

THE FOLK SONGS OF BRITAIN

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

PETER KENNEDY AND ALAN LOMAX

Fair Game and Foul

VOLUME SEVEN



CAEDMON RECORDS, INC.
NEW YORK

SIDE ONE

1. THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE POACHER

Jim Baldry, Woodbridge, Suffolk, England.
recorded by Peter Kennedy, July, 1956.

For uncounted centuries the dwellers on the British Isles subsisted on a diet of fish and game. As feudal barons—then kings and bishops, later landed gentry—enclosed the hunting and fishing grounds, the British yeoman stubbornly persisted in his loved pursuit of game. The appeal of Robin Hood and his merry men feasting off the "King's deer" in Sherwood Forest was their assertion of the time-honored right of the British freeman to hunt and fish where he pleased. The battle between the rich, who wished to keep the game for themselves, and the poor, who wanted a tasty bit of venison or an odd hare for the family table, continued unabated through the 18th and 19th centuries. Poaching laws were enacted by Parliament, which condemned a man who stole a single rabbit to be transported for hire to the colonial prisons of Tasmania or Australia. Armed game-keepers were instructed to shoot poachers on sight. The Houses of Parliament solemnly legalized the use of man-traps—steel spikes held back by huge springs which would break a man's thigh or impale him. Meantime, the common folk of Britain blithely continued poaching, pitting their wits against the game-keeper and smacking their lips over the stolen venison.

Jim Baldry, the singer, was *by trade* a painter and a paper hanger, but *by calling* was a poacher, like his father before him:

My father was a big, raw-boned fellow who cared for nothing and nobody. There was more poaching done in that time than there was anything else. When the moon was right, they used to send a bloke out near a wood and fire a couple of shots. The keepers would all flock there while the remainder of the gang would be in another place poaching. That's where they got the beer money from. They used to sing these here poaching songs one agin another in the pub.

Chappell writes that the song was sung by a chorus of several hundred voices at Windsor at the Harvest Homes of George IV. Kidson agrees with Chappell that the tune is a version of the Lancashire air, "The Manchester Angel," (FSJ 3, p. 118). The oldest published copy appeared at York about 1776 according to Robert Bell in *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*. Traditional versions and printed broadsides always speak of Northamptonshire, no matter where the song has been recorded, but all later printed versions title it, "The Lincolnshire Poacher."

The Northamptonshire Poacher

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The first staff is labeled 'v.1'. The second staff is labeled 'CHORUS'. The third staff is labeled 'v.2'. The fourth staff is labeled 'v.3'. The fifth staff is labeled 'CHORUS'. The sixth staff is labeled 'CHORUS'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

1. *When I was bound apprentice in fam-e-rous Northamptonshire,
I served my master truly for seven long year,
Then I took up game-poaching, on this you now must hear,
O it's my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.
CHORUS (Repeat last line) OMITTED*
2. *My companion and I, we was sitting four or five,
Taking them up again, we caught the hare alive,
A game-keeper stood watching us, for him we did not care,
For we could whistle and fight, me boys, jump over anywhere.
CHORUS: O it's my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year*
3. *We threw him over our shoulders and wandered through the town,
We called unto the neighborhood and we sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, me boys, but I did not tell you where,
O it's my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.
CHORUS OMITTED*
4. *OMITTED Now here's success to poachers, but I do not think 'tis fair,
Bad luck to every game-keeper who would not sell his deer,
Good luck to every game-keeper, if he wants to buy a hare —
O it's my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.*

2. JIMMY RAEBURN

Jessie Murray, Portnockie, Banffshire, Scotland.
recorded by Alan Lomax, July, 1951.

This tragic story of a Scots lad, convicted of poaching and transported for life to Australia, was long a popular ballad in Scotland. Jimmy Raeburn was a baker by trade. His sweet-heart, Catherine Chandlier, tells the story of his arrest:

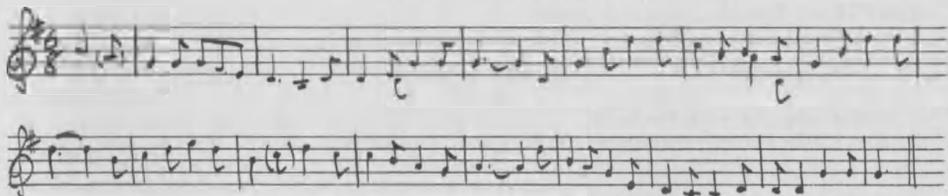
We parted at 10 o'clock, and Jamie was in the police office at twenty minutes past ten. Going home, he met an acquaintance of his boyhood, who took him in to treat him for auld lang syne. Scarcely had they entered when the detectives appeared and apprehended him. Searched, the stolen property was found. They were tried and banished for life to Botany Bay. Jamie was innocent as the unborn babe, but his heartless companion spoke not a word of his innocence.

Robert Ford's *Vagabond's Songs*, p. 243, Gardner, Paisley, 1904.

FSJ No. 8, p. 180-181.

Northern Ireland, Sam Henry Collection No. 151.

Jimmy Raeburn



1. OMITTED My name is Jimmy Raeburn, frae Glasgow Toon I came,
My place and habitation was forced to leave for shame,
My place and habitation noo I mun gang awa'
Far, far frae a' the hills and dales o' Caledonia.
2. It was early in the morning, before the dawn of day,
Our keeper he came round to us and unto us did say,
"Arise, you helpless convicts, arise, ye ain and a'
This is the day you have to stray frae Caledonia."
3. We mounted the coach and our hearts was full of grief,
Our parents, wives and sweethearts could grant us no relief,
Our parents, wives and sweethearts their heart was brak' in twa.
To see us leave the hills and dales o' Caledonia.
4. Farewell, my ag-ed father, for you are the best of men,
And likewise to my sweethairt, for Catherine is her name,
Nae mair we'll walk the Clyde's clear streams nor by the Broomielaw,
Farewell to a' the hills and dales o' Caledonia
5. OMITTED Farewell my ag-ed mother, and grieve for what I've done,
I hope none will cast up to you the race that I have run,
The Lord he will protec' you, when I am far awa',
Far frae a' the hills and dales o' Caledonia.
6. OMITTED If ne'er we meet on earth again, we'll meet in Heaven above,
Where Hallelujahs will be sung to Him who reigns in Love,
Nae earthly judge to judge us, but Him who rules us a',
Farewell till a' the hills and dales o' Caledonia.

3. DRUMHULLOGAN BOTTOM

Thomas Moran, Mohill, Leitrim, Eire.

recorded by Seamus Ennis, December, 1954.

Here a great old ballad singer of Leitrim, Thomas Moran, rumbles through a long Irish satirical come-all-ye, aimed at British landlords of Ireland who used the police to harass the poachers. Songs in this lampooning style are still being composed in rural Ireland. We have one scurrilous rhyme on Donegal landlords who exercised "droit de seigneur" over the comely maidens on their estates; other such retail religious controversies. Typically Irish is the internal, assonantal rhyming employed here a trait that is common in Gaelic verse.

Drumhullogan Bottom



1. *One summers evening, when at my leisure,
for sport and pleasure, I being bent for fun,
I ranged the fields and the mossy hills
Where opinion yields to my dog and gun.*
2. *O the charms of nature, they were engaging,
The grouse and pheasant all were on wing,
Down by yon bramble, where I do ramble,
Where the blackbirds warble and the thrushes sing.*
3. *O my heart increasing with "animay singing" (animation),
Perambulating, I took my way,
It seemed invited, till I was excited
By the old bloody wiper that in ambush lay*
4. *Those low-life coolies, we call the police,
They lay before me, like serpents keen,
With preparation, in combination
To have me taken, they did all agree.*
5. *When they heard me shooting, sure they came crooching,
To take me poaching was their desire,
They are worse than Pharoahs or cruel Nero,
They run, like beagles, through mud and mire.*
6. *O but all their plottin' and schemes were rotten,
In Drumhullogan Bottoms, they in ambush lay,
As I was loadin' after explodin',
They pounced upon me like wolves of prey,*
7. *OMITTED With a voice like thunder, which makes me wonder
They cried: "Surrender in the Queen's name;"
Give up your arms without alarm
To seize my armament was their aim,"*
8. *But I told them plainly: "For to go easy
And not to tease me about their Queen,
I being a stranger to fear or danger
And a son to Erin that adored the Green."*
9. *O, then this enraged them, for to asseize me
They cried: "You Papish, we'll make you rue,"
It was over hedges and rugged ridges
Through swamps and sedges they did me pursue*
10. *It was to my heels and as through the fields,
O with yells and squeals, they did me surround,
With eyes like eagles and cries like beagles,
They were not able for to run me down.*
11. *For I being light-airy, brisk as a fairy,
I did not care about the dirty clan,
I'd give them light bail or else go to gaol,
Or perhaps sail over from old Ireland.*
12. *Well I have gained my liberty, throughout this country
In spite of bigotry, or tyrant's laws
I can dance and singe, make the taverns ring
Or a shilling spin, with my country boys*
13. *OMITTED There's more disorders yet, on our borders
Our Patron Saint he forgot to kill
That these cruel landlords, like wizened farmers
The "Curragh-morbies" and policemen*

4. SWEET FANNY ADAMS

Vashti Vincent, Sixpenny Handley, Wilts, England.

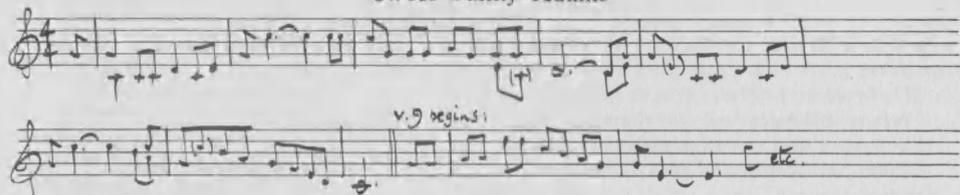
recorded by Peter Kennedy, October 21, 1954.

Our singer, Mrs. Vincent, tells us that:

Years ago, it didn't used to be like it is now, when a murder was on. My father used to be a shepherd and used to go to Wilton Fair years ago—drive his sheep up there—and when he come home, he told us that men was walking about up there with a placard and on it about Fanny Adams. He heard the song sung up there at the Fair, brought it home and we learnt it. I was about 10 years old at the time.

Fanny Adams, a child of eight, was murdered at Alton in Hampshire, August 27, 1867, by Frederick Baker, a solicitor's clerk. Baker, an early and distinguished member of the fraternity of British sadists who includes such unforgettables as Christie and Jack the Ripper, was sentenced to be hung at the Winter Assizes at the Castle, Winchester. His crime created a sensation. A ballad was hawked about markets and fairs throughout the country, and, though the song is now all but forgotten, it has left its trace in British slang in the expression, "Sweet Fanny Adams!" At first, this expression was applied to any suspicious meat stew served up in the Royal Navy. Later, when the incident had been forgotten, the term came to mean "nothing:" a man who worked for no pay would say, "I got 'Sweet Fanny Adams' for my pains." Now-a-days, the meaning of the expression has been further obscured and twisted into obscene usage.

Sweet Fanny Adams



1. (OMITTED) *Now mothers dear, who love your little children,
Pray listen awhile unto me;
I once had a daughter like an angel
But now from all trouble she is free,*
2. (OMITTED) *She oftentimes would wander with her sister
In the fields gathering wild flowers gay;
I love her the more when I miss her
My sorrow I shall never drive away.*
3. *On Saturday the twenty-first of August
My poor Fanny and her sister went to play
With another little girl, Minnie Warren,
Little thinking of danger on her way.*
4. *But soon they met young Frederick Baker,
Who's a clerk in solitary we hear,
His parents well-to-do and much respected
At Houghton in the County of Hampshire.*
5. *Three halfpence the monster gave the children
To go sweetmeats for to buy,
My poor Fanny's hand he dragged bewildered
To the hollow as she bitterly did cry.*
6. *When the children came home without my Fanny
The neighbours searched the fields and all around;
In the hop-ground the head with the eyes out
And the left ear cut off upon the ground.*
7. (OMITTED) *Both arms and one leg cut from the body—
Such a cruel deed too strong that man of earth
Was to hide such a crime so bewildered
My child cut to pieces dead in dearth.*

8. (OMITTED) *Supposing he so cruelly violate her,
My child, scarcely eight years of age,
Was slain and cut to pieces by a villain
But now he's lying in the silent grave.*

CHORUS: *Shall I never see thee more, my dearest Fanny,
My child that I so fondly did love
Was slain and cut to pieces by a villain
But now she's in Heaven above*

5. SYLVIA

Timothy Walsh, Devonport, England.
BBC Sound Archive (Cyril Tawney), April, 1960.

Possibly this ballad does not belong in its present company, for it is actually another form of the romantic tale of the young lady who dresses in men's clothes in order to pursue her sweetheart. In this case, the heroine decides to test her lover's devotion by disguising herself as a highwayman and demanding at pistol point the ring she had given him as a love-token. He willingly gives over his money and watch, but swears that he will die before he will surrender the ring. Tender-hearted Sylvia rides away hiding her blushes and her pleasure under her outlaw's disguise.

A number of versions have been collected in various parts of England, New England, and Eastern Canada. The usual title is "The Female Highwayman." Old Timothy Walsh sings a fragmentary version to which we add the following stanzas from other sources:

After verse 5:

*What makes you blush at such a silly thing?
I fain would have had your diamond ring,
For 'twas I that robbed you on the plain—
So take your watch and gold again.*

Last 2 verses:

*I only did it for to know
Whether you were a true-lover or no.
But now I've a contented mind;
My heart and all, my dear, are thine.*

*The match was made without delay
And soon they fixed the wedding day,
And now they live in joy and content
In happiness their days are spent.*

Laws, 213.

Sylvia



1. *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia one day,
She dressed herself in men's array
With a loaded pistol down by her side
To rob her true-love (2), Sylvia did ride.*
2. *As she rode up to him and she bid him stand,
Stand and deliver all the gold you have,
Stand and deliver all your gold and store,
Or else this moment, (2), you life's no more.*

3. *He delivered up all his gold in store,
But yet, she said, there is one thing more,
There's a diamond ring that I know you do wear,
Deliver it (2), and your life I'll spare*
4. *Now this diamond ring, being a token give o'er,
This ring I'll keep or lose my life.
She was tender-hearted, just like a dove,
She rode (2), from her own true-love.*
5. *OMITTED Now as they were walking the garden green;
He spied his watch hanging from her chain,
He spied his watch hanging through her cloak,
Which made her blush (2), like any rose.*
6. *OMITTED Now why did you enter such a silly plot?
Suppose that pistol you did have shot—
If you had shot me upon that plain,
For ever after (2), you'd be put to shame.*

6. YOUNG WILLIE

Paddy McCluskey, Clough Mills, County Antrim, North Ireland.
BBC Sound Archive (Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle), August, 1953.

No British broadside ballad has been more important in American tradition than "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter" or "The Gosport Tragedy." It tells of a young lady lured from her home by her sailor-lover and murdered. Later, on shipboard, her ghost appears and tears him in three parts before the eyes of the superstitious crew. This latter part of the story did not survive in the common American variants, but the theme, the murder of the innocent and pregnant girl by her lover gave rise to many indigenous American ballads—"Pretty Polly", "The Knoxville Girl", "Hattie Stout", "Down in the Lone Green Valley" to mention only a few. This was certainly the most popular domestic folk ballad subject in middle America during the 19th century. Theodore Drieser chose it as the theme of his greatest novel, *The American Tragedy*.

Paddy McClusky, 73 years of age when he recorded this, presents a deeply moving if somewhat unusual variant. Normally it begins with the following two stanzas:

*In fair Worcester City and fair Worcestershire
A handsome young damsel there was living there,
A handsome young man courted her to be his dear
And he was by trade a ship carpenter.*

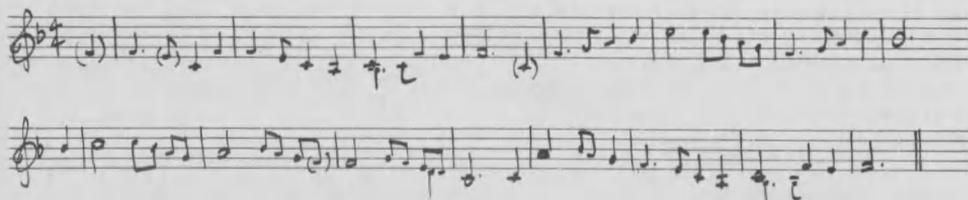
*Now the King wanted seamen to go on the sea
That caused this young damsel to sigh and to say,*

*"O William, o William, don't you go to sea,
Remember the vows that you made with me." . . .*

Laws, 268-9.

Lomax, *Folk Song USA*, New York, 1947. (Pretty Polly).

Young Willie



1. (OMITTED) *Fair ones are shining on foreign earth and town—
There lived a young damsel, her name was Miss Brown;
She courted young Willie, her darling to be,
His trade's name and steady a ship's carpenter had been.*
2. *Early one morning, before it was day,
A voice came to the window and unto her did say,
"Rise up, lovelie Mary, and come along with me
Before you get married, our friends we must see."*
3. (OMITTED) *He led her through fields and through valleys so deep,
Till at length lovely Mary begin for to weep,
Saying, "Willie, lovely Willie, you have led me all wrong—
Through fields and through valleys my life for to betray."*
4. (OMITTED) *"It's just the truth you say to me, it's just the truth you say
For late, late last night I was digging your grave;
Your grave that is open and a spade standing by,
And into the grave your fair body must lie."*
5. *He stabbed her (2), till the red blood did flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw;
He hobbled her so neat-lie and he hobbled her so sound,
Expecting this murder would never be found.*
6. *Early one morning before it broke day,
O up came the Captain and thus he did say,
There's murder on ship-board has late-lie been done,
Our good ship's in mourning and cannot sail on.*
7. *Up came a sailor: "Indeed, sir, not I."
Up came another: "Indeed, sir, not I."
But up came young Willie to damn, curse and swear—
"Indeed, sir, not I, sir, I vow and declare."*
8. *As Willie was going and turning around,
He met love-lie Mary, she was dressed in brown,
She caught him (2), she tore him in three,
Saying: "That's for the murder of baby and me."*

7. THE LAKES OF SHELLIN

Mary Reynolds, Mohill, County Leitrim, Eire.
BBC Sound Archive (Seamus Ennis), December, 1954.

In the tragedy of Willie Leonard we have a song of a different type than anything heard earlier on this record. Actually, it is a lament in the style of the Gaelic "col mor" or "big song" which was frequently composed to commemorate the tragic death of a Scots or an Irish hero. Generally, such songs are not in narrative-dramatic form. Indeed, there is no drama here, only the account of the death of the young man, the premonitory dreams of his sister, and a description of his funeral. Due to the Anglicization of the name of the lake where Willie was drowned, the song has appeared under a great variety of titles: "The Loch of Shallin", "The Lakes Cold Finn" and so forth. The original name of the lake was *Loughinshollin* or the *Loch of the Island of O'lynn's*, a powerful sept who, from the very early times, held extensive territory on the East side of the River Bann in Ireland.

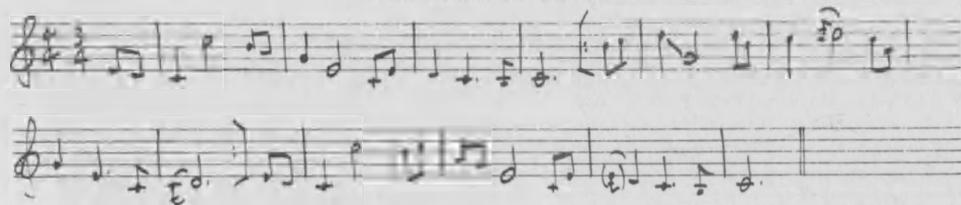
Favin-Greig: F-S of the N-E, CXIV.

Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Song*, Longmans, 1902, p. 227, "The Lake of Coolfinn".

Songs of the People, No. 176, "Loughinshollin."

Laws, 169.

The Lakes of Shellin



1. *It was early one morning Willie Leonard arose
And straight to his comrades' bed-chamber he goes,
Saying: "Arise, rise royal comrades, and let nobody know,
For it is a fine morning and a-bathing we'll go."*
2. *They walked and they talked till they came to a lane,
And the first man they met there was the keeper of game;
He advised them to turn back and not venture in,
For there's deep and false waters on the lakes of Shellin.*
3. *Young Willie stripped naked and he swam the lake round,
He swam foreign islands nut not for dry ground—
Saying, "Comrades, royal comrades, I am now getting weak—"
And these were the last words Willie Leonard did speak.*
4. (OMITTED) *It was early that morning his sister arose
And straight to her mother's bed-chamber she goes,
Saying: "Mother, dear mother, I had a sad dream
That Young Willie was floating on a watery Main."*
5. (OMITTED) *It was early that morning his mother went there
With a-ringing her fingers and a-tearing her hair,
Saying: "Where was he drowned, was nobody there
That would venture their life for my one only boy?"*
6. (OMITTED) *It was early that evening his Uncle went there,
He rode round the lake, like a man in despair;
Saying: "Where was he drowned or did he fall in?
My cursed life for ever on the lakes of Shellin."*
7. *The day of the funeral it was a sad sight,
Four-and-twenty young men and they all dressed in white,
They bore him on their shoulders and they laid him to rest,
Saying: "Farewell to you Willie and they all walked away."*

8. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

Robert Cinnamond, Belfast, N. Ireland.
recorded by Sean O'Boyle, August, 1955.

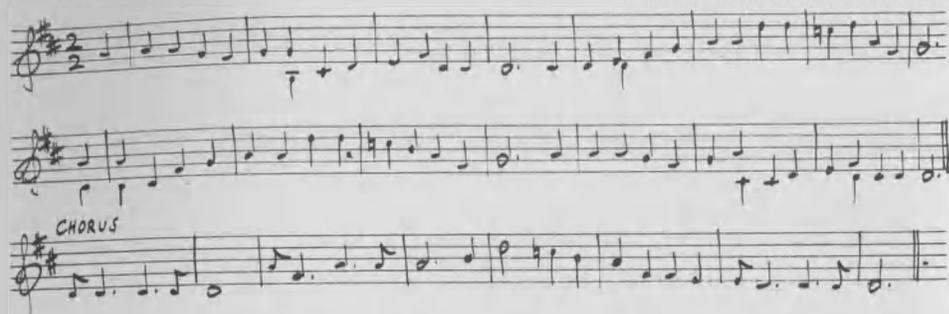
According to Joyce, bold Brennan, a loved hero of outlaw balladry in England, Ireland, and America, — flourished in the 18th century in the Kilworth Mountains near Fermoy, County Cork. In other versions, his adventures take him to other areas — the Limerick Mountains, for example — and one Arkansas balladier rhymes on to tell how Brennan reformed after his capture and became an English freebooter along with Drake and Hawkins.

Our singer, Robert Cinnamond, writes:

*My father, from whom I learned this song, used to
sing it with great spirit wherever he was and
received much ovation. It was sung at Fairs and
Markets and at week-ends in the pubs and wherever
the young boys and girls gathered together.*

Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, Longmans Freen, 1909.
Laws, 169.

Brennan on The Moor



1. *It's of a fearless highwayman, a story I will tell,
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell;
'Twas on the Limerick Mountain he commenced his wild career,
And many's the wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.
Brennan on the Moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the Moor.*
2. (OMITTED) *A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day,
He never robbed a poor man upon the King's highway,
What he had taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divided it with a widow in distress.*
3. *One day upon the highways, as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel, one mile outside the town,
The Mayor he accosted him: "I think, young man," said he,
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."*
4. *Now Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy
And, when she saw her Willie, she began to weep and cry—
He says: "Give me that tenpenny" and as sure as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.*
5. *And with that loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble and he robbed him of his gold;
Five hundred pounds were offered for his apprehension there,
And with his horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.*

9. THE BUTCHER BOY

Sung by Jean Robertson, Aberdeen, Scotland,
recorded by Alan Lomax, November, 1953.

American listeners, who are accustomed to the brisk measures of "Pretty Polly" or the stark directness of "The Knoxville Girl", may be surprised to encounter a slow and highly ornamented Scots variant of this familiar ballad. It is the favorite British remake of "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter" theme and might be called the classic British murder ballad, in the same sense that "Omie Wise" or "Pretty Polly" are the central ballads of the Southern American tradition. In most English variants, the murder weapon is a stick cut from a hedgerow, as in Harry Cox's version about "Ekefield Town":

*As we're a-walking and a-talking
Of things that grew around,
I took a stick from out of the hedge
And knocked that fair maid down.*

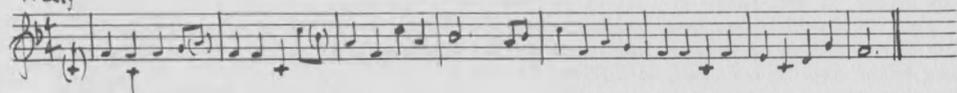
Perhaps the most dramatic verses occur in a version recorded from a gypsy woman in Suffolk:

*It was about three weeks afterwards
When that pretty fair were found
Come floating down by her own mother's door,
O near Oxford Town.*

Laws, 268-9.

The Butcher Boy

Freely



1. *His parents gave him good learning,
Good learning they gave unto him,
For they sent him to a butcher's shop
For a butcher boy to be.*
2. (OMITTED) *It was there that he met with a fair young maid
With a dark and a rolling eye,
And he promised for to marry her
On the month of sweet July.*
3. *For he went up to her mother's house
Between the hour of eight and nine,
And he asked her for to walk with him
Down by the foaming brine.*
4. *But they walked it east and they walked it west
And they walked it all alone,
Till he pulled a knife from out of his breast
And he stabbed her to the ground.*
5. (OMITTED) *She fell upon her bended knees
And for mercy she did cry,
"Owen Barry, dear, don't murder me
For I'm not prepared to die."*
6. *But he took her by the lily-white hand
And he dragged her to the brim,
And with a mighty boundward push
He pushed her body in.*
7. *He went home till his own mother's house
Between the hour of twelve and one,
But little did his mother think
What her only son had done.*
8. (OMITTED) *He asked her for a hankie-chief
To tie around his head,
And he asked her for a candle-light
For to show him up to bed.*
9. (OMITTED) *But no sleep, no rest, could this young man get,
No rest he could not find,
For he thought he saw the flames of hell
Approaching his bedside.*
10. *But the murder it was soon found out
And the gallows was his doom,
For the murder of sweet Mary Anne
That lies where the roses bloom.*

10. THREE JOLLY SPORTSMEN

Bob Scarce, Blaxhall, Suffolk, England.
recorded by Peter Kennedy, October, 1953.

The Blaxhall Pub in the back-country of Suffolk was the scene for this remarkable performance. The singer worked up his audience to a high pitch of excitement using all the traditional devices of the folk story teller. There are subtle changes of tempo which underline the drama and shifts of modality which introduce changes of feeling in the sequence of stanzas. Verse one, for example, is in major, verse two not clearly in major or minor, and verse three in the minor mode.

In J. Russell Smith's *Catalogue of English Broadside Ballads* (1856) there is a comprehensive title given: "A new ballad of 3 merry butchers and 10 highwaymen." How three butchers were to pay 500 pounds away, and hearing a woman crying in the wood went to relieve her and was there set upon by these ten highwaymen; and how only stout Johnson fought with them all; who killed eight of ten; and, at last, was killed by the woman he went to save in the wood. To an excellent new tune printed for J. Bissel at the Bible and Harp in W. Smithfield.

In the *Roxburgh Ballads* (Reeves and Turner, London, 1873) vol. III, there is a black letter broadside printed about 1678 called, "The Three Worthy Butchers of the North." Such and Catnach printed ballad-sheets called "Ips, Gips and Johnson," or "The Three Butchers."

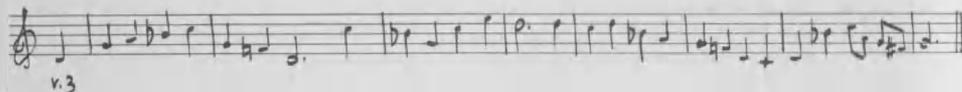
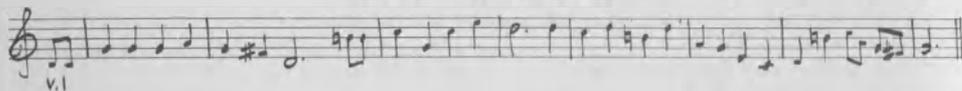
*It was Ips, Gips and Johnson as I've heard many say;
They had 5,000 guineas on a market day;
As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they could ride,
"O hark, o hark," says Johnson, "I hear a woman cry. . . ."*

A version collected by Lucy Broadwood from Henry Binstow, a great traditional singer in Sussex, had a chorus (FSJ 4-p. 174):

*With my hey ding ding, with my ho ding ding,
With my hey ding ding, high day,
May God keep all good people from such bad company.*

Laws, 166-167.

Three Jolly Sportsmen



1. Now it's of three jolly sportsmen, as I have heard people say,
They took five hundred guineas, all on one market day.
CHORUS (Repeat of last line) omitted
2. Now as Lipskin was a-riding along the road, as fast they could ride,
Saying: "Stop your horse," cried Johnson, "for I hear a woman cry."
3. "I shall not stop," said Lipskin, "I shall not stop," said he,
"I shall not stop," said Lipskin, "else robb-ed we shall be.
4. Now Johnson he got off his horse to search the groves all round,
He found a woman stark naked, with her hair pinned to the ground.
5. "A woman, a woman, how come you here, fast bound?
How came you here, stark naked, with your hair pinned to the ground?"
6. "They stripp-ed me, they robb-ed me, both hands and feet they bound,
They left me here, stark naked, with my hair pinned to the ground."
7. Now Johnson being a valiant man of courage man so bold,
He took his coat from off his back for to keep her from the cold.
8. Now Johnson he get on his horse and the woman on behind,
But she clasped her fingers to her ears and she give 3 warning cries.
9. Now up stepped 3 young swaggelling young men with swords all in their hands
They bid him for to stop and stand and they bid him for to stand.
10. "I will stop, I will stay" cried Johnson, "I will stop, I will stand," cried he,
11. Now Johnson he drew his glittering sword and two of them he slain,
And while he was killing the other one, the woman stabbed him behind.
12. (OMITTED) "I must fall, I must fall," cried Johnson, "I must fall unto the ground.
It's the cause of the wicked woman, she caused my deadly wound."
13. "She shall be hung in chains of gold, for the murder she hath done,
She hath killed the finest butcher boy, that ever the sun shined on."

SIDE TWO

1. JACK HALL

Jack Endacott, Chagford, Devon, England.
recorded by Peter Kennedy, October, 1954.

18th century Britain was, in modern terms, a savage and barbarous world. One of the popular entertainments of the crowd was assembling to witness the public execution of criminals in Tyburn Hill not far from the present day Marble Arch. If the criminal was sufficiently well known, a ballad-maker might be singing about the condemned man's career and his last moments, even while he was mounting the scaffold. Such was probably the origin of the ballad of the notorious burglar, Jack Hall. The ballad-maker who watched Jack Hall's execution in 1701 caught the pathos and the bitter fatalism of his man.

Like many a child of that day, Jack was sold for a few shillings to a chimneysweep. The task of apprentice sweeps was to crawl through the twisting, dark tunnels of the chimneys, cleaning as they went. Often these poor lads were caught by falling soot or some obstruction in a dark chimney and suffocated or burned to death. It was not until 19th century writers exposed this scandal and a law was passed against this cruel exploitation of child labor.

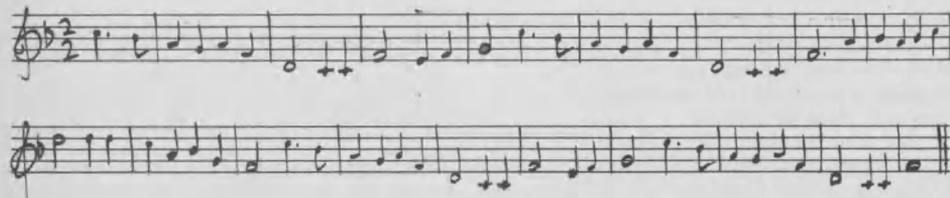
Another execution ballad, composed in the same year about the hanging of Captain Kidd, the pirate, has a completely different feeling, though the same tune and stanza form were employed. Later on a popular singer named Ross transformed "Jack Hall" into the thundering and blasphemous "Sam Hall" so popular among American ballad singers today used. Indeed, one of the most remarkable phenomena in our folk song history is the incredible flexibility of this "Jack Hall" or "Captain Kidd" tradition. It speaks in noble and mystical terms in the white spiritual, "Wondrous Love," It opens the canvas on the whole universe in the great New England spiritual, "In All the World Below." It acquires a thundering sea roll in the great 18th century ballad, "Admiral Benbow." It sounds with plaintive heartbreak in "The Wars of Germany." It swings with revolutionary fervor in Aikendrum, "Ye Jacobites By Name", "The Moderator's Dream", and "The Digger's Song" (1649). Perhaps the best known modern variant is the touching song of the Irish Rebellion, "The Praties, They Grow Small."

Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, 1940.

Laws, 167.

Bronson, S. H., *Samuel Hall's Family Tree*, Calif. Folklore Quarterly, I, 47-64.

Jack Hall



1. (OMITTED) *My name it is Jack Hall, Chimney sweep, Chimney sweep,
O my name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep,
My name it is Jack Hall and I've robbed both great and small,
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die.*
2. *I have candles lily-white, hanging high (2),
I have candles lily-white, hanging high,
I've candles lily-white and I stole them all by night,
But me life will pay for all when I die (2),
But me life will pay for all when I die.*
3. *I have twenty bullocks in store, that's no joke,
I have twenty bullocks in store, and I'm up for twenty more,
Every rogue shall have his lot, so shall I.*

4. *I rode up Tedburn Hill in a cart,
I rode up Tedburn Hill there I stopped and made my will,
But me life will pay for all when I die.*
5. *I climm-ed up a ladder by the rope,
I climm-ed up a ladder and the 'angman pulled the rope,
But the devil of the word I spoke coming down.*

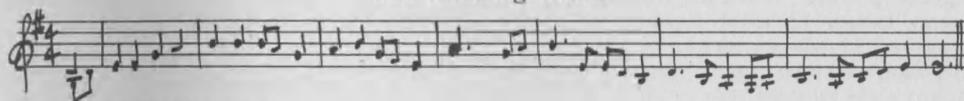
2. THE STANDING STONES

Ethel and John Findlater, Douby, Mainland, Orkney Isles.
recorded by Peter Kennedy, July, 1955.

Many people in Orkney feel that this ballad is founded on fact, because the murder is supposed to have taken place within the sight of the prehistoric stone monoliths at Stennes, one of the landmarks on that island. These stones, arranged in a circle to form a miniature Stonehenge, are the focus for many stories and superstitions in the locality. Odin Stone was until recent times used as a betrothal altar by lovers. They plighted their troth by joining hands through a round hole in the stone and then dividing a six penny piece between them — a custom which clearly goes back to the days when marriage in Northern Europe was a free union between a couple, un sanctified by the church. There is a door at each end of the Stennes kirk. To sever the bond plighted at the Odin Stone, lovers would turn their backs on one another and walk out of the church by these opposite doors.

This ballad (sung to the tune of "The Ploughboy's Dream") was first published in John Mooney's *Songs of the Norse* (Calder, Kirkwall, 1883) under the title of "The Lovers — a West Mainland Legend." In the Orkneys, *mainland* refers to the largest main or island.

The Standing Stones



1. *In one of these lone Orkney Isles
There dwelled a maiden fair,
Her cheeks were red and her eyes were blue
She had yellow curling hair,*
2. (OMITTED) *Which caught the eye and then the heart
Of one who never could be
A lover of so true a maid
Or fair a form as she.*
3. *Across the lake in Sandwick
Dwelled a youth she held most true,
And ever since her infancy
He had watched those eyes so blue,*
4. (OMITTED) *The land runs out into the sea,
It's a narrow neck of land
Where weird and grim the standing stones
In a circle there they stand.*
5. *One bonny moonlight Christmas Eve
They met at the sad place,
With heart of glee and the beams of love
Were shining on her face.*
6. (OMITTED) *Her lover came and grasped her hand
And what loving words they said,
They talked of future's happy days
As through the stones they strayed.*
7. *They walked towards the Lover's Stone
And through it passed their hands,
They plighted there a constant troth,
Sealed by love's steadfast bands.*

8. *He kissed his maid and he then watched her
That lonely bridge go o'er,
For little, little did he think
He wouldna see his darling more.*
9. (OMITTED) *He turned his face toward his home,
That home he never did see,
And you shall have the story,
As it was told to me.*
10. *When a form upon him sprang
With dagger gleaming bright,
It pierced his heart, his dying screams,
Disturbed the silent night.*
11. (OMITTED) *The murderer was the one who wished
That maiden's heart to gain,
And unnoticed he had seen them part
And he swore he would give her pain.*
12. *This maid had nearly reached her home,
When she was startled by a cry,
She turned to look around her
And her love was standing by.*
13. *His hand was pointing to the stars
And his eyes gazed at the light,
And with a smiling countenance
He vanished from her sight.*
14. (OMITTED) *She gained her home, but well did she know
That her faithful love was dead,
She spoke to none, but she pined away,
Not a smile on her face was seen,
And with outstretched arms she went to meet him
In a brighter place.*

3. POLLY VAUGHAN

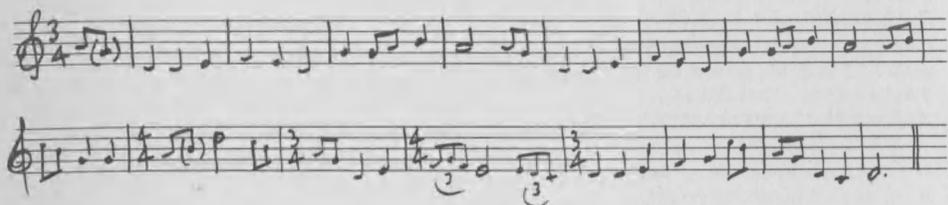
Harry Cox, Yarmouth, Norfolk, England.
recorded by Peter Kennedy, December, 1953.

Because the early great ballad scholars had a very rigid model in mind by which they judged the excellence and authenticity of the ballads they chose to publish, they frequently missed songs of great antiquity and beauty that came into their hands in broadside form. This song is a case in point. Jamieson, in *Popular Ballads* (1806), commented, "This is indeed a silly ditty, one of the very lowest description of vulgar English ballads which are sung about the streets in country towns and sold four or five for a halfpenny." In fact, however, this story probably enshrines a fragment of one of the age-old myths of North Europe — the transformation of a maiden into a bird by some jealous person. This theme occurs in many legends and is the basis of the famous ballet, "Swan Lake."

The present form of the ballad is popular throughout England, Ireland, and Northeast America. Sharpe esteemed it and felt that its supernatural theme and its melodic pattern indicated a Celtic origin. Lucy Broadwood recorded a tune in the West Highlands of Scotland attached to a similar text. Joyce remarks that his Irish version is the same air that Thomas Moore used for "Come Rest On This Bosom." In some version, the girl is mistaken for a faun rather than a swan, an idea which is frequently found in Danish songs of the same theme.

Laws, 243.

Polly Vaughan



1. *So come all you bold sportsmen, that carry a gun,
I will have you go home by the light of the sun, —
For young Jimmy was a-foxling, was a-foxling alone,
When he shot his own true-love in the room of a swan.*
2. *So the first he went to her and found it was she,
He was shaking and tremb-e-ling, his eyes scarce could see,
"So now you are dead, love, and your sorrows are o'er;
Fare thee well, my dear Polly, I shall see you no more."*
3. *Then home went young Jimmer with his dog and his gun,
Saying: "Uncle, dear Uncle, have you heard what I've done?
Curs-ed be this old gunsmith that made me this gun
For I've shot my own true-love in the room of a swan."*
4. *Then out come bold uncle with his locks hanging grey —
"Saying Jimmer, dear Jimmer, don't you run away.
Don't you leave your own counterie till the trial comes on,
For you ne'er shall be hang-ed from the crime you has done."*
5. *So the trial came on and pretty Polly appear
Saying "Uncle, dear uncle, let Jimmer go clear,
For my apron was wrapped round me, when he took me for a swan,
And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly his own."*

4. THE LION'S DEN

Mrs. Maguire, Belfast, North Ireland.
recorded by Sean OBoyle.

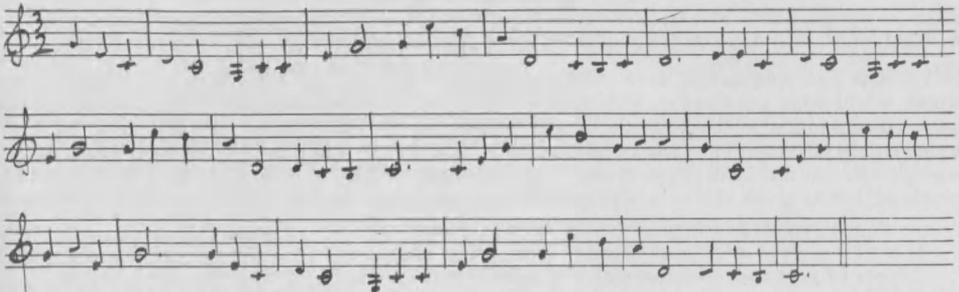
The theme of this folk ballad, known in the Kentucky Mountains as well as in the back country of Britain, has turned up also in fine art literature. The original incident is said to have taken place in the 16th century during the reign of Francis I of France. Schiller used the story as the basis for "Der Handschuh" (1797). Leigh Hunt wrote a poem about it called "The Glove and the Lions." Robert Browning wove the tale into one of his dramatic romances called "The Glove."

Lucy Broadwood, in FSJ 20, p. 260, points out that, while folk song variants end with a happy marriage, the literary versions have an ironic conclusion; the hero throws the glove into the face of the lady and takes his leave of her. One Scots folk version doubles the happy ending as follows:

*It was not long till the King got notice,
Two of his lions they were slain,
He was not in the least displeased,
But gave him honour for the same.
He has raised him from a third lieutenant
And made him Admiral of the Blue;
So the next day they both got married,
See what the power of love can do.*

Sam Henry, No. 474
Laws, 237

The Lion's Den



1. *In London City, there lived a lady,
Who was possessed of a vast estate
And she was courted by men of honour,
Lords, Dukes, and Earls on her did wait.
There was two brothers, who became lovers,
And both admired this lady fair;
And both to gain her they did endeavour
And how to please her was all their care.*
2. (OMITTED) *The older one, who being a Captain,
The greater part of his love did make,
The younger one said that he would venture
His life and fortune for her sweet sake.
Now she said: "I'll find a way to try them
And see which of them will the sooner start,
And he that will behave the bravest
Will be the governor of my heart."*
3. *She ordered her coachman for to get ready,
For to get ready at the break of day,
The lady and her two warlike heroes
To the Tower Hill they did ride away.
And, when she came to the Tower Hill,
She threw her fan into the Lion's Den,
Saying: "He who wishes to gain my favour
Will bring me back my fan again."*
4. (OMITTED) *Out spoke then the older brother,
So distress-ed all in his mind,
"To hostile danger I am no stranger
And to face my foes I am still inclined.
But here where lions and wild beasts are roaring,
For to win them I do not approve,
So therefore, madam, for fear of danger
Some other champion must gain your love. . . ."*
5. *Out bespoke then the younger brother
With a voice of thunder both loud and high, —
"To hostile danger I am no stranger
I'll bring you back, love, your fan or die."
He took his sword and went in among them,
The lions fawned and fell at his feet,
And then he stooped for the fan and got it,
He said: "Is this it, my darling sweet?"*
6. (OMITTED) *The lady then off her coach sat weeping
Thinking that he would be the lions prey —
(2 lines missing)
But when she saw her brave hero coming
And unto him no harm done
With open arms she did embrace him,
Saying: "Take the prize, love, you so dearly won."*

5. VAN DIEMMAN'S LAND

Jimmy McBeath, Elgin, Moray, Scotland.

recorded by Alan Lomax and Hamish Henderson, July, 1951.

This British poaching ballad, about a convict banished to Van Dieman's Land or Tasmania has gained world-wide popularity. American cowboys and lumberjacks sang it in the bunkhouse, and seaman sang it in the fo'castle. It was a favorite fireside song in Scotland, Ireland, and the maritime provinces of Canada. Not many years ago, a commercial recording was a juke-box favorite in the Irish bars along Third Avenue in New York City. In its Australian homeland, it has given rise to a rich body of variant songs. In one version, the singer advises:

*So all you gallant poachers, give ear into my song;
It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long;
Throw by your dogs and snares, for to you I'll speak plain,
For if you knew our hardships, you would never poach again.*

In another version, the miserable life of the convicts is vividly portrayed.

*The houses that we dwell in here are built of clod and clay;
With rotten straw for bedding we dare not say them nay;
Our cots are fenced with fire and we slumber when we can,
And we fight the wolves and tigers which infest Van Dieman's Land.*

Jimmy McBeath, the travelling bard of North Scotland, comments:

*That was a poachery. At one time of day they used
transport poachers all the way from this country if
they were caught poaching. A lot of men goes
and poaches yet and takes rabbits and steals and
shoots anything that they see — to make
money out of it. At one time of day — at that time —
they used to transport them to the Devil's Island or
Van Dieman's Land for all their life, they never got
back again — that was what they did with the
poachers. It was a French ship, a 4 masted frigate,
used to come round and collect all the convicts —
they put 'em to Van Dieman's Land or Devil's
Island for the rest of their life. They were a'ful
cruel at that time. The laws were different.*

Henry Burstow of Sussex, "Poor Tom Brown of Nottingham Town" FSJ 4, p. 142 (1902).

Colm O'Lochlain, *Irish Street Ballads*, Three Candles, Dublin, 1939.

Bothy Songs and Ballads, Gardner, Paisley, 1930.

Laws 176.

Van Dieman's Land

1. *Come all ye gallant poachers and countrymen beware
If you go a-poaching, take your gun, your dog, and snare
For the hares in the habitations, they roam at their own command,
So beware of the wolves and tigers, boys, going to Van Dieman's Land,*

2. (OMITTED) 'Twas poor Jock Brown from Glasgow, Will Guthrie and Munroe,
They were three daring poachers, the country well did know,
The keepers caught them hunting all with their guns in hand,
They were fourteen years transported unto Van Dieman's Land.
3. We had a gallant comrade, Jean Wilson was her name,
She used to come along with us for the sharing of the game,
But the captain fell in love with her and he married her straight by hand,
So she gave us the best of treatment, boys, going to Van Dieman's Land.
4. It's when we landed on the coast, ten thousand, aye and more,
And when the natives saw't us, they began to shout and roar,
They marched, us from the vessel, boys, it's right up into the strand,
So they yoked us up like horses, boys, to plough Van Dieman's Land.
5. (OMITTED) Although the poor of Scotland do labour and do toil,
They're robbed of every blessing and produce of the soil, —
Your proud imperious landlords if you break their commands —
They'll send you on the British hulks to plough Van Diemen's Land.

6. THE BLIND MAN HE CAN SEE

Mary Connors and Paddy Doran, Belfast, N. Ireland.
BBC Sound Archive, (Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle), August, 1952.

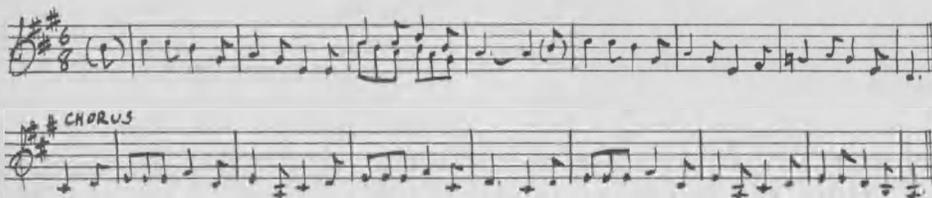
This might be called the ballad of the perfect crime. An old man discovers his wife's unfaithfulness and her intention to murder him. He pretends blindness and asks her to lead him to the river, saying that he wishes to drown himself. When his wife attempts, at his suggestion, to push him in, he steps to one side and she falls in the water and drowns in his place. Cecil Sharpe heard the song in the West country with the following ending:

*The old woman, being gone to the bottom,
And could no more be seen;
The old man, he went laughing home,
And gained his sight again.
So there's an end to my song, sir,
And I can sing no more;
And they that say that I can, sir
Be a liar and son of a whore.*

Collectors have recorded this cruelly humorous jape in Scotland, England, frequently in Ireland, and in many parts of the United States. Perhaps the finest of all of the tune settings comes by a Negro convict in Texas whose nickname was Ironhead.

Gavi Greig, FSNE XIII, "The Wily Auld Carle",
Herbert Hughes, Irish Country Songs, Vol. (iv), "Tigaree torum orum".
Sam Henry, No. 174, "The Aul' Man and the Churnstaff."

The Blind Man He Can See



1. O there being a woman in this town,
A woman I knows well,
She loved her husband dearly
And another man twice as well.
With me skinner-o-lair-o-lair-o,
And me skinner-o-lair-o-lee,
With me skinner-o-lair-o-lair-o,
And the blind man he can see.

2. *She went down to the doctors
Some medicine for to find;
"Have you anything at all
That'd make an old man blind?"*
3. *(OMITTED) Saying?: "If you get some marrowbones
And make 'im suck 'em all,
And then he'll get so blind,
Sure, he won't see you at all."*
4. *She got him the marrowbones
And made 'im suck 'em all,
He said: "My loving wife,
Sure, I can't see you at all."*
5. *I have no pleasure in this world,
In it I won't stay,
I would go and drown myself,
If I would know the way.*
6. *(OMITTED) Saying: If you wish to drown yourself,
You shall not go astray;
If you wish to drown yourself,
Sure, I'll show you the way."*
7. *She caught him by the ar-m,
She led him to the brim;
He says: "Me loving wife,
Will you give me a little shove in?"*
8. *The woman got behind
To give him a little shove in,
The blind man he shot over away,
Before him she went in.*
9. *When that she was drowning,
'Twas on him she did call,
He said: "Me loving wife
Sure, I can't see you at all."*
10. *(OMITTED) 'Twas then she started swimming
And coming towards the brim;
The old man got the linen stick
And showed her farther in.*

7. OXFORD CITY

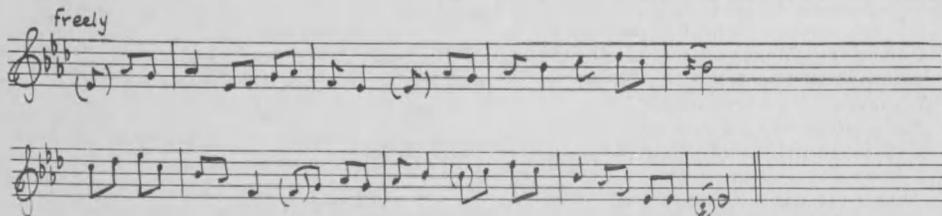
Mary Doran, Waterford, Eire.

BBC Sound Archive (Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle), July, 1952.

Another ballad of the jealous lover who murdered his sweetheart, this song turns up in both Great Britain and America. It is probably of broadside origin.

Gavin-Greig, FSNE CXXXXVII, "In Oxford Town," also "American Folk Songs," A. Lomax, to be published, 1966.

Oxford City



1. *In Oxford City, there dwelt a fair maid —
The truth to you, love, I now must tell —
She being strongly courted by a handsome young man
And he oft-times told her he loved her well.*
2. (OMITTED) *He loved her dearly, all at a distance.
He oft-times told her not be so fond,
And he oft-times told her that he would not leave her,
Whilst walking down by a shady strand.*
3. *To a dance-house we were invited
And to a dance-house we both did go,
When another young man soon followed after
For to prove this young girl's overthrow.*
4. *If she danced all with this young man,
Jealousy soon filled his wicked mind—
You destroyed the life of a charming young girl
And for that young man she being inclined.*
5. *He went outside, he prepared a poison,
He mixed it up with a glass of wine,
And he gave it unto his own true-lover
And she drank it up with a willing' smile.*
6. (OMITTED) *She had not long this liquor taken
Saying: "Take me home, my true-love," cried she,
"O the glass of wine you have lately gave me,
It has made me feel ill quite inwardly."*
7. (OMITTED) *"All the same, love, you drank, my darling,
All the same, love, as well as thee;
In each other's arms we'll die together,
Be aware, fair maids, of cruel jealousy."*

8. ERIN GO BRAGH

John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeen, Scotland (with audience).
recorded by Alan Lomax, August, 1951.

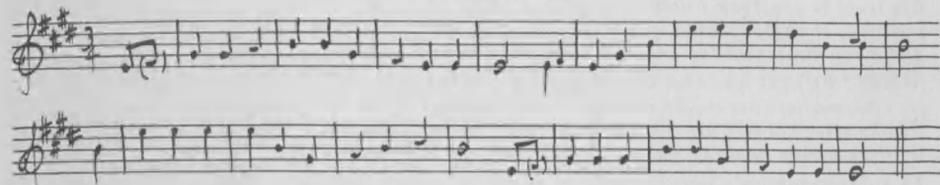
The fact that Scotland and Ireland share to some extent a common language, a common folk culture, and a common prejudice against the English has never prevented a good deal of skirmishing between the two peoples. Here is the forthright and aggressive testament of a fighting Scotsman from Argyle who was treated like an Irishman when he walked the streets of his own Edinburgh. In that day, apparently the men of Argyle and Northern Ireland shared fashions of dress, accent, and comportment. Our hero, Duncan Campbell, denies being an Irishman but asserts that even if he were, no man dare maintain an attitude of prejudice against him; otherwise his black thorn stick will come into play. A version published by P. W. Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music*, (Gill, Dublin, 1901), concludes:

*On the scrimmage we had — 'twould delight you to see;
Mavrone, how we shook our shellilahs with glee;
We leathered them well, and we laughed at their law,
And we showed them the game played in Erin-go-Bragh.*

Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, Gardner, Paisley, 1904.
Ord's Bothy songs.

P. W. Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music*, Gill, Dublin, 1901.
Laws, 282.

Erin Go Bragh



1. (OMITTED) *My name is Duncan Campbell from the shire of Argyll,
I've travelled this country for many's the long mile,
I've travelled o'er England, Ireland and a'
And the name I go under's Bold Erin-go-bragh.*
2. *One night in Auld Reekie, as I walked down the street,
A saucy policeman I chanced for to meet,
He glowered in my face and he gave me some jaw,
Says: "When came you over from Erin-go-bragh?"*
3. *"I am not a Paddy, though Ireland I've been,
Nor am I a Paddy, though Ireland I've seen,
Although I were a Paddy, that's nothing awa,
There's manys the bold hero from Erin-go-bragh."*
4. *Then with a switch of blackthorn I held in my fist
Around his big body I made it to twist,
The blood from his knappers I quickly did draw,
He paid stock and interest for Erin-go-bragh.*
5. *The people came round me like a flock of wild geese,
Says: "Stop that, you rascal, you'll kill our police."
For every three I had, I'm sure he had twa,
It was very tight times for old Erin-go-bragh.*
6. (OMITTED) *Then I came to a wee boatie that sailed on the Forth,
I packed up my oars and I steered for the North;
Farewell to Auld Reekie, the policemen and a',
May the devil be with you, bold Erin-go-bragh.*

9. DERRY GOAL

Sarah Makem, Keady, Co. Armagh, N. Ireland.
recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.

This is certainly one of the finest folk ballads recorded on either side of the Atlantic in this century. It uses the pattern of the medieval "Fair Maid from the Gallows" to tell a story which can be interpreted as both revolutionary and romantic. Sarah Makem, who performs the song in superb style, here gives her view of the story:

*A young gentleman that fell in love with a rich lady and her parents
didn't want him to get her, and she fought hard to get him and she
went away to the Queen and got pardon. She took her Willie and she
married him and defied her parents — she was right. I didn't blame
her one bit. He was the fellow she wanted and she was right to take him.*

Child Ballads, "The Maid Freed the Gallows" or "Prickly Bush."

Sam Henry Collection, No. 705, "The Dreary Gallows."

Barry, *British Ballads of Maine*, p. 389.

Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, p. 107 (4 versions).

This is one of the most popular of the highwaymen ballads and has been widely noted in England. It is interesting historically for its mention of the first London policemen, the Bow Street Runners, who took up their duties in 1751. They are called "Ned Fielding's gang", presumably because it was Henry Fielding (better known as a novelist and playwright), appointed chief magistrate of Westminster, 1748, who started operations from Bow Street Magistrates Court. Later they were also known as "Robin Redbreasts", because of their red waist-coats. They were armed and patrolled the streets in order to raid gambling houses and pursue robbers and highwaymen. Fielding's work after his death was carried on by his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding.

Harry Cox also recorded this song. For verses 3 & 4 Harry sings:

3. *I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,
And Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor Square;
I robbed them of the gold so bright,
And took it home to my heart's delight.*

4. *To Covent Gardens we went straight away,
Me and my wife went to the Play;
Ned Fielding's gang there did me pursue,
Taken I was by that curs-ed crew.*

A version collected by Cecil Sharp in Somerset contains the following verse:—

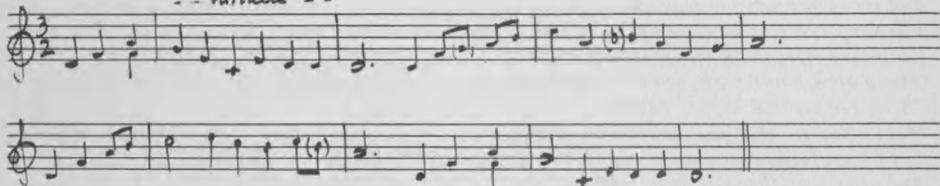
*I am a wild and a wicked youth,
I love young women and that's the truth,
I love them dearly, I love them all,
I love them better than tongue can tell.*

Laws, 172.

Journal of English Folk Song Society, I, 114; VIII, 190, 4m.

Newlyn Town

-- variable --



Order, please. Respect the chair when I'm sitting!

I have much pleasure in calling on Mr. Bob Scarce to sing Newlyn Town.

1. *In Newlyn Town I was bred and born,
For I started a life and I died of scorn,
Till I took up to a saddler's trade
And they always called me a roamin' blade.
CHORUS (Repeat last two lines)*

2. *Now at sweet seventeen I did take a wife,
And I loved her dearly as I loved my life,
And to maintain her most bold and gay,
Robbing I went on the King's highway.
CHORUS OMITTED*

3. *I robbed Lord Golden, I do declare,
I robb-ed lords and squires;
For I closed the shutters and bid them good-night,
Marched home with gold to my heart's delight.
CHORUS OMITTED*

4. *(2 lines missing here)
Till Fieldman's Gang, they did me pursue,
Taken I was by that curs-ed crew.
CHORUS*

5. (OMITTED) *My father cried, he was undone,
My mother, she wept for her darling son,
My wife, she tore of her golden hair,
Saying: "What shall I do, now I'm in despair?"*
6. (OMITTED) *Now I've six big men to bear my pall,
Give them white gloves and white ribbons all;
I've six highwaymen for to carry me,
Give them broadswords and sweet liberty.*
7. CHORUS: *And now I am dead and in my grave,
The grass grows over me in great big blades,
But now I am dead, they can speak the truth —
Here lays the wild and the wicked youth.
Good old Bob. If you don't get a thousand pound for that,
you bloody ought to!*