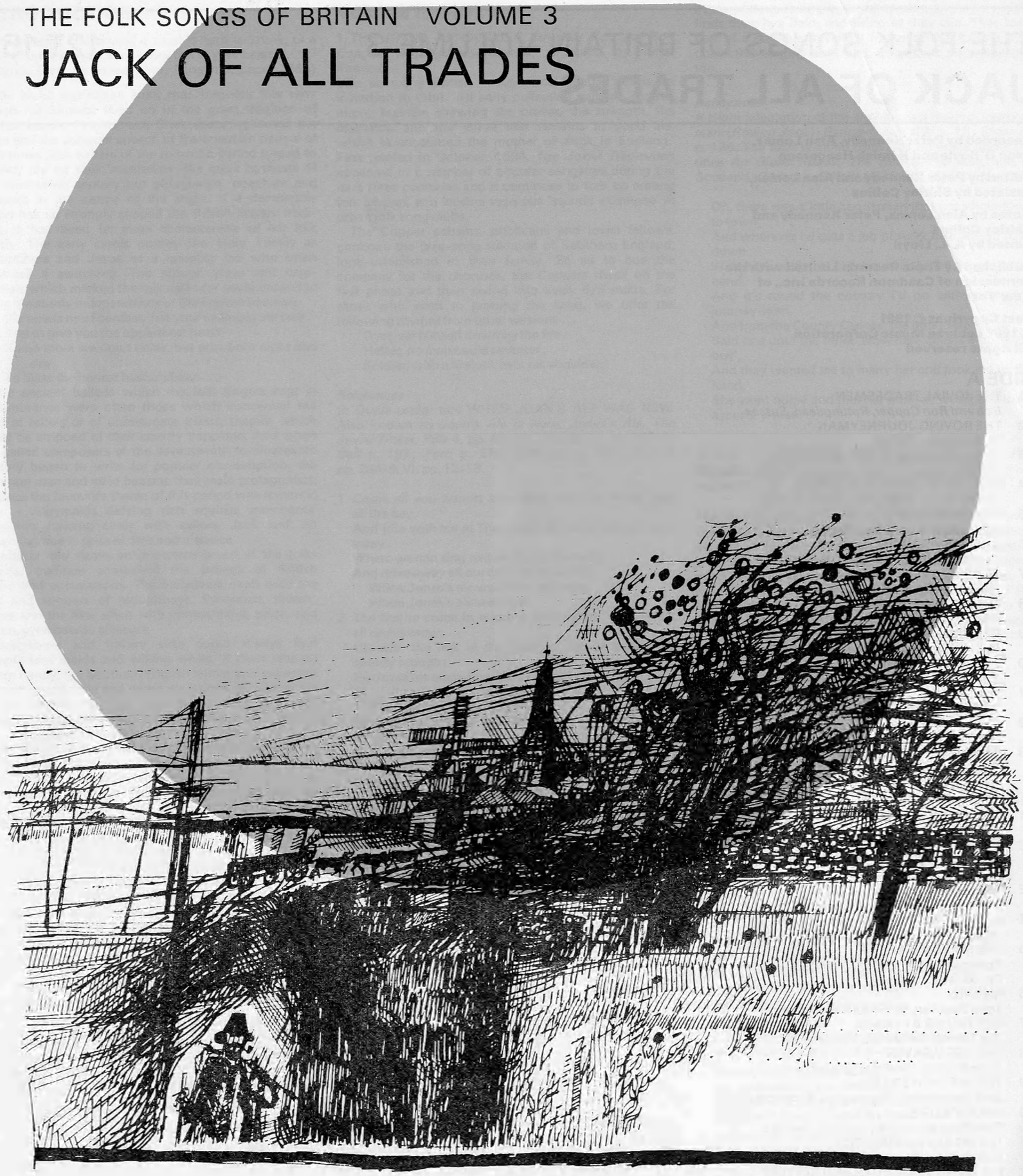
THE FOLK SONGS OF BRITAIN VOLUME 3

JACK OF ALL TRADES



THE FOLK SONGS OF BRITAIN VOLUME 3 — 12T 159

JACK OF ALL TRADES

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, Alan Lomax, Sean O'Boyle and Hamish Henderson

Edited by Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax, assisted by Shirley Collins

Notes by Alan Lomax, Peter Kennedy and Shirley Collins
Edited by A. L. Lloyd

Published by Topic Records Limited with the permission of Caedmon Records Inc., of New York

SIDE A

1 THE JOVIAL TRADESMEN
Bob and Ron Copper, Rottingdean, Sussex
2 THE ROVING JOURNEYMAN
Paddy Doran, Belfast
3 THE CANDLELIGHT FISHERMAN
Phil Hammond (with melodeon), Morston, Norfolk
4 THE CANNY SHEPHERD LADDIE
Jimmy White, Yetlington, Northumberland
5 THE DAIRY MAID
John Maguire (whistle), Belfast
6 GREEN BROOMS
Sean McDonagh, Glinsk, Connemara
7 GRUEL
Jimmy McBeath, Elgin, Moray
8 THE JUG OF PUNCH
Edward Quinn, Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone
9 THE GRESFORD DISASTER
Mrs. A Cosgrove, Newtongrange, Midlothian
10 THE JOLLY MILLER
John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire
11 THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN
John Doherty (fiddle), Donegal
12 FAREWELL TO WHISKY
Jessie Murray, Portknockie, Buchan
13 THE ROVING PLOUGHBOY
John McDonald (with melodeon), Elgin, Moray

SIDE B

1 THE BUCHAN MILLER
John McDonald (with melodeon), Elgin, Moray
2 FAGAN THE COBBLER
'Wickets' Richardson, Blaxhall, Woodbridge, Suffolk
3 THE OULD PIPER
Frank McPeake (with uillean pipes), Belfast
4 SWEEP, CHIMNEY SWEEP
Bob and Ron Cooper, Rottingdean, Sussex
5 THE MASON'S APRON
Agnes and Bridie Whyte (fiddles), Loughrea, Co. Galway
6 RHYNIE
John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire
7 THE TAILOR BY TRADE
Joe Tunney, Beleek, Co. Fermanagh
8 THE WEE WEAVER
John Doherty (fiddle), Donegal
9 JIM THE CARTER LAD
Jack Goodfellow, Rennington, Northumberland
10 DRUMDELGIE
Davy Stewart (with accordion), Dundee
11 THE MERRY HAYMAKERS
Bob and Ron Copper, Rottingdean, Sussex
12 I'LL MEND YOUR POTS AND KETTLES
Seamus Ennis (uillean pipes), Dublin

INTRODUCTION

In the charnel churchyard a churl is hard to know, or a knight from a knave there; know this in your heart . . .
(from *Piers Plowman*, Wm. Langland, circa. 1365)

The blunt, egalitarian spirit that animates this early British masterpiece lived on in the great tradition of English letters. Chaucer and Shakespeare recorded the ways and the pungent speech of the common people of their times; the writers of the romantic period turned to country life for their inspiration; the great novelists of the nineteenth century put ploughmen, poachers and weavers in the centre of the stage. If a democratic vision has so strongly shaped the British literary tradition, it has been far more characteristic of her folk poetry. The early carols portray the Holy Family as commoners and Jesus as a naughty lad who often deserved a switching. The plough plays and ceremonials which marked the folk calendar never ceased to voice the sturdy independence of the English yeoman.

We needs must confess that your calling is the best
And to give you the uppermost hand,
So no more we don't delay, but pray both night and day,
To bless the honest husbandman . . .

The ancient ballads which the folk singers kept in remembrance were often those which concerned the lives of rebels or of unfortunate lovers, themes which could be stripped of their courtly trappings. And when the ballad composers of the seventeenth to nineteenth century began to write for popular consumption, the common man and maid became their main protagonists. Perhaps the favourite theme of this period was romantic love – dairymaids defying rich squires, merchants' daughters running away with sailors, Jack and Jill remaining true in spite of time and distance.

Another and nearly as important breed of the folk-popular tradition comprised the ballads of British trades and occupations. The balladeers dealt with the joys and sorrows of ploughboys, fishermen, tinkers, tailors and the like, often with contentment, pride, and pagan, even bawdy pleasure.

Ploughmen and tinkers alike could always find complaisent maids and willing wives. If there was no tavern handy, the Southern English farmer was expected to hand round daily and generous rations of cider or ale to his haymakers. The farm-labourer of Southern England, particularly, appears often to have seen his life through a pleasant, beery haze.

The ballads of the North East of Scotland often sound a sterner note. There, until quite recent times, the farm-labourer hired himself by the year to the farmer; and, if his employer was tight-fisted and stingy, he lived on thin gruel, tightened his belt, and kept his mouth shut, for he could be dismissed at any time without his wages. The many ballads made by Scottish ploughmen paint the stark hardship of their lives in the 'bothies' or farm dormitories. In fact, most British occupational songs, when they become critical, are considerably 'class-conscious'. The folk singer had no doubts about where he stood in the social system.

Nor had these tradesmen and workers any doubt about their importance and the dignity of their jobs. They are self-respecting folk with a mind to knuckle under to no man. Many of their songs have been taken from broadsides, but even the tritest and most sentimental of them are aglow with sincerity, affection and pride in their work.

Note: *For reasons of space it was not possible to reproduce all the stanzas of each song on the disc. However, all stanzas are given in the text of this booklet; those omitted from the recording appear in italics.*

Volume III SIDE A

1 THE JOVIAL TRADESMEN, *sung by Bob and Ron Copper, Rottingdean, Sussex; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

Like so many British occupational songs, this is an invitation to drink. An early collection calls it, 'A new, merry, melody, shewing the power, the strength, the operation and the virtue that remains in good ale, which is accounted the mother of drink in England.' First printed in October, 1594, *The Jovial Tradesmen* appeared in a number of popular songsters during the next three centuries and it continues to turn up among folk singers, and leads a vigorous 'second existence' in urban folk song clubs.

The Copper cousins, publicans and jovial fellows, continue the glee-song tradition of Southern England, long-established in their family. So as to cue the company for the choruses, the Coppers dwell on the first phase and then swing into lively 6/8 metre. For those who want to prolong the song, we offer the following rhymes from other versions . . .

Dyer, set himself down by the fire;
Hatter, no man could be fatter;
Soldier, with a firelock over his shoulder.

References

In *Guide* under title WHEN JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW. Also known as *Joan's Ale is New, Jones's Ale, The Jovial Tinker. Pills* 4, pp. 61-64; *Chappell* I, pp. 187-9; *Bell* p. 197; *Ford* p. 273; *Williams* p. 276; *FSJ* II, pp. 234-6, VI, pp. 12-13.

1 Come all you honest labouring men that work hard all the day,
And join with me at The Barley Mow to pass an hour away.
Where we can sing and drink and be merry
And drive away all our cares and worries,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

2 The first to come in was the ploughman, with sweat all on his brow,
Up with the lark at the break of day he guides his speedy plough;
He drives his team, how they do toil
O'er hill and valley to turn the soil.
When Jones's ale was new etc.

3 The next to come in was the blacksmith, his brawny arms all bare,
And with his pint of Jones's ale he has no fear or care;
Throughout the day his hammer he's swingin',
He sings when he hears his anvil ringin'
When Jones's ale was new etc.

4 *The next to come in was the scytheman so cheerful and so brown,*
And with the rhythm of his scythe the corn he does mow down.
He works, he mows, he sweats and blows
And he leaves his swathes laying all in rows.
When Jones's ale was new etc.

5 The next to come in was the tinker and he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no small beer drinker to join the jovial crew.
He told the old woman he'd mend her old kettle,
O Lord how his hammer and tongs did rattle.
When Jones's ale was new etc.

6 *Now here's to Jones our landlord, a jovial man is he,*
Likewise his wife, a buxom lass, who joins in harmony.
We wish them happiness and good will,
While our pots and glasses they do fill.
When Jones's ale was new etc.

2 THE ROVING JOURNEYMAN, *sung by Paddy Doran, Belfast; recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.*

The trade of itinerant tinsmith, or tinker, traditionally belonged to the gypsies. Today in Britain there are many tinkers clearly not of gypsy blood, who follow the gypsy pattern, roving in caravans, stopping where night finds them in a field, and living as they can. They form part of a sizeable travelling fraternity that has its own distinctive singing style and, in part, its own repertory too.

References

A slight adaptation of the well-known *Roving Journeyman* (*Roving Jack*). *Baring-Gould SW* p. 16; *Sharp IP* p. 186. The tune is much used as a hornpipe under the titles *An Giolla Ruadh, The Red-Haired Boy,* and in Scotland, *Gilderoy. O'Neill MI* No. 1748, *DMI* No. 921.

Oh, there was a little beggarman that goes from town to town,
And wherever he gets a job of work he's willing to sit down;
With his bundle on his shoulder, his stick was in his hand.
And it's round the country I'd go with my roving journey-man.
And from the County Carlow, the girls jump for joy,
Said one unto the other 'Now here comes a travelling boy',
And they wanted me to marry her and took me by the hand,
She went home and told her mother, 'deed, she loves a journey-man.

3 THE CANDLELIGHT FISHERMAN, *sung by Phil Hammond (with melodeon), Morston, Norfolk; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

The Hammonds came over with the Danish invasion in the Middle Ages and have dwelt in Norfolk ever since, equally at home on land or at sea. Phil Hammond, a jack-of-all-trades out-of-doors, rumbles out the ironic song of the fisherman who works when it suits him. 'In the morning he put the candle out the window. If the flame blow out, there's too much wind for him to go fishing, and if it don't blow out, there ain't wind enough, so he go back to bed again.' This fisherman's quip is also popular among Cornishmen.

1 O my dad was a fisherman bold
And he lived till he grew old,
For he opens the pane and he pops out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

2 And often he say to me,
You'd be wise before you go,
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

3 When the north wind roughly blow,
Then I lay right snug below,
But I open the pane and I pop out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

4 When the wind come out of the east,
You'll be looking for sleet and snow,
But I open the pane and pops out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

5 When the wind back into the west,
That'll come a rough in at best,
But I open the pane and pops out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

6 When the south wind softly blow,
It's then I love to go,
And I open the pane and pop out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

7 And my poor wife say to me,
We shall starve if you don't go,
So I open the pane and I pops out the flame,
Just to see how the wind do blow.

8 Ah, now all you fishermen bold,
If you'd live till you grow old,
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame
Just to see how the wind do blow.

4 THE CANNY SHEPHERD LADDIE, *sung by Jimmy White, Yetlington, Northumberland; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

The hill country in the North of England along the Roman wall is a land of shepherds, who still work and sing somewhat in the traditional manner of their forefathers. They speak a thick dialect closely related to Scots and have a rich store of dances, ballads and songs, such as this one. The shepherd sang as he was shearing a sheep, and the click of the shears and the bleating of sheep can be heard in the background.

1 Now there's sangs about your sodgers and your sailors by the score,
And of tinkers and of tailors and of other men galore;
But I'll sing ye a wee bit ditty that ye've never heard before,
O' the canny shepherd laddies o' the hills.
2 They climb oot amang the heather ere it's turned the break o' day,
Through the bent amang the moss hags and the bogs they wend their way,
When they see a sheep that's mark-ed or a tup that's slipped away,
That's the canny shepherd laddies o' the hills.

5 THE DAIRY MAID, *played on the tin-whistle by John Maguire, Belfast; recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.*

From County Cavan comes this well-known Irish reel, which celebrates the charms of the dairy maid.

References
O'Neill MI No. 1100, 1101, *DMI* No. 292

6 GREEN BROOMS, *sung by Sean McDonagh, Glinsk, Connemara; recorded by Alan Lomax.*

A song notably common among travelling people, some of whom peddle hand-made brooms from door to door and see themselves as Don Juans among the women they meet in country cottages. At any rate, the song is all *double entendre,* but delicately done.

The singer, born and brought up in the great Gaelic tradition of Connemara, sings in the traditional, high-voiced manner of his area and varies his melody beautifully from stanza to stanza.

References
Pills V, p. 100; *Baring-Gould SW* p. 20; *Stokoe/Reay* p. 104; *Broadwood* CS p. 88; *Sharp* EFS I, p. 76; *Kidson* GEFS p. 86; *Williams* p. 152; *Baring-Gould/Hammond/Gardiner* p. 131; *FSJ* I p. 84.

1 There was a man and he lived in the east
And his trade it was cutting down brooms, green brooms;
He had a son, his name it was John
And he stayed in bed until noonday, noon,
And he stayed in bed until noon.
2 The father arose and up to John goes
And swore he would burn his room, gay room,
If he didn't rise and sharpen his knives
And go down to the wood to cut brooms, green brooms
And go down to the wood to cut brooms.
3 So Johnny went on down through the green wood
Till he came to a castle of fame, fame, fame;
He spied a maid and stood at the gate
Crying: Fair maid, do you want any brooms, green brooms?
Fair maid, do you want any brooms?
4 This lady being up in her window so high,
She spied this young man so terribly neat, neat, neat;
She said to her maid; Go down to the gate
And call in this young man with his brooms, green brooms,
And call in this young man with his brooms.
5 So Johnny went into this castle so great
And entered this lady's room, gay room;
She gave him a chair and bade him sit down
Crying: You're welcome, young man, with your brooms, green brooms,
You are welcome young man with your brooms.
6 They sent for the priest and married they were
All in this lady's room, gay room;
So, boys, will we drink, or what do you think?
There is nothing like cutting down brooms, green brooms,
There is nothing like cutting down brooms.

7 GRUEL, *sung by Jimmy McBeath, Elgin, Moray; recorded by Alan Lomax.*

Weavers often sang at their looms in the old days of hand-weaving, and, as one of the earliest professions to be industrialized, were the subject of many songs and ballads, *The Foggy Dew* being the best-known example. (See also *Jug of Punch,* No. 8, this side.) Often these songs present weavers as bawdy, carefree, roving blades, but here Jimmy McBeath – the famous tramp singer of the North of Scotland – paints a portrait of an old fellow, worn-out at the loom and so set in his habits that he thinks of his porridge before he does the charms of his new bride.

The tune is the same as the well-known *Lincolnshire (or Northamptonshire) Poacher.*

1 There was a weaver o' the north
And oh, but he was cruel;
The very first nicht that he got wed,
He sat and grat for gruel.
He widna wint his gruel,
He widna wint his gruel,
The very first nicht that he got wed,
He sat and grat for gruel.
2 There is nae a pot in a' the hoose
That I can mak' your gruel,
Oh, the washing pot it'll dae wi' me,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel,
Oh the washing pot it'll dae wi' me,
For I mun hae ma gruel.
3 There is nae a spoon in a' the hoose
That ye can sup your gruel,
Oh, the gairden spade it'll dae wi' me,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel,
The gairden spade it'll dae wi' me
For I mun hae ma gruel.
4 She gaed ben the hoose for cakes and wine,
She brocht them on a towel;
Oh gae awa, gae awa, with your fol-de-rols,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
For I mun hae ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel,
Oh gae awa, gae awa, with your fol-de-rols,
For I mun hae ma gruel.
5 Come all young lasses take my advice
And never marry a weaver;
The very first nicht that he got wed,
He sat and grat for gruel,
He widna wint his gruel,
He widna wint his gruel,
Oh, the very first nicht that he got wed,
He sat and he grat for gruel.

8 THE JUG OF PUNCH, *sung by Edward Quinn, Castlecaulfield, County Tyrone; recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.*

The singer, a farmer, seventy one years old at the time of recording, learned this superb drinking song from his father sixty years ago. It may have originated among the Scots linen weavers who formed a part of the colony planted in Northern Ireland by the English in the seventeenth century A. P. Graves derived his better known version from a text and tune (called "The Robber") provided by P. W. Joyce. (See Graves. *Irish Folk Song Book,* London, 1894; Sam Henry No. 490: as sung in Bucks tone's drama,' The Green Bushes', in 1840). Graves's version, familiarised by the McPeake family, is also reproduced in *The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Song Book* (New York, n.d.) p. 53.

1 It being on the twenty-third of June-o
As I sat weaving all on my loom,
I heard a thrush singing on yon bush
And the song she sung was a jug of punch,
Ladderly fol the dee
Ladderly fol the dee deedle eedle dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle deedle eedle dum dum dee. (2)
2 What more pleasure could a boy desire
Than to sit him down-o, beside the fire,
And in his hand-o, a jug of punch,
Aye, and on his knee-o, a tidy wench.
Ladderly etc. (2)
3 *What more hardships could a boy desire*
Than sit him down-o, behind the door
And in his hand-o, no jug of punch
Aye, and on his knee-o, no tidy wench.
Ladderly etc. (2)
4 *When I am dead, all my drinking's o'er,*
I'll drink one glass and I'll drink no more,
For fear I mightn't get it on that day,
I will drink it now and I'll drink away.
Ladderly etc. (2)
5 When I am dead and left in my mould,
At my head and feet place a flowing bowl,
And every young man that passes by,
He can have a drink and remember I.
Ladderly etc. (2)

9 THE GRESFORD DISASTER, *sung by Mrs. A. Cosgrove, Newtongrange, Midlothian; recorded by Alan Lomax.*

The industrial revolution produced a rich body of oral traditions among the workers, which has been shamefully neglected by most folklore scholars because it did not conform to their preconceived models. In recent years, however, Ewan McColl and A. L. Lloyd have turned up a large number of fine folk songs, traditional among the working class, which bear witness to the fact that British folk poets did not cease making ballads when they left the country for the factory and mine.

Some groups of English workers have continued to create professional songs into our own time, notably the miners. The ballad of the Gresford disaster, which took the lives of 265 men in the Wrexham coal field in 1934, is sung by miners as far away as Nova Scotia. Mrs. Cosgrove – who comes from a long line of braw Scots miners and whose menfolk work in the pits today – sings this song with the angry intensity of a woman who never knows on what day she will hear the disaster whistle coming from the pit.

References
Lloyd CAYB p. 80; CB p. 26.

1 Ye've heard of the Gresford disaster,
Of the terrible price that was paid,
Two hundred and forty-two colliers were lost,
And three men of a rescue brigade.
2 *It occurred in the month of September,*
At three in the morning, the pit
Was racked by a violent explosion,
In the Dennis where gas lay so thick.
3 *Now the gas in the Dennis deep section*
Was heaped there like snow in a drift.
And many a man had to leave the coal-face,
Before he had worked out his shift.
4 Now a fortnight before the explosion
To the shot-firer Tomlinson cried,
'If you fire that shot, we'll be all blown to hell!'
And no one can say that he lied.
5 Now the fireman's reports they are missin',
The records of forty-two days.
The colliery manager had them destroyed,
To cover his criminal ways.

6 Down there in the dark they are lyin',
They died for nine shillin's a day,
They have worked out their shift and now they must lie
In the darkness until judgment day.
7 Now the Lord Mayor of London's collectin'
To help out our children and wives;
The owners have sent some white lilies
To pay for the poor colliers' lives.
8 Farewell all our dear wives and children.
Farewell all our comrades as well;
Don't send your sons down the dark dreary pit,
They'll be doomed like the sinners in hell.

10 THE JOLLY MILLER, *sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire; recorded by Alan Lomax and Hamish Henderson.*

John Strachan farmed rich acres in Aberdeenshire. He set a fine table and welcomed his guests with a bottle of whiskey and as many ballads as they could listen to. His boyhood, as assistant to his farmer father, was spent in savouring the pleasures and the songs of the bothy life (see *Rhynie,* Side B, No. 6).

Here he sings a Scots version of the well-known song *The Miller of the Dee* whose tune was used over and again in eighteenth century ballad operas (*The Quaker's Opera, The Devil to Pay, Love in a Village,* etc.). Beethoven harmonized a version for George Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs* (1793-1841).

References
Chappell II, p. 666-8, *Williams* p. 194; *Greig FSNE* No. XLI.

1 I am a jolly miller came frae the mill o' Straloch,
And if you do not know me, my name is Willie Sprott;
I play upon the bagpipes wi' mickle mirth and glee
And I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me.
2 First when I came here aboot, I'd too much for to do
Wi' grinding corn and shearing grass, both late and early, too,
But now the harvest's over and I'm in my mill-ee,
And I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me.
3 *Wi' carrying heavy burdens my back's inclined to boo,*
Wi' carrying heavy burdens my back's near broke in two,
But nature has formed the eemost lip for a pinch of the sneeshin bree,
And I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me.
4 My mill's got new machinery, it's somewhat strange to me,
It's of a new construction as ever my eyes did see,
Gin I had twa or three roonds o' her and a pinch of the broon Rappee,
I'd care for nobody, no not I, and nobody'd care for me.
5 I'm engaged wi' Doctor Ramsey, he's laird owre a' oor land
And when that he does call on me I am at his command.
Some people say he's quarrelsome, but he never quarrels me,
So I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me.

11 THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN, *played on the fiddle by John Doherty, Donegal; recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.*

It would be hard to say whether John Doherty, the Donegal pedlar, is a finer fiddler than his brother Mike, also a traveller and heard on *Songs of Courtship,* Side B, No. 5, in this Series. Their forefathers are said to have been fiddlers to the princes of Donegal and their father was a famous Donegal fiddler as well as a horse dealer and horse doctor. John remembers how strict his father was in his musical training and how, a few moments before his death at the age of ninety, he stood up on his bed, took his fiddle and showed his sons how a reel should be played. Those who have heard the standard, thumped-out version of this best-known of all Irish jig tunes will be surprised and delighted to hear the lyrical treatment that the great John Doherty gives it here.

References
O'Neill DMI No. 317; *Aird's Selection* (1782); *McGoun's Repository of Scots and Irish Airs* (n.d., c. 1800).

12 FAREWELL TO WHISKY, *sung by Jessie Murray, Portnockie, Buchan; recorded by Alan Lomax.*

Family life in the industrial slums was constantly threatened by the habitual drunkeness of both wives and husbands who sought solace from the grinding poverty of their lives in the gin shops. Such were the conditions that produced the present song, a popular street ballad in Scotland in the 1860's and '70's, and a pathetic and genuine appeal for temperance from the heart of the people.

References
Also known as *Oh Johnnie, My man.* Ord. p. 367; Ford p. 327.

1 I'll gang to the alehoose and look for my Jimmy,
The day is far spent and the night's comin' on,
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up, my Jimmy, and come awa' hame.
2 Nae mind o' the bairnies that are at hame greetin',
Nae meal in the barrow to fill their wee wames,
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up, my Jimmy, and come awa' hame.
3 Wha's that at the door that is speakin' so kindly
It's the voice of my wifie called Jeannie by name,
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up, my Jimmy, and come awa' hame.
4 Fareweel to the whisky that mak's me so brisky,
Fareweel to the alehoose I'll visit nae mair,
Sin Jeannie is waitin', her pair hairt is breakin',
So fare thee well, alehoose, and I'll awa' hame.

13 THE ROVING PLOUGHBOY, *sung by John McDonald (with melodeon), Elgin, Moray; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

John McDonald – gamekeeper and molecatcher on a large estate – learned his songs from tinkers, farm servants and shepherds. He recalls that in his younger days the flocks of sheep, moving north to summer pastures, 'stretched down the road as far as I could see'. The shepherds, who often stayed overnight with his family, taught him their ballads.

His song uses the poetic formulas and the tune of *The Gypsy Laddie* but it is also related to *The Collier Laddie,* to the famous love song of the bothies, *Mormond Braes,* and to *The Brewer Laddie.* In such songs as these the girls choose workingmen over all other suitors.

Reference
Buchan p. 82.

1 Saddle tae me my auld grey mare,
Come saddle tae me my pony-o,
And I will tak' the road and I'll go far away
After the roving ploughboy-o.
Ploughboy-o, ploughboy-o,
I'll follow the roving ploughboy-o.
2 Last night I lay on a fine feather bed
Sheets and blankets sae cosy-o,
This night I maun lie in a cold barn shed,
Wrapped in the arms o' my ploughboy-o.
Ploughboy-o, etc.
3 A champion ploughman, my Geordie-o
Cups and medals and prizes-o,
On bonny Deveronside there are none to compare
With my jolly roving ploughboy-o.
Ploughboy-o, etc.
4 Sae fare ye well to old Huntley toon,
Fare thee well, Drumdelgie-o,
For noo I'm on the road and I'm go'n' far awa'
After the roving ploughboy-o.
Ploughboy-o, etc.

Volume III SIDE B

1 THE BUCHAN MILLER, *sung by John McDonald (with melodeon). Elgin, Moray; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

The miller with his grinding stones has long been an erotic figure in European folklore. He is celebrated in songs in French, Italian and Spanish, and Chaucer makes him the comic hero of 'The Reeve's Tale'. In *The Idiom of the People,* James Reeves gives us one verse in which all the symbols are gathered together:

Then he got up the mill to grind
And left her down the stones to mind,
Then an easy up and down, –
She scarce could tell when her corn was ground.

Many listeners will recognize this tune, which is related to *Johnny Comes Marching Home, Paddy Works on the Railroad, The Jolly Miller* (see Side A, No. 10) and many others.

Reference
Buchan p. 86.

1 I am a miller to my trade
And that fu' well you ken-o,
I am a miller to my trade
And that fu' well you know,
I am a miller to my trade
And mony's the bag o' meal I've made
And courted mony a bonnie maid
Among the bags o' meal-o.
2 It's merrily gangs the wheels aroond
That grinds the pease and corn-o,
It's merrily gangs the wheels aroond
That maks the stanes to go,
Oh, it's merrily gangs the wheels aroond,
And when the corn's ripe and soond,
I'll be the happiest man aroond
Among the bags o' meal-o.
3 It happened on a weekday night,
I start to leave the lane-o,
It happened on a weekday night,
My lassie she passed by,
Aye, an' gently stepping o'er the linns
She heard the millie's clattering din
And softly said: May I come in
And shelter from the rain-o?
4 Says I: My lass, you're welcome here,
Come in and dry your claes-o,
Said I: My lass, you're welcome here
Come in and dry your claes,
Said I: My lass, you're welcome here
Now here's some news that I would speir,
If you'll consent to be my dear
Among the bags o' meal-o.
5 That night she named the weddin' day
Among the bags o' meal-o,
That night she named the weddin' day,
Oh that fu' well I know;
And tho' the weddin's by lang syne
And now we hae two bairnies fine
And some o' them are sometimes playing
Among the bags o' meal-o.

2 FAGAN THE COBBLER, *sung by 'Wickets' Richardson (with chorus), Blaxhall, Woodbridge, Suffolk; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*

This was recorded in the 'Ship' Inn, Blaxhall, with the singer putting an imaginary shoe on his knee, pretending to sew and hammer while the whole room joined in the chorus.

1 My name it is Fagan the cobbler,
And I been at it now hall me life
To earn one honest shilling
To take home to my darling young wife. (While I sing)
Twine, twine, twine, twiddle, twine
With me twine, twine, twiddle all day,
To me whack fol the riddle all the laddy
To me whack fol the riddle all day.

2 My wife she started drinking
And she's drinking her pints by the score
Oh I know she's a-spending all my money
Down at old Blaxhall Ship. (While I sing)
Twine, twine, etc.
3 *My wife she's turned teetotaller*
And she swears she won't mop any more,
For now she's a-saving all my money
She's putting it by in galore. (While I sing)
Twine, twine, etc.

3 THE OULD PIPER, *sung by Frank McPeake (with uillean pipes), Belfast; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*
Frank McPeake, venerable elder of the celebrated family of musicians, learned this song from the late Carl Hardebeck, an accomplished German musician who made his home in Ireland and became Professor of Irish Music in Cork in the 1920s. Hardebeck composed this piece to satirize the kind of piper who only knows one tune. A full performance of the song may be found on a Topic record 12T87, 'The McPeake Family'.

1 There was an old piper, old and hoary
He lived in the town of Ballyboree(n)
Well this old piper he played before Moses
And this was all the tune that he could play.
N-y-a.....
2 Well this old piper, old and hoary,
That lived in the town of Ballyboree(n)
He died one day and he went down below
And this was all the tune that he could play.
3 When the devil saw this old man,
He said; 'Put him down in the frying pan,
For this is another old piper I vow;
Put him down with the rest for to play.'

4 SWEEP, CHIMNEY SWEEP, *sung by Bob and Ron Copper, Rottingdean, Sussex; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*
The towns of England once echoed to the cries of vendors and craftsmen, and even today in the streets of South London one may hear the singing-cry of gipsy lavender-sellers. The roots of this somewhat self-concious, but charming, song go far back. The first verse occurs in Catnach's *The Cries of London* (1815 c.).

Reference
Baring-Gould SW p. 40.

1 Sweep, chim-nie sweep
Is the common cry I keep (2)
If you can but rightly understand me,
With my brush, broom and my rake, (2)
See what clean-lie work I make
With my hoe, hoe, hoe, and my hoe
And it's sweep, chim-nie sweep for me.
2 *Girls came unto the door,*
I looked as black as any Moor, (2)
I am as constant and true as the day,
Although my face is black, (2)
I can give as good a smack.
And there's no-one, no-one, no-one, there's no-one,
And there's no-one shall call me on high.
3 Girls came unto the door,
I looked as black as any Moor. (2)
Go and fetch me some beer that I might swallow.
I can climb up to the top (2)
Without a ladder or a rope,
And it's there you, there you, there you, and there you,
And it's there you will hear me hullo.
4 Now here I do stand
With my hoe all in my hand, (2)
Like a soldier that's on the senterie.
I will work for a better sort (2)
And kindly thank them for it,
I will work, work, work, and I'll work
And I'll work for none but genterie.

5 THE MASON'S APRON, *played on two fiddles by Agnes and Bridie Whyte, Loughrea, County Galway, recorded by Alan Lomax.*
There are a number of songs which indicate that the masons once travelled about looking for work and charmed the girls on their way:

I wouldn't marry a sailor that sails on the sea,
Nor yet would I a ploughboy that whistles o'er the lea.
But I will marry a mason, for he's a bonny lad,
And I'll wash the mason's apron and think it no degrade.

A Scots bawdy ballad further indicates that the leather apron of the masons brought forth very pleasant associations in a young woman's mind:

One evening they walked out the road thegither (together)
And wandered till daylight was almost gone,
They sat them down on a bank together,
And he kissed his lassie wi' his apron on.
Indeed, bonnie laddie, I'll be plain and tell ye,
My heart and affections from others are gone.
You'll be welcome to wed me and then to bed me,
And kiss me aye wi' your apron on.

The reel, known also as *The Mason's Cap* and *The Mason Laddie,* was already in print in the eighteenth century (e.g. in *Aird's Selections,* 1782).

References
O'Neill MI No. 1343, DMI No. 598; and under title: *Lady Carbury* in Joyce OIFMS p. 164.

6 RHYNIE, *sung by John Strachan (with chorus), Fyvie, Aberdeenshire; recorded by Alan Lomax and Hamish Henderson.*
During the last one hundred years, when ballad singing has been declining in Great Britain, it found a refuge among the farm labourers of Aberdeenshire. These men lived in crude dormitories called 'bothies'. There, on some evenings, the milk maids would slip out for a visit to dance, to sing and sometimes to make love. Mostly, however, the men led lonely bachelor lives and they passed time in singing and in composing songs about the hardships of their lives. The present ballad tells of a rich farmer's son who quarrelled with his father, lost his inheritance and took work as a labourer at the farm of Bogend in Rhynie, Strathbogie. Here he sets down his opinion of the place. The tune has been used as a setting for the better-known *Barnyards of Delgaty.*

References
Ord p. 268, under title: The Bogend Hairst; Buchan p. 83.

1 At Rhynie I sheared my first hairst,
Near to the foot o' Bennachie;
My maister was richt ill to fit,
But laith was I to lose my fee.
Lilten lowren lowren addy,
Lilten lowren lowren ee.
2 Rhynie's work is ill to work,
And Rhynie's wages is but sma'
And Rhynie's laws are double strict
And that does grieve me worst of a'.
Lilten etc.
3 Rhynie's it's a cauld clay hole,
It's far frae like my faither's toon; (toon = farm)
And Rhynie's it's a hungry place;
It doesna suit a lowland loon.
Lilten etc.
4 But sair I've wrocht and sair I've focht,
And I hae won my penny fee;
And I'll gang back the gait I cam,
And a better bairnie I will be.
Lilten etc.

7 THE TAILOR BY TRADE, *sung by Joe Tunney, Beleek, Co. Fermanagh; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*
This comic portrait of the little tailor bullied by a drunken wife is certainly of recent origin and is of the type much favoured by singers in small touring companies of entertainers.

References
Sharp IP p. 203; The tune is an Anglo-Irish jig tune called *Tenpenny Bit,* much used for this type of song (*O'Neill MI* Nos. 929-30, *DMI* No. 162).

1 *Come all young men, where'er you be,*
And listen to my lamentation,
I courted a girl of beauty rare
And I loved her beyond admiration.
Soon in time she became my wife,
It wasn't for love; it was for riches,
And then at times it caused great strife
To see which of us would wear the britches.
2 *Oh, Paddy Keane, it is my name,*
My height it is five foot eleven,
And my wife she is not so big
She only measures four foot seven,
How often we do fight and bawl
With nothing going but rogues and witches
Her head comes often to the wall
But still she swears she'll wear the britches.
3 I am a tailor to my trade,
At cutting out I am quite handy,
And all the money that I earn
She lives it out on tay and brandy;
The hedges I have nearly stripped,
I've left them short of rods and switches,
Her hide with blows I have left black,
But still she swears she'll wear the britches.
4 One morning at the tay and eggs,
Contented sitting by the fire,
She threw the taypot at my legs
She made me leap and then retire,
How often I do sigh and moan,
I may go hobbling on me critches,
I wish I'd broke me collarbone,
The day I let her wear my britches.
5 So now young men where'er you be
Ne'er marry a maid if she's enchanting
For if you do when she is young
With the young men she'll be gallanting,
Now my advice to any young man
Is to marry for love and work for riches.
If you can't get a girl with a civil tongue
That'll give you leave to wear your britches.

8 THE WEE WEAVER, *played on the fiddle by John Doherty, Donegal; recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.*
John Doherty, strolling pedlar and one of the king fiddlers of Ireland, tells the following story before he plays this haunting tune: 'There was once a weaver and he was a very careful kind of a man and he wanted to save up and be very careful. And nearby there was an old cobbler living, and he was a very careful kind of a man, too, and wanted to save everything. So one night he came to the weaver for advice about how to save, and the weaver began to sing this air, and the name he called it was *The Wee Weaver.* So anyhow, the weaver it seems, he became so sad listening to the air that he had to forsake his loom for that night. He couldn't go back to his work.'

Perhaps the poor little weaver had in mind the Scots Irish song that runs:

I am a wee weaver confined to my loom;
My love she is fairer than the red rose in June;
She is loved by all young men and does grieve me;
My heart's in the bosom of lovely Mary.

9 JIM THE CARTER LAD, *sung by Jack Goodfellow, Rennington, Northumberland; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*
A century or so ago, when this music hall ditty was popular, few people in the rural areas ever went far from their villages in their entire lives. A journey to London was an epic adventure to be remembered always. In this immobile world, the waggoner was a romantic figure, envied by men and sighed over by young women, as the many songs celebrating the carefree life of the waggoner attest:

It is a dark and stormy night
And I'm wet to the skin,
But I'll bear it with contentment
Till I get to the inn,
Where I shall get good liquor
And the landlord and his friends,
Sing wo, my lads, sing wo!
Drive on, my lads, I-o!
Who would not lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner!

With the coming of the railroad, all this was to change, and in 1835 the rural ballad maker was singing :

Along the country roads, alas.
But waggoners few are seen,
The world is topsy turvy turned
And all things go by steam.
And all the past is passed away
Like to a moving dream.

References
Greig FSNE No. XCIX; Sam Henry, No. 171 (Co. Derry). HAMER, p. 68.

1 Me name is Jim the carter
A jolly cock am I,
I always am contented
Be the weather wet or dry ;
I crack me fingers at the snow
And whistle at the rain
And I've braved the storm for many a day
And can do so again.
So it's crack, crack, goes me whip
I whistle and I sing ;
I sit upon me wagon,
I'm as happy as a king ;
Me horse is always willing
And for me I'm never sad ;
There's nane could lead a jollier life
Nor Jim the carter lad.

2 It's my father was a carrier
Many years ere I was born ;
He used to rise at daybreak
And go his round each morn,
He'd often take me with him
Especially in the Spring,
When I loved to sit upon the cart
And hear me father sing.

3 It's now the girls all smile on me,
As I go driving past ;
The horse is such a beauty,
As we jog along so fast ;
We've travelled many weary miles
But happy days we've had,
And there's none can use a horse more kind
Nor Jim the carter lad.
So its crack, crack, etc.

4 *Now friends, I bid you all adieu*
'Tis time I was away;
I know my horse will weary,
If I much longer stay;
To see your smiling faces here
It makes me feel quite glad,
And I know you'll grant your kind applause
To Jim the carter lad.

10 DRUMDELGIE, *sung by Davy Stewart (with accordion), Dundee, Angus; recorded by Alan Lomax.*
Davy Stewart, the strolling, accordion-playing troubador well known in Glasgow, Dundee and Aberdeen, here sings one of the most popular of the bothy ballads of Northeast Scotland. Like so many worker ballads in both Great Britain and America, it attempts to do no more than give an account of the daily life of the labouring man. In Scotland this was often uncompromisingly hard. The men assembled each year at hiring fairs, where the local farmers came and looked them over like so many animals and contracted with them for a year's work. If they displeased their masters and did not conform to the severe regimen of the farm, they might be dismissed after several months with barely a penny to show for their labour. A man thus kept his mouth shut until he was clear of the farm, and then expressed his sentiments as does this singer in his final stanza.

References
Greig FSNE No. IV ; *Ord* p. 209.

1 There's a fairm toon up in Carnie,
It's kent baith far and wide,
It's ca'ed the Haughs o' Drumdelgie
On bonny Deveronside,
Five o'clock we early rise
And hurry doon the stair,
To get wor horses corn and fed
And likewise straicht their hair.

2 Half an hour to the stable
To the kitchie we all go,
To get started tae our breakfast
It's generally brose ;
We hardly get time to finish
And gi'en wor pints o' tay
When the grieve he cries : Hallo, me lads,
You'll be nae langer nigh.

3 At sax o'clock the mill's pit on
To gi'e us a' straicht wark,
An' twal' o' us to wark at her,
Till ye could wring oor sark.
At acht o'clock the mill's taen off,
We hurry doon the mair,
To get some quarter through the fan
Till daylight doth appear.

4 The cloods begin to gently lift
The sky begin to clear,
The grieve he cries : Oho, me lads
You'll be no langer here.
An' sax o' ye'll gang to the ploo'
Sax to ca' the neeps
And the owsen they'll be after thee
When they get on their feet.

5 At puttin' on the harness
An' dra'in' oot the yook,
The drift dang on sae very thick
That we were like to choke ;
The drift dang on sae very thick
The ploo', she wid na go,
Twas then the cairtin' did commence
Amang the frost an' snow.

6 Drumdelgie keeps a Sunday schuil,
He thinks it is but richt
To teach the young and innocent
The way for tae dae recht,
But fare ye well, Drumdelgie toon,
I'll bid ye a' adieu,
An' I'll leave ye as I found ye,
A maist uncivil crew.

11 THE MERRY HAYMAKERS, *sung by Bob and Ron Copper, Rottingdean, Sussex; recorded by Peter Kennedy.*
Certainly no class of people in the West suffered more from oppression, injustice and poverty than the rural workers of England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Their common lands were enclosed and they were forced to go into the mills and mines, or else to become day labourers. Their cottages were often mere hovels of clay, and their diet was wretched. Their sporadic attempts to revolt or even to express their indignation were put down with savage violence. Yet, although they learned to doff the cap and bend the knee, they never lost their pride in their work and their deep love of the land that they had made fertile. So the idyllic songs, created during a more stable time before enclosure and capitalist farming pauperised so many farm workers, doggedly survived here and there in the country repertory. Thus, in effect, the farm workers asserted that they were the true lords of the land by virtue of their labour on it. The present song appears on a broadside of 1695.

References
Bell p. 171 ; *Baring-Gould SW* p. 222 ; *Williams* p. 187.

1 'Twas in the pleasant month of May
In the springtime of the year,
And down by yonder meadow
There runs a river clear.
See how the little fishes,
How they do sport and play,
Causing many a lad and many a lass
To go there a-making hay.

2 Then in comes that scytheman
That meadow to mow down,
With his old leathered bottle
And the ale that runs so brown.
There's many a stout and a labouring man
Goes there his skill to try,
He works, he mows, he sweats, he blows
And the grass cuts very dry.

3 Then in comes both Tom and Dick
With their pitchforks and their rakes,
And likewise Black-eyed Susan,
The hay all for to make.
There's a sweet, sweet, sweet and a jug, jug, jug,
How the harmless birds do sing
From the morning till the evening
As we were haymaking.

4 It was just at one evening
As the sun was a-going down,
We saw the jolly piper come
A-strolling through the town ;
There he pulled out his tapering pipes
And he made the valleys ring,
So we all put down our rakes and forks
And we left off haymaking.

5 We call-ed for a dance
And we tripp-ed it along,
We danced all round the hay-cocks
Till the rising of the sun,
When the sun did shine such a glorious light
And the harmless birds did sing,
Each lad he took his lass in hand
And went back to his haymaking.

12 I'LL MEND YOUR POTS AND KETTLES, *played on the uillean pipes by Seamus Ennis, Dublin; recorded by Alan Lomax.*
Even today in Britain, the wandering tinkers are prime carriers of folk tunes and ballads. A century or so ago the travelling folk must have made music wherever they moved. A tune may well have announced the arrival of a roving tinsmith in some country village. For some housewives, the tune must have had a double meaning, if one can believe the number of bawdy ballads involving tinkers. Here is one played on the uillean pipes, an eighteenth century invention of the Irish and the most elaborate bagpipes played in Europe. Blown by small elbow bellows, the uillean pipes have the two-octave chanter (melody pipe), three drones (tenor, middle and bass) at intervals of an octave and tuned to the keynote of the set, and three regulators (pipes fitted with brass keys) that provide simple harmonies.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Baring-Gould/ Hammond/Gardiner — Ed James Reeves. *The Everlasting Circle. English traditional verse from the MSS of S. Baring-Gould, H. E. D. Hammond, and George B. Gardiner.* London, 1960.

Baring-Gould SW — S. Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood-Sheppard. *Songs and Ballads of the West.* (3rd) Edition revised by Cecil J. Sharp. London, 1905.

Bell — Robert Bell. *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England.* London, 1857.

Chappell — William Chappell. *Popular Music of the Olden Time.* 2 vols. London, 1858, 9. Reprint, New York, 1965.

Broadwood CS — Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland. *English County Songs.* London, 1893.

Buchan — Norman Buchan (ed.) *101 Scottish Songs.* Glasgow and London, 1962.

Ford — Robert Ford (ed.). *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland.* Paisley, n.d. /1904/.

FSJ — *Journal of the Folk Song Society,* continued as *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society.* London, 1899 – In progress.

Greig FSNE — Gavin Greig. *Folk-song of the North-East.* Hatboro, Penn. 1963.

Guide — Margaret Dean-Smith. *A Guide to English Folk Song Collections, 1822–1952.* Liverpool, 1954.

Hamer — Fred Hamer. *Garners Gay.* London, 1967.

Sam Henry — *Sam Henry Collection:* Photostat copies of 'Songs of the People', contributed to *The Northern Constitution,* Coleraine, 1924-38. (Copies at BBC, Belfast, and English Folk Dance and Song Society.)

Joyce OIFMS — P. W. Joyce. *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs.* Dublin, 1909.

Kidson GEFS — Frank Kidson. *A Garland of English Folk Songs.* London, 1926.

Lloyd CAYB — A. L. Lloyd (ed.) *Come All Ye Bold Miners: Ballads & Songs of the Coalfields.* London, 1952.

Lloyd CB — A. L. Lloyd (ed). *Coaldust Ballads.* London, 1952.

O'Neill DMI — Francis O'Neill. *The Dance Music of Ireland.* Dublin, 1965.

O'Neill MI — Francis O'Neill. *The Music of Ireland.* Chicago, 1903.

Ord — John Ord. *Bothy Songs and Ballads.* Paisley, 1930.

Pills — Thomas D'Urfey (ed.). *Wit and Mirth; or Pills to Purge Melancholy.* 6 vols. London, 1719-20.

Sharp EFS — Cecil J. Sharp. *English Folk Songs.* 2 vols. London, n.d. /1921/. Reprinted in one book, 1959.

Sharp IP — Ed. James Reeves. *The Idiom of the People, English Traditional Verse from the MSS of Cecil Sharp,* London, 1958.

Stokoe/Reay — John Stokoe and Samuel Reay. *Songs and Ballads of Northern England.* Newcastle upon Tyne and London, n.d. /?1892/.

Williams — Alfred Williams. *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames.* London, 1923.

Topic Records Limited
27 Nassington Road
London NW3