisky still into a more respectable lament for a dead sheep! As Lucy Stewart remarked after singing the song: "The ewie was a pot for making whisky—a still-pot."

In Northern Ireland we have recorded a similar song in which the still is symbolized by a blackbird:

*It's for yon loyal blackbird they didn't use her well
For the hardships that she underwent there's no mortal man can tell
For when her cage-door was opened there rushed therein a score
And put me bird from clocking on the hills of Mullaghmore.*

from: THE BLACKBIRD OF MULLAGHMORE

LUCY STEWART

Miss Louisa Thames Stewart was born at Stuartfield (in the Parish of Old Deer, Aberdeenshire) in 1899 of James Stewart (tinsmith) and Elizabeth Townsley (of Durham, England). "I had only four and a half years schooling in my life as my people were travellers and moved about the country. I learned my songs from my mother and father. All our family were musicians, for generations, and sang morning, noon and night."

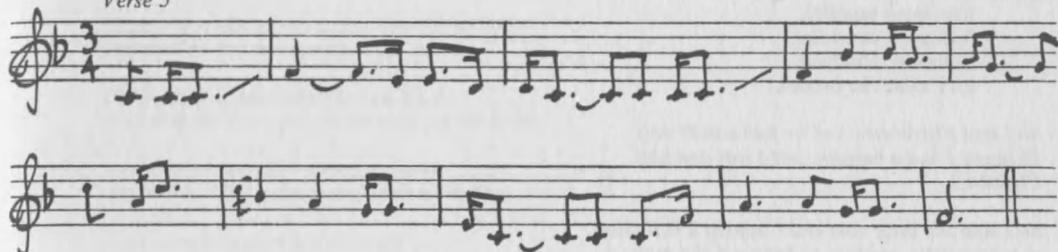
She sings three other songs, all Ballads, on other Caedmon "Folk Songs of Britain" records:—TC 1145, TC 1146, *THE TWA BROTHERS* ("True ballad of two brothers"); and *THE BATTLE OF HARLAW* ("Between Macdonald of the Highlands and Forbes of the Lowlands which started at Aberdeen and finished at Inverurie"),

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN

- O the yowie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kenned her could hae sworn,
That sicca yowie ne'er was born
Here aboot or far awa'.*
- But wad ye think for a' my keepin',
There came a nicken fan I was sleepin',
There came a nicken fan I was sleepin'
And stole my yowie, horn an' a'.*
- O gin I had the lad that did it,
I hae sworn as weel as said it,
Though the de'il himsel' they should forbid it,
I would gi'e his neck a thraw.*

4. *She neither not car or keel
To mark upon her hip or heel,
Her crookit horn it did as weel
To ken her o'er amang them a'.*
5. *The yowie wi' the crookit horn,
The yowie wi' the crookit horn,
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Is ta'en frae me an' sto'n awa'.*

Verse 5



4. WIM WAM WADDLES

Mummers (accompanied on the Melodeon) Dorchester, Dorset
(BBC Sound Archive)

This song, which is known in the United States as "The Swapping Song," appears in early collections of Nursery Rhymes as well as in many Scots, Irish and English folk song collections.

A Wiltshire version, called "The Bugle Played for Me" appears in Alfred Williams' *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* (Duckworth 1923):

*I sold my calf and bought me a mouse
On purpose to have a pretty thing to run about my house
In came a neighbour's cat and stole away my mouse
I flung a fire-stick at his tail which burned down my house
Jack stock sliddle uck
Fatty fiddle uck
Ban to the broom
Pick and hack, Jimmy Pack
Ti mi diddle tum tum tay
Hang the day
That the bugle played for me*

Versions collected by Cecil Sharp in the Southern Appalachians appear under the general title of "The Foolish Boy":—

*When I was a little boy I lived by myself
All the bread and cheese I had I laid upon the shelf*

*The rats and the mice they gave me such a life
I had to go to London to get me a wife*

*The roads were so long and the streets were so narrow
I had to bring her home again in my wheelbarrow*

*My foot slipped and got me a fall
Down went wheelbarrow wife and all*

*I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse
And then I rode from cross to cross*

*I swapped my horse and got me a mare
And then I rode from fair to fair*

WIM WAM WADDLES

1. *OMITTED My grandfather died and I didn't know how
I wanted a horse but he left me his cow*

CHORUS:

*Wim wam waddles,
Jack stick swaddles,
Rosabow, rosabow,
Way went the broom.*

2. *So I had a little cow and he had a little calf,
Thought I had a bargain, but I lost one half.*

CHORUS

3. *So I sold me little cow and I bought a little dog,
A pretty little creature to keep off the mob.*

CHORUS

4. *So I sold me little dog and bought a little goose,
He walked so many miles that his legs got loose.*

CHORUS

5. *So I sold me little goose and bought a little cat,
A pretty little creature to keep off the rats.*

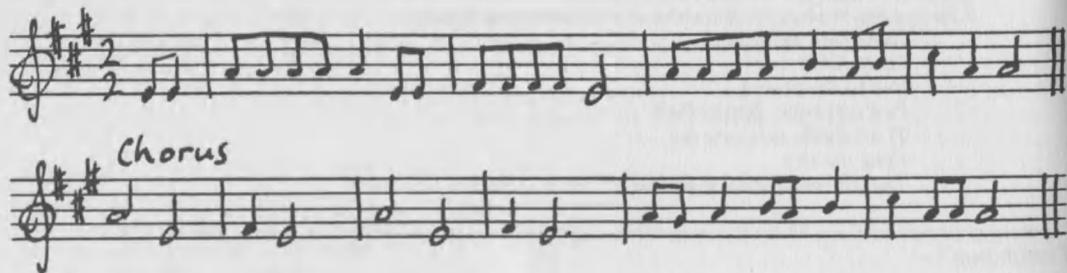
CHORUS

6. *So I sold me little cat and bought a little mouse,
The fire on its tail set fire to my house.*

CHORUS

7. *OMITTED My grandfather died and left me all alone
I don't know how it is, but I haven't got a home.*

CHORUS



5. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

John Stickle, Unst, Shetland
(recorded by P. Shuldham-Shaw)

About the middle of the sixteenth century a number of "incredible" songs seemed to have evolved which make reference to the steeple of St. Paul's Church in London. The steeple did in fact come tumbling down

after it had been struck by lightning in June 1561, and was never replaced. Previously it had been the site of acrobatic feats including "rope-dancing" (see Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*):

*A shoulder of mutton jumped over from France
The music did play and the people did dance*

*As I was walking along in the fields
I saw St. Paul's steeple a-running on wheels*

*On top of the steeple what should I see
But a fine young sapling codling tree*

*When the codlings were ripe they began to fall
They killed six thousand people and all*

*They killed a man when he was dead
And sent for some people to look for his head*

*And in his head they found a spring
And twenty live salmon a-swimming within*

*Each salmon was as big as an elf
If you want any more you must sing it yourself*

JFSS No. 20 p. 292. (1916) (in OSC and in Flanders)

THE SINGER

John Stickle: Born 1879 and died, aged 73, on Unst, the most northerly of the Shetland Isles. When recorded in 1952 by Patrick Shuldham-Shaw he was described as "hale and hearty, thick set, humorous and always pulling people's legs." By trade he was a cooper, he was a good fiddler with a keen knowledge of Shetland words and a love of the old tunes. He can be heard on other records in this series:—

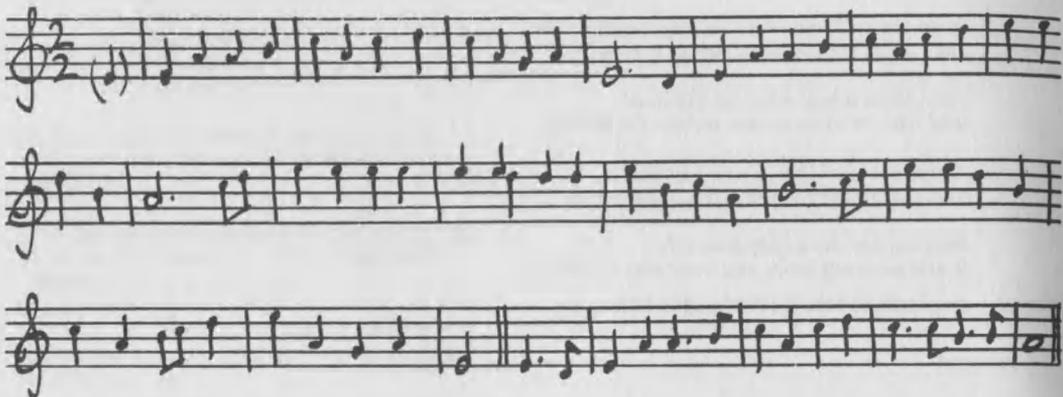
TC 1145 (Child Ballad No. 19) IV. A. 7. King Orfeo
VI. B. 4. The Unst Boat Song

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

- 1. When I was a little boy, to London I did go,
But now I'm turned a roguish blade, my courage it will show,
My feet was on the table, sir, and my head was hanging down
And I jumped over Kingston's Hill and never touched the ground.
CHORUS:
To my too-ral-laddy, whack-fol-laddy, too-ral-loo-ral-ling.*
- 2. I bought myself a little bull, about three inches high.
The people all admired me, it's for to hear him cry,
The people all admired me, for he made such an awful sound,
And he made the steeples of St. Paul's church come tumbling to the ground.*
- 3. OMITTED I bought myself a little dog and the name of him was Dan,
So I bought three yards to train him in, to buff and fight and run,
His legs was nine yards long, sir, his power was four yards broad,
And around the world in half-an-hour upon him I could ride.*
- 4. OMITTED I bought myself a flock of sheep and the most of them were wethers,
Sometimes they brought me fine wool and sometimes they brought me feathers,
They were as fine a flock, sir, as anyone could possess,
For it's every month of six weeks end, you've at least six lambs apiece.*

5. *I bought myself a little hen, in her I took great care,
I set her in a mussel shell and she hatched me oot a hare,
The hare grew up on a milk-white steed that was eighteen yards high,
So it's anyone'll tell you a greater story, I'll tell you it's a bloody lie.*
CHORUS

6. *OMITTED I bought myself a little box about three acres square
I stowed it into my breeches pockets, the guineas they were there
Now the people all admired me, thanked me for what I have done
And they gave me a portion of silver and gold about ten thousand ton*



6. THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE

Jimmie McBeath (with chorus), Aberdeen, Scotland
(recorded by Alan Lomax)

Jimmy MacBeath was born at Portsoy, his mother was Jane Innes and his father, like himself, James MacBeath. "A quick-footed, sporty little character, with the gravel voice and urbane assurance that would make him right at home on skid-row anywhere in the world . . . sharp as a taeck, dapper, tweed suit, quick blue eyes, fast on his feet as a boxer. He's been everywhere and nowhere for 50 years running. And he has a song about it . . ." (Alan Lomax).

Jimmy has learned his songs from tramps and hawkers, farm workers and shepherds in many parts of the British Isles. He claims descent from the Earl of Thane and Cawdor "who stabbed King Duncan through the mattress" (as Jimmy himself described it).

He can be heard on other records in the series:

- TC 1142 Songs of Courtship. My Darling Ploughman Boy
- TC 1143 Songs of Seduction. Toorna Goon
The Wind Blew the Bonnie Lassie's Plaidie Awa'
- TC 1146 Child Ballads II. The Trooper Lad
- TC 1163 Fair Game and Foul. Van Diemen's Land
- TC 1164 A Soldier's Life for me. The Forfar Soldier

The Muckin' O' Geordie's Byre.

Jimmy learned this song from farmworkers at Auchterless, Aberdeen in 1919. It was a favourite of the concert-hall bothy ballad-singer, Willie Kemp.

THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE

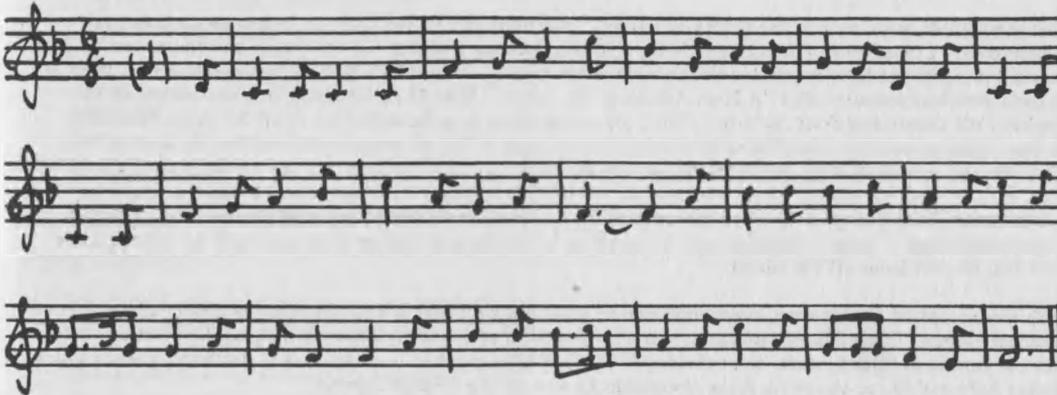
1. *Sat the lea-rig old croft upon the hill,
It's roon the neuk frae Sprottie's mill,
Cryin' a' his life to join the kill
Lived Geordie McIntyre
He had a wife as sweir as himsel'
And a dochter as black as Old Nick himsel',
There was some fun ana o awa the smell
At the muckin' O' Geordie's byre.*

CHORUS:

*The graip was tint, the besom was deen,
The barra wadna row its leen,
And siccan a sossar never was seen
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*

2. *For the dochter had a straw her neeps,
The auld wife started to swipe the greep,
When Geordie fell splite on a rotten neep
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.
Ben, the greep, got Geordie's soo
She sat up ahint the coo,
The coo kickit oot an' o what a stew
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*

3. *For the auld wife she was booin' doon,
The soo was kickit on the croon,
It shoved her heid in the wifie's goon
And Ben through Geordie's byre.
The dochter cam through the barn door
An' seein' her mither let oot a roar,
To the midden she run an' fell o'er the boar
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*



NOTES:

THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE

Lea-rig	Hill-sheltered
Room the neuk	Round the corner
Sweir	Lazy
Graip	Pitch-fork
Tint	Lost (taken)
Besom	Broom
Deen	Worn out (Done)
Barra	Wheel-barrow

Row	Roll
Leen	Lanc
Siccan	Such a
Sossar	Mix up
Strae her meeps	Straw her turnips
Swipe the greep	Sweep the cow-house drain
Splite	Fell flat (in the mud)
Grieve	Farm bailiff
Soo	Sow
Ahint	Behind
Coo	Cow
Booin'	Bending (Bowling)
Midden	Dunhill

7. THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

Adolphus Le Ruez, Bonne Nuit, Jersey, Channel Islands
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Elizabeth Cronin, Ballyvourney, Co. Cork, Ireland
(recorded by Alan Lomax)

Annie Paterson, Tob, Orkney
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Albert Beale, Kenardrington, Kent
(recorded by Peter Kennedy & Maud Karpeles)

Adolphus Le Ruez

This remarkable wedding was the theme of a song, "The Frog cam to the myl-dur", sung by shepherds in Wedderburn's *Complaynt of Scotland* (1549). "A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse" was licensed in 1580 and later re-printed with a tune in *Melismata*. In Durfey's *Pills to purge melancholy* there is an early political parody called "A High Amour at St. James." Miss Anne Gilchrist, in *The Journal of The English Folk Dance and Song Society* (1946), draws attention to a characteristic of all the variant refrains having a strong accent on the first note which seems to suggest "an accompanying energetic gesture or kick, when danced as well as sung—for it has the lilt of the dance."

Adolphus Le Ruez was aged 77 when recorded at his house overlooking Bonne Nuit Bay in 1957. Born at "The Devil's Hole," today a favorite spot for tourists, he had been a farmer in the parish of St. Johns. Only once had he ever been off the island.

With the exception of this song, everything else he recorded was sung in Jersey French, a dialect form of Norman-French. One of these, *Bichette*, was a song version of the cumulative rhyme popular in other parts of Britain as "Stick, stick, be at the dog." Most of his songs had been learned at the house parties which always followed the co-operative farm ploughings known as "*La Grande Carrue*."

Elizabeth Cronin was also in her seventies when recorded at Ballyvourney in County Cork in 1952. A Country housewife, widow of a schoolmaster, she could read and speak both English and Gaelic and was regarded as an authority on the dialects of her area. Five of her sons survive her and have inherited much of her very rich repertoire of songs and ballads.

She can be heard on other recordings in the series:-

TC 1142 Songs of Courtship. Shule Aroon

TC 1145 The Child Ballads. Lord Randall

Lord Gregory

TC 1162 Sailormen and Serving Maids. The Alchouse

Annie Paterson, a native of Harray, was 82 when recorded at St. Andrews in the parish of Tob. Other songs recorded from her included *Farewell to Stromness* and *Tam Gibb's Soo*.

Albert Edward Beale had just had his seventieth birthday when visited by Peter Kennedy in company with Dr. Maud Karpeles. He had learned this version of the song from his parents as a child and also recorded versions of *Villikens and his Dinah*, *The Bailiff's Daughter* as well as the carol, *The moon shines bright*.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE (Composite version)

ADOLPHUS LE RUEZ

1. *There was a mouse lived in a mill,
With a ring-dum bull-a-dum-a-coy-me,
A merry frog lived in a well,
With a ring-dum bull-a-dum-a-coy-me.*

CHORUS:

*Coy-me nero kill-to care-o,
Coy-me nero coy-me,
Plim-strin slammer-diddle, laddle-bull-a-ring-ting,
A-ling-dum bull-a-me-a-coy-me.*

2. *This little frog he caught a snail
And rode between his horns and tails.*

CHORUS

ELIZABETH CRONIN

3. *"Lady Mouse, will you marry me?"
Kitty alone, kitty alone,
"Lady Mouse, will you marry me?"
Kitty alone and I-am,
"Lady Mouse, will you marry me?"
"Ask my Uncle Rat," said she
To my cax-my-carey, duck-in-i-dill,
Kitty alone and I-am.*

4. *"Uncle Rat, will you marry Lady Mouse?"
"Yes, kind sir, and half my house."
CHORUS*

5. *"Lady Mouse, where will the wedding be?"
"Up in the top of a hollow tree."
CHORUS*

ANNIE PATERSON

6. *The first to come was a great big bear, m-hm
And he filled up the old armchair, m-hm.*
7. *The second to come was a great big snake
And he eat up all the wedding cake.*
8. *O wasn't that a catastrophie
To happen in the old oak tree?*

ALBERT BEALE

9. *Then whilst they all at dinner sat,
Heigh ho, heigh ho,
Then whilst they all at dinner sat,
In came the kitten and the cat,
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho: said Anthony Rowley.*

10. Says he: "Mister Rat, will you give us a song?
And I hope you won't detain us long."

11. The cat she collared the blooming great rat,
The kitten she collared the poor little mouse.

ADOLPHUS LE RUEZ

12. This little froggie went down the hill,
With a ring-dum bull-a-dum-a-coy-me,
And there he met a little white duck
Which swallowed him up with a quack, quack, quack!
CHORUS

VERSE 1

Musical notation for Verse 1 and Chorus. Verse 1 consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time. The Chorus follows, also in 2/4 time, and is marked with a double bar line and the word "Chorus" above it. The Chorus consists of two staves of music.

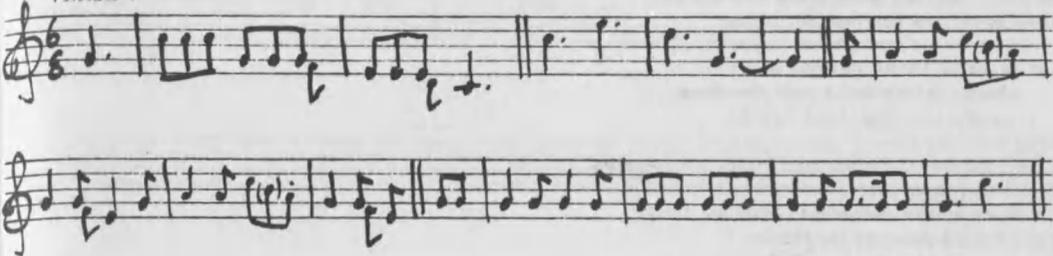
VERSE 2

Musical notation for Verse 2, consisting of three staves of music in 3/8 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals.

VERSE 3

Musical notation for Verse 3, consisting of two staves of music in 2/2 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals.

VERSE 4



8. OLD KING COLE

Bill Westaway, Belstone, Dartmoor, Devon
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

The subject of this song, according to twelfth century chroniclers is said to be the King Cole after whom the town of Colchester in Essex was named, who is said to have ascended to the throne of Britain on the death of Asclepiod in the third century. On the other hand, William Chappell, who published three versions of the tune in *National English Airs* (1838) and *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (1858-9) believed the subject to be a Mr. Colebrook, who was a famous wealthy cloth merchant in Reading in the seventeenth century. Through the publication of Deloney's *Six Worthy Yeomen of the West* (c. 1598) "Thomas of Reading" was supposed to have had 140 menial servants and about 300 poor people working for him. The name "Old Cole" appears in the blacksmith song, "Twankydllo", in Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602) and also Marston's *The Malcontent* (1604).

For Scotland, Sir Walter Scott put forward the theory that "Aul King Coull" was the father of the fabled giant Finn McCoull and Robert Burns contributed one of many versions of this song he had encountered to Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

In the First World War they sang "There's none so rare as can compare with Kitchener's New Armee". The tune, in a Northumbrian version published by Miss Mason in *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (Metzler 1908) was used by the late Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams for his ballet music under the same title. Here it is as sung by Bill Westaway, learned from Jingeey, William Wells, of Bampton in Oxfordshire, a famous Morris dance fiddler.

THE OLD KING COLE

1. OMITTED Piper stanza.
2. OMITTED Harper stanza.
3. *The Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his pot
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fidler had a very fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he.*

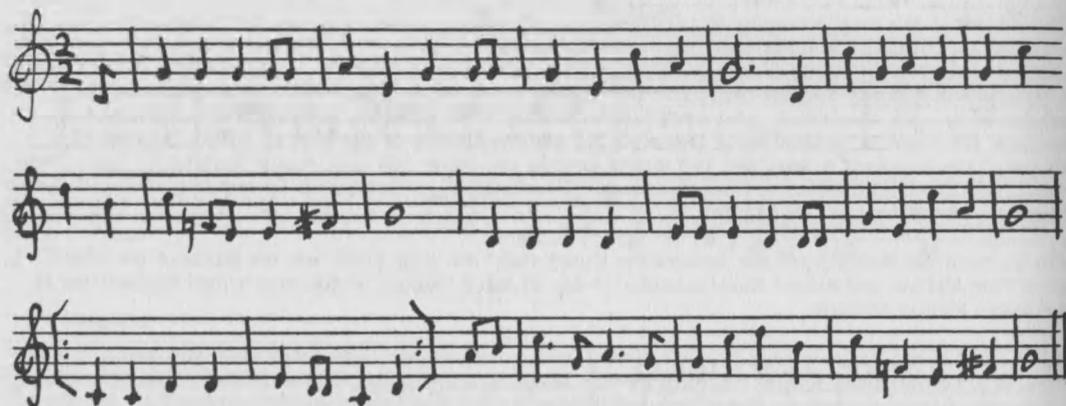
*Fiddle-a-dee-a-dee-goes the fiddler,
Twing-a-twang-a-twang-goes the harper,
Poop-a-poop-poop-poop-poop-goes the piper
For there's none so rare that can compare
To the sons (sense) of harmony.*

4. OMITTED Barber
5. OMITTED Coachman

6. *The Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his pot
And he called for his parsons three.
Every parson had a very fine book
And a very fine book had he.*

*"Lord have mercy on my soul", said the parson
"Damn and blast your eyes", said the coachman
"I'll shave you in a moment", said the barber
Fiddle-a-dee-a-dee-goes the fiddler
Twing-a-twang-a-twang-goes the harper
For there's none so rare that can compare
To the sons (sense) of harmony*

OMITTED *Painter—Brush—Slap it on the wall
Policeman—helmet—hit him on the head
Tailor—needle—stitch it on the wall
Cobbler—hammer—rap-atap-a-tap*



9. FEAR A' PHIGE (The Man of the Whiskey Jar)

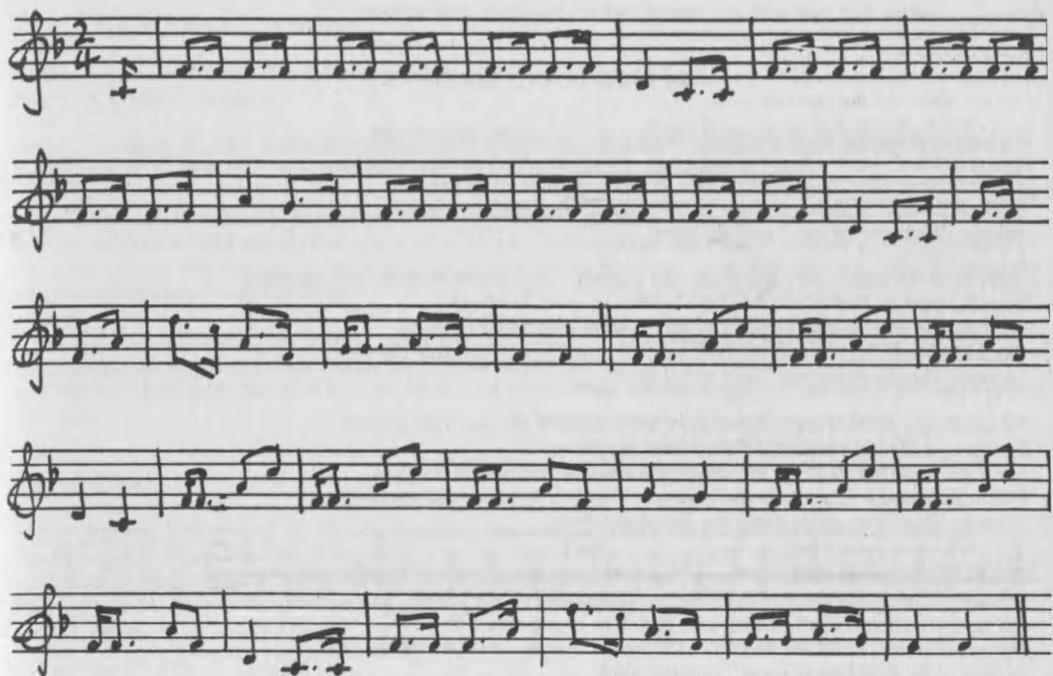
Port-a-beul (Gaelic mouth-music) by group, S. Uist, Hebrides
(recorded by Alan Lomax)

*Fear a'phige, fear a'phige
Fear a'phige, 's fhearr liom*

*The Man of the Whiskey Jar
is my favourite*

VERSES:

*I will not have the shepherd
I will not have the seaman
I will not have the farmer
I will not have the tailor
etc.*



10. THE PARSON AND THE CLERK

Phil Tanner, Llangennith, Gower, Glamorgan, S. Wales
(BBC Sound Archive)

These "religious sermon" parodies must have enjoyed a fairly widespread popularity over a long period. Even today versions are still current in the Army and Navy. In the case of the best known "The Soldier and the Sailor" (See TC 1164 A Soldier's Life for Me) the sermon does not take place in church but the pulpit is "an old hollow tree". Cecil Sharp believed "The Soldier and the Sailor" to be a modern adaptation of another sermon song which he collected called "The Mare and the Foal" (See *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* No. 35 p. 270).

*The old clerk in this parish I know very well
He often do toll the eight o'clock bell
He went to the alehouse and got a full pot
And forgot the old church for to lock-a-lock lock*

*A mare and a foal they ran in great speed
The mare from the Bible began for to read
Stay, said the foal, before you begin
Whatever you pray for, I'll answer Amen*

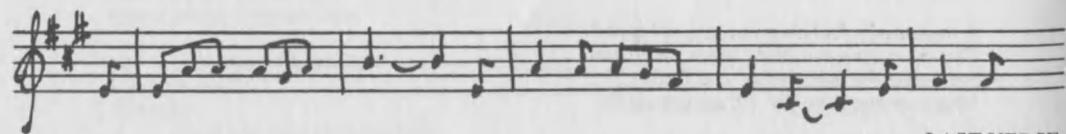
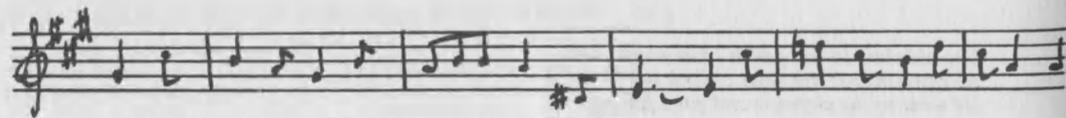
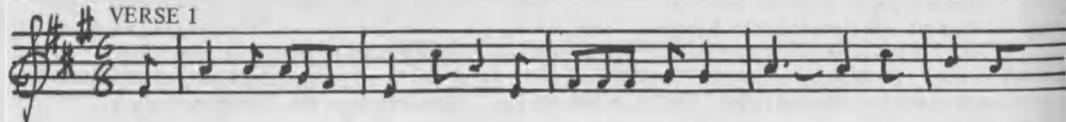
*We'll pray for the millers who grind us our corn
For they are the biggest rogues that ever were born
Instead of one sackful they'll take two for toll
May the Devil take millers. Amen, said the foal*

Other verses follow that deal with the bakers, tailors, publicans and butchers.

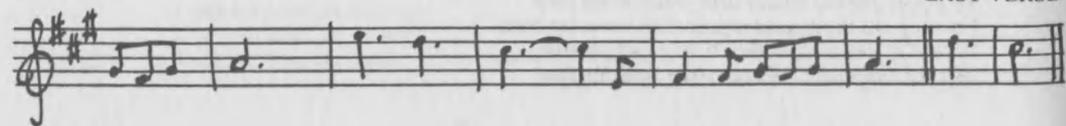
THE PARSON AND THE CLERK

1. *O a parson preached to his flock one day on the sins of the human race,
And the clerk "Amen" aloud did say with the solemnest tone and face.
And this pious clerk in a quiet though would venture a bit of remark,
"O sin is sweet," said the parson. "Then sin for me," said the clerk.
"Amen. Then sin for me," said the clerk.*
2. *OMITTED "O never covet thy neighbour's goods," the parson he said, "Nor his maid.
To rob a man of that what's his, why a fellow should be afraid.
Nor covet ye not no man of sin, I would venture this better to mark.
Thy neighbour's wife," said the parson. "The slavey for me," said the clerk.
"Amen. The slavey for me," said the clerk.*
3. *"O never sigh for that dross called gold, for blessed is the man that is poor,
Nor cast ye the loaves nor the fishes from the poor;
For, I grieve to say, it is my fate to drive a carriage and pair in the park,
With a thousand a year," said the parson. "O give it to me," says the clerk.
"Amen. There's no pride about me," said the clerk.*
4. *OMITTED "My Christian friends and brethren, you should ever be humble and meak,
And never strike a sinful man when he strike you one on the cheek;
But turn my friends to the erring one, yes, turn to the sinner so dark
Thy other cheek," said the parson. "I'll break his nose," said the clerk.
"Amen. Yes, land him at once," said the clerk.*
5. *"O the boys are awfully tribulous," the parson, he said with a groan.
"The boys too oft at Sunday school won't let the young hussies alone.
I watched them grin behind their book and I've seen the boys at their lark;
They was kissin' that girl," said the parson. "I've done it myself," said the clerk.
"Amen. And they're fond of it too," says the clerk.*
6. *Well, now my sermon, friends, is done; I bid you go work and pray.
And don't do all your parson does, but do as your parson say.
And every part of worldly care, I'll venture this modest remark.
Never drink," said the parson. "I'm awfully dry," said the clerk.
"Amen. Ah you're off for a wet," said the clerk.
Amen.*

VERSE 1



LAST VERSE



11. THE BARLEY MOW

George Spicer and friends, Copthorne, Sussex
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

All over southern England this was the customary song to sing at a Harvest supper. Here is a typical Cornish description taken from J. C. Tregarthen's *John Penrose (a Romance of the Land's End)*:

"That night, as our custom is at *guldice* (harvest supper), the firstling of the flock was served for supper with fresh-cut vegetables and baked figgy pudding to follow. Supper over Miss Jenifer took down last year's *neck* from near the blunderbuss and hung in its place the new neck, bedizened with pink ribbons, while we harvesters upstanding sang *The Barley Mow*".

The "neck" is the last sheaf of corn or barley cut at the harvest. In some areas, particularly Somerset, there has been a ceremony which preceded the harvest supper called "crying the neck", when a young man would run with the last sheaf from the field into the farmhouse while all the women came out and threw buckets of water over him.

THE SINGER

George Edward Spicer, aged 50 when he recorded this song at "The Cherry Tree" Inn, at Copthorne in 1956 has been a herdsman all his life in the vicinity of Ashford in Kent, having been born at Little Chart. Both his parents and grandparents were singers and this particular song he learned from his father who was a brick-maker by trade. He can be heard singing THE CUNNING CUBBLER on Songs of Seduction, Caedmon TC 1143 Side A, Band 12.

THE BARLEY MOW

OMITTED: *Quarter-gill, half-gill, gill-pot, half-pint*

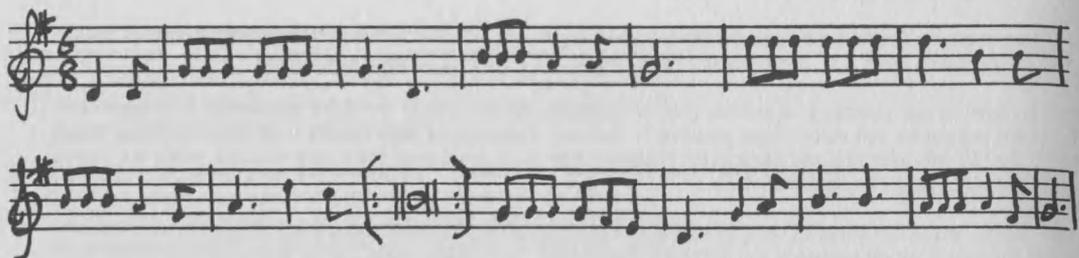
5. *Now here's jolly good luck to the pint-pot,
Luck to the barley "mole",
Jolly good luck to the pint-pot,
Good luck to the barley "mole".*

*O the pint-pot, half-a-pint, gill-pot, half-gill, quarter-gill,
Fetch in a little drop more.
Here's good luck,
Good luck to the barley "mole".*

6. *The quart-pot.*
7. *The half-a-gallon.*
8. *OMITTED The gallon.*
9. *The half-a-bushel.*
10. *OMITTED The bushel.*
11. *The half-a-barrel.*
12. *OMITTED The barrel.*
13. *The bar-maid.*
14. *OMITTED The land-lady.*
15. *The land-lord.*

16. OMITTED *The brewerie.*

17. *All this companie.*



SIDE TWO

1. THREE MEN WENT A HUNTIN'

Hywel Wood, Bala, Merioneth, Wales
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

In the Roxburgh Collection (ed. Chappell i. p. 105) there is an assortment of fragments, "A Choice of inventions—several sorts of the figure three," printed by F. Coles (1646-1674) which includes:

*There were three men of Gotham as I've heard say
That needs would ride a-hunting upon St. David's Day
Through all the day they hunting were, yet no sport could they see
Until they spide an Owle as she sate on a tree*

*The first man said 'twas a Goose
The second man said: Nay
The third man said 'twas a Hawke
But his Bells were falne away*

Other similar "Three Songs" are *The Three Sons o'Rogues* (the miller, the weaver and the tailor who are turned out of doors because they would not sing) also known as *King Arthur's Sons*, and *Bold Reynolds* were other titles of versions collected by Cecil Sharp). A version of *Bold Reynard* published in *Songs of the West* starts

*There were 3 jovial Welshman
They would go hunt the fox
They swore they saw old Reynard
Run over yonder rocks
With a whoop, whoop, whoop
And a blast of my bugle horn
Wi th my twank, twank, twank
And my twank-i-diddle-o
And through the woods we'll ride, brave boys
And through the woods we'll ride.*

All versions have this "hunting horn" chorus. Other verses are concerned with

A Woman (or fair maid)
A Farmer
A Miller
A Blind man
A Parson
A Shepherd
etc.

Other amusing verses of THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING recorded elsewhere run:

S. Zeal, Devonshire, England

Ship in full sail
Wash-tub with the clothes hung out to dry

Camborne, Cornwall

Toad
Granny's duck with the feathers blown away

Armagh, Northern Ireland

Big Ship
Part of Ireland that's pinched by Amerikay

THE SINGER

Hywel Wood and his brother *Manfrie* are members of the best known family of Welsh gipsies. They speak both romany and Welsh and, with the exception of THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING and WAS YOU EVER SEE, the songs they recorded were in Welsh. Members of this family have been particularly famous for their harp-playing, but *Hywel* and *Manfrie* are better known for skill at clog-dancing. An account of the family can be found in *Sampson's Dialect of the Gipsies of Wales* (Oxford Univ. Press 1926).

THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTIN'

- O, three men went a-huntin.
And nothing could they find,
Only a haystack in a field, my boys,
And that they left behind.
The Englishman said: "That's a haystack."
Scottie he says: "Nay!"
Poor old Pat says: "Sure and faith, that is an English church
And the steeple blown away."*
- Three men went a-huntin'
And nothing could they find,
Only a hedgehog in a field, my boys,
And that they left behind.
The Englishman said: "That's a hedgehog."
Scottie he says: "Nay!"
Poor old Pat said: "Sure and faith, that is a pincushion
And the pins stuck in the wrong way."*
- Three men went a-huntin'
And nothing could they find,
Only a monkey on a telegram pole
And that they left behind.
The Englishman said: "That's a monkey."
Scottie he says: "Nay!"
Poor old Pat says: "Sure and faith, that is your great grandfather
And his whiskers turning grey."*
- OMITTED Three men went a-hunting
And nothing could they find,
Only a black pig in a field, my boys,
And that they left behind.
The Englishman said: "That's a black pig."
Scottie he says: "Nay!"
Poor old Pat says: "Sure and faith, that is Old Nick himself!"
And all three ran away.*



2. A-RUB-A-DUB-DUB

Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen, Scotland
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

This is one of the most popular of English children's nursery rhymes. In spite of constant re-publication in one standardised form, this variant has remained in oral tradition in Jeannie Robertson's family for many countless generations. In G. F. Northall's *English Folk Rhymes* p. 359 (Kegan Paul, 1892) a similar form appears with the comment that it was "tolerably well-known in the Midlands":

*Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub
The brewer, the baker, the candlestick-maker
They all sprung out of a rotten potato
An apple for the king and a pear for the queen
And a good toss over the bowling-green
The bowling-green it was so high
It nearly toss'd me over the sky
Sky-sky-let the cat die
Let the cat die-let . . . etc.*

A-RUB-A-DUB-DUB

*A-rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub,
A butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker,
They all went into the garden,
Where Mary found a farthin'.
She gave it to her mother,
To buy a Irish brother.
The Irish brother died
Up in the mountains high.
A low shoud and a high shoud
To mak' the pussie dee.
One, two, three.
My mother caught a flea.
She put it in the teapot
To mak' a sup o' tea.*



3. WAS YOU EVER SEE?

Manfrie Wood, Bala, Merioneth, Wales
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

This well known parody of "Mochyn Du" (The Black Pig) is often used as a vehicle for improvising amusing verses about people. In its best known form it tells of Coshier Bailey, a Monmouth ironmaster who built the Taff Railway along the Aberdare valley in 1846. When Bailey drove the first train along the line the engine got stuck in the tunnel and thus began a song that now runs to scores of stanzas about the ever-ridiculous Coshier Bailey.

1. *Coshier had an engine
That was always wanting mending
And whenever he did patch her
There was no-one who could catch her*
2. *Coshier bought her second hand
And he paint her up so grand
And whenever he did oil her
She nearly burst her boiler*
3. *When down hill or on the level
She did go just like the devil
When they got stuck in the tunnel
Coshier got out through the funnel*
4. *Coshier drove her through the Gower
And he did four miles an hour
When they rattled through the station
They did startle half the nation*

5. *Cosher had a sister Anna
Who did play the grand piana
She do also play the fiddle
Up the sides and down the middle*
6. *Now about this sister Anna
Who do play the grand piana
She go 'ammer 'ammer 'ammer
All the neighbours say: God damn her*
7. *Cosher's mother had a mangle
She do turn it by the handle
It is very very power
It do forty sheets the hour*
8. *Cosher Bailey went to college
For to get some extra knowledge
He studies barmaids at the station
And forgot matriculation*

Then there are other verses commemorating Baileys death (1872).

9. *In the chapel Sunday night
Cosher sings with all his might
And his version of Cwm Rhonnda
Makes the angels jive up yonder*
10. *Cosher Bailey he did die
And in a coffin he did lie
Then they heard somebody knocking
It was Cosher—only joking*
11. *And so here's to good old Wales
Where they brew the best of ales
If you want to get some Sunday
You will have to wait till Monday*

Some amusing verses have been improvised by modern folksingers

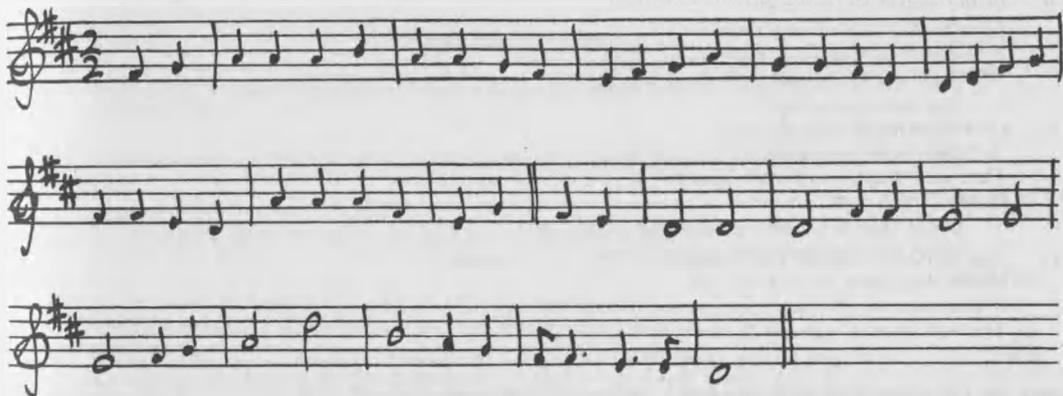
12. *You should see the bees at Gower
How they flit from flower to flower
You should see them at Llangollen
How they gather in the pollen*
13. *Cosher had a brother Rupert
Who played scrum-half for Newport
When he played against Llanelly
Someone kicked him in the belly*
14. *He'd another brother Willie
Who played soccer for Caerphilly
When he started playing rugger
Then they called him Silly Billy*
15. *Grandma's fallen down the drain
We can't get her back again
She is floating out to sea
That will save the funeral fee*

WAS YOU EVER SEE?

1. *There were John and Jane and Betsy,
Eating buns and drinking whisky,
Dancing figs upon the fiddle,
Up the sides and down the middle.*
CHORUS:

*Was you ever see, (3)
Such a jolly time before?*

2. *I was got a sister Bella,
She was courting umb-e-rella,
She was think so much about it,
She must never go without it.*
3. *I was got a brother Joe,
He was came from Calico,
He was going to Chester College
For to have a bit of knowledge.*
4. *She was strick and strike her whistle,
Make a noise like the devil,
Derby Jones of Pontycellyn
Came to see the open railway.*



4. GOING UP CAMBORNE HILL

Group at Skinners Bottom, Redruth, Cornwall
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

This song which stirs the heart of any Cornishman, records an important event in world railway history, – the first run of the first successful, high-pressure locomotive engine. The designer was Richard Trevithick (1771-1833) and the date, Christmas Eve 1801.

A bystander described the event –

“Twas a stiffish hill going from Weath up to Camborne Beacon, but she went off like a bird.”

The image of a team of horses, as animal witnesses of the trial run of the “iron horse”, in amazement as the iron spins around, is the matter of verse one. It is believed locally that “the white stockings” portrays the

spurts of steam shot out from the pistons, but the image might also refer to the white paint Trevithick set on the wheels to measure the engine's speed.

Richard Trevithick, claimed by Cornwall as the inventor of the Locomotive, came of a mining family. His mother's family had to do with, the ancient copper and tin mines in Cornwall and his father was a mining engineer and manager of a number of mines in Camborne and district. He early showed an aptitude for arithmetic and at 19 was appointed engineer to several local mines. After he married the daughter of the local iron foundry he began to make working models at home and later moved to a house in Fore Street, Camborne, where he designed the first locomotive.

The song is not without interest to folksong students since it is obviously built on the Jack Hall model, the chimney sweep burglar who was hanged at Tyburn and this is also related to Captain Kidd, Admiral Benbow and the Irish famine song.

The Skinners Bottom Glee Singers obtained this song from old John Thomas of Camborne who can be heard singing AS I SAT ON A SUNNY BANK on *The Rising of the Sun Side A Band 8*

The names of the singers are:-

Garfield Stevens (garage mechanic); Hartley Stevens (farmer); Will Skinner (farmer); Fred Wilcox (retired Post Office worker); Brian Wherry (farmer); Peter Stripley (carpenter); Harry Roberts (engineer) and Tiger Roberts (farmer).

GOING UP CAMBORNE HILL

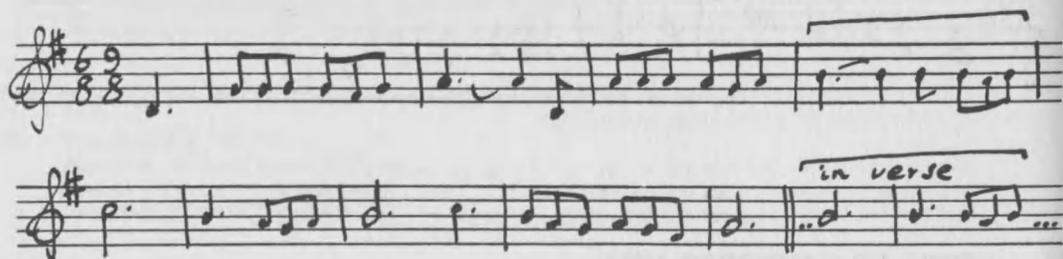
CHORUS:

*Goin' up Camborne Hill, coming down,
Goin' up Camborne Hill, coming down,
The 'orses stood still,
The wheels went around,
Goin' up Camborne Hill, coming down.*

VERSE:

*White stockin's, white stockin's she wore, (4)
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.*

CHORUS



5. OLD MOTHER SHIPTON

Luke Stanley, Barrow-on-Humber, Lincolnshire
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Local stories and rhymes about Mother Shipton are still popular in parts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire of the North East Coastline of England. She was perhaps best known for her prophesies about the future of the world which are spoken in rhyme:

*Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the house with woe
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye*

*Waters yet shall move wonders do
How strange but yet they shall be true
The World upside down shall be
And gold be found at the root of a tree*

*Through hills man shall ride
And no horse nor ass be at his side
Under water man shall walk
Shall ride shall sleep shall talk*

*In the air men shall be seen
In white in black in green
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat*

*Fire and water shall wonders do
England shall at last admit a Jew
The World then to an end shall come
In one thousand nine hundred ninety one*

OLD MOTHER SHIPTON

*Have you ever 'eard the 'istory of Mother Shipton's 'ouse
blowing away?*

*It blew ninety-nine miles yon side of the moon; I went in search
of it.*

*I was running four days and a half, as hard as ever I could walk,
with me two shin-bones in me pocket and me 'ead under me arm.*

*There I met old Jack, the pensioner, who'd got his middle eye
knocked out at the Battle of Waterloo with eating half-boiled
"Stirabouts."*

*Then I mounted on a buck-fleas' back which took me over the Mounts
of Stilligoe and through the Bogs of Buttermilk.*

*Then I met old Jack, the coachman, who was driving two dead 'orses
and an empty carriage loaden with eight thousand million magpies, who
had drunk tea while they was as black as a face of snow.*

*He said: If you want to find Mother Shipton, she's at the bottom
of the sea, making straw-hats out of deal-boards.*

6. THE HERRING SONG

Phoebe Smith, Woodbridge, Suffolk
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

Richard Blackman, Arundel, Sussex
(recorded by R. Copper)

Lucy Broadwood (writing about songs like The Herring Song, Twelve Days of Christmas, The Mallard, Derby Ram, The Tree on the Hill, and Hunting the Wren) thought that these songs show traces of ritual singing and dancing in connection with sacred and magical animals. The horse, cow, ram, robin, wren, mallard and herring at once occur to one as favourite subjects. The bee is honoured in a different type of song, being "wassailed" in company with the apple trees (See *Journal of The Folk Song Society* No. 20 p. 285)

Phoebe Smith also sang a verse about eyes:-

*What do you think I made of his eyes?
Best pair of lamps that ever did shine
There was big lamps and little lamps and lamps by the score
Don't you think I done well with my jolly herring.*

A Northumbrian version collected at Powburn in 1953 has an amusing duet chorus which three women were once heard to perform in a public house -

CHORUS:

*Of all the fish that live in
The herring is the one for me*

1st. woman: *How are you my dear*
2nd woman: *How are you my dear*
3rd woman: *How are you my dear*
All three: *O.*

Phoebe Smith learned this song from her uncle, Oliver Scamp, a travelling horse-dealer, when they had their wagons in the Ramsgate district of Kent. Phoebe described her uncle:

"A big "upstruck" built man, lovely looking, really one of the finest looking men in the world. The Scamp family were all horse-dealers and slaughtermen, all well-to-do people, nothing cheap and poor. Like yourself, sir, they like to go places, meet the people and have a good time. I think everyone ought to go about more. When people see you live in a caravan (trailer) they say: O they're gipsies, but perhaps you're not such a gipsy as what they are!"

Born in Faversham in Kent in 1913 her father was Bill Scamp and her mother Ann Jones of Crowborough, Sussex. They first travelled in the Ramsgate area in Kent and after marrying scrap-metal dealer Joe Smith, she moved to the Ickham area and later to Tilbury mostly working on Kent fruit farms. Her two step-brothers, Charlie and Ted Scamp, now log-dealers in the Canterbury area, have also been recorded by Peter Kennedy.

THE HERRING SONG (Composite version)

PHOEBE SMITH

- As I were a-walking down by the seaside,
I saw a red herring washed up by the tide,
And that little herring I took home and dried,-
Don't you think I done well with my jolly herring?*

*Too-ral-li-loo-ral-li-loo-ral-li-lay,
Too-ral-li-laddy-ri-too-ral-li-lay,
Too-ral-li-laddy-ri-too-ral-li-lay,
Don't you think I done well with my jolly herring?*

- What do you think now I made of his head?
The best little ovens that ever baked bread,
Big ovens and little ovens and ovens too big,-
Don't you think I done well with my jolly herring?*

*OMITTED What do you think now I made of his back?
As much ever money as I could put in a sack
There was sixpences and shillingses and crowns by the score
Don't you think I done well with my jolly herring?*

RICHARD BLACKMAN

3. *Now what d'you think I made of that red herring's eyes?
I made forty plum puddin's and fifty mince pies,
There was big pies and little pies and so they come in,—
Don't you think I done well of my jolly herrin'?*

*Then how can you lie, sir?
So do you as well as I, sir.
Then why ha'n't you told me so?
So I did long ago
Then go and go with you, and so they come in,—
Don't you think I done well of my jolly herrin'?*

4. *Then what d'you think I made of that red herrin's tail?
I made the finest fleet of ships that did ever set sail,
There was big ships and little ships and so they come in,—
Don't you think I done well of my jolly herrin'?*

*OMITTED What do you think I made of that red herrin's ribs?
I made forty horse-boxes and fifty cow-cribs,
There was big cribs and little cribs and so they come in,—
Don't you think I done well of my jolly herrin'?*

Further verses sung by Bill Westaway:-

*What do you think I've made of my old herring's fins?
I've made the finest bottles that ever held gins,
Little bottles, big bottles,
Bottles, gins, and all those fine things,—
Don't you think I've done well with my jolly herring?*

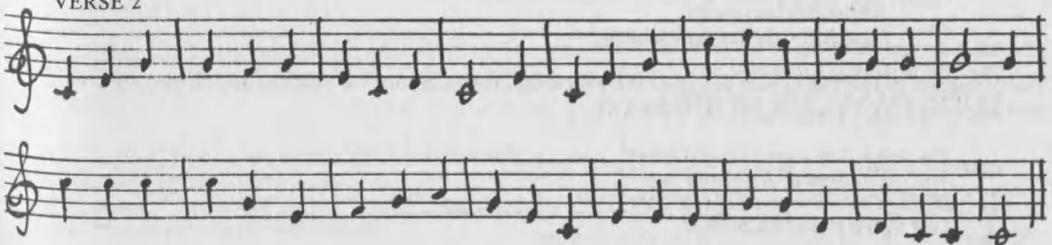
Bones—hammers that ever cracked stones

Fish as a whole—wagons as ever hauled coal

VERSE 1



VERSE 2



VERSE 3

7. ROTHSAY-O

Davie Stewart (accompanying himself on the accordion), Dundee, Angus, Scotland
(recorded by A. Lomax)

The tune of this song was published at the beginning of the last century to a text composed by the weaver, and called "The Tinkler's Wadden."

*In June when broom in bloom was seen
And bracken waved fu' fresh and green
And warm the sun wi' silver sheen
The hills and glens did gladden
Ae day upon the Border bent
The tinklers pitch'd their gipsy tent
And auld and young wi' ae consent
Resolved to haud a waddin'-o*

CHORUS:

*Dirrim-dey doo-a-dey
Dirrim-doo a-da-dee-o
Dirrim-dey doo-a-day
Hurrah for the tinkler's waddin'-o*

The fifth verse of this ballad best describes the wild scene, which in turn has much of the character of the later music-hall type words of our ROTHSAY-O:

*The drink flew round in wild galore
And soon upraised a hideous roar
Blythe Comus ne'er a queerer core
Saw seated round his table O*

*They drank, they danced, they swore, they sang
They quarell'd and 'greed the hale day lang
And the wranglin' that rang among the thrang
Wad match'd the tongues o' Babel O*

William Watt, born in Peebles in 1792, also wrote the well-known Scots ballad "Kate Dalrymple."

THE SINGER.

Davie Stewart, by trade a traveller, has sung his way around Scotland and Ireland, busking cinema and football queues and public houses. His strident voice and unconventional accordion-playing create an arresting and magical effect.

Other songs recorded by Davie Stewart in this series:

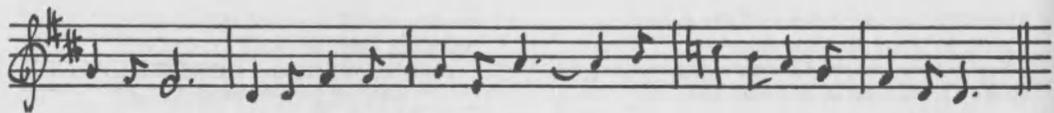
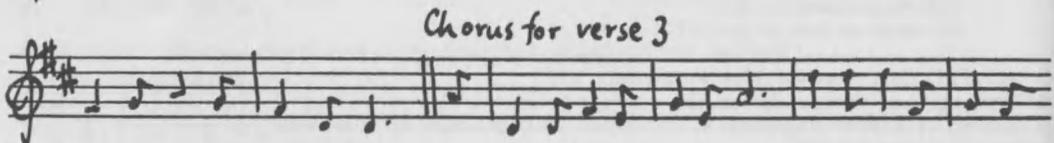
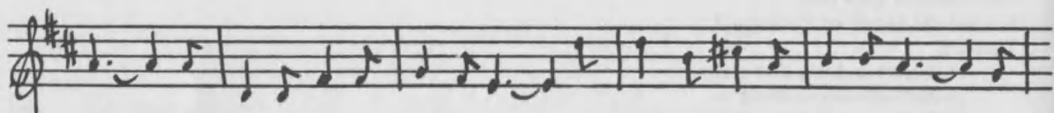
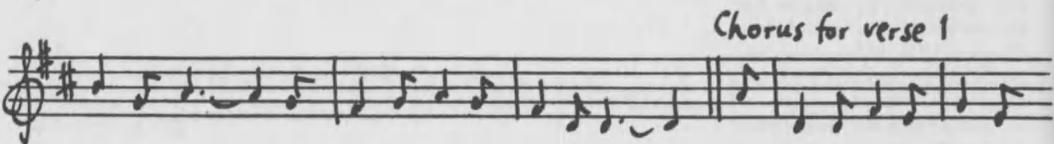
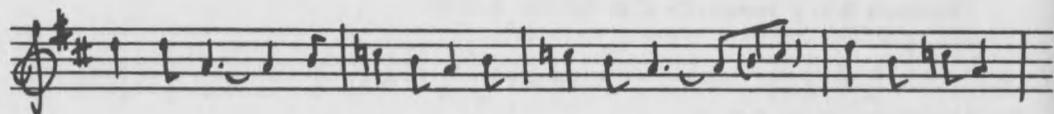
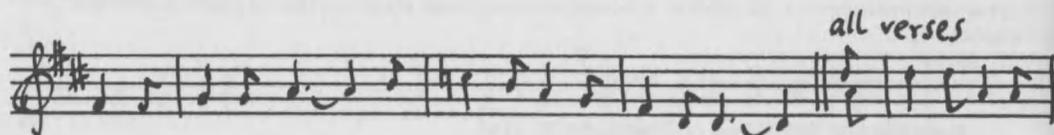
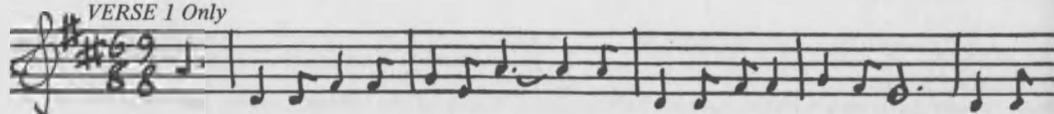
Bogie's Bonny Belle (Songs of Courtship) - TC 1142
The Merchant's Son (Songs of Seduction) - TC 1143
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow (The Child Ballads) - TC 1145

ROTHSAY-O

1. *Last Hogmanay in Glasgow Fair
Me and mesel' and several mair
All gaed off to ha've a wee tair
To spend the necht in Rothsay-O.*
2. *We started frae the Broomielaw,
Baith hail and sleet and rain and snow,
Forty minutes after twa
We went the length of Rothsay-O.
CHORUS:
A-durrum-a-doo-a-doo-a-day,
A-durrum-a-doo-a-daddy-o,
A-durrum-a-doo-a-doo-a-day,
The necht we went to Rothsay-o.*
3. *OMITTED There was a lad called Ru(ther)glen Will
Whose regiment's lying at Barron Hill
Gaed off wi' a tanner to get a gill
Before we went to Rothsay-o.*
4. *OMITTED Says he: I think I'd like to sing
Says I: Ye'll nae dae sicca thing
I'll clear the room and I'll mak' a ring
And I'll fecht them all in Rothsay-O.*
5. *In search of lodgings we did slide
To get a place where we could bide;
There was eighty-twa of us inside
A single room in Rothsay-O.
CHORUS*
6. *We all lay down to get our ease,
When somebody happened for to sneeze
And they wakened half a million fleas
In a single room in Rothsay-O.
CHORUS*
7. *OMITTED There were several different types of bugs,
Some had feet like dyer's clugs,
An' they sat on the bed an' cockit their lugs-
An' cried: "Hurrah for Rothsay-o!"*

8. "O noo," says I, "We'll have to 'lope."
 So we went and joined the Band O' Hope,
 But the police wouldn't let us stop
 Another necht in Rothsay-O.
 CHORUS

VERSE 1 Only



8. THE FARMYARD SONG

George Blackman, Wisborough Green, Sussex
 (recorded by R. Copper)

This song is known to almost everyone and seldom published in its numerous variants, probably because of the ubiquity of the adapted version "Old Macdonald had a farm," which appeared on an early gramophone record. Cecil Sharp published two versions, "Up was I on my Father's Farm" and "I had a little cash and the cock pleased me", but in fact noted many other quite distinct farmyard songs. The words of a similar version, "The very first thing my mother bought me . . ." appears in Alfred William's *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* (Duckworth 1923).

THE FARMYARD SONG

1. *I bought myself a cock
And a bonny old cock was 'e,
I fed him under the tree, my boys,
And my old cock pleased me.*

*My old cock says: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
And so does every poor man's cock
And so does my cock, too.*

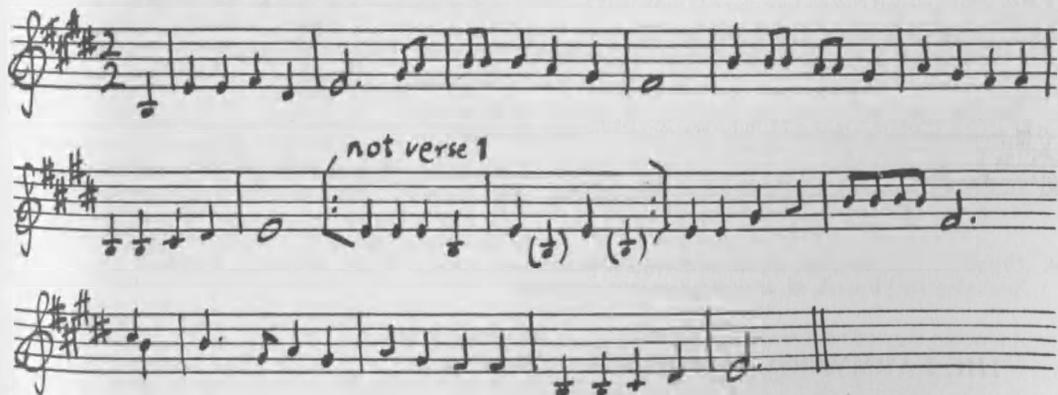
2. *I bought myself a hen
And a bonny old hen was she,
I fed her under the tree, my boys,
And my old hen pleased me.*

*My old hen said: "Chick-a-chick, chick-a-chick"
My young cock says: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
And so does every poor man's cock
And so does my cock, too.*

Last Verse:

*I bought myself a wife
And a bonny old wife was she,
I fed her under the tree, my boys,
And my old wife pleased me.*

*My old wife says: "Hop-pickers, hop-pickers."
My old cow says: "Moo, moo."
My old pig says: "Urr, urr."
My old sheep says: "Baa, baa."
My old swan says: "Widdy-whack, widdy-whack."
My old guinea-fowl says: "Come-back, come-back."
My old duck says: "Quack, quack."
My old hen says: "Chick-a-chick, chick-a-chick."
My young cock says: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
And so does every poor man's cock
And so does my cock, too.*



9. THE RAM OF DERBY

Arthur Lennox, (of Newcastle, Northumberland)
(recorded at Aberdeen by Alan Lomax)

This universally popular "tall tale" song owes its origin to the "Old Tup" begging custom, to which in some areas, it is still attached. Like the Welsh Mari Lwyd (Grey Mare), the "Old Oss" of the Cheshire Soulcafers, the May Day Hobby Horses in the West Country (see "Rising of the Sun"), "The Old Tup", in the Midlands, is a man masked as an animal who crouches down, covered in sheepskin holding a pair of ram's horns mounted on a stick. A butcher and a boy go along to "catch the blood". Sometimes they accompany Old Tup and other such characters as an old man and an old woman and Little Devil Doubt (hump-back) the Fool and old Beelzebub.

*The old man knocked on the door
Here comes me and my owd lass
Short of money, short of brass
Fill up your glass, give us a cup
We'll come in and show you the Derby Tup*

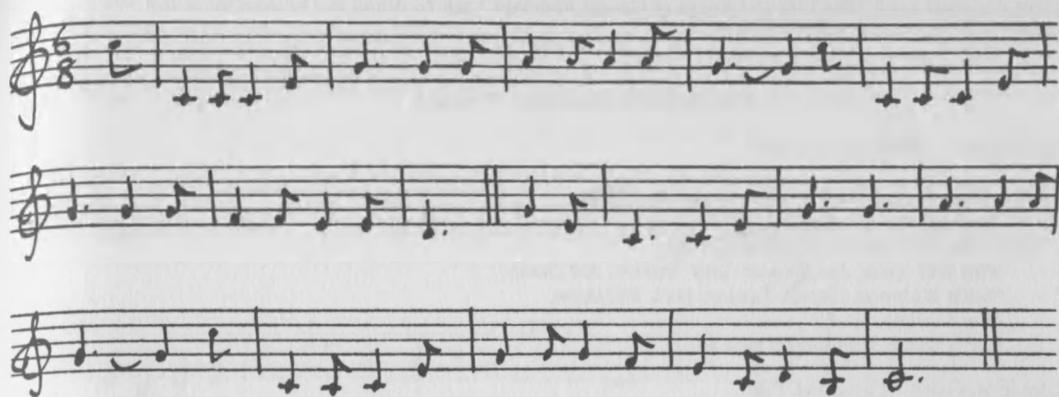
Each character announces himself in turn. At Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, Beelzebub came in carrying a long broom and chanting—

*In comes I, old Eezum Squeezum
Over me shoulder I carry a broom
In me hand a dripping pan
I think meself a jolly old man
A jolly old man I mean to be
I've got 3 sons as big as me
If you can't believe these few words
Come in Little Devil Doubet and clear the way.*

THE RAM OF DERBY

- 1. As I went down to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I saw the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.

With a hi-ringle-dangle, hi-ringle-day,
A-ringle-dingle-dangle and a-ringle-dingle-day.*
- 2. This ram it had two horns, sir, they reached right up to the moon,
A man went up in December and didn't come down till June.*
- 3. This ram it had a tail, sir, that was too long to tell,
It reached right over to Ireland and rang St. Patrick's bell.*
- 4. This ram it had four legs, sir, the whole world around,
And every step it took, sir, it covered an acre of ground.*
- 5. And when they killed this ram, sir they were up to their knees in blood,
The boy who held the basin was carried away in the flood.*
- 6. And all the boys of Derby came running for his eyes,
To make a pair of footballs, for they were football size.*
- 7. And all the women of Derby came running for his ears,
To make a leather purse, sir, to last for fifty years.*
- 8. And if you don't believe me and think I'm telling a lie,
Ask anyone in Derby and they'll tell you the same as I.*



10. TOM PEARCE

Bill Westaway, Belstone, Dartmoor, Devon, England
(recorded by P. Kennedy and Alan Lomax)

George Maynard, Copthorne, Sussex, England
(recorded by P. Kennedy)

This is the Devonshire version, Widdecombe Fair, the one which has become widely known, but many other variants exist. Cecil Sharp collected *Lansdown Fair* with an "O dingle on dingle on Lea" chorus. In addition he noted *Midsummer Fair*, and *Portsdown Fair* in Somerset. We have heard a version, *Stow Fair* from a Mrs. Pearce of Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire (4 miles from Stow-on-the-Wold).

Baring Gould, who published the Devonshire version in *Songs of the West* (Methuen 1895), said the original Uncle Tom Cobleigh lived at Spreyton in a house near Yeoford Junction. His will was signed January 20th, 1787 and proved 14th March 1794. The names in the chorus all belonged to Sticklepath." These two places are on Dartmoor within only a few miles of where Bill Westaway recorded his version. In fact Bill told us how Baring-Gould took down his father's words and then put a tune to it!

"Mr. Baring Gould was a parson down Lew Trenchard on the borders of Cornwall and he got Widdecombe Fair from my father in Mr. J. D. Pickman's, the Solicitor at Okehampton. He and my father were wonderful great friends and Mr. Prickman send up his coachman to father that he was to come in to Okehampton as he wanted to see him very particular . . . The day after, father went in. He had a good time, they fed him well and paid him very well and he was given a drop or two, you know, and got a bit merry and on to get father singing. Well that's what Baring Gould wanted, you see, for father to sing Widdecombe Fair while he took it in, in shorthand writing or in notes, you know—And all he done was put a new tune to it."

THE SINGERS

Bill was 87 when he made this recording outside his house in Belstone. He said of himself that he had been "blacksmith, stone-breaker, hedge-cutter, everything bar a person!". He says he speaks 3 languages, "rough, smooth and indifferent" and had 2 types of song to suit every kind of company. He could also dress rough or smooth but preferred to dress rough as he walked everywhere in all sorts of weather. His comments show that he regards B. G.'s slicked-up, notated version of his family's song as so wrongly put as to be a completely new tune.

George Maynard born at Smallfield, Surrey in 1872 lived most of his life around Copthorne until his death in 1962. "Pop" learned most of his songs from members of his own family who were all well-known and locally respected singers.

TOM PEARCE (Composite Version)

Bill Westaway, "Widecombe Fair".

1. *Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy grey mare,
Ri-fol-lol-the-dol diddle-i-do,
That I may ride out to Widecombe Fair
With Will 'ewer, Jan Brewer, 'arry 'awkins, Joe Davey,
Phillie Widpotts, George Parsley, Dick Willesdon,
Tom Cobley and all,
'Ere is Uncle Tom Cobley and all.*

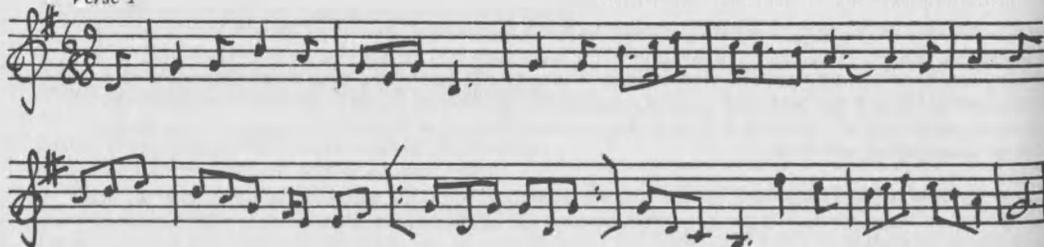
George Maynard, "Lansdown Fair".

2. *OMITTED O when will my mare return home again?
By Friday noon or Saturday soon.*
3. *Now Friday's gone and Saturday's come,
Hey along, din-along, ding,
Now Friday's gone and Saturday's come,
Hey along, din-along, ding,
And my old mare she's not returned home
With Bill Brewer, Jack Stewer, 'arry 'awkins, Bill Josie,
Harry Hollops, Tom Brown, Joe Chapman, Ben Backwell,
And our Uncle Tom Cockerell and all,
And our Uncle Tom Cockerell and all.*
4. *So I took a ride over to Lansdown Fair,
There I saw me old mare a-making her will. To . . .*
5. *I threw the 'alter right over her head,
And my old mare she dropped down dead. With . . .*

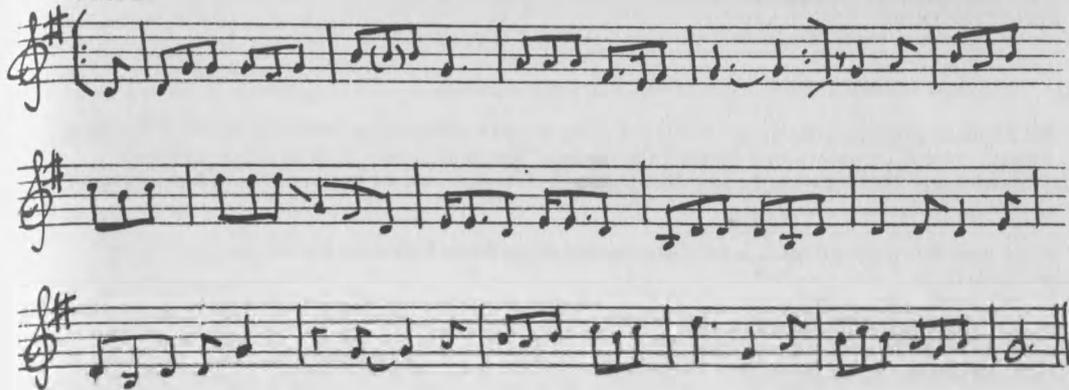
Bill Westaway (again).

6. *OMITTED So how do you know it was your old mare
For one foot be shoed and the hother three bare*
7. *OMITTED The wind whistles hard on the moor of the night
Tom Pearce's old mare he appeared ghastly white.*
8. *Then all the night long we heard shirkings and groans,
Tom Pearce's old mare he was rattling his bones.*
9. *So this is the end of my shockin' affair,
I've give you the career of Tom Pearce's old mare.*

Verse 1



Verse 2



11. THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL ROUND

John Casley (accompanying himself on the church organ) Morvah, Cornwall
(recorded by Peter Kennedy)

In some West Country versions of "The Tree" song, the story completes "The Everlasting Circle." In fact this was the title given to the song when published by Baring Gould in 1890. (*Songs of the West* in two early editions but omitted in the edition revised by Cecil Sharp).

*And out of this feather was made a fine bed . . .
And all on this bed a lad did lie . . .
And all with this lad a maiden she did sleep . . .
And all in this maiden a baby did grow . . .
And out of this baby a boy did grow . . .
And the boy he did lay in the ground an acorn . . .
And out of this acorn did grow a great tree*

Another version taken down by the Rev. Baring-Gould had a different ending.

*And out of the baby there grew a fine lawyer . . .
And then from the lawyer there came a fine parson . . .
And out of the parson there sprang a black devil . . .*

Another version ends on:

All on this feather there was a colour . . .

A broadside by Pitts of Seven Dials (n.d.) has "feather, bed, maid and man" as the final sequence.

Baring-Gould makes comparison with a Breton version, *Ar parc caer* (The fair field) published in F-M luzel: *Chansons Populaires de la Basse-Bretagne* Paris 1890. Anne Gilchrist later drew attention to a similar French version *Le Bois joli* with a polite ending (J.F.S.S. No. 13 p. 277).

*Au quatre coin 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.*

The final verse ends with a message inside the yolk

*Et dedans ce petit jaune
Il y a écrit
Vôtre serviteur, Mesdames
Il-y-a écrit
Vôtre serviteur je suis!*

A Danish version, "*Langt udi skoven*" (Long out in the wood) is published in *Danmarks Melodier* described as a Sang-Renise (Rigmorole type song). A Swiss version, "Dert unde-n-i-der On Dert steit e Birliboum", in *Kinderlied und Kinderspiel im Kanton Bern G. Züricher*, begins with the tree and ends with the pip with-in the core.

A Welsh version "Ar y bryn death pren", (The Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society vol. i no. i) ends (translated)

*The bed from the feathers
The feathers from the chicken
The chicken from the egg
The egg from the nest
The nest on the branch
The branch on the tree
The tree on the earth
And the earth on nothing.*

The Welsh versions conform to the Celtic patterns of internal assonantal rhyme and perhaps hint that the Breton and Welsh forms are the oldest. John Casley's ancestors may have performed the song in the Cornish language.

Johnny Casley, like his father from whom he learnt this song, is a farmer and church organist. His father played in the local church for 46 years and John has already been at it 40. He has also been chapel organist for 67 years and played trombone in Pendeen band for 25. Apart from the last war, when he was in the "Home Guard", he has never missed a Sunday.

Johnny said this song was known "right through Pendeen" (district). As a boy, he recalls, he used to meet the rest of the lads outside the church and they would have a sing-song of songs of just this sort.

THE GREENGRASS GREW ALL ROUND

1. *Now on that hill there was a tree,
Such a tree you never did see,
The tree on the hill
And the hill stood still,
And the greengrass grew all around,
CHORUS:
And the green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around,
And the green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around.*
2. *Now on the tree there was a branch, etc. . .*
3. OMITTED Twig.
4. OMITTED Nest.
5. OMITTED Egg.
6. OMITTED Bird.
7. OMITTED Wing.
8. OMITTED Feather.

Last Verse:

9. *Now on that feather there was a flea,
Such a flea you never did see,
The flea on the feather,
And the feather on the wing,
And the wing on the bird,
And the bird on the egg,
And the egg in the nest,
And the nest on the twig,
And the twig on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree (on the hill
And the hill) stood still,
And the green grass grew all round.*

