

# Journal

of the

# Folk-Song Society.

No. 6

Being the First Part of Vol. II.

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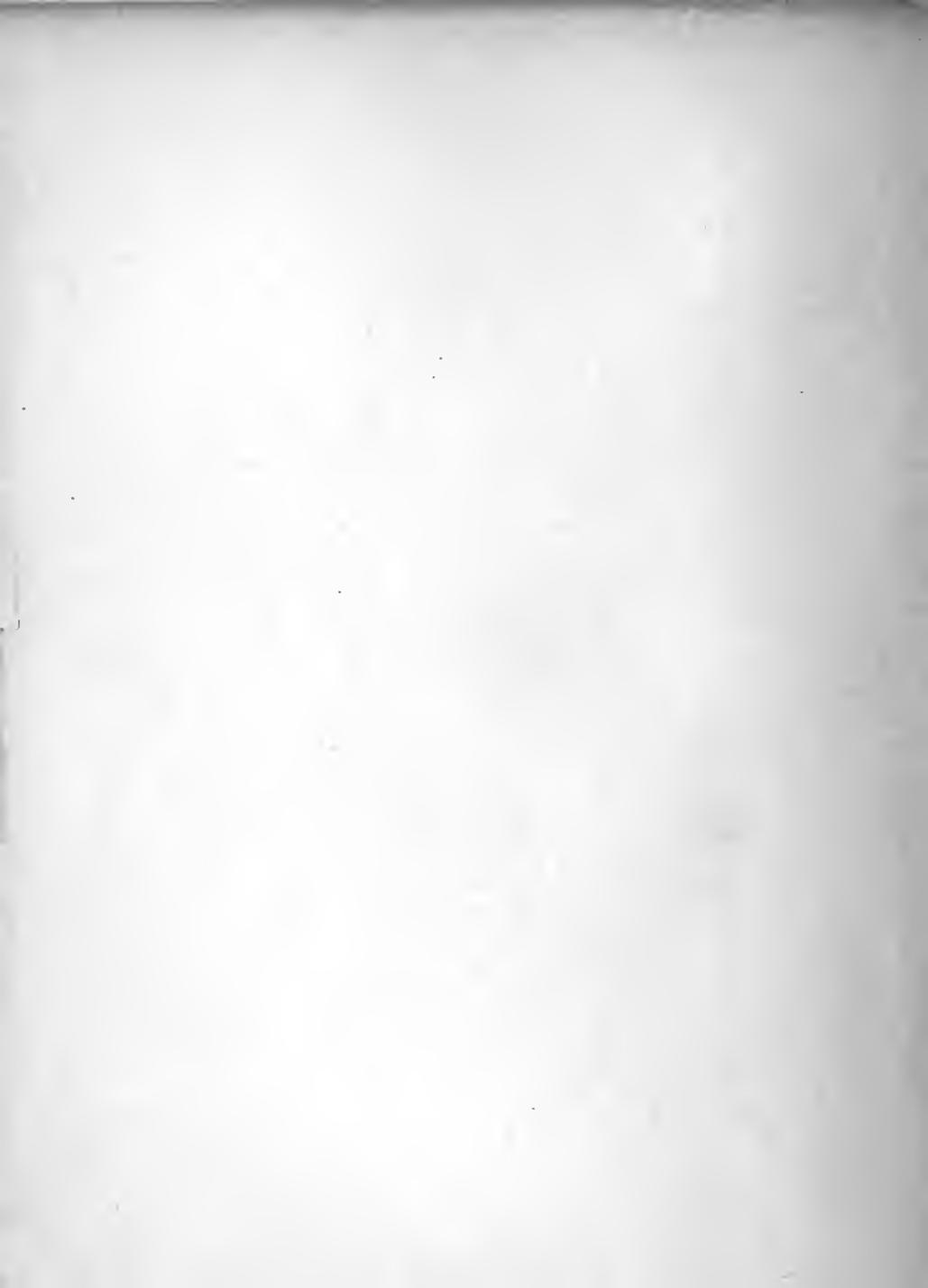
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VOLUME II

1905-1906.

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## FOLK-SONGS NOTED IN SOMERSET AND NORTH DEVON.

**T**HE following Songs have been chosen from a collection of five hundred tunes which I have noted in Somerset and North Devon. The task of selection has not been an easy one. After some consideration, I decided to print with each ballad all the variants and different versions of it that I had collected. The adoption of this principle will no doubt appeal to the expert in Folk-Song, although it has led in some instances to the inclusion of tunes that are scientifically interesting rather than beautiful.

If the whole collection had been printed instead of less than the seventh part, it would not, even then, have represented more than a tithe of the folk-songs which are still to be heard in Somerset and North Devon. For, with the exception of a few gleanings made during flying visits to Minehead, Holford, Ilchester, Clevedon, Bridgwater, and Lew Trenchard, all the tunes have been gathered in three small districts—in Hambridge and the villages hard by, where I have enjoyed the hospitality and whole-hearted co-operation of the vicar, the Rev. C. L. Marson; in Meshaw, North Devon, in company with the rector, the Rev. A. F. de Gex; and in East and West Harptree—thanks to the enthusiasm and to the kindly assistance given me by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kettlewell of Harptree Court. Thus it will be seen that as yet I have explored with thoroughness only a small part of the large area comprised in the two districts above mentioned. Remembering this, it is possible to form some estimate of the fulness of the harvest which awaits the collector in these Western Counties.

If reference be made to the singers from whom I have noted the following songs, it will be observed that the same names constantly recur. This is because quantity generally goes with quality; that is to say, those singers who have given me the largest number of songs have also given me the best ones. I have noted from two sisters in Hambridge, Mrs. Lucy White (labourer's wife) and Mrs. Louie Hooper

(shirt-maker), no less than eighty-one songs ; from Mrs. Overd (labourer's wife) of Langport, forty-five ; from Mr. William Nott (tenant farmer) of Meshaw, thirty-two ; and from Mrs. Lock (wife of tenant farmer) of Muchelney, twenty-one.

With few exceptions all my singers are well over sixty years of age. Some of them are much older : Mr. Wyatt, of Harptree, is eighty-two ; Mr. Nott is seventy-five ; while Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Rackenford, is in her ninety-second year ; and I once noted a song from a man in Hambridge—since dead—who was ninety-six years of age. But these are the exceptions, and it is, as a general rule, difficult to extract songs from singers who have overstepped the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten. Between sixty and seventy years is the best age, for at that time of life the singer is old enough to remember the genuine traditional ballad, and young enough to be able to sing it.

Again, it will be noticed that, of the singers who have contributed songs to this volume, an unusually large proportion are women. This is partly because there are several cottage-industries in Somerset, *e.g.* shirt-making and glove-sewing ; and it used to be the custom for workers in these industries to congregate, for company's sake, in one room ; and this naturally led to the singing of songs. Nowadays, alas, the sewing-machine ties each worker to her own cottage, where she must either sing without an audience, or not at all. Personally, moreover, I find it easier to get on friendly terms with the women. They are—in Somerset at any rate—less taciturn than the men, and yield more readily to persuasion ; they are available, too, in the day-time when the men are occupied in the fields.

On the other hand, men will only sing when things are convivial, when the cider is passing round and when pipes are lighted. One man, whom I pressed to sing to me in the early afternoon, refused with some show of indignation, because he said the neighbours would think he was drunk if he sang before the blinds were drawn !

I have already referred to the help which I have received from the incumbents of Hambridge and Meshaw and from the squire of East Harptree. There are several others—too many to mention here—from whom I have derived like assistance. Indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the value to the collector of Folk-Songs of an introduction from the parson or the squire. Without it, much precious time is wasted in preliminaries, in disarming suspicion—for one's motives are naturally the subject of severe scrutiny.

Of the five hundred airs that I have collected one hundred and twenty-five are modal tunes. Of these, one half are in the Mixolydian mode, while the remainder are equally divided between the Dorian and Aeolian modes. I have not noted a single tune in the modern minor scale.

As to the value of the tunes and words printed in this number, I must leave others

to judge. My own estimate is that the tunes are of the utmost value, but that the words are of less account. Indeed, so far as the words are concerned, I must reluctantly admit that the twentieth century collector is a hundred years too late. The English ballad if not dead, is at the last gasp : its account is well-nigh closed.

And yet, although page after page of my word-book is filled with scraps of imperfectly remembered broadside versions, here and there it contains, sometimes a whole ballad (*e.g.*, "The Devonshire Farmer's Daughter," No. 8), more often a verse or two, or, perhaps, a phrase only, of genuine folk-made traditional ballad poetry. Such indications are of the highest importance, for they help us to form some estimate of the literary value of the English ballad of days gone by, when it was still a living force, but when, alas, no one took the trouble to record it.

It has often been asked : How did the English Ballad, as literature, compare with the Scottish Ballad ? Many writers—Mr. Andrew Lang for example—plump unhesitatingly for Scotland. But then they take the traditional poetry of England, as it now exists, and contrast it with the Scottish ballad of a hundred years ago. This, besides being grievously unjust to England, is also very bad criticism. Moreover, such critics forget, or they do not know, that a large number of so-called Scottish songs are still being sung—in corrupt and incomplete form, no doubt—and presumably have for many centuries been sung, by the peasantry of the South of England. (Compare in this number alone : Banks of Green Willow ; The Two Magicians ; Blow away the Morning Dew : The Trees they do Grow High ; Geordie ; Barbara Ellen ; Lord Rendal ; The Crabfish.)

Now, if this fact be held in mind, instead of contrasting the ballad literatures of the two countries, would it not be more reasonable to ascribe to them a common origin ? Many collectors of English folk-songs will, I think, agree with me when I say that it is not a question of superiority or inferiority, but rather one of identity. I suggest that the Scottish Ballad (I am not of course referring to the Highland Gaelic Ballad, but to the Lowland Scottish Songs to be found in the collections of Sir Walter Scott, Motherwell, Buchan, and others) is no other than the English Ballad in northern dress ; that it crossed the border together with the English language, of which it was part and parcel ; that it took root there and is now mistaken for an indigenous product.

I hope that my remarks concerning the present and decadent state of the English Ballad will not deter the song-collector, especially the beginner, from paying to the words that attention which they undoubtedly deserve. He must, it is true, be prepared often to find the transcription of the words a thankless task, but every now and again he will be rewarded for his pains by recovering unrecorded lines of great beauty and of high scientific value.

The case for the tunes is very different. Fortunately, they have survived the words, and, for a few years more, it will still be possible to recover many ancient folk-melodies in England, if search be made in the right way and in the right place. But the time is short, and collectors must be up and doing, or the last chance will be gone. Perhaps the contents of this number may stimulate others to enter the field. There are many English counties, *e.g.*, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Wilts, Dorsetshire, etc., that have so far escaped the attention of the collector; and there is no reason to believe that any one of these counties would yield a less plentiful harvest than Somerset, Sussex, or North Devon.

The notes initialled, L. E. B., J. A. F. M., and F. K., are contributed by the Hon. Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland and Mr. Frank Kidson, to whom especial thanks are due for the trouble they have taken in annotating the songs.

CECIL J. SHARP.

PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE,  
HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATOIRE, N.W.,  
*January, 1905.*

# I.—THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 5TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

“How far this way, how far this way, How far this way do you  
mean for to go?” “A mile or two, kind sir,” she said, “To-wards the place that is  
called King’s Head.” “Do you wish to have an - y com - pa - ny, Or an - y young man to  
be your guide?” “O no,” said she, “that’s a dan - ger for me, To walk a-long with you on the  
banks of the Clyde, To walk a - long with you on the banks of the Clyde.”

THE flattening of the third in the Mixolydian scale is unusual but not unknown. There are two other instances in the present volume—“Down in the Groves,” No. 16, and Mr. Richards’ tune to “Barbara Ellen,” No. 6. Mrs. White could only remember the first verse of the words. I do not think that her ballad has anything to do with “The Banks of Claudy.”—C. J. S.

I have a song entitled “The Banks of the Clyde” in a garland of song, printed in Stirling in 1826, but it has nothing in common with the above.—F. K.

This tune, more especially as regards bars four and five, recalls “The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O!” which is met with rather often in but slightly varying traditional forms; (for printed examples, see *Songs of the West* and Christie’s *Traditional Ballad Airs*).—L. E. B.

2.—COLD BLOWS THE WIND; OR, THE UNQUIET GRAVE.

SUNG BY MRS. WILLIAM REE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SOMERSET, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

I'll do so much for my sweet-heart, As an - y young man may; I'll sit and mourn all  
on her grave A twelvemonth and a day, A twelvemonth and a day...

The twelve months and the 7 day was past,  
The ghost began to speak;      2 0 8 0 0  
"What makes you sit all on my grave  
And will not let me sleep?"

"There is one thing more I want, sweetheart,  
There is one thing more I crave,  
And that is a kiss from your lily-white lips,  
And then I'll go from your grave."

"My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart,  
My breath smells heavy and strong,  
And if you kiss my lily-white lips  
Your time will not be long."

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Andante.*

Cold blows the wind to my true love, And gent - ly drops the rain;..... I  
nev-er, nev-er had but one true love, And in greenwood she doth lay...

I'll do as much for my true love,  
As any young man may; 2 2 2 2 2  
I'll sit and weep all on her grave  
For a twelvemonth and one day.

When the twelve months and one day was o'er,  
 A ghost began for to speak ;  
 " Why sittest thou here all on my grave  
 And will not let me sleep ? "

" One kiss, darling, is all I want  
 One kiss all from your lily-white lips ;  
 And I'll then go from your grave. "

" If one kiss thou wast to have from my lily-white lips,  
 Your time it wouldn't be long. "  
 " Let my time be long or short, darlin',  
 I will then go from your grave. "

" Down in your father's garden, darling,  
 Where I and you have a-walked,  
 There groweth the finest flowers, darling,  
 That's now returning to the stalk. "

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

'Tis I, 'tis I, my own true love, The on - ly one thou hast ; I  
 want one kiss from thy li - ly-white lips, And that is all I ask.

FOURTH VERSION.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 6TH, 1904.

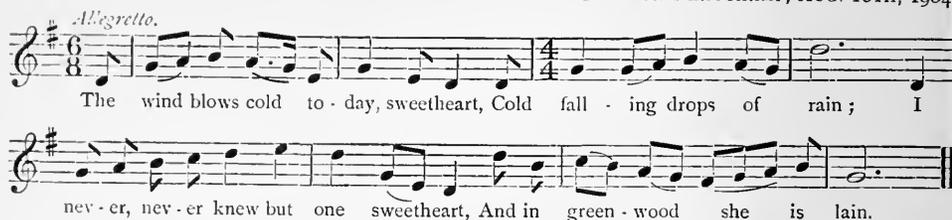
*Allegretto.*

I'll do so much for my true love, As an - y young man may ; I'll  
 sit and mourn all on her grave, A twelve - month and a day.

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ANNA POND  
AT SHEPTON-BEAUCHAMP, AUG. 16TH, 1904

*Allegretto.*



The wind blows cold to-day, sweetheart, Cold fall - ing drops of rain ; I  
nev - er, nev - er knew but one sweetheart, And in green - wood she is lain.

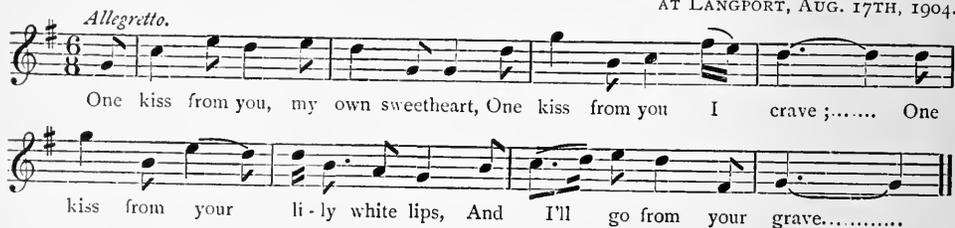
LAST VERSE.

"When shall we meet again, sweetheart,  
When shall we meet again?"  
"When the oaken leaves fall from the trees,  
And green spring up again."

SIXTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZA HUTCHINGS,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

*Allegretto.*



One kiss from you, my own sweetheart, One kiss from you I crave ;..... One  
kiss from your li - ly white lips, And I'll go from your grave.....

CONCLUDING VERSES.

"Down in yonder grove, sweetheart,  
Where you and I would walk,  
The finest flower that ever I saw  
Is withered to a stalk.  
The stalk is withered and dry, sweetheart,  
And the flower will never return ;  
And since I lost my own sweetheart,  
What can I do but mourn?"

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 6, *The Folk-Song Journal*, pp. 119 and 192, and *English County Songs*, p. 34. See also *Child's English and Scottish Ballads*.

The ballad, though very common in Somerset, is rarely sung to the same tune. Mrs. White's (4th version) is the only modal tune that I have met with.—C. J. S.

The melody of the third version suggests a variant of one of the tunes to which the ballad "Chevy Chace" was sung.—F. K.

### 3.—I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

As I walked out one May morn-ing, One May morn-ing so ear-ly, I  
o-ver-took a hand-some maid Just as the sun was a-ris-ing; With my  
ru-rum-a-day, Fal the did-dle-i-day, Fal the doll the did-dle-i-day.

Her shoes were bright and her stockings white,  
And her buckles shone like silver;  
She had a black and a rolling eye,  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.

"How old are you, my fair pretty maid?  
How old are you, my honey?"  
She answered me, quite cheerfully,  
"I am seventeen, come Sunday."

"Will you marry me, my fair pretty maid?  
Will you marry me, my honey?"  
She answered me quite cheerfully,  
"I dare not, for my mammy."

"If you'll come unto my mammy's house  
When the moon is shining brightly,  
I will come down and let you in  
And my mammy shall not hear me."

I went unto her mammy's house  
When the moon was shining brightly,  
She did come down and let me in,  
And I stayed with her till morning.

"Now, soldier, will you marry me?  
Now is your time, or never,  
For if you do not marry me  
I am undone for ever."

And now she is the soldier's wife  
And the soldier loves her dearly.  
The drum and fife is my delight,  
And a merry old man is mine, O!

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, JULY 27TH, 1904.

DORIAN.

*Moderato.*

“How old are you, my fair pret-ty maid, How old are you, my ho - ney?” She.....  
answered me quite cheer - ful - ly, “O! I’m sev - en - teen come Sun - day.”  
With my rue dum day Fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol the did-dle dum the day.

Compare *The Folk-Song Society's Journal*, vol. i, p. 92.—C. J. S.

I have noted a different air in North Yorkshire to these words, and Mr. Baring-Gould gives a variant in *Songs of the West*, No. 73.—F. K.

The words are on a ballad sheet, printed by Such.—L. E. B.

4.—THE PLOUGH-BOY'S COURTSHIP.

SUNG BY MRS. HOOPER AND MRS. WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

Young John - ny was a plough - boy so fresh as a rose, And so  
sweet - a - ly sang un - to his plough; While black - birds and thrush - es on  
ev - 'ry green bough, While the dai - ry - maid sat milk - ing her cow.

He took this fair maid by her lily-white hand,  
Through the meadows they wandered away,  
He placed his true love on a green mossy bank,  
While he gathered her a handful of sweet may.

And when he returned to her she gave to him a smile,  
 And she thanked him for what he had done,  
 He spreaded the sweet may on her lily-white breast,  
 And believe me, sir, there never grewed no thorn.

'Twas early next morning he made her his bride,  
 That the world may have nothing to say ;  
 The bells they shall ring, and the birds sweetly sing,  
 While he crowned her the Queen of sweet May.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Moderato.*

Young Wil - liam the plough - boy so brisk as a rose, And so  
 sweet - ly sing'd he at his plough ; With a black - bird and thrush on  
 ev - 'ry green bush, And the dai - ry - maid was milk - ing her cow.

" O where are you going my fair pretty maid,  
 All in the morn so soon ? "

" O," the maid she replied, " I am gathering sweet may,  
 For the trees they are all in full bloom."

" Shall I go with you my fair pretty maid,  
 All in the morning so soon ? "

The maid she replied, " I'd rather be excused,  
 For I'm afraid, sir, you'll lead me astray."

He took this fair maid by the lily-white hand,  
 Through the meadows they walked to and fro,  
 He placed his love down on the green mossy bank  
 While he brought her four handfuls of may.

'Twere early next morning he made her his bride,  
 'Cos the world should have nothing to say ;  
 For the bells they shall ring and the bridesmaids shall sing,  
 And he crowned her the Queen of the May.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. FRED. CROSSMAN,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, JULY 29TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

As I walked through the meadows to take the fresh air, The flow-ers was bloom-ing and  
gay; I heard a young damsel so sweetly was singing, Her cheeks like the blossom in May.

The words of the third version were substantially the same as those of the second version.

The tunes of the first and second versions are variants of "The Frigate," in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 47.—C. J. S.

The opening of the first tune much resembles versions of the "Banks of Sweet Dundee."—F. K.

The tune of "Napoleon's Farewell to Paris," *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, No. 1, bears some resemblance to that of the second version.—L. E. B.

5.—THE FALSE BRIDE.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SOMERSET, JAN., 1904.

*Andante.*

O when that I saw my love in the church stand, With the glove pull-ing  
off, and the ring in her hand, I jumped in be - twixt them and  
kissed the false bride, Say-ing, "A - dieu to false loves for ev - er."

\* 2nd, 3rd, & 4th verses.

O when that I saw my love from the church go,  
 Then I followed after with my heart full of woe ;  
 I thought her sweet company better than wine,  
 Although she was tied to some other.

O when that I saw my love sit down at meat,  
 I sat down beside her but nothing could eat ;  
 I thought her sweet company better than meat,  
 Although she was tied to some other.

You dig me a grave that is long, wide, and deep,  
 And strew it all over with flowers so sweet,  
 That I may lay there and take my long sleep,  
 And that's the best way to forget her !

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

*Andante.*

I heard my love pub-lished in church,..... I rose from my  
 seat and went out in the porch ; I thought she was con-stant as  
 con-stant could be, But now she is going to get mar-ried .....

When I saw my love to the church go,  
 Bridesmen and bride maidens they made a fine show ;  
 Then I followed after with my heart full of woe,  
 For to see how my false love discarded.

When I saw my love in the church stand  
 With the glove putting off and the ring putting on,  
 Then I thought to myself that you ought to be mine—  
 But now she is tied to some other.

When I saw my love sit down to eat,  
 I sat by her side but nothing could eat,  
 I thought her sweet company better than wine,  
 Though now she is gone to some other.

You dig me a grave that is long, wide, and deep,  
 And cover it all over with flowers so sweet,  
 That I may lay down and take my long sleep,  
 And adieu to my false love for ever.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZABETH MOGG,  
AT HOLFORD, AUG. 30TH, 1904.

*Andante.*

When I saw my love up the church go, With the bride and the  
bride - groom followed af - ter so; And I fol - lowed af - ter with my  
heart full of woe, For I was the man that ought to had her.....

When I saw my love in the church stand  
With the ring on her finger and the glove in her hand,  
I stepped up to her and gave her a salute,  
Saying, "You may take her, for I must not have her."

When I saw my love out the church go,  
With her bride and bridegroom they followed after so,  
And I followed after with my heart full of woe,  
For I was the man that ought to had her.

When I saw my love sat down to meat  
I sat myself by her but nothing could I eat;  
For I loved her sweet company much better than meat,  
Although I was the man that ought to had her.

Dig me a grave both wide, long, and deep  
And strew it all over with flowers so sweet;  
I'll lay myself down in it and take a long sleep,  
And then I shall soon forget her!

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 97, and *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 23. The words are on an old broadside by Such, and also on a more modern one. See also "The False Nymph" in *The New Pantheon Concert*, in one of the Aldermary Churchyard Song Books, (B. M. 11621, e. 6). The first verse of this last begins:

I courted a lass that was handsome and gay,  
I hated all people that 'gainst her did say;  
I thought her as constant and true as the day—  
But now she has gone to be married.

The remaining six verses are substantially the same as those given in the first version.—C. J. S.

For another version see Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," vol. ii, p. 134. I have noted a variant in Hampshire. The Hampshire words, "I courted a lass," follow pretty closely an old ballad-sheet by Jackson (Birmingham), called the "False-hearted Lover," and the tune is much like the third air here printed.

A version, "The Forlorn Lover," declaring—

How a lass gave her lover three slips for a Teaster,  
And married another a week before Easter.

(to a pleasant new tune), begins "A Week before Easter," 16 stanzas. Newcastle-on-Tyne, John White, *cir.* James II. *Roxburghe Ballads*, c 20. f.g. vol. iii, p. 324.

Another version: "Love is the cause of my Mourning," or "The Despairing Lover" (sung with its own proper tune), begins "The Week before Easter." 10 stanzas. *Roxburghe Ballads*, c 20. f.g. vol. iii, p. 672.—L. E. B.

## 6.—BARBARA ELLEN.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1, 1903.

*Andante.*

In Scotland I was born and bred, In Scot-land is my dwell-ing; A  
young man on his death-bed lay For the love of Bar-b'ra El-len.

She went to his bedside and said,  
"Young man, I think you're dying;"  
"A dying man! pray don't say so,  
One kiss of yours will cure me.

You go around to my bed's foot  
And see that pool a-standing,  
That pool of blood that I have shed,  
For love of Barbara Ellen."

"As I was going across the fields  
I heard some bells a-telling,  
And as they rung I sim they said,  
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!

Hard-hearted girl I must have been,  
To the lad that loves me nearly;  
I wish I had my time again,  
I'd love that young man dearly.

As I was going through the street  
 I saw some corpse a-coming;  
 Yon corpse of clay lay down, I pray  
 That I may gaze all on 'ee.'

The more she looked the more she laughed  
 Until she burst out laughing;  
 Till all her friends cried out: "For shame!  
 Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

So she went home, "Dear mother," she says,  
 "Make my bed soft and easy,  
 My young man died on one good day,  
 And I shall die on another."

"You make my bed, dear mother," she said,  
 "You make it long and narrow,  
 My young man died for love," she cried,  
 "And I shall die for sorrow."

They both were buried in one churchyard,  
 They both lay in one squier,  
 And out of her sprang a red rosebud,  
 And out of him sweet briar.

They grew up to the high church wall  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And back they returned in true love's knot,  
 Red roses and sweet briar.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. JANE WHELLER,  
 AT LANGPORT UNION, APRIL 1904.

*Andante.*

'Twas in the mer - ry month of May, When flow'rs were all a - bud-ding, A  
 young man on his deathbed lay For the sake of Bar - b'ra Al - len.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. HARRY RICHARDS,  
 AT CURRY RIVELL, SEPT. 5TH, 1904.

*MIXOLYDIAN.*

*Andante.*

In Scotland I was born and bred, And England is my na-tion, For a  
 young man on his deathbed lay For the sake of Bar - ba - ra Ed - e - lin.

## FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, AUG. 20TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

'Twas in the pleas-ant month of May, When flowers they were springing, A young man on his  
sick-bed lay For the love of Bar-b'ra Ed-e-lin, Barb'ra Ed-e - lin, For the love of Barb'ra Ed-e - lin.

The words appended to the first version were not sung to me by Mrs. Hooper, but were given to me by Mrs. Ree of Hambridge, to whom Mrs. Hooper referred me. As they are quaint, and vary somewhat from published versions, they are printed here.

To sing "Edelin" for "Ellen," when the melody provides a note for the extra syllable, is in accordance with a practice frequently met with in Somerset. For example, the words "walking," "talking," "smoking," "calico," have all been sung to me "wordelkin," "tordelkin," "smodelkin," "cadelico."

The flattened third in Mr. Richards's version is another instance of the peculiarity referred to in the note to "The Banks of the Clyde," No. 1.—C. J. S.

I have heard the words of this ballad sung in North Yorkshire much in the same way as here given. It is to be noticed that singers of the song in Yorkshire pronounce the name "Ellen," not "Allan." With the Somerset confirmation this may after all not be a corruption. The first two airs appear to be from the same original; they are old and quaint. For Yorkshire versions and particulars of others, see my *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

For notes on this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, Chappell's *Popular Music*; and also the *Folk-Song Society Journal*, vol. i, No. 3, and vol. i, No. 5, where four airs are given, amongst them a Sussex tune which should be compared with the Somersetshire versions.

Mr. Kalisch has received the following letter from Mrs. Bodell who, when living in Clerkenwell, sang various old songs to our late Hon. Sec., Mrs. Lee, some of which are printed in the first number of the *Journal*. Mrs. Bodell in reference to a note of mine (*F. S. S. Journal*, p. 267), writes :

"Honoured and Dear Sir, ..... I venture to write this that I knew a long time ago that Barbara's conduct was due to *His*, for He was a Sir of the West Countree And he *courted* Barbara Allen and he became very ill And He sent for her and when she came into his House or Chamber she said By

the pallor of your face I see young Man your dying. And he asked her to get down a cup from a shelf which held the tiars he had shed for her. And she then said Do you remember the other night when at the Ale House drinking That you drank the health of all girls there But not poor Barbara Allen He replied I do remember the other night when at the Ale House drinking I drank the health of what was there but my love was Barbara Allen. And when she walked near four cross roads she met his corse a coming, put down put down that lovely corse. And let me gaze upon him. Oh Mother Mother make my be and make it long and narrer for my true love has died to day *Ill* follow him tomorrer .....

Mr. Joyce gives a fine tune in his *Ancient Irish Music*, which was sung to him by a young girl of Limerick. She pronounced the name "Barbary Ellen." The poet Goldsmith wrote of the pathos of this ballad as sung by the old dairy-maid at his home in the midland country of Ireland.—L. E. B.

## 7.—BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC., 1903.

*Con spirito.*

The musical score is written on three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Con spirito.' The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) after the first line of music.

We have a flow-er in our gar-den, We call it Mar-y-gold, And if you will not  
when you can, You shall not when you will ; And sing, blow a-way the morn-ing dew,  
Blow the winds, heigh o-ver ; Sing, blow a-way the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

As we was riding home along,  
We saw some pooks of hay ;  
Is not this a very pretty place  
For boys and girls to play ?

We have a cock in our barton,  
Will cluck like any hen ;  
And I think to my very own self  
That your are just the sen.

When she came to her own father's gates,  
So nimble she popped in ;  
Saying " You're the fool without  
And I am a maid within ! "

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. JEFFERY,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Con spirito.*

As I went out one May morning To view the meadows gay, There I met a  
sweet pretty girl All on the new-mown hay ;... Sing-ing, Hey the dew - y morn,  
Blow the winds, heigh ho ! Strol-ling in the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

(WORDS SIMILAR TO FIRST VERSION.)

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. PRICE,  
AT COMPTON MARTIN, AUG. 26TH, 1904.

*Con spirito.*

There was a farm - er's son Kept sheep all on the hill, He walk-ed out one  
morn - ing To see what he could kill ; And roll me in the morn-ing dew, The  
dew, and the dew, Steal a - way the morning dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

He looked high, he looked low, he cast an underlook,  
And there he saw a pretty fair maid, all in the watery brook.

“ You leave alone my mantel rest, you leave alone my gown,  
And, if you will, take hold my hand, and I will be your own.”

He mounted on a milk-white steed and she upon another,  
And there they rode along the road like sister and like brother.

And there they rode along the road till they came to some fields of hay,  
"Isn't this a pretty place for girls and boys to play?"

"You stop till you come to my father's house, there you shall have a crown,  
Then I will engage with you and twenty thousand pound."

And when she came to her father's gate so lively she did run,  
None was so ready as the waiting maid to let this lady in.

She mounted off her milk-white steed, and then she did step in,  
She said, "You are a rogue without, and I'm a girl within."

My mother got a flower in her garden, calléd Mary-gold,  
If you will not when you may, you shall not when you will."

These are shortened versions of the ancient ballad "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy"—see *Percy's Reliques*. See also "Yonder comes a courteous Knight," in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, and in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. iii, p. 37, ed. 1719.

An ancient air to this ballad is to be found in Rimbault's *Music to Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, pp. 28 and 81.

The Somerset versions appear to be derived more directly from a Northumbrian copy, "Blow the Winds, I ho!" given in Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry of England*, at p. 82, and in Stokoe and Reay's *Ballads of Northern England*, p. 112.

Compare also "Blow away, ye Mountain Breezes" and note to the same in *Songs of the West*, No. 25; also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 8.—C. J. S.

The first version of the tunes here printed is a *very* accurate survival of a ballad-air which is *at least* one hundred years old, as it appears, harmonized by Haydn, in the Collection of Scottish Airs, published by Whyte of Edinburgh, 1804. In that collection it is associated with a ballad called "The Shepherd's Son," of which only the first four verses are given, which are identical with the first four on the same subject in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Ballads* (1769). It is one of the many variants of "The Baffled Knight," so exhaustively dealt with in Child's monumental work on ballads. The four verses are as follows:

- |   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | There was a shepherd's son<br>Kept sheep upon a hill;<br>He laid his pipe and crook aside,<br>And there he slept his fill.<br>Sing fal de ral, etc. | 3 | He raised his head frae his green bed,<br>And then approached the maid,<br>"Put on your clae's, my dear," he said,<br>"And be ye not afraid."<br>Sing fal de ral, etc. |
| 2 | He looked east, he looked west,<br>Then gave an underlook,<br>And there he spied a lady fair<br>Swimming in a brook.<br>Sing fal de ral, etc.       | 4 | 'Tis fitter for a lady fair<br>To sew a silken seam,<br>Than get up in a May morning,<br>And strive against the stream."<br>Sing fal de ral, etc.                      |

L. E. B.

## 8.—THE DEVONSHIRE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Allegro.*

In Dev - on - shire lived a rich farm - er ;..... His daugh - ter to  
mar - ket did go,..... How lit - tle she thought on her  
sweet - heart, She oft - en - times ride to and fro.....

All in her portmante she put it,  
All in her portmante put she,  
For fear of some beggars, some troopers,  
She meet with all on her highway.  
Some beggars, some troopers she meet with,  
They bade this poor damsel to stay ;  
She would not stay for the heavens,  
But keep herself on the high-way.

They stripped this poor girl stark naked,  
They gave her the bridle to hold,  
She stood a-shaking and baving,  
Almost a-fooze with the cold :  
She up with her foot in the stirrup,  
Away she did ride like a man,  
Come follow me, follow me, trooper,  
Come follow me now if you can.

They runned but they could not get after,  
Their boots were baffled in snows,  
Crying, " Stop my fair young damsel  
And you shall have all of your clothes."  
" No matter, no matter," she say,  
" You can keep it all now if you will,  
I've a-leaved you a bag full of farthings,  
A sum of five shillings to tell."

She rode over hills, over mountains,  
Till she came to her own father's gate,  
Her father was almost affrighted  
To see her come home in her white:  
" O! where have you been, my dear daughter,  
O! where have you tarried so long ?"  
" I've been in some very rough wars  
But still I've received no harm."

He looked all in her portmantle,  
 And in her portmantle he found  
 Large pieces of silver and gold,  
 Which mounted to six hundred pound:  
 "Here's six hundred pound, my dear daughter  
 And six hundred more you shall have,  
 I think it's a very large fortune  
 To keep the cold wind out of doors."

Compare "The Lincolnshire Farmer's Daughter," broadside, by Such, No. 635;  
 "The Maid of Rygate, in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*; *Folk-Song Journal*,  
 vol. i, p. 236. See also "The Norfolk Maiden," the fifth and last song in "The  
 Longing Maid's Garland" (B. M. 11621, c. 2).

The Somerset ballad here printed is, I should say, an earlier version than any of  
 those cited above. Such archaisms as "shaking and bavinger," "come home in  
 her white," "baffled in snows," etc., stamp the ballad as genuine and point to some  
 antiquity. The tune is a modal one—though from this view some may differ—and  
 the omission of a bar's rest in the latter half of the melody, gives a swing to the  
 tune of which the more conventional break would deprive it.—C. J. S.

## 9.—LISBON.

DORIAN.

*Allegretto.*

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,  
 AT MUCHELNEY HAM, APRIL, 1904.

'Twas on one Whit-sun Wednesday The, four-teenth day of May;  
 We un-tied our an-chor And so we sailed a-way Where the  
 sun do shine most glo-rious, To Lis-bon we are bound, Where the  
 hills and hills are dain-ted With pret-ty maid-ens round.

There I beheld a damsel,  
 All in her bloom of years,  
 Making her full lamentation,  
 Her eyes did flow with tears.

“ Fare thee well my best time lover,  
 To thee it is well known,  
 So marry me sweet William  
 And leave me not alone.”

“ O no, my dearest Polly,  
 Pray do not go with me,  
 Where the soldiers they lay bleeding,  
 It is a dismal sight ;  
 Where the fifes and drums are beating  
 To drown the dismal cry,  
 So stay at home dear Polly,  
 And do not go with I.

“ If I should meet a pretty girl  
 That's proper tall and gay,  
 If I should take a fancy to her,  
 Polly what should you say ?  
 Would you not be offendèd ? ”  
 “ O no ! my lover true  
 I'd stand aside, sweet William,  
 While she go along with you.

“ Pray do not talk of danger  
 For love is my desire,  
 To see you in the battle  
 And there to spend your time ;  
 I will travel through France and Spain,  
 All for to be your bride,  
 And within the field of battle  
 I will lay down by your side.”

I have noted a more complete version of the words from Mrs. Hutchings, of Langport, who sang them to the well-worn tune, “The Banks of Sweet Dundee.”  
 —C. J. S.

The tune bears considerable resemblance to a version of “God rest you, Merry Gentlemen ;” see Wm. Hone’s “A Political Christmas Carol,” *circa* 1820.—F. K.

## 10.—THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN ENGLAND,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is written on two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

I sowed the seeds of Love, And I sowed them in the spring ; I gathered them up in the  
 morning so soon, While the small birds do sweetly sing, While the small birds do sweetly sing.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

So the sol-dier was seen a-lone, So ear-ly in the spring; It's April and May and  
June like-wise, And the small birds they did sing, And the small birds they did sing.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY FARMER KING,  
AT CASTLE OF COMFORT, EAST-HARPTREE, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

I sowed the seeds of love, I sowed them in the spring; I  
gath-ered them up in the morn-ing so soon, While the small birds do sweet-ly sing.

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. WELCH,  
AT ILE BRUERS, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

I sowed the seeds of Love, I sowed them in the  
spring ..... 'Twas in A-pril and in May, and in June like-wise, When the  
small birds do sweet-ly sing,..... When the small birds do sweet-ly sing.

Mr. England's tune is the air to which this well-known ballad is usually sung in the neighbourhood of Hambridge, Somerset. I have not heard the second version sung by anyone except Mr. Spearing.

The third version is well-known to the Mendip singing men. The fourth version is a variant of the first, and shows a trace of modal influence.

With the exception of the first verse of the second version, the words of all the versions follow, more or less closely, printed copies.

I have noted four other tunes to this ballad in Somerset.—C. J. S.

Mr. Spearing's tune, if played in the minor key, is a variant of Chappell's traditional Lancashire air. For six other versions see the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, pp. 86 and 209.—L. E. B.

The "Seeds of Love" is very frequently named the "Sprig of Thyme." I have noted down an air very similar to the third version, from a Nottingham singer.

The first published version of the "Seeds of Love" was in Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology* (1816), vol. i, p. 40. The air is called a "Border Melody," and it was noted down by a Miss Pringle, of Jedburgh. A fresh set of verses was written, but some fragments of the original were included in them. The air is:—

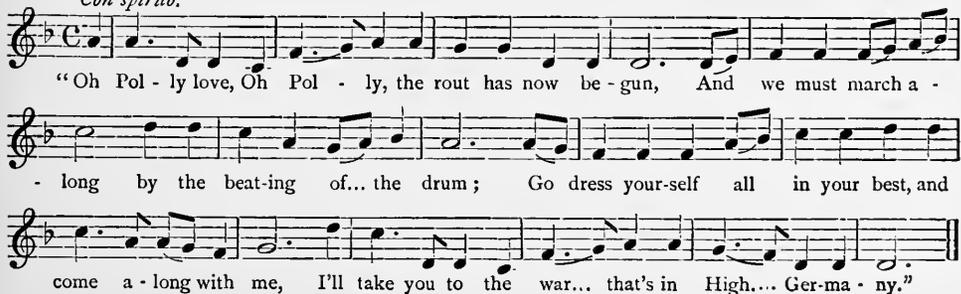


F. K.

## 11.—HIGH GERMANY.

ÆOLIAN.  
*Con spirito.*

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,  
AT MUCHELNEY HAM, APRIL, 1904.



"Oh Pol - ly love, Oh Pol - ly, the rout has now be - gun, And we must march a -  
long by the beat - ing of... the drum; Go dress your - self all in your best, and  
come a - long with me, I'll take you to the war... that's in High... Ger - ma - ny."

“ O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,  
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away ;  
And, besides, my dearest Harry, I am in love with thee,  
I'm not fitted for the cruel wars in High Germany.”

“ I'll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,  
And all my delight shall be riding by your side ;  
We'll call at every ale house, and drink when we are dry,  
So quickly on the road, my boys, we'll marry by and by.”

“ O curséd were the cruel wars that ever they should rise !  
And out of merry England pressed many a lad likewise ;  
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,  
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.”

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZA CARTER,

AT RACKENFORD, N. DEVON, SEPT. 13TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Allegro.*

O a broad as I was wor-del-kin, I was walk - ing all a - lone, When I heard a couple  
tor - delkin As they walk-ed... all a - long ; Said the young one to the fair one, “ Bonnie  
lass, I must a - way, For the King he has com-manded us, And his or-ders I must o - bey.”

Mr. Tom Sprachlan of Hambridge, gave me another tune to the words of the first version, and this is published in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, vol. i, p. 10. Compare also Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 93. The words of the first version are on a Such broadside, No. 329.

As Mrs. Carter is over ninety years of age, I did not take down the words of the remaining verses of her song. To the best of my recollection, however, they followed the Catnach broadside, entitled “The True Lovers ; or, the King's Command must be obeyed.” This version of the words treats of the same theme as the Such broadside, above referred to, and is popularly known as “High Germany.” See *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 2 and Note thereto. The tune there given is a variant of Mrs. Carter's.

I have noted down a Worcestershire tune to the first version of this ballad. The words have some affinity to the old Scottish song, “Low Germany.”—F. K.

Compare the fine tune to the second version with “Along with my love I'll go”—Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 64.—L. E. B.

## 12.—GEORDIE.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Andante.*

Two staves of musical notation in C major and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a slow tempo.

Come bri - dle me my milk - white steed, Come bri - dle me my po - ny,  
That I might ride to fair Lon - don town, To plead for my Geor - die.

And when she entered in the hall  
There were lords and ladies plenty ;  
Down on her bended knee she fall,  
To plead for the life of Geordie.

Then Geordie looked round the court  
And saw his dearest Polly,  
He said : " My dear, you're come too late  
For I'm condemned already."

Then the judge looked down on him,  
And said : " I'm sorry for 'ee,  
'Tis thine own confession hath hanged thee,  
May the Lord have mercy upon 'ee."

Geordie he never stole cow nor calf,  
Nor he never stoled any money ;  
But he stole sixteen of the king's white steeds,  
And sold them in Bohenny.

Geordie shall be hanged in golden chains—  
His crimes was never many—  
Because he came from the royal blood  
And courted a virtuous lady.

I wish I was in yonder grove  
Where times I have been many,  
With my broad sword and pistol too  
I'd fight for the life of Geordie !

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Andante.*

Two staves of musical notation in C major and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a slow tempo.

O Geordie shall be hang'd in a gol - den chain, And that's the chain of ma - ny ; For he  
has con - fessed, and die he must, And the Lord have mer - cy on him.

O Geordie never stole no ducks nor no geese,  
 And he never murdered any ;  
 But he stole sixteen of the king's royal deer,  
 And sold them under vally.

See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 24-25, and *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 164.

A version of this was known in the East Riding of Yorkshire. A set of words is found on ballad sheets.—F. K.

*Cf.* the second air here printed with the traditional tune to "How should I your true love know" (Chappell's *Popular Music*). The subject of the words is an exceedingly favourite one with broadside ballad-makers of the 17th century (see *Donce Coll.*, Bodleian Library, and *Roxburghe Coll.*, British Museum).—L. E. B.

### 13.—THE CRAB FISH.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 15TH, 1904.

*Vivace.*



There was a lit-tle man and he had a lit-tle wife, And he lov'd her as dear as he loved his life ;



Mash a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.

One hour in the night my wife fell sick,  
 And all that she cried for, a little crab fish ;  
 Then her husband arose and put on his clothes,  
 And down to the seaside he followed his nose ;  
 " O fisherman, O fisherman, canst thou tell me ?  
 Hast thou a little crab fish thoust could sell me ? "  
 " O yes, O yes, I've one two and three,  
 And the best of them I will sell thee. "  
 etc., etc.

A Scottish version of this song, entitled "The Crab," is printed in *A Ballad Book*, collected by C. K. Sharpe and edited by Edmund Goldsmid, part ii, p. 10—originally printed in 1824. A foot-note states that the song is founded on a story in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*.—C. J. S.

A very curious survival, both as regards the song itself and the story. Both the Scottish and the English versions are in the same metre as the nonsense chorus. Nothing is known of the air to which the Scottish version was sung.—F. K.

## 14.—LORD RENDAL.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18TH, 1904.

*Andante moderato.*

“O where have you been, Rendal my son? O where have you been, my sweet pret-ty one?” “I’ve  
been to mysweetheart! O make my bed soon, I’m sick to my heart, and fain would lay down.”

“O what should she give you, Rendal, my son?  
O what should she give you, my sweet pretty one?”  
“She give me some eels, O make my bed soon,  
I’m sick to my heart and fain would lay down.”  
“O what colour was they, Rendal, my son?  
O what colour was they, my sweet pretty one?”  
“They was spickit and sparkit,\* O make my bed soon,  
I’m sick to my heart and fain would lay down.”  
“O where did she get them, Rendal, my son?  
O where did she get them, my sweet pretty one?”  
“From hedges and ditches, O make my bed soon,  
I’m sick to my heart and fain would lay down.”  
“O they was strong poison, Rendal, my son!  
O they was strong poison, my sweet pretty one!  
You’ll die, you’ll die, Rendal, my son,  
You’ll die, you’ll die, my sweet pretty one.”

\* Blotched and speckled.

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. PERRY,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG 23RD, 1904.

*Andante.*

“Where have you beento all the day Hen - e - ry my son? Where have you been to all the day?  
You’re a pret-ty one.” “Out in the green fields, moth-er, out in the green fields,  
*l’istesso tempo.*  
moth-er; Make my bed quick, I’ve a pain in my heart, And I wants to lie down.”

"What have you been eating of, Henery, my son?  
 What have you been eating of? You're a pretty one."  
 "Eels, mother, eels, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your father, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your father? You're a pretty one."  
 "Land and houses, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your mother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your mother? You're a pretty one."  
 "Coals and horses, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your brother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your brother? You're a pretty one."  
 "Hen and chicken, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your sister, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your sister? You're a pretty one."  
 "A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ANNA POND,  
 AT SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP, SEPT. 3RD, 1904.

*Andante.*

"Where have you been all this day Hen - e - ry my son? Where have you been all this day,  
 My pret-ty one?" "In the green fields, In the greenfields; make my bed quick, There's a  
 pain in my heart, and I want to lay down, And I want to lay down."  
*or*  
 And I want to lay down."

"What have you been eating of, Henery, my son?  
 What have you been eating of, my pretty one?"  
 "Eels, dear mother, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What colour was those eels, Henery, my son?  
 What colour was those eels, my pretty one?"  
 "Green and yellow, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."

"What will you leave your mother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?"  
 "Gold and silver, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your father, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your father, my pretty one?"  
 "Land and houses, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your brother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?"  
 "Cows and horses, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your lover, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?"  
 "A rope to hang her with, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "Where shall I make your bed, Henery, my son?  
 Where shall I make your bed, my pretty one?"  
 "In the green fields, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "How shall I make your bed, Henery, my son?  
 How shall I make your bed, my pretty one?"  
 "Long and narrow, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down"

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE WYATT,  
 AT WEST HARTREE, AUG. 26TH, 1904.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Andante moderato.*



"What col-our was the fish, Ren-dal my son? What col-our was the fish, Ren-dal my son?" "He was



spotted on the back, mother, make my bed soon; I am sick to my heart, and I fain would lay down."

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS DOVETON BROWN,  
 AT CLEVEDON, SEPT. 11TH, 1904.

*Andante moderato.*



"O where have you been to, Rendal my son? O where have you been to, my handsome young man?"



"Hunting, mother, hunting; O make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

" Where had you your dinner, Rendal, my son ?  
 Where had you your dinner, my handsome young man ? "  
 " I dined with my love, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 " What had you for dinner, Rendal, my son ?  
 What had you for dinner, my handsome young man ? "  
 " Eels boiled in broth, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 " O where are your bloodhounds, Rendal, my son ?  
 O where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ? "  
 " They swelled and they died, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 " I fear you are poisoned, Rendal, my son ?  
 I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man ? "  
 " Yes ! yes ! I am poisoned ! O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."

This is the Scottish ballad known as " Lord Ronald," " Lord Donald," " The Croodlin Doo," etc.

Compare " Edward, Edward " (Percy's *Reliques*, i, 41), " Lord Donald " (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 110) " Lord Ronald " (Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, p. 18), " Willie Doo " (Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii, 479), " Lord Ronald " (Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*), and " Where hast thou been to-day " (*Garland of Country Song*, No. 38). In an interesting note to the latter, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould states that the ballad, besides being sung in Devon, Suffolk, and Ireland, as well as in Scotland, is well-known in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia, and Iceland. It is certainly well known in Somerset, for I have taken it down there eight times.

The tunes to the first, fourth, and fifth versions are ordinary ballad tunes in regular metre. But the tunes of the second and third versions follow the words closely and expressively and in a manner that is unusual in folk-song. Mrs. Bond of Barrington, Somerset, sang me a variant of the third version, and Mrs. Hutchings of Langport, a variant of the first version. Miss Doveton Brown informed me that she learned the song from her mother, who had it from her grandmother, born in 1784. The words of her song follow Sir Walter Scott's copy.—C. J. S.

In the fourth volume of Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum* (1792) is a mere fragment of this ballad, picked up by Robert Burns in Ayrshire. The melody of this copy closely resembles the fine strains of " Lochaber no more," and has been hastily said to have been its original. It is very extraordinary that the ballad should have been so widely diffused ; it points to a very early origin.—F. K.

For the words and story generally, compare " Edward," made famous by Loewe and Brahms.—J. A. F. M.

# 15.—THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1903.

*Andante.*

Go home and get your father's gold, And some of your mother's mo-ney ; And you shall go and board with me. For to be my dear ho - ney, For to be my dear ho - ney.

He had not sailed many miles  
Not many miles nor scarcely,  
Before he was troubled  
With her and her baby, with her and her baby.

He tied a napkin round her head  
And he tied it to the baby,  
And then he threwed them overboard  
Both her and her baby, both her and her baby.

See how my love she will try to swim !  
See how my love she will taver !  
See how my love she will try to swim  
To the banks of green willow, to the banks of green willow.

I will have the coffin made for my love  
And I'll edge it all with yellow ;  
Then she shall be buried,  
On the banks of green willow, on the banks of green willow.

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

It's of a sea cap-tain, O, Lived by the sea - side, O, He court - ed a pret - ty girl 'Till he got her by child, O.

She went for to sail  
They had not sailed miles many, O  
Before she was delivered  
Of a beautiful baby.

" O take me back again,  
 Here's fifty pounds I will to thee,  
 To row me safe back again,  
 Both me and my baby."

" O I cannot turn the ship, O  
 For to turn it would lose many lives O,  
 It's better to lose one life  
 Than so many, O."

" O fetch me a napkin, O,  
 And bind my head so easy ;  
 And overboard throw me  
 Both me and my baby."

O they fetched him a napkin  
 And bound her head so easy ;  
 And overboard he threw his love,  
 Both she and her baby.

" O see how my love is rollin' !  
 O see how my love's a'tremblin' !  
 O fetch to me the life boat,  
 And bring my love safe back again,  
 Both she and her baby.

O make my love a coffin  
 Of the gold that shines yellow ;  
 And she shall be buried  
 On the banks of green willow."

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LIZZIE WELCH,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 5TH, 1904.

*Andantino.*

Go and get me some of your father's gold, And some of your mother's money,  
 And you shall go a-board with me, And be my dear honey.

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 22ND, 1904.

*Andantino.*

Go and get your father's good-will, and get your mother's  
 money, And sail right o'er the ocean a-long with young John-ny.

She had not been sailing  
 Been sailing many days, O,  
 Before she wanted some woman's help  
 And could not get any.

" O hush your tongue you silly girl,  
 O hush your tongue you huzzy,  
 For I can do so much for thee  
 As any woman can for thee.

Go and get a silk napkin  
 And I'll tie thy head up softly,  
 And I'll throw thee overboard  
 Both thee and thy baby.

Look how my love's swimming along  
 See how my love swager !  
 I'm afraid she'll swim to dry land  
 Which makes my heart quaver.

I'll buy my love a coffin  
 And the gold shall shine yellow,  
 And she shall be buried,  
 By the banks of green willow."

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZABETH MOGG,  
 AT HOLFORD, AUG. 30TH, 1904.

*Andantino.*

It's of a sea cap - tain Down by the sea - side, O, He  
 court - ed a young dam - sel, And got her by child.

" Go and get your mother's will, O,  
 And all your father's money,  
 To sail across the ocean <sup>???</sup>  
 Along with your Johnny."

" I've got my father's will, O,  
 And all my mother's money,  
 To sail across the ocean  
 Along with my Johnny."

We had not sailed miles,  
 No not great many, <sup>03331</sup>  
 Before she was delivered  
 Of a beautiful baby.

“ Go and get me a white napkin  
To tie my head easy,  
To throw me quite overboard  
Both me and my baby.”

“ Now see how she totters !  
Now see how she tumbers !  
Now see how she's rolling  
All on the salt water !

Go and get me a long boat  
To row my love back again ;  
To row my love back again,  
Both she and her baby.

Now she shall have a coffin,  
A coffin shall shine yellow ;  
And she shall be buried  
On the banks of green willow.

The bells shall ring mournful,  
O for my dearest Polly,  
And she shall be buried  
For the sake of her money.”

In Mrs. Mogg's words, the motive for throwing “ both her and her baby ” overboard is greed ; in the other versions no motive is assigned.

The Scottish version, however, “ Bonnie Annie ” (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*) provides the following explanation :

“ There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,  
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me.”  
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,  
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

A similar incident occurs in the well-known English Ballad, “ The Cruel Ship's Carpenter.” In Kinloch's version the scene is laid in Ireland :

“ Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,  
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.”

On this account, presumably, Motherwell conjectures that “ it is an Irish Ballad, though popular in Scotland.”

For other versions of the words see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, i, 244. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has noted three versions of the ballad in Devonshire, and these, condensed into one narrative, are quoted in Child, iv, 453.

There is an elaborate story which is in some respects similar to “ The Banks of Green Willow,” in “ The faithless Sea Captain, or the Betrayed Virgin's Garland ” (B. M. 11621, c. 2). Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that this may be an English and more modern version of the older Scottish ballad.—C. J. S.

There is no similarity in the story with "The faithless Captain or the Betrayed Virgin," a ballad printed by Pitts, *circa* 1800.—F. K.

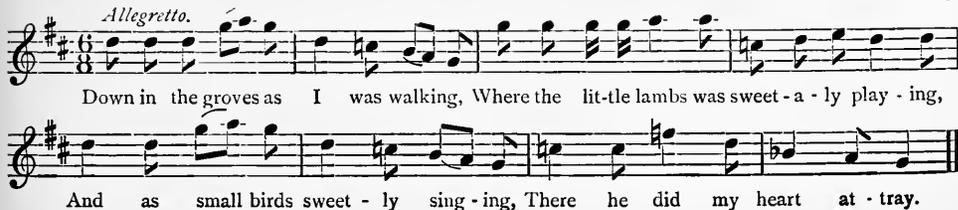
*Cf.* the tune of "The Frog and the Crow" (Chappell's *Nursery Rhymes*).—L. E. B.

## 16.—DOWN IN THE GROVES.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1903.

*Allegretto.*



Down in the groves as I was walking, Where the lit-tle lambs was sweet - a - ly play - ing,  
And as small birds sweet - ly sing - ing, There he did my heart at - tray.

*Chorus*—Hark! Hark! Hark! the cocks is crowing,  
Daylight now will soon appear,  
Down to the gloomy grave I'm going,  
Shall I meet my false love there?

Nine long hours she lay a dying,  
And most sparely she did cry.  
Crying Billy, young constant Billy,  
'Tis for your sake I must die.  
Hark! Hark! Hark! etc.

The refrain of this ballad is nearly the same as the third verse of "The Virgin's Wreath," in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 29.

The tune is in the Mixolydian mode, with the third flattened in the last bar. For other instances of this, see "The Banks of the Clyde," and "Barbara Ellen" (third version) in this volume.

The word "atray" means "attract."—C. J. S.

I have obtained a very unsatisfactory fragment in Yorkshire which I fancy is part of this song.—F. K.

This is possibly part of a version of "Bedlam City" (see *English County Songs*). The lamentations of a mad girl for the loss of her Billy, couched in very similar language, form the subject of broadsides printed by Pitts, Catnach, Armstrong and others.—L. E. B.

## 17.—JACK THE JOLLY TAR.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM NOTT,  
AT MESHAW, JAN. 1904.

*DORIAN.*

*Moderato.*

*Prestissimo tempo.*

Oh I am Jack, and a jol-ly Tar oh! Let me re-turn from the  
sea so far oh! Oh, I am Jack and a jol-ly Tar, Let me re- turn from the  
sea so far Fal la la doo, Fal lal le - ro, Right fal la la doo.

The third crochet in bar seven only occurs in the first verse. The second and succeeding verses are sung as follows:

Poor Jack all in the street must lie.

As I was walking through London city  
I found myself all in great pity ;  
For I heard them say as I passed by,  
" Poor Jack all in the streets must lie."

The squire courted for his fancy  
A merchant's daughter whose name was Nancy ;  
And I heard them agree as I passed by  
That they to meet that day would try.

" O tie a string unto your finger,  
And let it hang unto the winder ;  
And I will come and touch the string  
And you come down and let me in."

" Blame me!" said Jack, " if I don't venture ;  
I'll touch the string that hangs to the winder."  
And Jack he went and touched the string  
And I come down and let Jack in.

" Oh," then said she, " how came you here oh?  
I'm afraid you've robbed me of my squire oh."  
" No, no," said Jack, " I touched the string  
And you come down and let me in."

“ While it is so it makes no matter,  
 For Jack's the lad I'll follow after ;  
 For I do love Jack as I love my life  
 And I do intend to be Jack's wife.”

The squire come all in a passion,  
 Saying, “ Curse the women through the nation !  
 For there is not one that will prove true  
 And if there is, 'tis very few.”

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegro.*

“ I'm blowed said Jack” ‘if I don't venture, I'll pull the string hanging out of her win der ;”

Jack come there without a shirt and on his head a lump of dirt, Hey did-dle-y din - go, Hey did-dle - y ding.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY CAPT. LEWIS,  
 AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 9TH, 1904

*DORIAN.*  
*Moderato.*

Jack Tar be-ing sick and like to die, On a cobbler's stool he mount - ed, He  
 had no place his head to lie, He was so dis - con - tent - ed ; And  
 all the peo-ple when they passed by, They split their sides with laugh - ter, And a -  
 - mong them all was a rich young squire, And a good lord's come - ly daugh - ter.

One verse of the first version has been omitted and two verbal alterations made elsewhere. Mrs. Hooper's song is apparently a version of the same ballad, but she could unfortunately only remember the words of one verse.

The third version was sung to me by Captain Lewis after I had told him the story of Mr. Nott's ballad. He could only recall the first verse, but he said that the story was the same as that which I had related to him.—C. J. S.

### 18.—HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

SUNG BY MRS. HOOPER AND MRS. WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

Young wo men they'll run like hares on the moun tains, Young wo-men they'll  
run..... like hares on the mountains; If I was but a young man I'd soon go a -  
- hunt - ing; To my right fol did - dle de - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.

Young women they'll sing like birds in the bushes,  
Young women they'll sing like birds in the bushes;  
If I was a young man I'd go and bang the bushes;  
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

Young women they'll swim like ducks in the water;  
Young women they'll swim like ducks in the water;  
If I was a young man I'd go and swim all after;  
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

#### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,  
AT MUCHELNEY HAM, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

If all those young men were as rush - es a - grow - ing, Then all those pret - ty maidens will  
get scythes go mow - ing; With ri - fol - de - dee, Cal all the day, Ri - fol - i - dec.

If all those young men were as hares on the mountains,  
 Then all those pretty maidens will get guns go hunting ;  
 With ri fol, etc.

If all those young men were as ducks in the water,  
 Then all those pretty maidens would soon follow after ;  
 With ri fol, etc.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. SLADE,  
 AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 8TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

Young wo - men they sing like birds in the bush - es, But if  
 I was a young man I'd go and shake the bush - es ; Sing  
 fal de dal ri fal de dal, Sing fal the dal the did - dle dal de dee.

Similar words to these are to be found in Sam Lover's *Rory O More*, p. 101. Mr. Hermann Löhr has set these words to music (Chappell and Co.), and on the title page very naturally attributes them to Sam Lover.

There is, however, a tune in *The Petrie Collection*, vol. ii, No. 821 (Boosey and Co.), called "If all the young maidens be blackbirds and thrushes," in the same metre as the words in *Rory O More*. It seems fair to conclude, therefore, that the song is of folk origin, known to Sam Lover, and placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel. The lyric will bear quotation :

Oh ! if all the young maidens was blackbirds and thrishes (thrice),  
 It's then the young men would be batin' the bushes.

Oh ! if all the young maidens was ducks in the wather (thrice),  
 It's then the young men would jump in and swim ather.

Oh ! if all the young maidens was birds on a mountain (thrice),  
 It's then the young men would get guns and go grousin'.

If the maidens was all throu and salmon so lively (thrice),  
 Oh ! the divil a man would ate mate on a Friday !

The last verse may well be an addition of Lover's.

The second phrase of the first tune savours of the German Volkslied, but Mrs. Lock's and Mrs. Slade's tunes are wholly English in character.—C. J. S.

## 19.—IN BRUTON TOWN.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 4TH, 1904.

*Maestoso.*



In Bru-ton town there lives a far-mer Who had two sons and one daugh-ter dear, By



day and night they was a-con-triv-ing To fill their pa-rents' heart with fear. -



He told his secrets to no other,  
But unto her brother he told them to ;  
" I think our servant courts our sister,  
I think they has a great mind to wed ;  
I'll put an end to all their courtship,  
I'll send him silent to his grave."

A day of hunting whilst prepared,  
Thorny woods and valley where briars grow ;  
And there they did this young man a-murder,  
And into the brake his fair body thrown.

" Welcome home, my dear young brothers,  
Pray tell me, where's that servant man ? "  
" We've a-left him behind where we've been a-hunting,  
We've a-left him behind where no man can find."

She went to bed crying and lamenting,  
Lamenting for her heart's delight ;  
She slept, she dreamed, she saw him lay by her,  
Covered all over in a gore of bled.

She rose early the very next morning,  
Unto the garden brook she went ;  
There she found her own dear jewel  
Covered all over in a gore of blea.

She took her handkerchief out of her pocket  
For to wipe his eyes for he could not see ;  
" And since my brothers have been so cruel  
To take your tender sweet life away,  
One grave shall hold us both together,  
And along, along with you to death I'll stay."

In the second and seventh verses the last four bars of the melody are repeated. The penultimate bar was sung in four different ways, apparently on no settled plan, but at the discretion of the singer. I have collected no variants.—C. J. S.

This, apart from its fine tune, is a ballad of great interest, for we have here a doggerel version of the story, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," that, though made famous by Boccaccio, was probably one of those old folk-tales, popular long before his time (1313-1373), of which he loved to make use. Hans Sachs (1494-1576) has put Boccaccio's story into verse, and his translation has much of the directness and homeliness which we find in this Somersetshire version. Both contrast curiously with Keats's flowery and artificial transcription, and certainly suggest better than his a primitive story of the people.

The word "farmer" in the first verse printed above should no doubt be "father," he being thus mentioned in Sachs's poem. There are obviously two lines missing after the first verse, making a confusion between the "father" and the "son," to whom "*He told his secrets,*" really refers. Hans Sachs represents the one brother as confiding to the other brother his private fears. The German and Somersetshire versions tally in all the main incidents and should be compared by every student of ballads. The English fragment stops short with the wiping of the dead lover's face. It would be of the greatest interest could other variants be found which possibly might carry on the story to its terrible end.

I have not yet been able to find any printed English ballad on this subject, but in the Roxburghe Ballads (B. M.) there is, on a 17th century black-letter broadside, a doggerel version of the tale of Grisilda, the last story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, showing that early ballad-writers either used his material, or, more probably, drew from the same common stock of stories.—L. E. B.

## 20.—A MAN THAT IS STOUT.

SUNG BY MR. FRED. CROSSMAN,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, JULY 29TH, 1904.

DORIAN.

*Andante.*

A man that is stout and al-ways va-liant heart-ed, O let him be a  
sol-dier if he do like the game, So in time that he shall find things  
con-tra-ry to his mind, And of-ten-times a plea-sure and a com-fort he shall find.

Mr. Crossman could not remember the remaining verses of this song, but promised to send them to me if he could recall them later. The tune is, I think, an ancient melody.—C. J. S.

This might be a fragment of a song of the period of Queen Anne's reign. I must, however, confess that I have failed to trace it.—F. K.

## 21.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

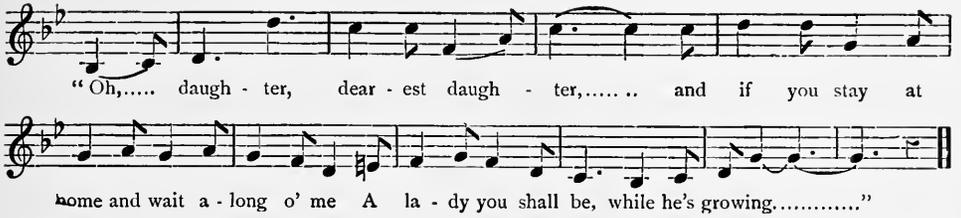
SUNG BY MR. HARRY RICHARDS,  
AT CURRY RIVELL, JULY 28TH, 1904.

DORIAN.

*Allegretto.*

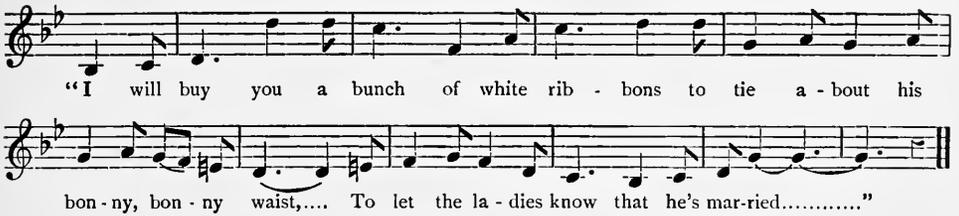
The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow green; The time is gone and  
past, my love, that you and I have seen; It's a cold win-ter's night, my love, when  
you and I must lay a-lone, The bon-ny lad is young, but he's grow-ing.....

SECOND VERSE.



“Oh,.... daugh - ter, dear - est daugh - ter,..... .. and if you stay at  
home and wait a - long o' me A la - dy you shall be, while he's growing.....”

THIRD VERSE.



“I will buy you a bunch of white rib - bons to tie a - bout his  
bon - ny, bon - ny waist,.... To let the la - dies know that he's mar-ried.....”

FOURTH VERSE.



“At the age of eigh - teen, my love, O his grief was grow - ing  
grief, And so she put to an end to his grow-ing.....”

FIFTH AND SIXTH VERSES.



“O once I had a sweet - heart but now I have got  
nev - er a one, So fare you well my own true love for ev - er.....”

“ O father, dear father, I'm feared you've done me harm,  
 You've married me a boy, and I fear he is too young.”  
 “ O daughter, dearest daughter, and if you stay at home and wait along o' me  
 A lady you shall be,

While he's growing.

We'll send him to the college for one year or two,  
 And then p'raps in time my love, a man he may grow ;  
 I will buy you a bunch of white ribbons to tie about his bonny bonny waist  
 To let the ladies know

That he's married.”

At the age of sixteen, O, he was a married man ;  
 At the age of seventeen she brought to him a son ;  
 At the age of eighteen my love, O, his grief was growing grief,\*  
 And so she put to an end

To his growing.

“ I made my love a shroud of the holland so fine.”  
 And every stitch she put in it the tears came trinkling down ;  
 “ O, once I had a sweetheart, but now I have got never a one  
 So fare you well my own true love

For ever.

He is dead and buried and in the churchyard laid,  
 The green grass is over him so very very thick ;  
 O once I had a sweetheart but now I have got never a one  
 So fare you well my own true love

For ever.”

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,

AT HUISH EPISCOPI, AUG. 20TH, 1904.

DORIAN.

*Allegretto.*



“I will buy mylove a hat,..... the fi- nest in the town, I'll make her look so



proud I will march her up and down; Be - sides I'll buy you rib - bon to



tie up in your hair, For to let the la - dies know you'm got mar-ried. ....”

T. do stand for Thomas, J. do stand for John,  
 And W. do stand for sweet William boy ;

But my Johnny is

The handsomest man.

\* His grave was growing green (?)

I will buy my love a hat, the finest in the town,  
I'll make her look so proud, I will march her up and down,  
Besides I'll buy you ribbon to tie up in your hair  
For to let the ladies know

    You'm got married.

With the age of sixteen he was a married man ;  
At the age of seventeen he was the father of a son ;  
At the age of eighteen his grave was growing green  
And that soon put an end

    To his journey.

Well I will climb up some brave old oaken tree  
And rob some pretty bird of its nest,  
If I should get down without ever a fall  
I'll marry the girl

    I love well.

When I was going over high castle wall,  
I see a pretty gentleman playing at ball ;  
He says, " Where is your own true love, the finest of them all ?  
Your bonny love is young

    But he's growing."

The grass it do look green, sir, the trees is all in bloom,  
The times is gone and past, what you and I have seen.

Compare the beautiful Phrygian tune in *Songs of the West*, No. 4, and exhaustive note thereto. Mr. Richards varied the concluding strain of each verse in such a remarkably interesting and instructive way that I think it worth while to print them here. They show the freedom with which the genuine folk-singer will interpret a melody and the skill with which, while preserving a rhythm, he will adapt lines of irregular length to the same strain of melody. Mr. Richards, though an old man, has a bass voice of wonderful resonance, and I shall not easily forget his singing of this ballad. He sang me many other songs, mostly in the Dorian mode, to which scale he is evidently partial. The ballad is fairly well known in the neighbourhood of Langport, Somerset, but with the exception of Mrs. Glover's version I have only heard Mr. Richards's tune or variants of it.

Mrs. Glover's words are clearly corrupt and apparently do not all belong to this ballad.

For other versions see Johnson's *Museum* and Maidment's *North Country Garland*. Compare also *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 214.—C. J. S.

I have taken down a version of this from a Knaresboro' singer (Yorkshire) with a tune which has some rather extraordinary characteristics and in a certain degree resembling the first version here given.

One of the Scottish versions is called "The Young Laird of Craigstoun" and is printed in Maidment's *North Country Garland* (1824), reprinted in 1891 by E. Goldsmid.—F. K.

22.—SWEET KITTY.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 15TH, 1904.

DORIAN

*Allegretto.*

As I was a - rid - ing and a - rid - ing one day, I  
meet with Sweet Kit - ty all on the high - way ; And sing fol the did - dle  
le - ro, fol the did - dle le - ro, sing le - ro - i - day.

Come saddle my horse and away I will ride  
To meet with sweet Kitty down by the seaside.

He rode round her six times, but he did not know  
She smiled at his face and said "There goes my bean."

"If you want to know my name you must go and enquire,  
I was born in old England brought up in Yorkshire."

The words of this ballad are obviously incomplete. The last verse is similar to the concluding verse of "The Witty Shepherd" (vide *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 30), and possibly Mrs. Overd's ballad may have some connection with it.—C. J. S.

23.—BIRD STARVER'S CRY.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN DURBIN,  
AT EAST HARPTREE, APRIL, 1904.

Hi shoo all 'er birds! Out of mas - ter's ground in - to Tom Tucker's ground ;  
Out of { Tom Tucker's } ground into { Tom Tinker's } ground ; Hi shoo all 'er birds! Kraaa! Hoop !  
{ Tom Tinker's }  
{ Luke Coles' }

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN PARNELL,  
AT EAST HARPTREE, APRIL, 1904.

Shoo all 'er birds you be so black, When I lay down to have a nap. Shoo arl - o arl - o  
arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o birds. Hi shoo all 'er birds.  
Out of mas-ter's ground in - to Tom Tucker's ground (*etc., as in 1st version.*) in - to Bill Veater's ground.  
Shoo arl - o birds; Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Kettlewell of Harptree Court, tells me that "Hi shoo all 'er birds" is the regular cry of the boys who go bird starving in the neighbourhood of Harptree. All 'er = all the.—C. J. S.

Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* contains a bird boy's song :

Eat birds, eat, and make no waste,  
I lie here and make no haste :  
If my master chance to come  
You must fly and I must run.

There is also another nursery rhyme published with this air in several collections which more nearly resembles the Somerset versions :

Oh! all you little blackey tops,  
Pray don't you eat my father's crops  
While I sit down and take a nap.  
Shua O! Shua O!

If father he perchance should come,  
With his cocked hat and his long gun,  
Then you must fly and I must run.  
Shua O! Shua O!

F. K.

24.—THE TWO MAGICIANS; OR, THE COAL-BLACK SMITH.

SUNG BY MR. SPARKS,  
AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 8TH, 1904.

*Vivace.*

O she look'd out of the win - dow as white as an - y milk, ... But he look'd in - to the  
win - dow as black as an - y silk..... "Hul - loa, hul - loa, hul - loa, hul - loa, you  
coal - black smith! you have done me no harm ;... You nev - er shall have my  
maid - en - name that I have kept so long ;..... I'd rath - er die a  
maid, Yes!" but then she said, "And be bur ied all in my grave..... Than I'd  
have such a nas - ty, hus - ky, dus - ky, mus - ty, fus - ky coal - black smith, ... my  
FINE. 2nd verse.  
maid - en name shall die....." Then she became a duck,.. A duck all on the  
stream,.. And he be - came a wa - ter - dog And fetched her back a - gain. . .

Then she became a hare,  
A hare upon the plain;  
And he became the greyhound dog,  
And fetched her back again.  
Hulloa, hulloa, etc.

Then she became a fly,  
A fly all in the air;  
And he became a spider,  
And fetched her to his lair.  
Hulloa, hulloa, etc.

This is a shortened form of the Scottish Ballad, "The Two Magicians," first published in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i, p. 24, and afterwards reprinted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads* (1875) and in Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads* (1894).

In *English and Scottish Ballads*, i, 244, Child prints Buchan's version and says: "This is a base-born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe, and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

See also Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction*, for an interesting chapter on "Magical transformations and magical conflict."

The ballad is evidently an old one, and no doubt there is an old melody belonging to it, if one could only find it. Mr. Sparks's tune is, of course, a modern one.—C. J. S.

It is certainly very extraordinary to find this ballad in Somerset. Buchan in his note to the version printed in his volume, published in 1828, says: "There is a novelty in this legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old—I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it." This may be echoed to-day. The modern tune suggests that melody which is sung to "The Wonderful Crocodile" (*English County Songs*), "The Great Sea Snake," "The Great Meat Pie," and others of a like class of exaggerated narratives.

There is a similar story of a battle of transformation between two magicians in a story in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*.—F. K.

## 25.—AT THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the spring, To hear the birds  
whis - tle and the night - in - gale sing, I heard a fair dam - sel, so  
sweet - ly sung she, Say - ing, "I will be mar - ried on a Tues - day morn - ing."

I stepped up to her and thus I did say,  
 " Pray tell me your age and where you belong ; "  
 " I belong to the sign of the Bonny Blue Bell,  
 My age is sixteen, and you know very well."

" Sixteen, pretty maid, you are young to be married,  
 I leave you the other four years to be tarry ; "  
 " You speak like a man without any skill,  
 Four years I've been single against my own will."

On Monday night when I goes there  
 To powder my locks, and to curdle my hair,  
 There was three pretty maidens awaiting for me,  
 Saying, " I will be married on a Tuesday morning."

On a Tuesday morning the bells they shall ring,  
 And three pretty maidens so sweetly shall sing ;  
 So neat and so gay in my golden ring,  
 Saying, " I will be married on a Tuesday morning."

The subject of this ballad appears to be related to " I'm going to be married on Sunday," in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 17. How close may be the connection between the two ballads it is difficult to say, for Dr. Joyce has extensively revised the old words, giving instead " what may be called a new song."

See also " I'm a poor stranger and far from my own," No. 72 in the same volume, and Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, pp. 10 and 345. The tune of this last has some affinity with the Somerset air, as also has that of " The poor murdered woman laid on the cold ground," in *The Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 186.—C. J. S.

This is a curious survival. In Walsh's *Twenty-four New Country Dances for the Year 1708*, is a tune named, " I mun be marry'd a Tuesday." As this work does not appear to be in any public library its air may be here given from Mr. Taphouse's copy :

WALSH'S DANCES FOR 1708.



In the second volume of *The Dancing Master*, 1719, this tune is again printed ; and in the *Village Opera*, 1729, the air figures under the title " I mun snug up on Tuesday, etc." Following these copies is the one in Dr. Joyce's collection above referred to.

The whole ballad, under the heading "I shall be married on Monday morning," is printed on a broadside by Williamson, Newcastle, *circa* 1850. This may be a version of the 17th or 18th century original. Part of it runs :

"As I was a-walking one morning in Spring  
 I heard a fair maiden most charmingly sing,  
 All under her cow as she sat milking,  
 Saying 'I shall be married next Monday morning.'  
 "You fairest of all creatures my eyes e'er beheld,  
 Oh where do you live, love, or where do you dwell?"  
 "I dwell at the top of yon bonny brown hill,  
 I shall be fifteen years old next Monday morning."  
 "Fifteen years old, love, is too young to marry,  
 The other five years, love, I'd have you to tarry,  
 And perhaps in the meantime you might be sorry,  
 So put back your wedding next Monday morning."  
 "You talk like a man without reason or skill,  
 Five years I've been waiting against my will:  
 Now I've resolved my mind to fulfil,  
 I wish that to-morrow was Monday morning.  
 On Saturday night it is all my care  
 To powder my locks and curl my hair,  
 And my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,  
 To dance at my wedding on Monday morning."

F. K.

## 26.—A CORNISH YOUNG MAN.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK CROSSMAN,  
 AT HUISH EPISCOPI, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

A Cor-nish young man he dreamed a dream Of the beau-ti-f'lest  
 girl in the na-tion; . . . No coun-sel will he make, but some  
 jour-neys he'll take Through Eng-land to seek this fair crea-ture. . . .

It was seven long years he seeked all about  
 Till he came to the place where he met her;  
 He opened the door, and she stood on the floor,  
 She's a silly poor labouring man's daughter.

" I never didn't saw you, but once in my life  
And that was a dream, love, lie by me ;  
But now I've a found you, with tears in my eyes  
So I hope, love, you'll never deny me."

" What is your desire, I ask you, kind sir,  
That you are afraid of denial ?  
Although I am poor, no scorns I'll endure,  
So put me not under the trial."

" No scorns will I offer, nor any such thing  
I'll give you a kiss, love, as a token ;  
So you take up this ring and this guinea in gold,  
And between us never let it be broken.

For love, is, my dear, like a stone in the sling  
And it's hard to believe all that's spoken :  
So you take up this ring, and this guinea in gold  
And between us never let it be broken."

Words on a Birmingham broadside by Jackson and Son, called " The Outlandish Knight," beginning :

An outlandish knight he dreamed a dream,  
He beheld a most beautiful creature,  
etc., etc.

Except for the title it has nothing whatever in common with the well-known ballad of the same name. The first six verses of the broadside follow, in the main, Mr. Crossman's song, but the broadside has three additional verses :

" If I should consent your bride for to be,  
Your parents would both be offended ;  
Besides they would always be trowning on me,  
Because you are so highly decended." (*sic.*)

" As for father and mother I've none in this world,  
I've none but myself and a brother,  
And as to my friends they will not frown on me,  
So we can but love one another."

So now he has gained his joy and delight,  
They're living in great joy and plenty,  
A labouring man's daughter has married a knight,  
Heaven protect them both together.

The word " silly " in the second verse is used in its original sense of good, innocent, or simple. The word is omitted in the broadside.—C. J. S.

## 27.—THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY FARMER KING,  
AT MENDIP, APRIL, 1904.

Fare you well my dear, I must be gone and leave you for a while. And where-ev-er I go I  
will re - turn If I row ten thou-sand miles my dear, If I row ten thou-sand miles.

“ Ten thousand mile is a long long way  
And never will return,  
You leave me here to lament and sigh,  
But you will not hear me mourn, my dear,  
But you will not hear me mourn.”

“ The rivers they never will run dry  
And the rocks will melt with the sun ;  
I'll never prove false to the girl I love,  
Till all these things be done, my dear,  
Till all these things be done.”

These are three stanzas from “The True Lover's Farewell,” the second of *Five Excellent New Songs*, printed in the year 1792 (B. M. 11621, b. 7). The song is evidently one of the derivatives of Burns's “A red, red rose:” for an exhaustive examination of these, see the note to the song in *The Centenary Burns* by Henley and Henderson, vol. iii, p. 402.

In the *Museum*, Burns's Lyric is set to two different airs, and it is just possible that the second of these, “Queen Mary's Lament,” is a variant of Farmer King's melody. The tune to which the “Red, red, rose,” is now usually sung has nothing whatever to do with either of the *Museum* airs.—C. J. S.

Burns's “Red, red, rose” did not appear in print until April 1794, and was probably not written much before that date. The *Museum* copy was published in May, 1797.—F. K.

Compare this song with “O, who is that that raps at my window ?” (*Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, No. 5), and “Go from my window, love, go” (Johnson's *Museum*), also with the following tunes and words from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*. Christie's second air was noted from a native of Buchan. The first air and the words are as sung by his grandfather. I have met with several ballads sung

by illiterate persons in the South of England, which contain the greater and most characteristic part of Burns's lyric, with, moreover, additional stanzas of quaint beauty and imagery which, together with their general type, convince me that Burns borrowed his most ardent lines from an old country song, when writing "O my luve's like a red, red rose."

## I WILL PUT MY SHIP IN ORDER.

FROM CHRISTIE'S TRADITIONAL BALLAD AIRS OF SCOTLAND.

I

2

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1 | <p>"Oh, I will put my ship in order,<br/>And will set her to the sea;<br/>And I will sail to yonder harbour,<br/>To see if my love will marry me."<br/>He sailéd eastward, he sailéd westward,<br/>He sailéd far, far by sea and land;<br/>By France and Flanders, Spain and Dover,<br/>He sailéd the world all round and round :</p>            | 4 | <p>"To my dispraise, love!" "To thy dispraise,<br/>"To my dispraise! how can that be? [love!]"<br/>I never grieved you, nor once deceived you,<br/>I fear, my love, you're forsaking me.<br/>But you will now go to your step-mother,<br/>And see if she'll let you my bride be;<br/>If she denies you, come and tell me--<br/>'Twill be the last time I'll visit thee."</p> |
| 2 | <p>Till he came to his love's sweet bower,<br/>It was to hear what she would say—<br/>"Awake, awake, ye lovely sleeper,<br/>The sun is spreading the break of day."<br/>"Oh, who is this at my bower window,<br/>That speaks lovingly to me?"<br/>"It is your own true constant lover,<br/>That would now have some words with thee."</p>        | 5 | <p>"My mother is in her bower dressing,<br/>And combing down her golden hair;<br/>Begone, young man, you may court another,<br/>And whisper softly in her ear."<br/>Then hooly, hooly, raise up his lover,<br/>And quickly put her clothing on;<br/>But ere she got the door unlockèd,<br/>Her true love now was gone.</p>   |
| 3 | <p>"Oh, ye will now go to your father,<br/>And see if he'll let you my bride be;<br/>If he denies you, come and tell me—<br/>'Twill be the last time I'll visit thee."<br/>"My father is in his chamber sleeping,<br/>Now taking to him his natural rest,<br/>And at his hand there lies a letter,<br/>That speaketh much to thy dispraise."</p> | 6 | <p>"Oh, are ye gone, love, are ye gone, love?<br/>Oh, are ye gone, and now left me?<br/>I never grieved you, nor yet deceived you,<br/>But now, I fear, you are slighting me."<br/>"The fish shall fly, love, the sea shall dry, love,<br/>The rocks shall all melt wi' the sun;<br/>The blackbird shall give over singing,<br/>Before that I return again."</p>             |

- 7 "Oh, are you gone, love? are you gone, love?  
 Oh, are you gone, and left me now?  
 It was not me, it was my step-mother,  
 That spoke to you from her bower-window."  
 He turned him right and round so quickly,  
 Says "Come with me, my lovely one,  
 And we'll be wed, my own sweet lover,  
 And let them talk when we are gone."

L. E. B.

## TEN THOUSAND MILES.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,

AT HUISH EPISCOPI, DEC. 24TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Moderato.*



I shall mourr for you.

My mourns it is my grief I must tell  
 For to leave you here for a-whiles;  
 If I goes away I will come again  
 If I go ten thousand miles away,  
 If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles it is too far  
 For to leave me here for a-whiles,  
 If I goes away I'll surely come again  
 To all my friends what's near, my dear,  
 To all my friends what's near.

I s'pose the sea should never run dry,  
 Nor the rocks melt with the sun,  
 And then you and I shall never part  
 Till all our days are done, my dear,  
 Till all our days are done.

The tune with the first ending is in the Aeolian mode: with the alternative ending it is in the Dorian. Mrs. Glover sang sometimes one ending, sometimes the other, and had no especial predilection for either. The words are very corrupt, but are evidently one of the many folk-songs from which Burns derived his "Red, red, rose."—C. J. S.

*Cf.* the tune of "I sowed the Seeds of Love" in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.—L. E. B.

28.—JOAN TO JAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM NOTT,  
AT MESHAW, JAN., 1904.

*Moderato.*

"I long to be mar-ried," says Joan to Jan. *Lento.* "I have no boots for to get

*Presto.* mar-ried in." "An old pair of boot-legs will do," says Joan to Jan, "An

*Lento.* old pair of bootlegs will do," says Joan to Jan. "O what an 'or-rid thing for to get

*Presto.* mar-ried in," says Jan to Joan. "Good as oth-er poor folks," says Joan to Jan.

*Lento.* "O what an 'or-rid thing for to get married in," says Jan to Joan. *D. C. dal Segno.*

"I've no stockings for to get married in."  
 "A fleece of wool will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no breeches for to get married in."  
 "An old bull's hide will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no waistcoat for to get married in."  
 "An old sheepskin will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no jacket for to get married in."  
 "An old lime bag will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no necktie for to get married in."  
 "The tail of your shirt will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no hat for to be married in."  
 "An old bee butt will do," says Joan to Jan.

Mr. Nott, who is an old man, said of this song: "It is very difficult to sing, for you must show the two voices." It certainly gave me considerable trouble to note correctly. The Rev. A. de Gex and I have listened to it on three different occasions. At first we thought that the two changes of key in the middle of the song were unintentional, and I accordingly noted that passage, as it was undoubtedly sung on its repetition at the end of the verse. But on the last occasion we went to the piano in

the next room while Mr. Nott sang the song twice over, and we found that he sang it as here printed and that he kept his pitch with perfect accuracy. I do not think there are many singers who could do the same.—C. J. S.

Compare “Quoth John to Joan, wilt thou have me?” a rustic dialogue in *Rox-burgh Ballads*, c. 20. f. 10, vol. iv.—L. E. B.

## 29.—THE SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Allegretto.*

Young Jim he went hunt-ing with his dog and gun, On pur- pose to  
shoot at some li- ly white swan; With his love peer-ing round him he  
took her to be a swan, So he shoot his dear dar- ling with a rat- tel- ing gun.

And when he came to her and found it was she,  
His heart bled with sorrow till his eyes could not see ;  
Crying, “ Polly, dear Polly, my own heart’s delight,  
If you was but living you should be my bride.”

He took up his gun and straightway went home,  
Crying, “ Uncle, dear uncle, do you know what I’ve done ?  
With my love swiffling round me, I took her to be a swan,  
So I shoot my dear darling with a ratteling gun.”

Then up spoked his Uncle, with his hair growing grey,  
“ You’re sure to be hung if you do run away ;  
Stay at home in your own county till the ‘SIZES come on,  
You never shall be hung, if I lose all my land.”

In six weeks’ time when the ‘SIZES come on,  
Young Polly appeared in the form of a swan ;  
Crying, “ Jimmy, young Jimmy, young Jimmy, you’re clear :  
He never shall be hung for the shooting of his dear.”

## SECOND VERSION.

ÆOLIAN.

*Andante.*

O curs-ed be my un-cle for a-lend-ing of me a  
gun For I bin and shot my true love in de room\* of a swan.

“ With my apyrin tied ower me,  
I 'peared like unto a swan ;  
All underneath the green tree,  
While the showers they did come on.”

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has published a harmonised version of this ballad in sheet form, called “ The Setting of the Sun ” (Weekes and Co.), both words and tune of which are quite different from the Somerset version, although the subject of the two ballads is the same.

I noted the second version—which is but a fragment—from Mr. Clarence Rook, who heard it sung twenty years ago by a very old man at a Harvest Supper at Homestall, Doddington, near Faversham, Kent. This shows that the ballad is sung in the extreme East of England as well as in the West.

The supernatural element enters so rarely into the English Ballad that one is inclined to see in its occurrence an indication of Celtic origin. In the present case this suspicion is perhaps strengthened by the presence of certain Irish characteristics in the tune.

The incidents related in the song are a strange admixture of fancy with matter of fact. I would hazard the suggestion that the ballad is the survival of a genuine piece of Celtic or, still more probably, of Norse imagination, and that the efforts made to account for the tragedy without resorting to the supernatural (*e.g.* the white apron, shower of rain, etc.) and of course the mention of the Assizes, are the work of a more modern and less imaginative generation of singers.—C. J. S.

\* *i.e.*, instead of.

WORKS USEFUL FOR THE STUDY OF THE FOLK-SONG  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

SOME members of the Society having expressed a wish for a list of those books most often quoted on the subject of traditional music, Mr. Frank Kidson has kindly compiled the following short list, for ordinary working purposes. It includes chiefly such works as are both desirable for the formation of a small Folk-song Library, and, at the same time, inexpensive.

ENGLAND.

*Songs and Ballads of the West.* A collection made from the mouths of the people by REV. S. BARING-GOULD and REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. Large 8vo., 4 parts, 1889-91. Methuen.

Reprinted in 1 volume.

*A Garland of Country Song.* Collected and arranged by REV. S. BARING-GOULD and REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. Large 4to. 1895. Methuen.

*English Folk Songs.* Collected and arranged by W. A. BARRETT. Large 8vo. 1891. Novello and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Sussex Songs.* Arranged by H. F. BIRCH REYNARDSON. 4to. 1889. Stanley Lucas and Weber (now Leonard and Co., Oxford Street). 2s. 6d.

A reprint, with additions by L. E. Broadwood, of a collection made by Rev. JOHN BROADWOOD, and printed by him for private circulation in 1843. His may be considered as the first serious collection of English folk music.

*English County Songs.* Collected and edited by LUCY E. BROADWOOD and J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. 8vo. Leadenhall Press, and Cramer and Co. 1893. 6s.

*Popular Music of the Olden Time.* Edited by WILLIAM CHAPPELL. 2 vols., large 8vo. 1856-59.

*Old English Popular Music.* By WILLIAM CHAPPELL. Edited by H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. 2 vols., large 8vo. 1893. Chappell and Co.

Chappell's monumental work was preceded by his "National English Airs," 1838-39 (2 vols. large 4to.) In this recent edition the traditional airs, obtained by Chappell and his friends, are omitted.

*English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Edited by F. J. CHILD. 5 vols., 4to. 1882-98. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, etc.

This is an extended edition of the same author's "English and Scottish Ballads" (8 vols., 12mo., 1857-59, Boston), and contains a valuable collection of ballad airs in the last volume. Professor Child has compiled an invaluable standard work, giving every possible version, literary and traditional, of ballads in the English language, besides copious notes and comparisons with ballads of other nations.

*Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy.* Collected by THOMAS D'URFEY. 6 vols., 12mo. 1719-20.

Reprinted without publisher's name about 1880.

*Shakespeare in Music.* A collection of the chief musical allusions in the plays of Shakespeare, made by LOUIS C. ELSON. 8vo. 1901. David Nutt.

*Traditional Games of England, Scotland and Ireland.* Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. 2 vols., 8vo. 1894-98. D. Nutt.

*Children's Singing Games,* with the tunes to which they are sung. Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. 2 series. Oblong 4to. 1894. D. Nutt.

*Old English Singing Games.* Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. Oblong 4to. George Allen.

*Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols.* Collected and edited by REV. GEOFFRY HILL. Large 4to. 1904. Bournemouth. 2s.

This little book contains nine airs and songs: obtainable from the collector at Hanham Vicarage, Salisbury.

*Traditional Tunes.* A collection of Ballad Airs chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the south of Scotland, by FRANK KIDSON. 8vo. 1891. Oxford: Taphouse. 6s.

*Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs.* Collected and arranged by M. H. MASON. 8vo. 1877. Metzler and Co.

*Minstrelsy of England.* A collection of 200 English Songs and Melodies edited by ALFRED MOFFAT, with historical notes by FRANK KIDSON. Large 8vo. Glasgow and London: Bayley and Ferguson.

A second series in the press.

*Nursery Rhymes.* Edited and arranged by E. R. RIMBAULT. 4to. Chappell and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Christmas Carols.* Edited and arranged by E. R. RIMBAULT. 4to. Chappell and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Folk-Songs from Somerset.* Gathered and edited with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by CECIL J. SHARP and REV. CHARLES L. MARSON. 4to. 1905. Simpkin and Marshall. 5s. net.

*Music of the Waters.* Sailors' Chanties, etc.: collected by LAURA A. SMITH. 8vo. 1888. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

- Through Romany Song Land.* LAURA A. SMITH. 12mo. 1889. London: D Stott.
- The Besom Maker, and other Country Songs.* Collected and illustrated by HEYWOOD SUMNER. 4to. 1888. Longman Green and Co.
- Northumbrian Minstrelsy.* Ballads, melodies, pipe-tunes of Northumbria, edited by J. C. BRUCE and JOHN STOKOE. 8vo. 1882. Published by the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Songs and Ballads of Northern England.* Collected and edited by JOHN STOKOE, harmonized by SAMUEL REAY. Large 4to. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Walter Scott.  
The contents are principally from "Northumbrian Minstrelsy."
- Sailor's Songs and Chanties.* Words by F. DAVIS. Music arranged from traditional sailors' airs by F. TOZER. Large 8vo. Boosey and Co. 2s. 6d.
- Old Sea Chanties.* Collected and arranged by JOHN BRADFORD and ARTHUR FAGGE. 1904. London: Metzler and Co. 1s.
- Journal of the Folk-Song Society.* Vol. I (six numbers) to be had from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood, 84, Carlisle Mansions, London, S.W.

## SCOTLAND.

- Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. A new edition. 8vo. N.D. Edinburgh: Chambers.  
The first edition was issued in 1826 and the third in 1841. The work contains a few airs.
- Songs of Scotland prior to Burns,* with the tunes. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. 8vo. 1889. Edinburgh: Chambers.  
Originally published 1862.
- Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland.* From copies procured in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. Edited and arranged by W. CHRISTIE, M.A., and the late WILLIAM CHRISTIE, Monquhitter. 2 vols., large 4to. 1876 and 1881. Edinburgh.
- The Songs of Robert Burns,* now first printed with the melodies for which they were written, by J. C. DICK. 8vo. 1903. London: Frowde.
- The Celtic Lyre.* A collection of Gaelic Songs with English translations by FIONN. 4 parts, 6d. each. Sm. 4to. 1891-5. Edinburgh: John Grant.
- Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland.* Edited with notes by ROBERT FORD. Series 1 and 2. Sm. 4to. 1900-01. Paisley: Gardner.  
A new edition has been lately published.
- The Glen Collection of Scottish Dance Music.* 2 books, fol. 1891-95. Edinburgh: J. R. Glen.
- Early Scottish Melodies,* including examples from MSS. and early printed works. JOHN GLEN. Large 8vo. 1900. Edinburgh: J. R. Glen.

*Songs of Scotland.* Edited by G. FARQUHAR GRAHAM. 3 vols. 1847-48. Glasgow: Wood and Co.

A condensed edition issued in 1884 is sold by Messrs. Bayley and Ferguson, Glasgow, at 4s.

*Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* (Balmoral Edition). With notes by G. FARQUHAR GRAHAM, revised and enlarged. 1 vol., large 8vo. 1891. Glasgow: Wood and Co. London: Cramer and Co.

An admirably annotated book, with accompaniments by excellent musicians. [Practically the same as above.]

*The Scots Musical Museum.* Consisting of upwards of 600 songs with notes by William Stenhouse. JAMES JOHNSON. New edition, 4 vols. 1853. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

A reprint of the original edition of 1787.

*Merry Melodies for the Violin.* 2 books, oblong fol. Glasgow: J. S. Kerr. 1s. each.

A large collection of Scotch and Irish airs, many of them traditional.

*Songs of the Gael.* A collection of Gaelic songs with translations by L. MACBEAN. Small 4to. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. [In several parts, 6d. each.]

*Minstrelsy of Scotland.* Two hundred songs arranged for voice and piano, with historical notes by ALFRED MOFFAT. Large 8vo. 1895. Augener and Co.

*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern.* With an historical introduction and notes, by WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 4to. 1873. Paisley: A. Gardner.

A reprint of the original edition of 1827. It contains a number of interesting old ballad airs.

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The edition issued by Cadell in 1833 contains some ballad airs.

## IRELAND.

*Ancient Music of Ireland,* arranged for the pianoforte. EDWARD BUNTING. Large 4to. 1840. Dublin.

Bunting issued two other collections, one in 1796, the other in 1809.

*The Irish Song Book,* with the original Irish airs. Edited by ALFRED P. GRAVES. 12mo. 1894. London: Fisher Unwin. 1s.

*Ancient Music of Ireland.* From the Petrie Collection, arranged for the pianoforte by HOFFMAN. Large 8vo. 1877. Dublin.

*Ancient Irish Music.* One hundred Irish airs hitherto unpublished: collected and edited by P. W. JOYCE. 4to. 1872-3. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

A 4th edition, 1890, Dublin: M. H. Gill. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

*Minstrelsy of Ireland.* Two hundred Irish songs for voice and piano, with historical notes, edited by ALFRED MOFFAT. Large 8vo. 1898. Augener and Co.

*A Selection of Irish Melodies.* THOMAS MOORE. Ten numbers and a supplement issued between 1807 and 1834.

Many modern editions have been published, notably Sir Charles V. Stanford's, 1894, in which the airs are restored.

*Poets and Poetry of Munster.* Edited by JOHN O'DALY. Small 4to. 1st edition, 1849. 2nd edition, 1850. 4th edition, circa 1884. Dublin: James Duffy.

Contains a number of Irish airs with versions not elsewhere printed. O'Daly's name does not appear on the title-page of the last edition.

*Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland.* Arranged for the pianoforte. Edited by GEORGE PETRIE. Vol. I, large 4to. 1855. Dublin.

Only one volume of this edition was published. In 1882 a further volume was begun by M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, entitled "Music of Ireland collected, edited and harmonized for the pianoforte by the late George Petrie," but it only reached 48 pages.

*The Complete Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music,* as noted by George Petrie. Edited by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. To be completed in three parts. Large 8vo. 1902. London: Boosey and Co. 12s. 6d. complete.

One thousand eight hundred airs, unharmonized and without words, from the MSS. of the famous antiquary George Petrie, forming a very valuable store of folk-song. Parts 1 and 2 are already published.

*Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore.* The original airs restored, and arranged for voice and piano by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. Large 8vo. 1894. London: Boosey. 5s.

Sir Charles Stanford points out that there was "scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered," and he has restored their original tonality, etc., to the tunes.

*Songs of Old Ireland.* Arranged for voice and piano by C. V. STANFORD. Large 8vo. London: Boosey and Co. 5s.

Fifty airs from the collections of Bunting, Petrie and Joyce, practically "new to English ears." The words are by Alfred P. Graves.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* Arranged for voice and piano by C. V. STANFORD. Large 8vo. 1893. London: Novello and Co. 4s.  
Thirty airs. Words by A. P. Graves.

*Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1904, to be had from the Honorary Secretary, 20, Hanover Square.

## ISLE OF MAN.

*Manx National Songs,* with English words. From the MS. Collection of the Deemster Gill, Dr. J. Clague, and W. H. Gill. Arranged for voice and piano by W. H. GILL. Large 8vo. 1896. Boosey and Co. 2s. 6d.

## WALES.

*Alawon fy Ngwlch.* The Lays of my Land. Collected by NICHOLAS BENNETT, of Glanyrafon. Folio. 1896. London and Glasgow: Bayley and Ferguson.  
Contains about 400 airs obtained from harpers, etc. No words.

\* \* \* The above list is professedly incomplete, and does not contain the titles of the many valuable collections of folk-songs and ballads in which no music appears. It has been proposed that a very full bibliography of the subject should be undertaken.



## THE LATE HONORARY SECRETARY.

It is only fitting that a tribute should be paid to the memory of the late Mrs. KATE LEE, the virtual founder of the Folk-Song Society, whose death took place on July 25th, 1904, at Stubbings Vicarage near Maidenhead, after a long and exceedingly painful illness. She was the daughter of the late H. Lucius Spooner and niece of Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. While still in her teens, she gained a vocal prize at the Royal Academy of Music: but it was not till after marriage with Mr. Arthur Morier Lee, at the age of seventeen, and a subsequent course of musical training at the Royal College of Music, that she took up the profession of a singer, her mezzo-soprano voice being of great beauty, and her style of interpretation such as to bring home to her hearers the full meaning of what she sang. It was this quality, as well as her characteristic energy and earnestness, that made her so ardent in the search for folk-music, and that enabled her to win the confidence of the rustic singers among whom she collected so many songs. Her career as a professional singer was rather a short one, beginning about 1895, in which year she gave a very interesting recital in Prince's Hall, when her singing of songs by Schubert and Brahms was greatly admired. Subsequently she sang occasionally in opera, undertaking small parts at Covent Garden during the German and Italian season. Shortly after the publication of "English County Songs," many of which she sang with inimitable gusto and humour, she formed the idea of establishing a society to undertake the work of collecting songs from different parts of England and the world in general. The scheme took shape in 1898, and to her untiring energy its success was greatly due. Her lectures on folk-song, delivered in many parts of the country, were of the greatest service in inciting other people to collect as opportunity arose, and her sympathy and good humour carried her through many difficulties, such as collectors of folk-songs know so well. Nothing speaks more eloquently of her personal ardour in the work, than the fact that during her illness the society's activities were in abeyance. In this last period of her life she made some successful experiments as a writer of graceful songs.



# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

## LIST OF OFFICERS AND RULES.

MARCH, 1905.

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## RULES.

I.—The Society shall be entitled “The Folk-Song Society.”

II.—The Society shall have for its primary object the collection and preservation of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes, and the publication of such of these as may be deemed advisable.

III.—The Society shall consist of Members approved by the Committee, who subscribe to its funds the sum of 10s. 6d. annually, such subscription being payable on the 1st of June in each year.

IV.—The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a President, Vice-President, and a Committee of not more than twelve Members, together with a Treasurer and Secretary. The Committee shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number. Four Members form a quorum; the Chairman *pro tem.* shall have a casting vote.

V.—An Annual General Meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint. No Member whose subscription is in arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings of the General Meeting.

VI.—At each General Meeting half of the Members of the Committee shall retire from office, but shall be eligible for re-election.

VII.—The account of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

VIII.—Any Member whose subscription shall be one year in arrear shall cease to be a Member of the Society.

IX.—Every Member whose subscription is not in arrear shall be entitled to a copy of the ordinary publications of the Society.

X.—The Committee shall have power to elect a limited number of Honorary Members from among distinguished foreign authorities on the subject of Folk Music.

XI.—Meetings shall be held from time to time, as may be appointed by the Committee, at which vocal and instrumental illustrations of Folk Songs, Ballads, and Tunes shall be given, and papers written on the subject read and discussed.

XII. All contributions of Members and others, whether literary or musical, accepted by the Society shall be considered, as far as any other publication than in the Society's Journal is considered, the property of the contributor, and the Society shall not reprint such contribution without his consent.

XIII.—The selection of the words and tunes to be published by the Society shall be decided upon by a sub-Committee appointed by the Committee of Management.

XIV.—No alterations shall be made in these rules except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, and upon the requisition of at least twelve Members, nor then unless one month's notice shall have been given in writing of the proposed change to the Secretary. The proposed alterations to be approved of by at least three-fourths of the Members present at such meeting.

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 Macmillan, George, A., Esq., 19, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, W.  
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 \*Parry, Sir C. Hubert H., Bart., Mus. Doc. (Vice-President), 17, Kensington Square, W.  
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 \*Sharp, Cecil, Esq., Principal's House, Hampstead Conservatoire, N.W.  
 Sharp, Mrs. Cecil, Principal's House, Hampstead Conservatoire, N.W.  
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# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

FOUNDED 1898.

## ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE, 1904.

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84, Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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## ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE, 1904.

IN presenting the following Report, the Executive Committee wishes to express to all members of the Folk-Song Society its regret for the long period of inactivity in the matter of all proceedings, and for the delay in the publication of Journal No. 5.

Already in March, 1902, when the last Report was issued, the illness of the late Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Lee, was arousing anxiety. Mrs. Lee, to whose enthusiasm and initiative the Society largely owes its foundation, always hoped that she might recover sufficiently to resume her secretarial work, but we regret to say that, as time went on, her hopes were not realised, and that owing to increasingly serious illness, she found herself compelled to offer her resignation in March last.

At a Committee held immediately after Mrs. Lee's resignation, on March 18th, Miss Lucy Broadwood was elected Hon. Secretary in her place, and a vote of condolence was conveyed to Mrs. Lee, together with the thanks of the whole Society for the good work that she had done on its behalf up to the time of her illness.

*Twenty-one* new members were elected during the month of May last; the publication of Journal No. 5 was put in hand; and Mr. Cecil Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, who has lately collected some hundreds of songs in Somersetshire and North Devon, joined our Committee.

Mr. Sharp's success alone proves what a wide field there is for workers, and it is to be hoped that the Folk-Song Society may receive steadily increasing support, so that, with larger funds at command, and a greater number of active helpers, it may be able to organize some more systematic plan for collecting in the future.

No time must be lost, for every day carries off some old singer with whom some precious tunes may die for ever unrecorded.

It is a great pleasure to the Committee to know that in many instances the impulse to become a collector of Folk Song has been traced to the interest aroused by our publications. In the future issue of our Journals we hope not only to sustain this interest but to heighten it.

For this purpose we shall warmly welcome all contributions, not only of traditional songs, words and music, but also of correspondence on matters connected with Folk Song, together with notices of publications bearing on the subject. We hope in forthcoming Journals to acknowledge contributions, and to include such as

may be approved of by the Editing Committee. It must be borne in mind that a main object of the Society is to publish only such traditional songs as have not hitherto appeared in print, but have been handed down orally. Mr. Frank Kidson generously puts his valuable library of old song-books, and his wide knowledge, at the disposal of the Society; and to him, in the first instance, contributions are sent in order that the history of the songs may be traced, and printed matter be sifted from the purely traditional as thoroughly as possible.

Since the last Report, two Journals have been issued: Vol. I, No. 4, containing songs collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood in Sussex and Surrey, and Vol. I, No. 5 consisting chiefly of Yorkshire songs from the collection of Mr. Frank Kidson, with contributions from Miss Carr-Moseley, Mr. W. Percy Merrick, Miss M. Arkwright, and others.

That an interest in Folk-Song is steadily on the increase is proved by the recent institution of Folk-Song Competitions at the Musical Festivals held at Kendal, Frome and Madresfield.

As previously announced by the Hon. Treasurer, the Committee has remitted all subscriptions for the year 1903.

It has recently been arranged that Members wishing for extra copies of the Journals may buy them at three shillings each, if only one copy of any one number is desired, and at five shillings each for further copies of any one number. The price of the Journal to non-members remains five shillings.

We regret that our President, Viscount Cobham, has lately felt compelled to resign, owing to his inability to attend our meetings as he would wish. We offer him the grateful thanks of the Society for having held his office since February, 1900, and we are glad that he still remains a member of the Society.

We wish to thank the Committees of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A., and the Bureau of American Ethnology, for copies of their valuable publications presented to the Society, and we also thank the Rev. Geoffry Hill for his interesting little book of Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols collected by himself.

There are at present 133 Members of our Society.

The Hon. Treasurer reported a balance in hand of £19 3s. 3½d., on June 1st.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY CASH STATEMENTS.

FOR THE YEARS 1900-1-2-3.

	£	s	d.		£	s	d.
1900, Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.							
To Balance from last year ...	36	3	1	By Printing of Journal and Reports	35	2	6
„ Subscriptions received ...	38	11	9	„ Postage and General Expenses			
„ Donations ...	2	5	0	of the Society ...	6	18	6
	76	19	10	„ Balance to next year ...	34	18	10
					76	19	10
1901, Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.				1901, Dec. 31st.			
To Balance from last year ...	31	18	10	By Printing of Reports, etc. . .	3	1	6
„ Subscriptions received ...	78	4	6	„ Expenses of Meeting at London-			
„ Sale of Journals ...	2	11	10	derry House ...	17	19	6
	115	15	2	„ Postage and General Expenses			
				of the Society ...	6	19	6
				„ Balance to next year ...	87	14	8
					115	15	2
1902, Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.				1902, Dec. 31st.			
To Balance from last year ...	87	14	8	By Printing of Journal and Reports	43	5	9
„ Subscriptions ...	*21	10	6	„ Postage and General Expenses			
„ Sale of Journals ...	1	14	0	of the Society ...	3	12	4
	110	19	2	„ Balance to next year ..	64	1	1
					110	19	2
1903, Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.				1903, Dec. 31st.			
To Balance from last year ...	64	1	1	By Printing of Journal ...	37	16	6
„ Subscriptions ...	*4	14	6	„ Postage and General Expenses			
„ Sale of Journals ..	1	0	0	of the Society ...	1	10	10
	69	15	7	„ Balance to next year ...	30	8	3
					69	15	7
1904, Jan. 1st.							
To Balance from last year ...	30	8	3				

I have examined the above Account and the Books and Vouchers, and certify the same to be correct.

THOMAS D. HAWKIN,

Chartered Accountant.

426, Strand, W C., June 21st, 1904.

\* The drop in the Revenue was occasioned by the protracted illness of the Hon. Secretary, during which time the Society remained inactive, as explained in the Report.

## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, W.

(BY KIND PERMISSION OF SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, MUS. DOC.)

*On Friday, June 24th, 1904, 5.30 p.m.*

SIR C. HUBERT H. PARRY, BART., MUS. DOC., IN THE CHAIR.

THE following were elected as members of the Society: Miss Augusta Chetham Strode, Lord Tennyson, K.C.M.G., etc., Mrs. Robert C. Trevelyan.

The Hon. Secretary read the Annual Report for June, 1904.

The Hon. Treasurer presented a Balance Sheet for the years 1900, 1901, 1902, and 1903, with explanations as to the delay in presenting the earlier cash accounts.

It was announced that Lord Tennyson had kindly consented to become President in place of Viscount Cobham, President resigned.

The following members of the Committee, five in number, retired under Rule VI, all being eligible for re-election, but Miss Hilda Wilson not wishing to be re-elected: Mrs. Gomme, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Jacques, Mr. Webb, Miss Hilda Wilson. Three new candidates were presented for election: Miss Carr Moseley, Mr. Walter Ford, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams. The election took place by ballot, and the following were elected: Mrs. Gomme, Mr. Graves, Mr. Ford, Mr. Webb, Dr. Vaughan Williams.

The Chairman introduced Miss Lucy Broadwood formally as Hon. Secretary.

The resignation of Mr. Charles Phillips as auditor was announced, and Mr. Bernard Gomme was elected in his stead. Mr. Hawkin having offered himself for re-election was nominated again as auditor.

A proposal was brought forward, by Dr. Vaughan Williams, that the name of the Society might with advantage have the word "British" or "English" introduced. After some discussion the proposal was negatived, and the meeting adjourned.