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PREFACE

TO THE TUNES COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

THE songs and tunes here printed are a small selection from a miscellaneous collection of English and Scottish folk-music taken down, as opportunity offered itself, in various localities during the last eight years, the largest part of these gatherings consisting of traditional singing-games with their tunes—a branch of folk-music in which I have been specially interested. (Of these latter I have noted, chiefly in Lancashire and Westmoreland, about one hundred and twenty-five tunes or variants, a good many of which have never, so far, appeared in print).

The Scottish songs and tunes have been mostly taken down in England from the singing of relatives and friends of Scottish blood. There is reason to believe that a good many beautiful unprinted airs are still current among Scottish folk, and also a considerable number of traditional versions of old tunes which are far superior to the copies printed from the time of the *Orpheus Caledonius* onwards. Scottish folk-songs have, I believe, suffered greatly in times past from being adapted to instrumental performance in violin and other collections of music; and in all probability many of these traditional *sung* versions preserve more of the simplicity and beauty of the originals than the old printed copies. Many old Scottish tunes in printed collections have a second part—often on a higher pitch of melody—which is frequently unmistakably of later date than the first strain, and sometimes upon investigation is seen to be only the first part of the tune repeated and varied an octave higher, as it might be played for the second time on a violin or flute, for the sake of contrast and variety. Moreover, a sad hash was undoubtedly made of Scottish modal tunes towards the close of the eighteenth century, when conscience in literary and musical matters was frequently *nil*, and the existence of “other *modes* than ours” practically unrecognised or ignored. But Scottish people do not as yet realize that it is not to printed collections that they must necessarily look for “correct copies” of the folk-tunes forming their national heritage.

The Sailors' Songs which follow, though obtained in Southport, are not of course to be considered as belonging in any particular sense to this locality; for the sailor's

song—whether born on land or sea—finds its true home on shipboard ; it is a citizen of the world of ocean. But the first of the two Lancashire Pace-Egging Songs does belong—I believe exclusively—to Northern England, even if as much may not be claimed for the tune ; and the second has been quaintly localised and adapted as a pace-egging song at a period farther back than any of the village fathers of Overton or Sunderland Point can recall.

Mr. Bolton's *repertoire* of Sailors' Songs, from which a selection of ten is here given, includes some interesting and suggestive examples of the way in which, at times, composed tunes of a century or two centuries ago have become simplified and translated, as it were, into the native musical dialect of the untutored singer. Two instances of this are his versions of Davy's tune, "Will Watch" and of T. Linley's "Sling the Flowing Bowl," as sung in the fore-castle. But such adapted songs are generally easily recognisable—unless, indeed, the transformation has been so complete that the tune has become in the course of time, by continued transmission, a genuine folk-tune, recomposed—not *decomposed*, as some would have us think—by the folk who sing it.

ANNIE GEDDES GILCHRIST.

SOUTHPORT,

November 12th, 1906.

SCOTTISH SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

I.—QUEEN JEAN.

SUNG BY MRS. ALEX MUIR, WHO LEARNT IT FROM HER UNCLE,
MR. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, ABOUT 1845.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Moderato.



Queen Jean, she was sick and they thocht she wad dee, And they sent for the
doc-tor to come and see she; { The doc-tor was sent for and im-
doc-tor, dear doc-tor, if
men-jent-ly came And he sat at the bed-side a-long with Queen Jean.
doc-tor ye be, Oh, send for my mith-er to come and see me!"

Her mith-er was sent for and immen-jently came,
And she sat at the bedside along with Queen Jean ;
" Oh, mith-er, dear mith-er, if mith-er ye be,
Oh, send for my father to come and see me ! "

And so on. The list of relatives sent for—"brither," "sister," etc.—is prolonged *ad lib.*, in fact as long as the patience of singer and listener holds out, there being, according to my aunt's recollection, *no* ending to the song!

Mr. Archibald Prentice of Manchester (of Anti-Corn-Law League fame), my granduncle, was a Lanarkshire man and probably brought the song thence. The interest of this nursery-song of his lies in its evident derivation from a ballad on "The Death of Queen Jane of England" (and the birth of Edward VI), recovered by Jamieson in two fragments—one from Arbroath, another from Edinburgh—and printed in his *Popular Ballads*, 1806 (Vol. i, p. 182).

Queen Jeany has travel'd for three days and more,
Till the ladies were weary and quite gave her o'er;
" O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,
To send for King Henry to come and see me."

King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bedside ;
 " Why weep you, Queen Jeany, your eyes are so red ? " *
 " O Henry, O Henry, do this thing for me,
 [Let them take my young life] and save my babie ! " †

The rest of the ballad may be found in Jamieson. A Kirkcudbrightshire form still more nearly resembling my version is printed in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (Macmath MS.), and in the same collection is given a version obtained on Dartmoor by Mr. Baring Gould, to a "very curious contemporary air," which I am here enabled, by his kindness, to print :

Tune noted by F. W. Bussell.

SUNG BY SAM FONE,
 DARTMOOR, MARCH, 1893.

Queen Jane, O Queen Jane, O what a la - dy was she, etc.

The resemblance of the opening phrase of Mr. Baring Gould's tune to the traditional tune of the game of "Green Gravel," is interesting as being also accompanied by a verse structure similar to that of "Queen Jane," in the game-rhyme :

* * * * *

" Oh Mary, Oh Mary, your true love is dead,
 He's sent you a letter to turn back your head."

Which suggests that "Green Gravel" and "Queen Jane" were sung to the same tune, and (without pronouncing upon which came first) that the one song was modelled upon the other.

The fact of the ballad in its original form being unsuited to the nursery is perhaps sufficient to account for its degeneration into a mere nonsense-song. But as regards the original ballad, a similar story of a heroic mother is told with supernatural attendant circumstances (the dead queen being in this case temporarily resuscitated in answer to the fervent prayers of the king—who arrives too late—and the court) in the Danish ballad, "Dronning Dagmar," † with perhaps no solidier

* " She raised herself upon her bier,
 Her eyes were bloody-red."—*Queen Dagmar (Danish Ballad)*.

† The Danish Ballad opens very similarly :
 " Queen Dagmar lies at Ribe sick,
 At Ringsted they await her ;
 Now let all the matrons in Denmark that dwell
 Hither be brought unto her."

historical basis than in the case of Queen Jane Seymour. From which it seems probable that this exemplification of supreme mother-love in voluntarily sacrificing her own life for that of her child formed a ballad-motif long before the story was attached to either queen (the Queen Dagmar to whom the ballad, I suppose, refers, lived in the thirteenth century); and, as a motif, would appear to have originated in savage and turbulent times when the preservation of the succession was held of greater importance than the life of the royal consort. But such a question may be left to folk-lorists.

The tune appears to be a variant of "The Deserter" or "Bonny Light Horseman." Cf. also with "The Cuckoo" (*Garland of Country Song*).

Mr. Cecil Sharp has recently obtained in Somerset an interesting version of this ballad. There is also in Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, 1857, one taken down from a gipsy. Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens of England*, refers to an English ballad being extant, but the line she quotes does not occur in Jamieson. There is, I suppose, no historical evidence as to the death of the queen being due to the cause suggested in the ballad, the writer of which has evidently had the birth of Julius Cæsar in his mind.—F. K.

For many versions of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.—L.E.B.

2.—THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE.

SUNG BY WILLIAM WELLS, ESQ., R.B.A.,
SUNDERLAND POINT, AUGUST, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Vivace.

There was a wee coo - per wha lived in Fife,..... Nick - e - ty, nack - e - ty,
noo, noo, noo, He took him - self a gen - tle wife, Hey, Wil - lie Wal - lack - y,
How, John Dou - gal, A - lin - ka - rash - it - y, rue, rue, rue!

* Sometimes, but not always, sharpened by the singer.

"The Wee Cooper" is printed, with a different tune, in Ford's *Vagabond Songs*. Mr. Wells' words (learnt, with the tune, from his father) followed the version there given. Other versions are in Child under the title "The Wife wrapped in the Wether's Skin." The point of this humorous old ballad is that, not daring to beat

his fine lady wife for fear of her "gentle kin," the husband evades the difficulty by laying his "ain sheep-skin"—which surely he has a right to beat!—upon the wife's back and thrashing *that*—which ingeniously-designed vicarious punishment brings the idle dame to her senses!

Child derives the traditional versions of this song from the 16th Century ballad of the "Wife lapped in Morell's skin for her good behaouour," but in this—a very brutal form of the story—the wife is wrapped in the salted horse-hide *after* the beating, so the point of the tale is altered, if not lost. The following facts may perhaps throw some light on the origin of the story: In the sack of Baghdad by Mongolian hordes in February, 1258, the Caliph was put to death; and according to most Muslim historians the manner of it was that he was *wrapped in a carpet and beaten to death with clubs*, it being against the Mongol practice to shed royal blood. (See Professor E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*). Is it possible that the ballad of the "Wee Cooper" goes back to some such early prohibition, and that the wife wrapped in the wether's skin was in the original story not only of "gentle" but of royal kin?*

There seems to be a connection between the "Wee Cooper" and "Robin-a-thrush," but the latter is apparently a nonsensical nursery version of the story in which the incident of the sheep-skin has dropped out, and the slovenly ways of the wife have been seized upon and developed by some rustic humorist. "Robin-a-thrush" may be a corruption of the refrain:

"Robin he thrashes her, now, now, now."

(This refrain is given in the *Besom Maker* version). Jamieson (*Popular Ballads*) gives the "Wee Cooper" ballad under the title "Sweet Robin," and quotes an old Morayshire refrain in the following verse:

She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
(Hollin, green hollin,
For spoiling o' her comely hue,
(Bend your bow, Robin).

In another fragment, quoted from Herd ("Robin's Courtship") the "ill wife," as "naething wad her mend," is taken to the forest and there beaten with "green hollin"—an incident perhaps suggested by this evidently *older* refrain. Another version of the "Wee Cooper" given by Jamieson has the "Robin-a-thrush" refrain:

There lived a laudart laird in Fife,
(Riftly, raftly, now, now, now.)
And he has married a dandily wife,
(Hey Jock Simpleton, Jenny's white petticoat,
Robin a rashes, now, now, now).

A. G. G.

* For other instances of the diffusion of the "common rule that royal blood must not be shed upon the ground," see Frazer's *Golden Bough* (Vol. i, pp. 179-181).

3.—MY BROTHER ROBERT HAS GOTTEN A WIFE.

Lively.

My bro - ther Robert has got - ten a wife, A son - sy hiz - zie, a
 come - ly dame, She lies in her bed till e - lev'n o' clock, An' I think she'll prove a
 thrif - ty ane. CHO. Sing hea - ther a - vo, a co - gin O, hea - ther a - vo, a
 co - gin O, Hea - ther a - vo, hea - ther a - vo, Ki - la ma keigh, a co - gin O.

This is a Scotch version of the old English folk-song of "Robin-a-thrush" or "The Tidy One." The verse given appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* a few months ago, and in answer to my enquiry for the tune to which it was sung, I obtained the air given above, which was contributed (in sol-fa) in the issue of March 3rd, 1906, by the editor, who had heard his mother sing it fifty years ago, in Perthshire, and by whose kind permission it is printed here. Like the English tunes to this song, it is strongly suggestive of an old country-dance. (*See* my note on the "Wee Cooper o' Fife," *ante*, as to the connection between these two songs).—

A. G. G.

The song is current in many forms, and under different titles. As "Hobblety, Bobblety," it is in Heywood Summer's *Besom Maker*, 1888, with an air attached. A version is in Robert Chambers' *Scottish Songs*, 1829, Vol. ii, p. 404; Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, etc., and I have also a copy in an old song-book (reference misplaced) as "sung by Mr. Grimaldi;" this would be about 1805.—F. K.

For other versions of words and tune *see* "Robertin Tush" in Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, "Robin-a-thrush" in Baring-Gould and Sharp's *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, and in *English County Songs*. In the British Museum (G 809 c 1-76) is "A Glee for three voices" printed for G. Walker, London, in the 18th Century. It is called "Robin he married a wife," and has a tune similar to that in *English County Songs*, therefore quite distinct from Miss Gilchrist's Scotch air. There are nine verses, with the burden "Robin he thrashes her."—L. E. B.

4.—CUDDY ALONE.

Noted by A. G. Gilchrist.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. ALEX. MUIR,
1902.

Vivace.

Cud - dy a - lone, Cud - dy a - lone, . . .
Cud - dy a - lone and I..... The
rat - ton he sat at the head of the ta - ble, be - cause he was both
proud and a - ble, Kick - ma - leer - ie, gow - den down, Cud - dy a - lone and I.....

There lived a froggie in a well,
And a mousie in the mill.

* * * *
"Pray, Mistress Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin."

(The wedding follows.)

The ratton he sat at the head of the table,
Because he was both proud and able.

* * * *
The froggie he swam down the brook,
Until he met wi' Mistress Juke [Duck.]

From my aunt's recollection of the song as sung by Mrs. Muir, of Leith, her husband's mother, many years ago. She only remembers fragments of the words, but sufficient, I think, to identify her version with the Scotch one printed in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, beginning "There lived a Puddy in a well."

The air is evidently an old country-dance tune, and has some resemblance to the "Kitty Alone" of the *Garland of Country Song*, No. xiii, which see for full and interesting note.—A. G. G.

In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* there is a rhyme beginning "There was a frog liv'd in a well, Kitty alone, Kitty alone." It describes the wooing of Miss Mouse by the frog. Miss Mouse replies that she must consult her "Uncle Rat." Halliwell quotes a publication of 1580 called "A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse." In D'Urfey's *Pills* there is a political parody of the old song, set "to a comical tune," which has a slight likeness to the foregoing tune, and also to the air known as "Cold and raw." Chappell quotes a quite different tune to a similar ballad which was printed in *Melismata*, London, 1611.—L. E. B.

5.—JACKY ROBINSON.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. G. GILCHRIST.

Allegro.

Oh, the drums did loud-ly beat, and the pipes did loud-ly play, And it's
to the field of bat-tle we all did march a-way; CHORUS: And sing
yar-ra-dy air-um, dair-um, dad-dy, Sing yar-ra-dy air-um day!

This curious old song was sung to my father as a child by his nurse, in Fifeshire, about sixty-five years ago. He only remembers the half of another verse :

"As she was going up London Street,
Her old father she did spy—"

but he recollects that the ballad was about a girl who enlisted as a soldier under the name of "Jacky Robinson." A ballad under this title is to be found in Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads*—but though upon this same theme it is a different song.

The quaint chorus may be intended to suggest bagpipes. Scotch writers speak of the "durrum-dow" of the pipes. Or "airum-dairum" may possibly be a corruption of "hirdum-dirdum"—an expression signifying noisy revelry, as in the description of the dancing at the wedding of "Muirland Willie:" "Sic hirdum-

dirdum an' sic din." It is rather unusual, I think, to find a Mixolydian tune of so *lively* a character. The late Mr. Fleetwood Sheppard considered this tune to be a version of "The False Lover," No. 97, in *Songs of the West*. It may be compared as regards type with "The Old Man can't keep his Wife at Home" in the new edition of *Songs of the West*. According to the old fiddler who played this latter, "this was a dance-tune to which the performers sang in accompaniment to the music and tramp of feet." "Jacky Robinson" may similarly have been a dance-tune, being also—like the "Old Man"—apparently a bagpipe air with drone.—A. G. G.

The song above referred to, in *Modern Street Ballads*, is of the Dibdin type, though not by Dibdin. It is called "Jack Robinson." Besides being in song-books contemporary with its popularity (early 19th Century) it is in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868, and elsewhere, including Catnach broadsides. It begins :

"The perils and the dangers of the voyage past
And the ship in Portsmouth arrives at last."

Its air is commonly known as "The Sailor's Hornpipe," or, from its association with this song, "Jack Robinson's Hornpipe." Neither words nor air have, of course, any connection with Miss Gilchrist's song. "Dirrum dow" appears to have been a commonly used tag in Scottish songs of a humorous cast, where a chorus or refrain is used to fit the air or its repetition. I have heard it used with "Robin Tamson's Smiddy."—F. K.

I have an unpublished air to "The False Lover," which has something in common with this air. It is not unusual—at any rate in the West of England—for lively airs to be cast in the Mixolydian mode, *e.g.* "The Crabfish," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 28.—C. J. S.

6.—THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

SUNG BY MRS. GILCHRIST,
SEPT., 1900.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.



SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS GILBERT,
OF EDINBURGH, SEPT. 1900.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.



The above tunes are interesting as being variants of the air attached to "The Island of St. Helena," in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 88. My mother's version (No. 1) was learnt in her girlhood from a Mrs. Graham of Glasgow, her mother's friend, who sang Tannahill's song, "The Braes of Balquhiddar" to this tune, about fifty-five years ago. No. 2 was Mr. Gilbert's mother's tune for the same song. As Mr. Gilbert is a very old man, his version goes back the farthest, and is, as might be expected, the more archaic form of the tune. Both versions are quite different from the generally-accepted tune to "The Braes of Balquhiddar," as found in Wood's *Songs of Scotland* and earlier collections such as Captain Fraser's. The printed air is a poor one, with much repetition, and though similar in *rhythm* to the variants above given, derives, I think, from another original, there having possibly been *two* strathspey tunes with the same title, as in the case of "Ballendalloch's Reel." No. 1, which my mother sang before she became acquainted with the usual tune to "The Braes of Balquhiddar," most resembles the version given in the *Journal*, especially in the second half. Both of my variants have the "Scotch snap," wanting in the Irish form.—A. G. G.

Compare also with “Brochan buirn”—a Gaelic nursery-song in Dr. Maclagan’s *Argyleshire Games* :

BROCHAN BUIRN.



and with another version of the same tune in the “Celtic Lyre” (No. 48) :

CRUACHAN BEN.

AIR—“BROCHAN BUIRN.”



A. G. G.

The earliest copy I know of the reel, “The Braes of Balquhider,” is in Walsh’s *Twenty-four Country Dances for 1742*, repeated in the same publisher’s *Calcedonian Country Dances* of about the same date. Afterwards versions appeared in Bremner’s *Reels* (1759), McGlashan’s *Reels* (1786), Aird’s *Selection II* (1782), Gow’s *Repository*, etc. Words first were set to the air in Johnson’s *Museum*, Vol. ii, 1787. Afterwards Tannahill’s well-known song was fitted to the same unvocal air.—F. K.

7.—CATTLE CALL.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MRS. MELLIS, SOUTHPORT, 1905.
BORDERS OF PERTH AND FIFE, ABOUT 1870.



Hal - la, halla, hi, lass! Come a - wa' in wi' the kye, lass! Low, low, kin-o !.....

This musical call was learnt from dairymaids at Mountquharry, near Abernethy, where Mrs. Mellis lived for several years.—A. G. G.

LANCASHIRE PACE-EGGING SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

8.—BEG YOUR LEAVE.

SUNG BY JOLLY-BOYS (PACE-EGGERS) FROM OVERTON VILLAGE,
SUNDERLAND POINT, EASTER, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Moderato.

I'll beg your leave, fine kind } gen - tle - men and la - dies of re - nown, If you'll
please to make us room..... we will sing to you a song,.... You
please to make us room, we will sing to you a song, And we'll
call in our com - e - rades and call them one by one. CHO. So we're jol - ly
boys,..... we do no harm..... Wher - ev - er we do go, For we've
come the pace - egg - ing, As you ve - ry well do know.....

For the 2nd and succeeding verses the tune begins thus (the remainder as above):—

So the first that does come in He is a bloom - ing youth,...etc.

So the first that does come in, he is a blooming youth,
He courts all the pretty girls, and always tells them truth ;
He says he never deceives them, but is always kind and true, [true and kind ?]
And 'tis his delight both day and night in drinking of strong wine. [brew ?]

So the next that does come in, he is a sailor brave,
He says he's ploughed the ocean, and split the briny wave ;
He says he has got gold, and he says he has got store,
And he says he'll marry a pretty girl, and go to sea no more.

So the next that does come in, oh, he is a roving blade,
Amongst the lasses he will be, for he is such a jade,
Red rosy cheeks are his delight, so beautiful and fair,
And if you want a sweetheart, you must come to Overton fair!

So the next that does come in, oh, she is Miss Kitty Fair,
She takes a great delight in the curling of her hair;
She carries a basket* by her side—she's got no store put in—
It's her delight both day and night in drinking of strong gin.

So now you've seen us all, speak of us as you find;
You'll please to give us a trifle—it will be very kind.
So cheer up your spirits while we drink a glass of beer,
And we'll drink your health and store your wealth until the very next year.

The Pace-Eggers who sang this song are locally known as “jolly-boys,” and the custom of going round from house to house in Holy Week, singing such songs, is called “going jolly-boying.” Overton village, on the river Lune, is about three miles distant from Heysham, where the two Lancashire Pace-Egging songs printed in *County Songs* were obtained. It is rather remarkable to find a third so similar in character in the same locality, but the singers explained that one set of “jolly-boys” used one song, and a different set would go their rounds with another.

No. 2 in *County Songs* (with the refrain “March along, bold Wellington,”) was generally sung by the “childer.” These singers also knew and sang both songs given in *County Songs*, with slight variations of tune and words, and had a second tune, imperfectly remembered, for No. 2. They had also an interesting variant of the “Owd Miser” verse in No. 1. (I think there is no doubt that this character was originally Judas with the money-bags.):

“The next that does come in is owd Nan with her bags,
For want of her money she wears her owd rags;
She's as ragg'd as a sheep and as poor as a crow,
She says she will follow 's wherever we go.”

The Pace-Eggers—two parties of whom came, one composed of young men, the other of little boys—were dressed in character (more or less) to represent the *dramatis personæ* of the songs, and several wore masks. A hunch-back, a man with a long nose, and a prisoner (handcuffed) seem to be generally included in their number, the prisoner belonging to a dialogue of which a fragment was introduced in a song sung by these jolly-boys, called “The Ouldest Man at Tea,” in which dialogue a judge and policeman also figure. The female character—“Owd Nan” or “Miss Kitty”—always carries the basket, and is of course dressed in women's clothes. The lady of the party, “Miss Kitty,” on this occasion modestly concealed her manly features behind a veil (represented by a strip of white muslin curtain pinned round her hat).

* For the receipt of eggs and other contributions.

Some of the older jolly-boys had recollections of the play of *St. George*, formerly performed on such occasions, but which now seems to have died out in this locality.

—A. G. G.

This air is a variant of the “Somerset Wassail,” in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. xx. I have collected a still closer variant at Drayton, Somerset.—C. J. S.

Transmitted by Mr. Turnbull.

SUNG AT KIRKBY LONSDALE.



The air given above has been transmitted to me by a correspondent (Mr. Turnbull), as one commonly sung at pace-egging time in the Kirkby Lonsdale district. The words, I understand, are much the same in type as those collected by Miss Gilchrist. Versions of the air I here give have been printed to Pace-Egging songs in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), and in *English County Songs*, (1893, p. 22), the first from Cheshire, and the second from North Lancashire. In Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, (1857, p. 181), is a set of verses having a general similarity to the songs above-mentioned. To go into full details regarding "Pace-Egging" as performed in the North of England would require a volume to itself. The vocal "Pace-Egging" seems to be merely alternate to the play of *St. George*. Copies of this play as printed in Leeds always bear the title "The Peace Egg," though I have never heard of its being performed in this district other than at Christmas-time, and now the practice appears to have completely died out. The general idea was for the performers to be disguised in any rags or finery procurable, with the ultimate object of a money collection; the custom was generally called "mumming," and the full dialogue of the play was always so well and accurately transmitted that the printed copy was quite superfluous.—F. K.

9.—WHEN JOHN'S SAIL WAS NEW.

SUNG BY JOLLY-BOYS FROM OVERTON VILLAGE.
SUNDERLAND POINT, EASTER, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Con moto.

The se - ven jol - ly trades - men Came o - ver yon hill to - geth - er, Came
o - ver yon hill to - geth - er, To join a jo - ful crew..... They
called for bot - tles of wine and sher ry, To help them o - ver yon hill so mer - ry, When
John's sail was new, my boys, When John's sail was new.....

The first he is a soldier,
With his sword upon his showlder,
What man may look more bowlder
To join a joful* crew?
He says he'll fight for his king and his crown,
Before Old England shall be run down.
When John's, etc.

[*jovial]

The next he is a tinkler,
With his kettle on his showlder,
What man may look more bowlder
To join a joful crew?
Have you any old tins or kettles to fettle?
Wur† rivets are made of the very best metal.
When John's, etc.

[†our]

The next he is a cobbler,
With his last flung o'er his showlder,
What man may be more bowlder
To join a joful crew?
He let his last fall on his toes,
And said he'd smash the owd tinkler's nose,
When John's, etc.

The next he is a mason
With his trowel on his showlder,
What man may look more bowlder
To join a joful crew?
He wishes all churches and chapels would fall,
And then there'd be work for masons an' all.
When John's, etc.

The next he is a ragman,
 With his rag-bag on his showlder,
 What man may look more bowlder
 To join a joful crew?
 While he was kissing and squeezing the lasses
 They burnt his rag-bag into ashes.
 When John's, etc.

The next he is a musseller,
 With his cram† upon his showlder, [† mussel-rake]
 What man may look more bowlder
 To join a joful crew?
 He says he'll pike§ all mussels and kewins|| [§ pick] [|| the sea periwinkle]
 Before t' tide comes over town-skeear.** [** a local mussel bank]
 When John's, etc.

There was an additional verse—a new one—introducing “a farmer” to make the seventh “Jolly Tradesman,” but as “th' lad as med it oop” was not present on this occasion I did not obtain it. The last verse, above, is interesting on account of the local dialect-words, of which perhaps “kewin” is the most curious, it being, I believe, only traceable outside Northern England in a Norwegian dialect, as *kuvung* = the sea-snail, and thus probably a relic of Norse settlement in the district. The Yorkshire form of the word is “cuvvin.”

Overton, on the estuary of the Lune, is partly a fishing-village—hence the introduction of the “musseller,” or fisherman, and probably also the amusing misconstruction of “Joan's ale” as “John's sail,” in this variant of the old song. The jolly-boys could only tell me that this song was “a very ould one” (in which they were right) and had been handed down in the village from other jolly-boys. Its use as a pace-egging song is doubtless due to the introduction of a different character in each verse—a feature common to all the pace-egging songs I have come across, and reminiscent of the earlier dramas for which they have been substituted.

The Scotch version in Mr. R. Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* has also “John” instead of “Joan.” This substitution of John for Joan in Scotch versions of English folk-songs (e.g. “John, come kiss me now,” “Jumping John”) is doubtless due to the fact that not only does the Lowland pronunciation of “John” approximate to “Jone,” but Scotch folk pronounce Joan “Jo-ann,” with the accent on the second syllable. So “Joan,” orally transmitted, would be interpreted as “John.”

The tune is a variant of that given (to “Joan's Ale”) in the *Garland of Country Song*. I took down a simple form of the air a few years ago in the same locality, as sung by fisher-boys to a version of “Three Jolly Hunters.” The ballad of “Joan's Ale” is well-known to collectors, and many variants are in existence, which will be dealt with elsewhere in this *Journal*. The above version is here included on account of its special local character as a pace-egging song.—A. G. G.

It should be mentioned in connection with these songs, that "pace-egging" is derived from "Pasch," or Easter, and that the custom of performing a mumming play of this kind was quite as usual at Easter as at Christmas. The egg is the recognised symbol of Easter in almost all countries.—J. A. F. M.

SAILORS' SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

MR. BOLTON, from whom I obtained the whole of the Sailors' Songs and Chanties here transcribed, is a retired sailor aged 66, who has served both in the merchant service and the navy. His experience of the sea covers thirty-five years, his last voyage being in 1887. He served in the navy during the Crimean war, but left the service in 1857. He has still a very mellow baritone voice, and though without any knowledge of music, a gift for making verses, which must have served him in good stead in the fore-castle. Indeed, he tells me that he believes some of his songs and chanty-verses are still "knocking about" among sailors. Amongst other chanties which he sang to me were "Boney was a Frenchman," "The Banks of Sacramento," and "Paddy on the Railway," his versions of which tunes are very like those in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs*. His songs in general were easy to note, as, unlike many singers, he varied the tune very little-- no more than the distribution of syllables rendered necessary. No doubt the practice of singing the songs in chorus had tended to stereotype their tunes.

I.—FORECASTLE SONGS.

10.—ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.
Allegro moderato.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
RETIRED SAILOR, SOUTHPORT, DEC., 1905.

Oh, come, good peo - ple all, Young and old, Young and old, Oh, come, good peo-ple
all, Young and old. It's of an ad-miral brave, Called Ben - bow by his
name, How he fought on the ra - ging main, You shall hear, You shall hear.

Admiral Roseby* said to him :
" I won't fight, I won't fight !"
Admiral Roseby said to him :
" I won't fight !
For I value no disgrace,
Even losing of my place,
But the enemy I won't face,
Nor their guns, nor their guns."

So brave Benbow made the signal
For to fight, for to fight,
So brave Benbow made the signal
For to fight.
The ships boxed up and down,
And the shots they flew all round,
And the men came tumbling down,
There they lay, there they lay.

Admiral Benbow lost his legs
By chain-shot, by chain-shot,
Admiral Benbow lost his legs
By chain-shot.
He down on his stumps did fall,
And so bitterly he did call :
" Fight on, my British tars,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot."

'Twas on Tuesday morning last
Benbow died, Benbow died,
'Twas on Tuesday morning last
Benbow died.
'Twas a shocking sight to see
Admiral Benbow carried away,
He was buried in Kingston† church,
There he lay, there he lay.

Admiral Benbow was mortally wounded in action with the French, while commanding in the West Indies in 1702. It is a matter of history that he was cruelly deserted by his captains, whose conduct roused the generous indignation of Du Casse, commander of the opposing French squadron.

A version of this ballad—to a minor tune—is printed by Chappell (" Come all ye sailors bold, lend an ear.") Another song on the same theme, but in a different metre, and to a tune which is variant of " Love will find out the way," begins " Oh, we sailed to Virginia, and thence to Fayal," and a third is known to Mr. John Masfield. This begins, like another sea ballad,

" As I was a-walking upon the Spanish shore."

—A. G. G.

* A mistake for ' Kirby.' Roseby belonged to the 19th century.

† Jamaica.

This traditional version of "The Death of Benbow" tallies in many lines with a copy in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress* (a song-book with music, published in London in 1783), though the melody is different. The peculiar metre of the verses is used in other narrative sailor-songs, notably "Captain Kidd" and "Admiral Byng," (see Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, vol. ii, for this latter); also for the ballads "Ye Jacobites by name," and "My love's in Germany." It is possible that the tunes for all these songs have been used in common, which no doubt has tended to corruption in traditional transmission.—F. K.

There is, in the British Museum, a broadside version of this ballad with its air printed above the words (a very rare thing to find.) The notes are of the 17th Century lozenge type, and the ballad sheet is probably almost contemporaneous with the death of the admiral.

Mr. Burstow sang me an admirable version, with a fine minor tune exceedingly like that on the broadside, but with some modal features. Chappell's minor air quoted by Miss Gilchrist is also from a broadside. It should be compared with the traditional tune noted in Ireland, to which Mr. A. P. Graves has written a Famine song ("Oh, the praties they are small over there, over there.") The air here given is a major variant evidently.—L. E. B.

For a close variant of this ballad see "Admiral Benbow" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, (series 3). Compare also the tune "Marryns yn Tiger," in *Manx National Songs*, (p. 4.) I have often heard the same air sung in Somerset and Devon to the words of a street-song, beginning "My name it is Jack Hall, chimney-sweep, chimney-sweep."—C. J. S.*

* The song "Jack Hall" is probably as old as the Benbow ballads. Jack Hall was a chimney sweep (sold for a guinea as a boy,) who was executed for burglary about 1701. Upon this original song was founded a vile ditty, much sung in the fifties, called "Sam Hall."—F. K.

11.—GILDEROY.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, MAY, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Andante.

Oh, Gil - de - roy was a bon - ny, bon - ny boy As ev - er Scot - land bred, When
he put on his tar - tan plaid And kilt - ed coat so red. He
was ad - mired by the la - dies all, He was such a rak - ish boy And he
was my soul and my heart's de - light, Was my charm - ing Gil - de - roy.

* * * * *
(Verse omitted).

Oh, Gilderoy he is dead and gone,
And how then shall I live?
With a brace of pistols by my side
I'll guard him to his lonely grave.
For they hung him on the Mole so high
For being such a rakish boy;
But he was my soul and my heart's delight,
Was my charming Gilderoy.

A middle verse was omitted by the singer as "rather immoral." The ballad had been learnt many years ago at sea, but as it was a forecastle song in which all joined, Mr. Bolton was unable to recollect whether it had been acquired from a Scotch sailor. Mr. John Masefield tells me he also learnt this traditional version of "Gilderoy" at sea, but has never seen it in print, though he suggests that it might be in some Edinburgh chap-book of about 1830.

The tune, though distinct from the minor tune always printed to the song, is certainly Scotch in character.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW (BELL-RINGER),
NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, 1903.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

Now Gil - de - roy was a bon ny boy, And he would knots of rib - bon wear ; He
pul - lèd off his scar - let coat, He gar - ter - èd be - low his knee. He
was be - loved by the la - dies so fair, He was such a rak - ish boy..... He
was my sov'-reign, my heart's œ - light, My charm - ing young... Gil - de - roy.

Mr. Burstow sang me one verse of "Gilderoy," and sent me the whole ballad (as follows), a year later. I have omitted one stanza. I have not met his version anywhere in print. It is different from the ballad published by Playford, D'Urfey, and other editors of the 17th and 18th Centuries, and from any broadsides that I have seen. For notes on a quite distinct tune, to the usual "Gilderoy" song words, see *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. ii, No. 7, pp. 119 and 120).

Now Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
And he would knots of ribbon wear,
He pulled off his scarlet cloak,
He garterèd below his knee—
He was beloved by the ladies so fair,
He was such a rakish boy ;
He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,
My charming young Gilderoy.

Young Gilderoy and I was born
In one town together,
And at the age of sixteen years
We courted one another.
Our dads and mothers both did agree,
And crowned with mirth and joy
To think upon our wedding-day
With me and my Gilderoy.

Now Gilderoy and I walked out
All in the fields together,

He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,
My charming young Gilderoy.

What a pity it is that a man should be hanged
 For stealing woman, where
 He neither robbèd house or land,
 He stole neither horse nor mare,
 He was beloved by the young and old,
 He was such a rakish boy ;
 He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,
 My charming young Gilderoy.
 Now Gilderoy for some time has been dead,
 And a funeral we must have,
 With a brace of pistols by his side
 To guard him to his grave,
 For he was beloved by the old and the young,
 He was such a rakish boy ;
 He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,
 My charming young Gilderoy,

Miss Gilchrist's fragment of words, and her tune, point to the same originals as those noted by me. The tune is obviously Scotch, but I cannot find it in printed collections.

For a full account of the hero of the ballad see Stenhouse's notes in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Gilderoy was a notorious freebooter in the highlands of Perthshire who, with his gang, committed the most barbarous outrages on the inhabitants. Seven of his accomplices were seized by the Stewarts of Athol, and conducted to Edinburgh. There they were tried, condemned, and executed. Gilderoy in revenge burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts of Athol. One thousand pounds was offered for his capture. At length he and his associates were secured, and all duly expiated their offences on the gallows in 1638. According to tradition Gilderoy was of the proscribed clan Gregor, and the ballad composed by a young woman who loved him. The ballad was well-known in England at least as early as 1650, if not before then, on black-letter broadsides differing materially from Mr. Burstow's version.—L. E. B.

As "Gilderoy" (*Gillie-roy* = the red-haired lad), according to Robert Chambers, was only a nickname for Patrick Macgregor, the Perthshire freebooter, it seems possible that there may have been an *earlier* "rakish" boy with red locks, about whom the ballad surviving in the above traditional versions was *originally* written, and for whom, also, "a gallows, on or off a mole (in Mr. Masefield's words), was about the best thing he could have!"—A. G. G.

The fourth verse of Miss Broadwood's version is nearly the same as one of the stanzas in "Geordie." This habit of describing in the same words incidents of a similar nature that occur in different ballads has often been noticed, and is one of the surest indications of the genuine traditional ballad.—C. J. S.

My first acquaintance with Gilderoy was when as a child of tender age I went to a "dolly show," held in a caravan at Woodhouse Feast, in Leeds. The piece performed by the puppets was "Gilderoy, the bonny boy of Scotland." I have no recollection of any song being sung; Gilderoy was a fierce-looking doll in a kilt.

There is a curious version of the usual minor air as "Guilderoy"—apparently an American traditional one—in Howe's *New American Violin School*, Boston (U.S.A.) circa 1860.—F. K.

12.—THE WRECK OF THE "GILDEROY."

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JUNE 18TH, 1906.

Andante.

The musical score is written on two staves in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, with a 3/4 time signature change in the middle. An asterisk (*) is placed above the final four bars of the first line. The second staff continues the melody for the second line of the verse. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

There was many a corpse was wash'd a-shore, The ra - vens to de - coy And the
 sea - gulls flew O'er the life - less crew Of my *Bon-nie Gil - de - roy.*

This was the ballad in trying to recall which Mr. Bolton remembered the other "Gilderoy." This song—evidently of later date—and concerned with the wreck of a ship called the "Gilderoy," or "Bonnie Gilderoy"—no doubt named after the notorious freebooter—"went to quite a different tune" he said. But though he could only remember, for lack of the words, what he called the "chorus"—which is probably the second strain of the air repeated—I think it will be apparent from the half-verse which I was able to note that this "Gilderoy" ballad was probably sung to another version of the same "Gilderoy" tune, whose affinity with it he himself did not recognise. (There was a month's interval between his singing of the two songs to me). It seems probable that the "Wreck" tune—which is, like the others, distinctly Scotch—began at the point I have marked *; the four bars which follow the * being repeated to form the first half of the verse, and the music printed above following on. This would follow the model of the other two versions.—A. G. G.

13.—THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

Plaintively.

Oh, Green - land is a cold coun - try, A land where grows no
tree, Where the ice and the snow and the whale - fish blow, And the
day - light's sel - dom seen, brave boys, And the day - light's sel - dom seen.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is marked 'Plaintively'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There is a triplet of eighth notes under the word 'tree'.

A favourite old song with sailors. For notes see Mr. Baring Gould's *Garland of Country Song*. The tune given above is a more archaic version of that printed in the "Garland." Mr. Bolton could not remember any more of the words.—A. G. G.

In the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, No. 3, p. 21) is a different tune to more complete words.—L. E. B.

The above tune shows such strong Mixolydian influence that I am inclined to consider the *F* sharp at the end as an alteration made in unconscious obedience to the laws of "Musica ficta."—J. A. F. M.

I agree with the above remark—the more so because I have always heard the song sung with the last phrase falling to the tonic without the use of the leading-note, as in the version in *A Garland of Country Song*. See also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 3rd series.—C. J. S.

14.—THE GOLDEN VANITY.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JUNE, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Allegro moderato.

“ Wrap me up in my black bear - skin, Down in the Low-lands
Next ver. So they wrapt him up in his black bear - skin, Down in the Low-lands

low..... And heave me o - verboard for to sink or to swim, And I'll
 low..... And they hove him o - verboard for to sink or to swim, And he

sink the French gal - ley O..... And I'll sink the French gal - ley O.”
 sank the French gal - ley O..... . And he sank the French gal - ley O.

Mr. Bolton's recollection of the words was only fragmentary, but he remembered the story, and explained the "black bear-skin" as being the cabin boy's covering at night, and that he wished to wear it as a disguise while in the water. He referred the story to an incident in the boyhood of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. The ballad of course really refers to Sir Walter Raleigh, (or perhaps some earlier captain), and as the name of Raleigh's ship, according to the old form of the ballad, was the "Sweet Trinity," it seems possible that "Golden Vanity" is a corruption of "Holy Trinity," not "Golden Victory," as in a version noted by Mr. Kidson. The fact that the Raleigh ballad is directed to be sung to the tune of "The Sailing of the Lowland" points to the existence of an earlier ballad with this refrain.

This tune is quite different from other "Golden Vanity" tunes, and may be compared with Mr. Bolton's "Greenland Fishery" tune, of which it appears to be a more modern version. Cf. also the "Greenland Fishery" in the *Garland of Country Song*.—A. G. G.

For other versions of this very favourite ballad see *Songs of the West*, *English County Songs*, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* (J. Curwen & Co.), *The Scottish Students' Song-Book*, and many other song-books reprinting the different airs given in the foregoing collections.

It is hoped that many interesting variants still in MS. may be fully dealt with in future Journals.—L. E. B.

15.—I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

Con moto.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and consists of several phrases. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

Oh, if my child should chance to die, Mark well what I do say, Oh,
 if my child should chance to die, The bells should ring so sweet - e - ly, And I'll
 go no more a - rov - ing..... For rov - ing's been my ru - in..... I'll
 go no more a - ro - - ving with you, fair maid.
or a - mong the pret - ty maids.

Mr. Bolton could only recall the verse above given, but said the song was about a young girl who had been deceived. There is a curious coincidence between this verse and the words of the children's game, "A dis, a dis, a green grass," in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*.

The tune is a version of "The Maid of Amsterdam" (see "A-roving," in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* for the more usual form)—a well-known chanty derived from a ballad which Mr. John Masefield traces back to the time of Elizabeth. He says: "The Elizabethan solo has a chorus of 'Hey down, derry down, deno,' but this is now obsolete." But only the refrain of Mr. Bolton's song has any connection with the words of this other chanty.—A. G. G.

The burden in this is the same as in the well-known sailors' song above-mentioned, one version of which is printed in *The Scottish Students' Song-Book*, and begins "At Number Three, Old England Square."—F. K.

16.—THE WRECK OF THE “INDUSTRY.”

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JUNE, 1906.

Moderato.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come, lands - men all, and lis - ten well, A dread - ful sto - ry I will tell
Con - cern ing a ship call'd the *In - dus - try*, That was wreck'd and lost on the ra - ging sea.

The words follow, with slight differences, Mr. Kidson's broadside version printed with another tune in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 228 ("All on Spurn Point"), verses four and five being as follows :

We hailed her captain, who stood at her stem,
"We've come to save you and your men,"
"I want no help" he then replied,
"She will come off with the next flood-tide."

"Oh, heave us a rope," once more we cried,
"That 'long with you our boat may ride!"
"I want no help" he again replied,
"I'll thank you to move away from my ship's side."

This song used to be in much favour with "Turnpike Sailors"—a name given, Mr. Bolton tells me, to a class of sham seafaring men who imposed upon the charitable by rigging themselves out in the garb of sailors, thus perambulating the country singing long doleful ballads of shipwreck and other misfortunes, and professing to be sailors in distress.—A. G. G.

This tune is the air that is always sung to the "Wreck of the Ramilies," by Somerset sailors.—C. J. S.

This is a variant of the tune in Vol. ii, p. 178, of this Journal.—R. V. W.

II.—CHANTIES.

17.—SHANGADORE.

PUMPING CHANTY.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Anãante.

SOLO. O, Shang - ga - dore, I love your daugh - ter, CHO. A -
 - ray, ye roll - ing riv - er! SOLO I love my grog... much more than
 wa - ter, CHO. Ah - ha - ha! I'm bound a - way, 'Cross the wide... Mis - sou - ri.

Mr. Bolton refused to give me the rest of the words! "Shangadore" is a corruption of "Shenandoah"—the American river of that name. Two versions of this well-known American chanty, with variants of the tune, are given in an article by W. J. Alden, in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882, and another, under the title of "The Wide Missouri," in *Tozer's Sailors' Songs*; another in a small collection of "Old Sea Chanties," by Messrs. Bradford and Fagge. The tune appears to be of negro origin; it is at least of negro character. The older version quoted in "Harper" begins:

"You Shanandore, I long to hear you,
 Hurrah, you rolling river!
 You Shanandore, I long to hear you,
 Ah ha! you Shanandore."

The meaning of "Shenandoah" has become lost in later versions of the chanty, and "Polly Brown" takes its place in Tozer's version.

The tune is a difficult one to bar correctly, from the evident tendency of the chorus (as I understand in chanties generally) to overlap the solo. This same overlapping of solo and chorus is often seen in primitive music, and I had an opportunity of noting it lately in phonographic records of the festal songs of certain native tribes of British

East Africa, taken by my friend, Mr. MacGregor Ross, Director of Public Works in the Protectorate.—A. G. G.

I have noted a close variant of this chanty under the name "Shenandoah" from Mr. Donger, at King's Lynn.—R. V. W.

18.—ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

HAULING CHANTY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, APRIL, 1906.

Allegretto.

SOLO. CHO. SOLO. A

dol-lar a day is a nig-ger's pay, CHO. A-cross the west-ern o-cean.

Detailed description: The musical score is written on two staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. There are three measures marked with a lambda symbol (Λ) above the notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with 'SOLO.' and 'CHO.' indicating which part of the melody is sung by the soloist and which by the chorus.

N.B.—The united pull on the rope comes on the notes marked Λ.

This was all Mr. Bolton could remember of the words. Another version of the tune is given in an article by W. J. Alden, in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882.—A. G. G.

19.—THE HAWK'S-EYE MAN.

CAPSTAN CHANTY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

Vivace.

Oh, the 'awk's-eye man is the man for me, And when he comes a-shore he
has a jol-ly spree, And the 'awk's-eye- Roll the boat a-shore, And the 'awk's-eye—
Roll the boat ashore, And the 'awk's-eye, Ho! She wants the 'awk's-eye man.

Detailed description: The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The melody is more rhythmic, featuring many eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several measures with accents (>) above the notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The final line of the score includes two alternative endings labeled (a) and (b) in parentheses.

Scraps of other verses were recollected as follows :

Sally in the garden sifting sand,
And Jenny in the house with the hawk's-eye man.
With his hawk's-eye...
And when he comes ashore
He rattles at my door,
Oh, Johnnie is my hawk's-eye man.

This curious tune has, I think, like "Shangadore," a decided negro flavour. A version of the words to another tune is given in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* ("The Ox-eyed Man.")—A. G. G.

According to the cadence marked (*a*) this tune is Dorian; but according to cadence (*b*) it would seem to have *Phrygian* characteristics, which is very unusual in English folk-song. See Vol. ii, p. 96, of this journal.—R. V. W.

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Of the above three chanties, very similar versions, taken down on board ship in 1862-4, are printed with eleven others in an article on "The Sea Shanty," in the *Yachting Monthly* for October, 1906. The "Hawk's-eye Man"—appearing as the "Hog-eye Man"—has there the Dorian ending. (For a Dorian with Phrygian termination see one version of "Seventeen come Sunday," in this number of the *Folk-Song Journal*.) Of the "Hog-eye Man"—given under the heading "Hauling into Blackwall Dock, 1862"—the writer of the article says: "This shanty was not allowed so long as any passengers were aboard; directly they were landed this was the only shanty that would suit sailor John. The words cannot be given, but the tune is characteristic. It is of negro origin, from the slave states." It may be noted that the writer derives the name "shanty" from Canadian lumber-or shanty-men—"who were ever great singers," but were, and still are, called "shanty-men" because they lived in shanties.—A. G. G.

I think the foregoing derivation of the puzzling words "chanty" or "shanty" is very probably correct. I cannot agree with its supposed French origin, and certainly "Chantyies," so far as the term goes, have come to us from "across the Western Ocean," though a French-Canadian source might point to the word used in a French sense.—F. K.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE SONGS COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

THE following airs were gathered, mainly, some ten or twelve years ago. They were intended to help in the formation of a second series of my little book, *Traditional Tunes*, published in 1891.

I have still a large number unpublished, which I hope may shortly see the light, either in volume form, or in the pages of the *Journal*.

At that time folk-song collecting had not received the impetus that the birth of the Folk-Song Society has since given to it, and many songs which I then noted were quite new to the collector. The thorough search through some country districts, recently made and still progressing, has resulted in the publication of variants, found since the above-named period of my collecting; this, I am afraid, may make some of my tunes a little stale.

My good friend Mr. Charles Lolley, of Leeds, has supplied me with many songs; nearly all from his early remembrance of those sung in South-east Yorkshire. Our old servant, Kate Thompson, a native of Knaresboro', in the West Riding, has sung me many interesting lyrics. The late Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, took up the subject on my behalf, and, about ten years ago, noted tunes from fishermen and others possessed of folk-songs in his district. I have supplemented these North Yorkshire songs with some which I have heard near Whitby. Others I have taken down from Leeds people, and several from Irish wanderers or "out-o'-works" with whom I have come into casual contact.

I take it that the spread of folk-melodies over the British Isles has some analogy to the diffusion of dialect. We find, for instance, a word, obsolete as regards its use by the ordinary person, in use among Yorkshire people who still speak the dialect, and one ignorant of the first principles of philology, perhaps, at once assumes that it is a "Yorkshire word." That person may be not a little surprised to find that it is also in use in the dialect of a distant county, the people of which also claim it as their own special word. A master of the subject sweeps these merely local usages aside, and finds that the root of the word, or even the word itself, is in a past language

which at one time was spoken throughout the land ; chance or circumstance ordaining that words from this forgotten language shall linger (like snow-drifts in sheltered nooks) more in certain places than in others. May it not be the same with folk-tunes?—with this difference, that while some of the airs may be traditional survivals of the original stock, yet others may be of later date, the result of compositions built on similar scales for an audience which still prefers the older types to the newer ones. The subject is a fascinating one, and many arguments for and against the theory might be advanced.

FRANK KIDSON.

LEEDS,
November, 1906.

IRISH TUNES

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

20.—THE GIRL WHO WAS POORLY CLAD.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK KELLY,
A NATIVE OF IRELAND.

Noted by F. Kidson.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The first staff contains the first line of music. The second staff contains the second line of music, with the lyrics "As - thore ma - chree." written below it. The third staff contains the third line of music. The fourth staff contains the fourth line of music, with the lyrics "As . thore ma - chree." written below it. The music is a simple, folk-style melody.

Frank Kelly sang the verse in Irish, and gave me a very rough translation as under :

“ The morning I met her on the road,
Asthore, Machree,
I looked at her shoes ;
She had a flounce on her petticoat,
And she gave me three kisses
Which rejoiced my heart.

F. K.

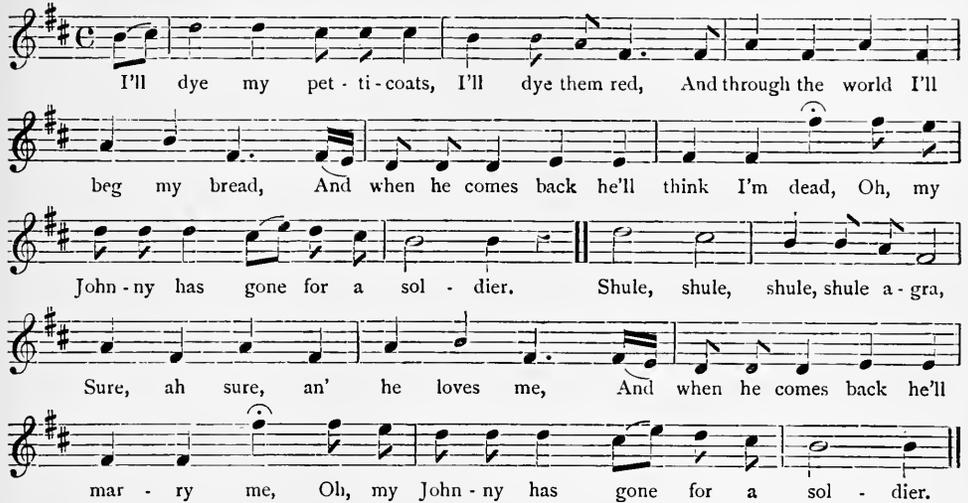
In Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* is a tune called “Astoreen Machree.” It has no likeness to the above.—L. E. B.

This tune has some likeness to one sung to me to the words “The Lads of Kilkenny.”—R. V. W.

21.—SHULE AGRA.

Noted by F. Kidson.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,
WHO LEARNT IT FROM A LIVERPOOL BASKET WOMAN'S SINGING.



I'll dye my pet-ti-coats, I'll dye them red, And through the world I'll
beg my bread, And when he comes back he'll think I'm dead, Oh, my
John-ny has gone for a sol-dier. Shule, shule, shule, shule a-gra,
Sure, ah sure, an' he loves me, And when he comes back he'll
mar-ry me, Oh, my John-ny has gone for a sol-dier.

Heard by Mr. Mooney while walking in Scotland Road, behind a Liverpool basket-girl, who with her companions was singing the verse to the tune. It is, I think, one of the best sets of the tune, and may be compared with a copy in Kerr's *Merry Melodies*; there are, however, marked differences in the two.

Moore, in the ninth (1824) and the tenth number (1834) of his *Irish Melodies*, uses a version of the air. In the ninth number he gives the old title as "I wish I were on Yonder Hill," evidently the first line of the song then sung to the air; in the tenth number he names it "Shule Aroon." Horncastle also prints a version in 1844, and there are other copies extant. None, however, have the strong, simple rhythm of the traditional tune here noted; Mr. A. Mooney, who heard the basket-girls' singing, was otherwise familiar with the same version.—F. K.

The tune in Kerr's *Merry Melodies* is probably a traditional violin "set" of this same version. The American chanty, "Let the Bulgine run" (*see* "Eliza Lee" in Tozer's *Sailor Songs*), has a decided resemblance to this and Mr. Kidson's air, of which it is perhaps a recollection or adaptation.—A. G. G.

Cf. the versions of this tune in Stanford's *Irish Melodies*, A. P. Graves' *Irish Song Book*, Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and many other collections. A fine variant is

No. 1227 in the *Complete Petrie Collection*. A Hampshire traditional variant was noted some twelve years ago, with a good version of words, apparently from some broadside, embodying many of the familiar lines.

I noted an absolutely distinct major tune to the ballad from the singing of a country girl, in Co. Waterford, this year.—L. E. B.

The opening phrase of this tune is almost identical with the tune to “Geordie,” noted by Mr. Sharp in Somersetshire, which appears in Vol. ii, p. 27, of this Journal. It is to be noticed that a verse of “Geordie” begins “I wish I were on yonder hill” in many versions.—R. V. W.

The jump of the tune to the upper octave suggest a comparison with “My Johnny was a Shoemaker,” and the name “Johnny” and the general character of the song lead one to suppose the two to be related.—J. A. F. M.

22.—ON THE BANKS OF THE ROSES.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,
OF LIVERPOOL.

The musical score is written on four staves of a single treble clef in common time (C). The melody is simple and sentimental. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The piece ends with a double bar line.

On the banks of the ros - es My love and I sat down, He
 pulled out his Ger - man flute And played a charm - ing tune; In the
 mid - dle of the tune, Oh, I sobbed, and sighed, and said: “Dar - ling
 John - ny, dar - ling John - ny, Do not leave me!”

An Irish sentimental ballad. Mr. Mooney had heard an old Irishman sing it, but only knew the first verse. I can find no other trace of either song or air.—F. K.

The tune appears to be a variant of the old Irish air to which the song “Off to Philadelphia” is written.—A. G. G.

23.—THE SHAMROCK SHORE.

Noted by F. Kidson.

FROM A STREET-SINGER IN LEEDS.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Fare - well, dear Er - in's na - tive isle, For here I can - not stay, As I
do in - tend to cross the sea, Bound for A - me - ri - ca; To
leave the land that gave me birth It grieves my heart full sore, Then
fare - ye - well, my lov - ing friends a - round the Sham - rock shore.

Chorus (to same air):

As our ship she lies at anchor, boys,
Now ready for to sail,
May heaven protect each passenger
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
And when I'm on the ocean,
You will run in my mind,
Then fare-ye-well, old Ireland,
And all I left behind.

The tears roll gently from my eyes.
My heart's oppressed with woe,
Thinking from old Erin's Isle
I was compelled to go.
"Dear friends," says I, "be not afraid,
I'll do whate'er I can,"
And looking round I gave a sigh,
Saying "Adieu, old Ireland."
As our ship she lies, etc.

Farewell, my aged parent,
As from you I must part,
Likewise my tender grandfather—
I'm sure 'twill break his heart,
But to part from you, old Erin's Isle,
It grieves me more and more,
Then here's good health and all success
All around the Shamrock shore!
As our ship she lies, etc.

It's to conclude and finish, friends,
 I've not much more to say—
 It's wished I was safe landed there,
 All in America.
 A wanderer, I've to cross the sea
 Bad fortune may prove kind,
 And my toast would be, so far away,
 To all I've left behind.
 As our ship she lies, etc.

I took the above words and tune down from an Irish “out-of-work” who was singing it in the streets of Leeds. He told me he had got the song from his “owld dad” in Ireland, many years ago. The melody is built upon the pentatonic scale and is, I think, old and fine.—F. K.

21.—OH, IN LEINSTER THERE LIVED A YOUNG DAMSEL.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY AN OLD IRISHMAN.

Oh, in Lein - ster there liv'd a young dam - sel, A most
 beau - ti - ful crea - ture was she; Oh, court - ed she
 was by a young man, She call'd him her love - ly Jim - my.

SECOND VERSE.

When her father he came for to hear it,
An angry person was he :
" If I thought you'd been courted by Jimmy,
Or any such person as he,
I would send him a-sailing far from you—
I would send him on shipboard to sea."

'Twas private she sent for young Jimmy,
'Twas private her Jimmy came there :
For fear that her father might hear them,
Light-footed they tripped up the stair.

" Oh Jimmy, I've a story to tell you,
A story to tell unto thee,
My father he solemnly swears,
That a-sailing he'll send you from me.

Oh, likewise he wants me to marry,
A man that is crippled and old,
(Such a man I'd not wed, my own Jimmy
No, not for a million of gold.)"

The father being stealthily listening,
When the courtship was over and done,
He went to a press that was near him,
And brought down a well-ordered gun.

" Two chances, I'll give unto you, Molly,
Two chances I'll give unto you,
I'd rather see you, Jimmy, sailing
Than shot like a bird on a tree."

" Oh father, my fond loving father,
I ne'er will deny it of thee ;
Two acres of fire I would venture
One sight of my Jimmy to see !"

That fond loving couple will be married,
Invited their parents may be,
For the young men to wait upon Molly,
And fair maids on lovely Jimmy.

It's now this couple got married,
I wish them good luck and much joy,
For Jimmy is crownèd with honour,
And Molly embraced by her boy,

The words and air from another old Irishman who was singing in the streets of Leeds. He left Ireland before 1858 and learnt the song there. He could neither read nor write. I have seen no other copy of this song.—F. K.

25.—THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

Noted by F. Kidson]

SUNG BY MR. DICKINSON, LEEDS.

The... sun was far ... in the clouds ad - vanc'd, When a
con - vict came from the Isle of France; And on his leg he
wore a ring and chain, And his coun - try was of the sham - rock green.

Then the coast-guard waited all on the beach,
Till the convict's boat was all in reach ;
The convict's chain did so shine and spark,
Which opened the vein of the coast-guard's heart.

The coast-guard launched his little boat,
That on the ocean with him to float ;
The birds at night take their silent rest,
But the convict has a wounded breast.

* * * * *

Then the coast-guard played a noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart ;
" Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the *Shamrock Green* ;
Then his freedom came by a speedy post,
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

* * * * *

" God bless the coast-guard !" the convict cried,
" You have saved my life from the ocean wide,
I will drink his health in a flowing glass—
Here's success to the Isle of France !"

The tune and part of the verses (the rest completed from a Fortey broadside) I took down from Dickinson senior, a Yorkshireman, in Leeds. The air and words are also recognised by other singers. There are at least three broadside versions of this ballad: "The Isle of France," by Fortey; ditto, by Such; and "The Shamrock Green," by Pratt of Birmingham. This latter begins:

A constant girl was heard to cry,
 And drop a tear from her tender eye;
 "The cruel laws of our gracious Queen
 They have transported my Shamrock Green."

The sun went down and the clouds advance,
 A convict came to the Isle of France, etc.

I have a strong suspicion that the ballad is founded on a real escape from a convict transport-ship, or from the hulks.

It is also possible that the "Isle of France" may be poetical geography for one of the Channel Islands and not the department. For another copy of the song, see *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 123).—F. K.

I have noted versions of this ballad at Minehead and at Bridgwater. The Minehead singer, Captain Lewis, gave me nine stanzas, and a tune which is almost note for note the same as the Sussex version noted by Mr. Merrick (Vol. i, No. 3, p. 123), *Folk-Song Journal*.—C. J. S.

I have also noted variants in Wiltshire and Norfolk.—R. V. W.

26.—THE PEELERS AND THE GOAT.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,
 LIVERPOOL.

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

A... bunch of peel-ers went out one day On du - ty for pa - trol - ling O! A
 goat they met up - on the way, That on the road was stroll - ing O!

The air was noted down, with a portion of the first verse, in Liverpool, from an Irishman. The words are satirical, and have reference to the new police, introduced into Ireland in 1836. The refrain of each verse is:

"I'm neither a Whig nor a Tory O."

but I have not been able to obtain more than the fragment above printed. An air for the "Peeler and the Goat" was published in an Irish paper, *The Citizen*, for

November, 1842, and this is reproduced in Mr. Alfred Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 142.

As an addition to this version I here give one from a manuscript music-book formerly belonging to an Irish family, written about 1840, and containing many curious tunes which seem to have been taken down, or transcribed from unprinted sources.

THE PEELER AND THE GOAT.

DORIAN.

FROM A MS. BELONGING TO F. KIDSON.

Though the words date no further back than 1836 I should say the air is certainly old and a good one.—F. K.

SCOTCH TUNE COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

27.—BALQUHIDDER LASSES.

Noted by Mr. Alfred Moffat.
EOLIAN.

PLAYED BY A GIPSY PIPER, AT STRATHYRE, NEAR BALQUHIDDER,
SEPT. 29TH, 1900.

“Balquhiddler Lasses” was the performer’s name for this tune. A diligent search through Scotch Reel-Collections has, so far, failed to reveal any copy of the air. There is every likelihood of its being a traditional melody.—F. K.

An excellent tune, of the type and rhythm described in old dance-collections as a “Scottish Measure”—a dancing-rhythm which appears to be the precursor of our modern $\frac{4}{4}$ hornpipe—the tunes called hornpipes in such early collections being in *triple* time.

“Balquhiddler Lasses” has some resemblance to the old tune “Johnnie Cope,” (“Fy to the hills in the morning”), and it is conceivable that it is a much altered traditional version of this tune. Neil Gow and Sons, in publishing the Second Part of their *Repository of Original Scotch Tunes*, about a century ago, “cannot avoid mentioning that in every part of Scotland where we have occasionally been . . . [we] have not *once* met with *Two Professional Musicians* who play the same notes of *any* tune”—hence the “Standard now proposed” by them. This points to a large number of then existent variants of the best known tunes, in actual performance, many of which variants must have been handed down to later players.

Other tunes of the same dance-rhythm as “Balquhiddler Lasses” are “The Arethusa,” named “The Princes[s] Royal,” in Gow’s collection above-mentioned; and “Prince Charles’ Welcome to Skye,” called in the same collection the “Isle of Sky, Scottish Measure.”—A. G. G.

This is a familiar form of reel-melody; the exact tune may not be in the collections, but there is a strong resemblance to “Hey, Johnnie Cope” in the last line.—J. A. F. M.

Cf. *Sensations of Tone* by Helmholtz (translated by Ellis), p. 261.—C. J. S.

SAILOR SONGS

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

28.—THE INDIAN LASS.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MRS. KATE THOMPSON

MIXOLYDIAN.

KNARESBRO



As I was a - walk - ing by a far dis - tant shore, I
called at an ale house to spend half - an - hour; And as I sat smok - ing be -
side of my glass, By chance there came in a fine In - di - an lass.

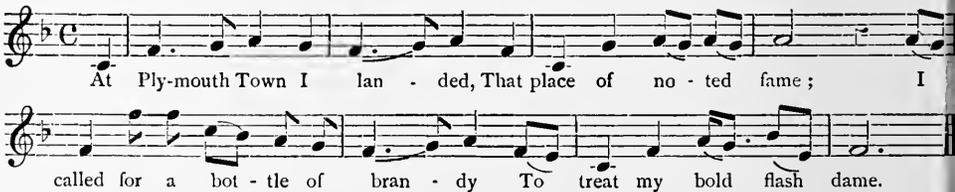
The fragment of words remembered belong to the usual broadside copy. For two other versions of the air, and full words, see my *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

29.—PLYMOUTH TOWN.

(GOSPORT BEACH)

Noted by F. Kidson.

NOTTINGHAM.



At Ply-mouth Town I lan - ded, That place of no - ted fame; I
called for a bot - tle of bran - dy To treat my bold flash dame.

I took this down from the singing of a lady who came from Nottingham. It is really a version of "Gosport Beach," which printed on a Such broadside stands:

On Gosport beach I landed, that place of noted fame,
When I called for a bottle of brandy to treat my flashy dame;
Her outside rigging was all silk, her spencer scarlet red,
We spent that day quite merrily, and at night all sorrow fled.

It was early the next morning, all by the break of day,
 He says " My handsome fair maid, what brought you down this way ? "
 " I am a rich merchant's daughter—from London I came down,
 My parents turned me out of doors, which caused me for to roam."

He says " My handsome fair maid, I am sorry for to say,
 That you have strayed so far from home, to throw yourself away ;
 But no reflections I will cast, but for ever I'll prove true,
 And when from Chalain [Chatham ?] I return, sweet maid, I'll marry you."

They both shook hands and parted, tears from her eyes did flow,
 When on shipboard with her own true love she saw she could not go ;
 But as a token of true love, a gold ring she broke in two,
 One half she gave to her own true love, saying " Adieu, sweet maid, adieu."

But scarce six months were over, from Chatham he came back,
 Saying " Now, sweet girl, I'll marry you, I've shiners in my sack,"
 Then to the church they hastened, the marriage-knot to tie,
 And may they both live happy until the day I die.

The air has some resemblance to one which Mr. Baring Gould took down in Devonshire to the same words, but which he published with a fresh set of verses, " Furze in Bloom," see *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

I have a Minehead version of this song. The air is a variant of " Furze Bloom " in *Songs of the West*, and the words begin " On Gosport beach I landed." It is so printed on a modern broadside, " Gosport Beach," by Such. Both Devon and Somerset versions have a second part to the air, which is lacking in this Nottingham tune.—C. J. S.

30.—POOR OLD HORSE.

SUNG BY MR. MOONEY,
 LIVERPOOL.

Noted by F. Kidson.

MIXOLYDIAN.

Mixolydian.

Once I was reared in a sta - ble so warm; To keep my ten - der limbs free from
 hail, rain, snow, or storm; There's no such u - sage now, Nor can be found at all, I'm
 forced to travel on a win - ter's night Thro' hail and rain and storm: "Poor old horse! Poor old horse!"

The only verse that Mr. Mooney knew much resembles the printed copies of broadsides. One of these, by Such, is :

THE POOR OLD HORSE.

When I was a young horse, all in my youth and pride,
 My master used to ride on me, he thought me very fine ;
 But now I am grown old, and nature does decay,
 My master frowns upon me, and these words I hear him say :
 " Poor old horse, poor old horse."

My clothing that was once of the shining superfine—
 Then I stood in my stable, and did in my glory shine ;
 But now I m grown old, and nature does decay,
 My master frowns upon me, and these words I heard him say,
 " Poor old horse, poor old horse,"

My feeding it was once of the best corn and hay,
 That grew in the fields and in the meadows gay,
 But now I'm grown old and scarcely can I crawl—
 I am forced to eat the coarsest grass that grows against the wall,
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.

" He is old and he is cold, and he is both dull and slow ;
 He has eaten up my hay, and has spoiled all my straw ;
 Nor either is he fit to draw [in] with my team—
 Take him and whip him," is now my master's theme,
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.

To the huntsman now shall go his old hide and shoes,
 Likewise his tender carcase the hounds will not refuse—
 His body that so swiftly has run so many miles
 Over hedges, ditches, brooks, and cleared bridges, gates, and stiles,
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLEY DICKINSON, A YOUNG SAILOR

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics.

When I was young and a - ble, I had some young good corn But now I'm old and fee - ble, I've
 in the fields to roam, Poor old horse, Poor old horse.

The second air varies considerably in metre from the usual copies ; it evidently belongs to a different ballad. For other copies of " Poor Old Horse," see the *Folk Song Journal* (Vol. i, pp. 75 and 261), where more references are given. I cannot agree with those who point to a pagan Scandinavian origin, nor can I think that the song had birth on shipboard from the practice of burying the " dead horse " at the end of the first month. It is purely a humanitarian view of the fate of old worn-out horses, and I should say has suggested to Thomas Bewick his well-known woodcut " Waiting for Death."—F. K.

31.—THE DOCK-YARD GATE.

Noted by F. Kidson,

SUNG BY A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER, AT WHITBY.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff has a tempo marking 'Slow and marked.' under the word 'day'. The piece ends with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

“If you'll come down to the dock-yard gate and wait till I come
 out, This ve-ry day we'll spend his pay in drink-ing ale and
Slow and marked.
 stout.” So his half-pay was spent in sweet con-tent, his
 half-pay was no more: “Nev-er mind, nev-er mind, my
 love!” she cried, “He's work-ing hard for more.”

The singer had learnt this from her father, with whom it used to be a great favourite. A second verse followed—too imperfectly remembered to be of much use. I look upon it as one of a type of song which is produced even to-day, on shipboard. It is here that real sailors' songs are invented and occasionally passed on to shore people, where a generation or two of singers form them into folk-songs pure and simple. I could quote several of these “real sailors' songs.”—F. K.

The tune is obviously modern and of slight value.”—J. A. F. M.

YORKSHIRE TUNES

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

32.—I'ANSON'S RACE-HORSE.

Noted in 1888 by T. C. Smith.

SCARBORO

On the four - tenth day of Ju - ly last, A horse fair at... New -
 - mar - ket was, And ma - ny fine gen - tle - men then did re - sort All for to see... such
 live ly sport, To my lad - dy O, pad dy O, fal - de - dal, la - ra - di, do.....

There was a gentleman of great fame,
 Charles I'Anson, Esquire, and that was his name,
 And he had a kinsman who had got a mare,
 Called "Little Dunnee" with her cropped ears.
 To my laddy, etc.

The jockeys were weighed, likewise the whips,
 And then the bold riders began for to strip;
 The little dun mare, as I've heard say,
 Carried twelve pounds more than the "Lively Bay."
 To my laddy, etc.

The gentlemen rode around the course,
 Saying one to another "Our money is lost!—
 Which made the bold gentlemen stamp and swear:
 "The devil take you and your little dun mare!"
 To my laddy, etc.

Transmitted to me from Scarborough. The family of I'Anson are famous for a training-stable near Malton, Yorkshire. As "The Little Dun Mare," the song of ten verses is printed on a broadside by H. Such.

The air is, I suppose, a version of a "Derry Down" song. It is attached to several Yorkshire songs current in this district, e.g. "The Cunning Cobbler," "Stringy Pie," etc.—F. K.

I have noted two versions of this song in Somerset, and Mr. Percy Grainger has taken it down in Lincolnshire. My tunes are variants of the Scarborough version

—C. J. S

This tune is an interesting combination of the Dorian and Mixolydian modes

—R. V. W

33.—SWARTHFELL ROCKS.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MISS A. BOWNASS,
OF WINDERMERE.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The lyrics are: "So now to con-clude and fin-ish my... song, This gal-lant fox - hunt is all o - ver, It's the for - ty - se-cond fox That was slain from Swarthfell Rocks, And that puts an end... to my sto ry." The score includes a first ending bracket for the words "gal-lant fox - hunt is all o - ver," and a second ending bracket for "That was slain from Swarthfell Rocks," with the instruction "Repeat from S." above the second ending. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Early one morning as I rose from my bed
I heard "Hark, hark away, boys!" so clearly,
Then I drew a little nearer for to see who was there
That was going fox-hunting so early.

(Chorus. Repeat the two last lines of every verse.)

There were some gentlemen who had come from Patterdale,
They had come for to make out a trial,
To see the hounds run in the North, where they had great fame and worth,
And most of them without any denial.

It was then at Swarthfell Rocks where we laid on our hounds,
Not thinking the tops being likely;
Now a huntsman long I've been, but the like I've never seen,
We unkenelled bold Reynard so early.

Out cries Henry Wilkinson, "Hark, hark away, my boys!"
Joe Clarke, our foot sportsman soon heard him;
Richard Mounsey cried, "Od zounds! you may couple up your hounds,
For this day you will never come near him."

They came through How Town moor, it being late an hour,
Sometimes one hound and sometimes another,
It was hard to be expressed which of them ran him best,
For they all ran abreast close together.

There was "Tipler," "Towly," "Fairmaid" and "Jolly,"
There was "Countess," "Blossom" and "Fury,"
Several other hounds ran close within his bounds,
But these were the hounds that ran near him.

Richard Mounsey rode amain, and he whipt up o'er the plain,
Joe Thompson's grey mare got no favour,
It was up the highest hill and down the deepest glen,
Expecting his life for our labour.

They came through Hallin Hag, their course it being strong,
I'm sure there would be little ease in it,
But our hounds they ran amain, and laid him in again,
And he took Sharrow Woods for his cover.

Then Reynard being weary, and seeking for shelter,
His way was to take straight over—
But the hounds they ran him well, and turned him in again,
And there they destroyed him for ever.

Old "Lilter" followed in, and never more was seen,
Which caused our brave sportsmen to murmur,
For a finer little hound never ran above the ground ;
She was the bonniest little hound in the number.

So now to conclude, and finish my song,
This gallant fox hunt is all over ;
It's the forty-second fox that's been slain from Swarthfell Rocks,
So that puts an end to my story.

This fine tune was sung at one of the Westmoreland Festivals (1903) by Miss A. Bownass, of Windermere. It is a hunting-song known—or formerly so—in the district around Ullswater, and the places mentioned are between Patterdale and Pooley Bridge. Unlike other hunting-tunes, it is not, so far as I know, applied to sets of words singing the feats of other hunts. It must be noticed that the tune is not in the usual $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which from at least the 18th Century was always used when a hunting-song had to be fitted with music. There is, however, a curious feature about this song: The wild George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1627-1688) kept a pack of hounds at Helmsley, in North Yorkshire, and the exploits of these are chronicled in a black-letter ballad, printed by William Onley towards the end of the 17th Century (*Roxburghe Collection*). This is entitled "The Fox Chace, or the Huntsman's Harmony by the Noble Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, etc. To an excellent tune much in request."

I believe that remnants of this ballad are known to this day in Helmsley and district. The printed ballad, which perfectly fits the tune, "Swarthfell Rocks," has evidently formed the model of the ballad Miss Bownass recovered in the Lake district. The first and last verses of the Duke of Buckingham's ballad will show this: they run—

All in a morning fair,
As I rode to take the air,
I heard some to holloo most clearly ;
I drew myself near
To listen who they were
That were going a hunting so early.

* * * * *

So *whoo* up we proclaimed,
God bless the noble Duke of Buckingham !
For our hounds then had gained much glory ;
This being the sixth fox
That we killed above the rocks,
And there is an end of the story.

I think we may easily take it for granted that the traditional air above printed was the one to which the earlier hunting-song has been sung.—F. K.

This is a well-known song in the West of England. I have taken it down three times in different parts of Somerset, and Mr. Baring-Gould has found it in Devonshire and published it in *Songs of the West* (No. 81), under the title "The Duke's Hunt." Miss Bownass' tune has points in common with the tune of "The Simple Ploughboy," also in *Songs of the West* (No. 59).—C. J. S.

34.—I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

Noted by F. Kidson.

DORIAN (? Dorian-Phrygian, A. G. G.)

HORBURY, YORKSHIRE.

[Only a fragment of words obtained.]

The musical notation consists of three staves in G major (one flat) and common time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The first staff begins with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note G, then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff concludes the fragment with a final cadence.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by F. Kidson

DORIAN.

GOATHLAND, YORKSHIRE.

Stock - ings white and shoes black bright, And her buck - les shone like sil - ver; She
 had a dark and roll - ing eye, And her hair was on her shoul - der, With my
 fal - la - la, fal - la - la - la, fal - la - la - la, la, la.

The musical notation consists of three staves in G major (one flat) and common time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the verse. The second staff contains the second line. The third staff contains the chorus, which is repeated three times.

THIRD VERSION.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

DORIAN.

SCARBOROUGH.

“How old are you, my pret-ty fair maid? How old are you, my
 hon - ey? How old are you, my pret-ty fair maid? How old are you, my
 hon - ey?” Oh, she an - swer'd me right cheer - ful - ly: “Oh, I’m
 sev - en - teen come Sun - day.” With my roo dum doo,
 Fol the did - dle doo, Right fol the did - dle lol the di - do.

This ballad seems to be well diffused throughout most parts of England, and I have no doubt it is current in Scotland also. Personally, I think, there is a decidedly Northern ring in the air, which on the whole differs very slightly wherever obtained.

Already copies have been printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 92, Vol. ii, p. 9), and in Mr. Sharp's second collection of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, but I cannot quite agree with Mr. Sharp that the song is the same as the one he refers to, in *The Scots' Musical Museum*; the theme is common enough to produce any quantity of folk-ballads.

The full song is printed on broadsides by different printers—the one following from a broadside by Bebbington, of Manchester, but it is the same as one by Such.

I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

As I walked out one May morning,
 One May morning so early;
 I overtook a handsome maid,
 Just as the sun was rising,
 With my ru rum ra.

Her stockings white, her shoes so bright,
Her buckles shone like silver,
She had a black and rolling eye,
And her hair hung o'er her shoulder.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
Where are you going, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully:
"An errand for my mammy."

"How old are you, my pretty maid?
How old are you, my honey?"
She answered me right modestly:
"I'm seventeen come Sunday,"

"Will you take a man, my pretty maid?
Will you take a man, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully:
"I dare not for my mammy."

* * * * *

"Soldier, will you marry me?
For now's the time or never;
For if you do not marry me,
I am undone for ever."

Now I'm with my soldier lad,
Where the wars they are alarming;
A drum and a fife is my delight, I,
And a pint of rum in the morning.

F. K.

A Scottish version of the song, set to what seems to be an imperfect memory of the same Dorian tune—known in many variants—is printed in Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* as "My Rolling Eye," the chorus being:

With my rolling eye,
Fal de diddle eye,
Rolling eye, dum derry, etc.

Mr. Kidson's third version has some resemblance to the old Scotch dance-tune set to the song "Alistair Macalstairs."—A. G. G.

35.—THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

Noted by F. Kidson.

FROM MR. CLARKE, WORTLEY, NEAR LEEDS.

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in spring,..... I
 heard a pret - ty plough - boy sweet - ly sing ;..... And
 as he was a - sing - ing, Oh these words I heard him say :..... There's no
 life..... like the plough-boy's in the sweet..... month of May

There's the lark in the morning, she will rise up from her nest,
 And she'll mount the white air, with the dew all on her breast ;
 And with the pretty ploughboy, oh, she'll whistle and she'll sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

This copy of the air was given to me by Mr. Clarke of Wortley, near Leeds, in 1890. He remembered its being sung in his early years. For another version of the melody and for some notes regarding the history of this song, see my *Traditional Tunes* (1891), p. 145.

Extended copies of the words are found on garlands and broadsides. In one of these, named *Four Excellent New Songs*, printed at Edinburgh with the date 1778, it stands as "The Plowman's Glory." The two first verses are almost verbatim with the above, and then follow six more, descriptive of the life of a ploughman, with some of his recreations.—F. K.

Cf. "The Lark in the Morn" in Baring-Gould's *Garland of Country Song*. The words are on a broadside by Hodges, Seven Dials.—L. E. B.

Mr. Baring-Gould prints a Cornish variant of this air and song in his *Garland of Country Song* (No. 27). I have also noted down a Devon version, quite a different tune, from one of Mr. Baring-Gould's singing-men. Note the absence of the sixth in the above tune.—C. J. S.

36.—MAIDS, WHILE YOU LIVE NEVER WED AN AULD MAN.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

MIXOLYDIAN.

FROM RILLINGTON, N. E. YORKSHIRE, 1888.

Musical score for 'Maids, While You Live Never Wed an Auld Man'. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a repeat sign (S) and ends with a double bar line. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature, and ends with a double bar line. The word 'Repeat' is written above the final staff, and 'FINE. from S' is written below it.

This air, with a verse which it is not desirable to here reproduce, was obtained for me in 1892 by Mr. T. C. Smith of Scarborough, from a singer hailing from Rillington, a district near Malton, in North-east Yorkshire. It is evidently another version of "An Auld Man he courted me," as printed in my *Traditional Tunes* (p. 92). This latter copy also comes from North Yorkshire.—F. K.

This ballad is commonly sung in the West of England.—C. J. S.

37.—THE KNIGHT'S DREAM;
OR, THE LABOURING MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

FROM SCARBOROUGH.

Musical score for 'The Knight's Dream; Or, The Labouring Man's Daughter'. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

An out - land - ish knight once be - held in a dream The...
fair - est of earth's fair... crea - tures, A coun - sel to take, a...
jour - ny to make to.... Ire - land to see... this fair crea - ture.

One of the many tunes transmitted to me from Scarborough by Mr. T. C. Smith, who took it down in this district. I have only one verse. Mr. Sharp noted a version in Somerset, under the title "A Cornish Young Man." See the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 53), and Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series.—F. K.

Cf. the tune with that called in Scotch collections "Saw ye my Father," which G. F. Graham pronounces to be certainly of English origin. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted another air, with a complete set of words, in Dorsetshire this year.—L. E. B.

The Somerset tune to this song, of which I have noted five variants, is a variant, in the Mixolydian mode and in three-time, of this Scarborough version.—C. J. S.

38.—MY BONNY LAD IS YOUNG.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MRS. KATE THOMPSON,
KNARESBOROUGH.

The musical score is written on five staves in a single system. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in a soprano clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

“Oh, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, I'm a - fraid you have done wrong, You've
 mar - ried me to a col - lege - boy, his age it is too young; For his
 age is but six - teen, and the fair - est of it is That my
 bon - ny lad is young, but he's grow - ing, Oh, my
 bon - ny lad is young, but he's grow - ing.

SECOND VERSION.

DORSETSHIRE.

Noted by the Rev. Capel Cure.



Mrs. Kate Thompson learnt her version of the song when a child at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, and this copy is also recognised by another Yorkshire singer. The second version, to a very fragmentary portion of the ballad, was noted down in Dorsetshire, and sent to me by the Rev. Capel Cure.

Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. Sharp, and other collectors, have printed copies of this, which I take to be one of our most curious English folk-songs. I should perhaps say British, for although the ballad originally first saw the light as "Lady Mary Ann," in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, 1792 (No. 377), and afterwards as "Young Craigston" in the Scottish ballad-books, yet many versions have been recovered in the south of England, and there is really not the slightest evidence that the ballad or the various airs recently collected are of Scottish origin. For other copies, see Mr. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*; Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*; *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 214, and ii, p. 206); and Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (Vol. i).

The ballad-sheet version printed by Such is as follows :

MY BONNY LAD IS YOUNG, BUT HE'S GROWING.

O, the trees that do grow high and the leaves that do grow green,
The days are gone and past, my love, that you and I have seen ;
On a cold winter's night when you and I alone have been—
My bonny lad is young, but he's growing.

" O father, dear father, you to me much harm have done,
You married me to a boy, you know he is too young,"
" O daughter dear, if you will wait you'll quickly have a son,
And a lady you'll be while he's growing.

I will send him to the college for one year or two,
And perhaps in that time, my love, he then may do for you ;
We'll buy him some nice ribbons to tie round his bonny waist, too,
And let the ladies know he's married."

She went to the college and looked over the wall,
 She saw four-and-twenty gentlemen playing there at ball;
 They would not let her go through, for her true love she did call,
 Because he was a young man growing.

At the age of sixteen he was a married man,
 At the age of seventeen she brought him forth a son,
 At the age of eighteen the grass did grow over his gravestone,
 Cruel death put an end to his growing.

I will make my love a shroud of the fine holland brown,
 And all the time I'm making it the tears they shall run down,
 Saying "Once I had a sweetheart, but now I have got none,
 Farewell to thee, my bonny lad, for evermore."

O now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,
 The green grass grows over him so very high;
 There I can sit and mourn until the day I die,
 But I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.

F. K.

The first tune here printed has characteristics of the Dorian mode, and the second from its cadence might appear to be Phrygian. This tune is almost identical with the first version on page 95 of Vol. ii, No. 7, of this Journal. See also the Note on page 96.—R. V. W.

39.—THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, O!

Noted by Mr. C. Lolley.

FROM HOWDEN DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE.

The musical score is written on four staves of music in a single system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: "He took three hun-dred thou - sand men And like - wise kings to join his throng, He was so well pro - vi - ded, E - nough to sweep the world a - long; But when he came to Mos - cow He was o - ver - power'd by frost and snow, All Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing, There he lost his bon-nybunch of ro - ses, O."

I have heard many singers sing this ballad to a similar tune. Mr. Charles Lolley, of Leeds, gives me this as his remembrance of the melody, and I esteem it a very good version of a really fine air. The absurd words which are always used with it relate to Napoleon's triumphs, and probably first came to light on broadsides when "Napoleon the Little" began his adventurous career.

On a ballad-sheet published by W. S. Fortey the song stands thus :

YOUNG NAPOLEON OR THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

—
Tune—The Bunch of Rushes, O!
—

By the dangers of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
The feathered warbling songsters,
Their charming notes so sweet did tune ;
There I espied a female,
Seemingly in grief and woe,
And conversing with young Buonaparte,
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O !

O then, said young Napoleon,
And grasp'd his mother by the hand,
Do, mother, pray have patience,
Until I am able to command.
I will raise a terrible army,
And through tremendous dangers go,
And in spite of all the universe,
I will gain the bonny bunch of roses, O.

When first you saw great Buonaparte,
You fell upon your bended knee,
And asked your father's life of him,
He granted it most manfully.
'Twas then he took an army,
And o'er the frozen realms did go,
He said I'll conquer Moscow,
Then go to the bonny bunch of roses, O.

He took three hundred thousand men,
And likewise kings to join his throng,
He was so well provided,
Enough to sweep this world along ;
But when he came near Moscow,
Near overpowered by driven snow,
All Moscow was a blazing,
Then he lost the bonny bunch of roses, O.

Now son, ne'er speak so venturesome,
For England is the heart of oak,
England, Ireland, and Scotland,
Their unity has ne'er been broke,
And son look at your father,
In St. Helena his body lays low,
And you will follow after,
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses, O.

So mother, adieu for ever,
 Now I am on my dying bed,
 If I had lived I should have been clever,
 But now I droop my youthful head,
 For while our bones do moulder,
 And weeping willows o'er us grow,
 The deeds of bold Napoleon,
 Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O.

It is to be noticed that Fortey gives the title for the air as "Tune—The Bunch of Rushes, O!" The song has been so popular in Yorkshire that, near Wakefield, a public-house bears the sign: "The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O." There are copies of the song and tune in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. ii), and in *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

"The Bonny Bunch of Roses" is evidently a hornpipe air, which may account for the song being well-known in the fore-castle. The fore-castle song, as recollected by my sailor friend, Mr. Bolton, had no connection whatever with the young Napoleon or any other historic personage, but was a ballad of a sailor's courtship, in which the "bonny bunch of roses" had quite another—and probably earlier—significance. It seems likely that this was the original ballad. The air is remembered as a dancing-tune by Mary Ann Hartley, an old servant in our family, whose father and mother and other relatives used to sing and dance to the tune in their own house in Manchester, more than sixty years ago. Being a child at the time, she does not recollect anything of the words except the refrain, to which they "jigged round in a ring." The "Bonnie Bunch of Roses" is also a dance-game of little girls in Argyleshire, the words attached to it pointing to the "Bonnie Bunch of Roses" as some place of meeting. (See Maclagan's *Games and Diversions of Argyleshire*). It seems probable that before the time of Napoleon the song had a Jacobite significance, the white rose being the badge of the party, and I think it is quite possible that the "Bunch of *Rushes*" was the older and original title of the air.—A. G. G.

I have noted this ballad six times in Somerset. Nearly all my versions present interesting and unusual problems in modality; and this Yorkshire tune provides yet another example of the same peculiarity. Is not the occasional sharpening of the third in an Æolian tune very unusual?

The words are still printed by Such. They contain much that is doggerel, but surely our country has never been called by a prettier name than "The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O!"—C. J. S.

I have noted this song in Wiltshire. The outline of the tune is much the same as the above but the mode is purely major throughout.—R. V. W.

40.—TURPIN HERO.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

SUNG BY A SAILOR OF SOMERSET.

As ... Tur - pin was rid - ing o - ver the moor, He
 saw a law - yer on be - fore, So he rode up to him and
 thus did say: "Have you seen Tur - pin pass this way?" To my
 heigh - o, Tur - pin he - ro, For I am the val - i - ant Tur - pin O!

"No, I've not seen Turpin pass this way,
 Neither do I wish to, this long day!
 For the skin of my horse it would come off
 To make his mare a saddle-cloth."
 To my heigh O, etc.

Now when Turpin was cast and condemned for to die,
 It caused many pretty maidens for Turpin for to sigh,
 And as he on the gallows hung
 Cry "There goes the last of Dick Turpin!"
 To my heigh O, etc.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by T. C. Smith,

SUNG BY A NATIVE OF STAITHES, YORKS.

Have you seen Dick - y Tur - pin ar - rive this way? No
 more I would wish him to come this way, For I have no doubt He would
 turn my pock - ets right in - side out!... To my he, hi,
 Tur - pin he - ro, I am the val - i - ant Dick Tur - pin!

He rode till he came to a very high hill,
 "Hey now!" says Tom King "thou must stand still,
 For my old mare wants a new suit of clothes,
 To fight Dicky Turpin along with his mare."
 To my he, hi, etc,

The above two copies of the Turpin ballad, with the airs, were sent to me by Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, Yorkshire.

One of these was noted down from a Somerset singer and the other from a Scarborough man, a native of Staithes, Yorkshire. Chappell has a version of the ballad and the fine air in his *Popular Music*, and the following is from a broadside having no printer's name :

TURPIN HERO.

Turpin Hero is my name,
 And I from Dublin city came ;
 It is my slight and nimble hand
 It caused me for to leave my land.
 And it's O rare Turpin, O,
 O, rare Turpin, O.

The very first man that I did meet,
 It was a tailor in the street ;
 I picked his pocket and there I found
 Scissors and thimbles and half-a-crown.

The very next person I did meet,
 It was a parson in the street ;
 I robbed him of all his store,
 And told him he may go preach for more.

As I rode over London moor
 I saw a lawyer just before ;
 I rode up to him and thus did say :
 "Have you seen Turpin on this way ?"

Then Turpin being so very 'cute,
 He hid his money in his boot,
 "Faith," said the lawyer, "none shall he find,
 For I'll hide mine in my cape behind."

They rode till they came to a powder-mill,
 Where he bade the lawyer to stand still ;
 "The cape of your coat it must come off,
 For my old woman wants a dish-cloth."

Oh, now I've robbed you of your store
 You may go to law for more,
 And my name in question bring ;
 You may say that you were robbed by the rare Turpin."

Another copy of the ballad with many similar verses—also on a broadside—concludes :

Now Turpin is caught and tried and cast,
 And for a game-cock must die at last,
 One hundred pounds, when he did die,
 He left Jack Ketch for a legacy.

Readers of *Pickwick* will remember the Turpin ballad sung by Sam Weller. This was not by Dickens; it had appeared in a work by one of the brothers Smith (of *Rejected Addresses* fame), long prior to the publication of *Pickwick*. It is an admirable parody of the street copy.—F. K.

I am not surprised that the first version was sung by a native of Somerset, for the song is very generally known throughout the county and is always sung in the form here given. I have never heard a modal version such as Chappell gives. Some of Turpin's exploits are supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of South Petherton, and this may account for the popularity of the song in Somerset.—C. J. S.

41.—GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

SUNG AT SCARBOROUGH.

God a - rest you all... mer-ry, gen - tle - men, Let no - thing you dis - may, Re -
 mem - ber Christ our Sa - viour Was born on Christ - mas Day, For to
 save our souls from Sa - tan's pow'r— Long time we've gone a - stray— Glad...
 ti - dings of com - fort and joy..... and a joy!

The first two lines sometimes thus:— (The rest as above.)

This is a traditional Scarborough version of the ever popular carol. "God rest you merry, gentlemen," used to be formerly traditionally current in Leeds, but it is seldom now heard, and then always comes from a printed source. The old Leeds version has considerable resemblance to the Scarborough one. The tune above printed came to me many years ago from Mr. T. C. Smith.—F. K.

It may be worth noting that the first line of this old carol is generally wrongly punctuated. The greeting is "God rest you merry," *i.e.* "God keep you cheerful." Shakespeare's use of it may be noted in *As you like it* (Act. v, sc. i), where "God rest you merry, sir," is William's parting salutation to Touchstone.—A. G. G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

42.—THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Noted by Mr. C. Lolley.

SUNG AT DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

An out - land - ish Knight from the north - lands came, And
he came a - woo ing me ;..... He promis'd he'd take me un -
to the north lands And there he would mar - ry me.....

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG AT KNARESBRO', YORKSHIRE.

An out - landish Knight from the north - lands, And he came a - woo - ing to
me ;..... He promis'd he'd take me un - to the northlands, And there he would mar - ry
me ;..... Oh! and there he would mar - ry me.....

THIRD VERSION.

Noted by Mr. G. Rathbone.

SUNG IN WESTMORELAND.

The words of all these versions were only fragmentary, and evidently the same as the usual broadside versions. The second version much resembles that in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*; full references and other tunes are in *English County Songs, Traditional Tunes, Northumberland Minstrelsy, etc.*—F. K.

For other versions with tunes see “May Colvin, or False Sir John,” in Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 67, tune No. 24, and a Devonshire version, collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, in *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, No. 12. I have noted down in Somerset sixteen different versions and variants, including several modal tunes. One of my versions begins:—“There was a knight, a Baron Knight, a Knight of high degree.”—C. J. S.

43.—THERE WAS AN OLD MAN IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

(THE BERKSHIRE TRAGEDY).

Noted by Mr. Charles Lolley.

SUNG BY A NATIVE OF DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

There was an old man in the north coun - try, Low down,
 der - ry down dee, There was an old man in the north coun-try,
 Val-id we ought to be..... There was an old man in the north coun-try,
 He'd more daugh-ters than one, two, or three; And I'll be
 true to my love, if my love will be true to me.....

There was a young man to the North Country came,
 Low down, derry down dee,
 There was a young man to the North Country came,
 Valid we ought to be.
 There was a young man to the North Country came,
 He came to court the youngest dame,
 Then I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

He bought the youngest a beaver hat ;
Low down, derry down dee,
The eldest was not pleased at that,
Valid we ought to be.

Oh sister, let's go to the water's brim,
Low down, derry down dee,
Oh sister, let's go to the water's brim,
Valid we ought to be,

Away they went to the water's brim,
The eldest pushed the youngest in,
And I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me

Away she floated and away she swam,
Low down, derry down dee,
Until she came to the merry mill-dam,
Valid we ought to be.

The miler's daughter stood at the mill-door,
Low down, derry down dee,
When she saw this pretty maid come to shore,
Valid she ought to be.

" Oh father, oh father, what's in the mill-dam,
Low down, derry down dee,
A fish, a fish, and a new britan ! "

Valid we ought to be.

" Go fetch me out my fishing-hook.
Low down, derry down dee,
And I'll draw this pretty maid out of the brook,
Valid we ought to be.

This version of " Binnorie," is often called " The Berkshire Tragedy," but this title is a rather misleading one, seeing that it was first given to it, and with no scientific authority, by Thomas Hughes, who introduced the ballad into his delightful book "*The Scouring of the White Horse*" in 1859. Professor Child elicited the fact that Thomas Hughes got his song from his father, who had learnt it when a boy at Ruthyn. It is well known in different forms throughout the British Isles, and the story is known throughout Europe.

The title of " The Berkshire (or Barkshire) Tragedy," properly belongs to a ballad frequently found on old broadsides, and on later broadsides by Pitts also, the scene of which is laid at Wytham Mill, above Oxford. This totally distinct ballad has usually the explanatory title " The Berkshire Tragedy, or the Witham Miller, being an account of his murdering his sweetheart."

The words here given under the title of " There was an old Man in the North Countrie," differ from any yet printed, and contain the curious word " britan," which is probably some obsolete part of a woman's dress (perhaps a cap, named a " Breton.") Could this be satisfactorily explained it might give a clue to the date of the version.—F. K.

According to Littré's French Dictionary, *bretagne* is—or was—a name given to a kind of linen cloth made in Brittany, and so called in consequence ('Holland' is a similar instance). It is possible that there was a corresponding English name for the fabric, subsequently attached to some article of attire made from it. But if so, it is curious that it should not be traceable outside the ballad. Cf. the tune with "Widdicombe Fair" in *Songs of the West*.—A. G. G.

The word "brat" means any over-garment of coarse cloth, a pinafore or apron, (Anglo-Saxon *bratt*, but of Celtic origin). The ancient and mediæval upper cloak of the Irish, and the Gaelic apron or plaid were also so-called. Possibly the original ran "and a new brat on." It is worth noticing that the other version of the story printed in this Journal (see "The Swan swims so bonny, O") was noted from Irish singers.—L. E. B.

44.—THE SWAN SWIMS SO BONNY, O.

(BINNORIE.)

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY AN IRISHMAN, IN LIVERPOOL.

The mil - ler's daughter being dress'd in red, Hey ho, my Nan - ny, O, Oh, she
 went for some wa - ter to make her bread, Where the swan swims so bon - ny, O.

And there does sit my false sister Anne,
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,
 Who drowned me for the sake of a man,
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

The miller's [or farmer's] daughter being dressed in red,
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,
 She went for some water to make her bread,
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

They laid her on the bank to dry,
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,
 There came a harper passing by,
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,
 And the harp began to play alone,
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

He made harp-pins of her fingers so fair,
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,
 He made his harp-strings of her golden hair,
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

The lines and the beautiful old tune were noted down in Liverpool from the singing of an Irishman, who got it from an old Irish woman when he was young. He only knew the fragment as it stands. The verses are, of course, out of the ballad "Binnorie"—which also is known as "The Two Sisters," "The Cruel Sister," and "The Berkshire Tragedy" (for this latter see the present *Journal*).

It is not necessary to enter into the bewildering maze of variants duly catalogued and reproduced by the late Professor Child in *English and Scottish Ballads* (pp. 118 to 140, vol. i), but it may be stated that traditional forms of the ballad, closely allied, are scattered not only through the British Isles but over the Continent.

The story almost invariably is to the effect that a woman, jealous of her sister, pushes her into a stream near a mill-dam. The half-drowned sister is discovered by the miller's daughter, who calls to her father that there is either a swan or a lady in the water. The miller rescues the lady, but is bribed by the jealous one to put her back in the water, which he does. Afterwards a harper, passing along, finds the lady's body and from her anatomy makes a harp (sometimes it is a viol), stringing it with her long yellow hair, making the wrest-pins from her finger bones, etc. The harp being placed on a stone begins to play of its own accord, and denounces the sister and the miller. The form of the ballad is always in couplets, with an irrelevant and repeating burden between the lines. The particular one here printed :

Hey ho, my Nanny, O
The swan swims bonny, O

occurs in several copies, notably in one transmitted to Sir Walter Scott from Ireland. In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827 (Appendix xx), where an air is given, the refrain is the same, with "Annie" substituted for "Nanny."

The earliest known printed copy is on a broadside, dated 1656. Tunes to the ballad are printed in Motherwell; in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* (Vol. vi, p. 72), as "The Bonnie Mill-dams of Balgonie; Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. i, p. 40); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*; Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (three versions); Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, and probably in some other works. The old Scottish air, "Lord Aboyne," appears also to have been used for versions of the ballad.—F. K.

The most elaborate version is that embodied in Dr. Arthur Somervell's arrangement as "The Two Sisters," with the refrain: "Edinbro'," "Stirling for aye," and "Bonny St. Johnston's stands on Tay."—J. A. F. M.

45.—ROBIN AND GRONNY (GRANNY).

FROM MR. W. H. LUNT, LIVERPOOL, 1892-3.
LEARN'T FROM AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN.

Noted by F. Kidson.

As Rob - in and Gron - ny were go - ing to ta'an, They
called at an ale - house to spend half - a - cra'an; Where
Rob - in drank one glass, owd Gron - ny drank two, Till they both got as drunk as
Bre - thers owd soo, To my fol de ral, lal de ral, dec.
[sow]

(The second verse, forgotten by the singer, tells how Gronny fell into a ditch).

Robin he pulled wi' his might and his main,
Till he'd gotten t'ow'd woman on t'bank safe again,
" Well done, Robin, Robin! " cried hoo [she],
" Well done, Robin, thou's gi'en a good pu'! "
To my fal de ral, etc.

As whoamward they went ow'd Gronny did say;
" Thou deserves a new coat for pu'ing this day!
There's thi gronfeyther's ow'd'un, I wish it were new,
Thou may'st have't and welcome, for thou's gi'en a good pu'."
To my fal de ral, etc.

The following references bear upon this quaint old Lancashire song: In *The Song Smith* (1801, p. 47), a book of songs written by Charles Dibdin, junior, is one marked "Tune—*Robin and Granny*, old Lancashire ballad." No music is given.

In the ballad-opera, *The Boarding School* (1733), is a song with the old title of the air given as "Robin and Nanny." The tune is different from the one above printed, but there is every chance of this latter air being one adapted to the Lancashire song during the early part of the 18th Century.—F. K.

46.—THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY A LADY FROM NOTTINGHAM.

I once had a sprig of thyme It pros - pered night and
 day By chance there came by a false young man And he
 stole my thyme a - way And he stole my thyme a - way.

One of the many copies of that mysterious ballad which figures under the above title, as well as under the name "The Seeds of Love." The present version differs from one printed in my *Traditional Tunes*, but has a general likeness to other collected copies. The Nottingham lady, from whom I noted it down some years ago, had learnt it from her mother's singing. She appeared only to know the above first verse.

I may mention that the first appearance in print of the song and air—which, as I have said, passes indifferently as the "Seeds of Love" and "The Sprig of Thyme"—occurs in the first volume of *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816, as a "Border Melody," (see p. 40). As the book is very scarce and the tune short, it may be here reproduced:

A modern song, "I'll bid my heart be still," is printed with this air, but the old words are given also; they are:

O, once my thyme was young,
 It flourished night and day;
 But by chance there came a false young man,
 And he stole my thyme away.

Within my garden gay,
 The rose and lily grew,
 But the pride o' my garden is withered away,
 And it's a' grown o'er wi' rue.

Farewell, ye fading flowers,
 And farewell, bonny Jean!
 But the flower that is now trodden under foot,
 In time it may bloom again.

I'll plant a bower of hop, etc.

* * * *

The air was taken down from James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, and the old words from a Miss Pringle, of Jedburgh.—F. K.

47.—FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

SUNG BY KATE THOMPSON,
 KNARESBRO', YORKSHIRE.

Noted by F. Kidson.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are: "There sat two lovers on yon hill, See on yon hill so high, They sat together for a long summer's eve, And they ne-ver could tell their mind, And they ne-ver could tell their mind." The score ends with a double bar line.

Miss Margaret sat in her bedroom,
 Combing out her long brown hair;
 Who should she spy but her own true love,
 Riding by with a lady fair.

She had a pen-knife in her hand,
 And it was long and sharp;
 She made no more of the use of it,
 But she rammed it to her heart.

The day being spent, the night coming on,
 When all was fast asleep;
 Miss Margaret appeared at twelve o'clock,
 And stood at his bed-feet,

Saying "How do you like your soft feather-bed?
 How do you like your sleep?"
 "Very well I like my soft feather-bed,
 Very well I like my sleep,
 But much better I like this pretty fair maid,
 That lies in my arms asleep."

(Verse forgotten, in which William goes to her father's house. The "pen-knife" verse is evidently misplaced).

"Oh, can I see Miss Margaret alive?
Or can I see her dead?
Or can I kiss those clay-cold lips,
That once were cherry-red?"
"You cannot see Miss Margaret alive,
But you can see her dead;
And you can kiss those clay-cold lips,
That once were cherry-red."

This version of the well-known old ballad was learnt by Kate Thompson when a child, in the early fifties, at Knaresboro'.

The ballad itself is strongly associated with "William and Margaret" and "Margaret's Ghost." I must refer the reader to Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, and other sources for comparison. There are also printed copies of the air extant, to which the old versions were sung. These printed copies do not appear to have anything in common with the traditional air here recovered.—F. K.

For other versions with various tunes, all differing entirely from Kate Thompson's, see "William and Margaret" in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725), etc.; and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in Chappell's *Popular Music* and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*. Compare "The Douglas Tragedy" in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and the very interesting variants and notes on kindred ballads in Child's large work. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," "(Sweet) William's Ghost," "The Unquiet Grave" or "Cold blows the Wind" seem all to have points in common with the ballad under discussion. Some lines are quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Kate Thompson's air is allied to one used sometimes for "The Seeds of Love" or "The Sprig of Thyme" (see the latter song in this number of the *Journal*.)—L. E. B.

48.—ONCE THERE WAS A PRETTY MAID.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN, AT WEST DERBY, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

Once there was a pret - ty maid In Lon - don town did dwell, A
jol - ly sail - or court - ed her, He lov'd her won - drous well.

The verse, with the melody, was taken down from the singing of an old Lancashire woman at West Derby, near Liverpool. The air is old and simple, having much sweetness. I have not been able to identify either it or the ballad with any other version, or to recover any more verses.—F. K.

49.—JAMES WALLER THE POACHER.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,
LEEDS.

Noted by F. Kidson.

Come, all ye poach-ers both far and near, And lis-ten to my sad ca-reer; My
poach-ing ha-bits have brought strife, And now I'm charged with ta-king life.

I noted this very curious version of a favourite tune (generally appropriated to execution-songs and tales of highway robbery) some years ago. James Waller was executed at York in the early sixties for killing a keeper, but I have not looked up particulars, or obtained more than the above first verse. The ballad was, I suppose, sung about the streets at the time of Waller's trial.

The original tune, of which many versions have been recovered (I myself have obtained four or five), is named in Holden's *Second Collection of Irish Airs*, circa 1808, "The Rambling Boy," and in Bunting's *Collection*, 1840, "Charley Reilly," or the "Robber." From a reference in *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1837, (p. 468), it appears to have been known in Ireland as "Young Charley Reilly." For other copies of the air, see *English County Songs*, (p. 180), and Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, (p. 34).

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

SUNG BY AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN IN LIVERPOOL.

At se-ven-teen I... took a wife, She was the joy of... all my life, And
to maintain her... rich and gay I..... went to rob on the King's highway.

This second version of the tune is almost identical with one from Horbury, near Wakefield, and with another from the East Riding, adapted to a ballad on Sir John Franklin.

“The Rambling Boy,” as printed on a Pitts broadside runs:

I am a wild and rambling boy,
My lodgings are on the Isle of Cloy;
A wild and rambling boy I be,
I'll forsake them all and follow thee.

The rest is incoherent.—F. K.

A large number of English peasant-tunes are constructed after the same rhythmic and melodic scheme as these two melodies. The traditional air to the “Dark-eyed Sailor” is but another example of the same type of tune, rather freely treated. (See also Dr. Vaughan Williams’ “Oxford City” in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 200).—C. J. S.

The tune is rather like that usually sung both to “Lord Bateman” and “Down in the Meadows.”—R. V. W.

50.—DON'T YOU SEE MY BILLY COMING?

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY KATE THOMPSON,
KNARESBORO'.

Don't you see my Bil - ly com - ing, Don't you see him on yon hill?

Clouds of an - gels gath - 'ring a - round him, Wait - ing for him being crown'd.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and common time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Billy's the lad I do admire,
Billy's the boy I do adore;
Now for him his love lies a-dying
In a place where I shall never see him more.

This extraordinary fragment I noted down from the singing of Kate Thompson of Knaresborough, Yorkshire. It is a portion of a “Mad Song,” of which we English are said to have an abnormal number. A more complete copy is in *English County Songs* (see “Bedlam City”). See also one taken from a Pitts’ broadside in *A Pedlar’s Pack of Ballads* (p. 187). In the recent *Memoirs of Tennyson* is a letter from

Edward Fitzgerald, dated December, 1877 (p. 603-4), containing without comment a verse not present in the copies I have mentioned :

O, but then my Billy 'listed—
'Listed and crossed the roaring main ;
For King George he fought bravely,
In Po'tig'l, France and Spain.

Don't you see my Billy coming—
Coming in yonder cloud ?
Gridiron angels hovering round him,
Don't you see him in yon cloud ?

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, October 8th, 1904, states that these verses were contributed to *Suffolk Notes and Queries* by the Rev. R. N. Sanderson, of Ipswich, who got them from a parish clerk. Fitzgerald, who was a contributor to the periodical, must have seen them in it.—F. K.

51.—EARLY, EARLY ALL IN THE SPRING.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MRS. HOLLINGS, A LINCOLNSHIRE WOMAN.

Oh, ear - ly, ear - ly all in the spring, My love was
press'd to serve the king ; The wind blew high and the wind blew
low, And part - ed me and my young sai - lor boy.

" O father, father, make me a boat,
That on the ocean I may float,
And every [French, fresh, king's] ship as I pass by,
I will enquire for my sailor boy."

She had not sailed far across the deep,
Before five king's ships she chanced to meet,
" Come, jolly sailors, come tell me true—
Does my love sail in along with you ? "

" What clothes does your true love wear ?
What colour is your true love's hair ? "
" A blue silk jacket, all bound with twine ;
His hair is not the colour of mine."

" Oh no fair lady, your love's not here—
He has got drown'd, I greatly fear ;
For on yon ocean as we passed by,
'Twas there we lost a young sailor-boy."

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
Like some lady in deep despair,
Saying " Happy, happy is the girl," she cried,
" Has got a true love down by her side."

She set her down and wrote a song—
She wrote it wide, she wrote it long ;
At every line she shed a tear,
And at every verse she said " My dear."

When her dear father came home that night,
He called for his heart's delight ;
He went upstairs, the door he broke,
He found her hanging by a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down ;
Within her bosom a note was found,
And in this letter these words were wrote :
" Father, dear father, my heart is broke.

Father, dear father, dig me a grave—
Dig it wide and dig it deep ;
And in the middle put a lily-white dove,
That the world may know I died for love."

Mrs. Hollings, a charwoman, I presume learnt the words in Lincolnshire, when a child. Versions of this song and air are printed in several collections. Compare with "Sweet William" in *English County Songs*; "A Sailor's Life," *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 99); "The Sailing Trade," Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. i); Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 3rd series.

Irish versions of the air appear under the name of "The Bastard" in Alfred Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and as "Early, early all in the Spring" in *The Complete Petrie* (No. 765). This last-named is, however, not satisfactory as a melody or perhaps as noted. The curious rhythm of the air and the changeable way in which Mrs. Hollings sang it made it very difficult to put into regular notation. I submit the copy as it stands—being as near the singer's intention as I could get it.

—F. K.

The rhythm of this tune is irregular: bars three and five are in $\frac{6}{4}$ time not $\frac{3}{2}$, unless the words have been wrongly distributed.—C. J. S.

The air has a far more uncommon and interesting shape in $\frac{3}{2}$ time, but then, as Mr. Sharp says, the words want re-arranging.—J. A. F. M.

52.—THE STORY OF ORANGE.

The following *Cante-fable* is only dimly (and perhaps imperfectly) remembered by my niece, Miss Ethel Kidson, who learnt it from one or more child companions in Liverpool. The story is evidently one of those upon which the ballad, "Lady Isabella's Tragedy," is founded (*see Percy's Reliques*).

Goethe, in *Faust*, makes Marguerite, in the prison scene, sing a fragment which is evidently taken from a German folk-tale, so I presume the same theme will be commonly known on the Continent.

THE STORY OF ORANGE.

"There was once a little girl called 'Orange,' and her father had married again, and this new wife was very cruel to Orange and hated her, and she had some little girls of her own. One day the step-mother killed Orange and made her body into pies. She brought these pies out for dinner one day, and the father and the little girls ate them and liked them. The father kept calling out for Orange, so that she could come and have some, but the step-mother always made an excuse, saying Orange had gone on an errand, and so on. Soon after the little girls went into the coal-cellar to get some coals, and they heard Orange sing :

Deliberately. *Simili.*

My mam - ma did kill me and put me in pies, My
 dad - da did eat me and say I was nice ; My two lit - tle
 sis - ters came pick - ing my bones, And bur - ied me un - der cold
 mar - ble - stones, Cold mar - ble - stones, Cold mar - ble -
 stones, And bur - ied me un - der cold mar - ble - stones.

Then the father went down, and he heard Orange sing: (the narrator repeats the chant), and then Orange told him to go upstairs and light the fire. So he does this—when down the chimney came a big bag of money. The little girls next day lighted the fire, but nothing came down for them. So the step-mother, she thought *she* would do it next time—when a great heavy stone came tumbling down and killed her!”

Goethe's fragment in the prison scene, translated, is:

“ My mother, the wanton, she took my life ;
My father, the rogue, ate me up with his knife :
My wee little sister, she picked up my bones,
And laid them to cool all under the stones,
Then I turned to a wood-bird, so bonnie to see,
Fly away, fly away, to the woodlands with me.”

F. K.

(This folk-tale, as I should like to testify, suffers greatly by appearing in “ cold print.” To anyone who has heard Miss Kidson tell it, the weird recurring chant, with its repeated, insistent musical phrase, working up to intensity and dying away at the end as if stifled under the “ cold marble-stones,” was thrilling in its dramatic effect.—A. G. G.)

A version of this story—better known among London street-children as “ Orange and Lemon ”—was heard by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in Australia, with a similar refrain :

“ My mother killed me,
My father picked my bones,
My little sister buried me
Under the marble stones.”

Part of the story, says Mr. Jacobs, is in *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, 418-20, and a version in *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, vi, 496. Chambers prints a Scottish form, “ The Milk-White Doo,” in his *Popular Rhymes*. A version called “ Pepper, Salt, and Mustard,” has the refrain above given, and a similar refrain occurs in the variant in Mr. Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales* called “ The Rose Tree ”—which is taken from Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* :

“ My wicked mother slew me,
My dear father ate me,
My little brother whom I love
Sits below, and I sing above
Stick, stock, stone dead.”

The little dead girl, transformed into a bird, *sang* this verse in the branches of the rose-tree under which the "little brother" had reverently buried her bones; so probably in this version also of the story, the verse was originally sung, not recited. (On the Continent the "Rose Tree" becomes the "Juniper Tree" of Grimm).

As regards verses occurring in folk-tales, Mr. Jacobs says (Note to "Childe Rowland" in *English Fairy Tales*) that "there seems to be a great probability that originally all folk-tales were interspersed with rhyme, and took therefore the form of the *cante-fable*," of which he calls "Aucassin and Nicolette" the most illustrious example; and he goes further in saying that both ballad and folk-tale probably originated in the *cante-fable*, becoming differentiated in the one case by omitting the narrative prose—in the other by expanding it. This view is perhaps hardly reconcilable with Professor Gummere's conception (see his *Beginnings of Poetry*) of the communal origin of the ballad in the dancing throng (hence the value and even necessity of the *refrain* which marks our older ballads—itsself often obviously older than the ballad to which it is found attached), and the gradual growth of such ballads by extemporised verses; though one may suppose that the singers and dancers would improvise verses on an event or *story* already known to some, if not all, of their number. Such verses might afterwards become incorporated in the prose relation. In any case, there can, I think, be little doubt that the interspersed verses in folk-tales were originally—and should properly be—sung, not recited; and Mr. Kidson's two stories pleasingly illustrate this interesting point.—A. G. G.

53.—ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The following *Cante-fable* comes from Kate Thompson, of Knaresboro', Yorkshire. The story is to the effect that a young man, courting a young woman, betrayed her and resolved on her murder. He made an appointment with her in a wood, but she, going before the time, saw her lover and another man busily engaged in digging. Being suspicious, she resolved to watch them, and climbed a tree. It was soon evident they were making a grave, and from what she overheard she was to be the first to be buried in it. She slipped down the tree, and unobserved got home. Next day the young man came into the house, and, sitting by the fireside, the woman began to tell riddles. When it came to the young woman's turn, she gave the solution of this:—

Noted by F. Kidson.
DORIAN.

SUNG BY KATE THOMPSON
OF KNARESBORO', YORKSHIRE.



One moon - light night as I sat high, I
looked for one, but two came by; The boughs did bend, the
leaves did shake To see the hole the fox did make.

The young man at once knew that his secret had been discovered, and he fled, being in due course hanged.

This story, I have heard from another person, is known elsewhere in Yorkshire. There are a vast number of references to it, and it appears to exist in similar form all over England, to say nothing of versions current in Ireland and elsewhere. But the copy above given has this to recommend it: It has a tune (and a quaint and beautiful one) fitted to the verse—which does not appear to be the case with any other chronicled version.

Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes*, prints one copy as "The Oxford Student." Another appears in S. O. Addy's *Household Tales*, 1895, and there are very full references to the story in *Notes and Queries*, (7th series, Vol. iii, 1887, pp. 149, 229, 410.) Addy's version of the rhyme from North Derbyshire runs:

"I'll rede you a riddle, I'll rede it you right;
Where was I last Saturday night?
The wind did blow, the leaves did shake,
When I saw the hole the fox did make."

He also gives a Yorkshire copy very like the one I print above:

"One moonlight night as I sat high,
Waiting for one, but two came by;
The boughs did bend, my heart did quake
To see the hole the fox did make."

Notes and Queries, as above, show that the story is known in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Buckinghamshire, Gloucestershire, Ireland and America.—F. K.

My brother, the Rev. W. Gilchrist, obtained a version of the same story a few years ago from an old farmer living near Withyham, Sussex. The story, which was

known to others in the district, was localised in the neighbourhood, the wood "where it happened" being pointed out to the curious. There were *two* accomplices with the lover in this version, and the grave was dug below the trysting-tree, in which the girl had merrily hidden herself, thinking to surprise her sweetheart. The riddle-verse ran thus :

" Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me right,
Where was I on Saturday night ?
Down in the wood, and up in a tree
I waited for *one*, and along came *three* ;
My heart did quake,
I did shiver and shake,
Through seeing the holes the foxes did make."

The story has affinity with Grimm's tale of "The Robber Bridegroom," an English version of which is "Mr. Fox." (This "old tale" is quoted in "Much ado about Nothing.") See Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales* for "Mr. Fox." It is significant—considering the wording of the riddle-verse—that the murderer's name in this parallel folk-tale should be Fox—a circumstance which has possibly dropped out of these other versions, but would, if it originally belonged to them, render their riddle-verse still more pointed in its application.—A. G. G.

NOTE ON
OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT OR THE BITTER WITHY.

(Journal, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 205).

Since the publication of Dr. Vaughan Williams' Sussex version of this carol, the following note upon "The Bitter Withy" has been sent for quotation in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, by Mr. Frank Sidgwick, who had previously communicated it to *Notes and Queries* (July 29th, 1905).

THE BITTER WITHY.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago a contributor to *Notes and Queries* (4th series, i, 53) asked for the full form of a carol describing how "sweet Jesus" drowned three virgins, who refused to let Him play with them, by leading them over a bridge made of sunbeams, and how He was beaten by the Virgins with "slashes three" from a withy tree which He therefore cursed, and condemned to be "the very first tree that shall perish at the heart." No reply, it seems, has ever been given to this day.

The following version was communicated on 31st December, 1888, by Mr. Henry Ellershaw, junior, of Rotherham, in a letter to Mr. A. H. Bullen (shortly after the publication of the latter's "Songs and Carols"), who has given me permission to contribute a copy. It was taken down verbatim as sung by an old Herefordshire man of about seventy (in 1888), who learnt it from his grandmother. I have added the punctuation and numbered the verses.

THE WITHIES.

I.

As it fell out on a Holy day,
The drops of rain did fall, did fall,
Our Saviour asked leave of His mother Mary
If he might go play at ball.

II.

"To play at ball, my own dear Son,
It's time You was going or gone,
But be sure let me hear no complaint of You,
At night when You do come home,"

III.

*It was upling scorn and downling scorn,
 Oh, there He met three jolly jerdins;
 Oh, there He asked the three jolly jerdins
 If they would go play at ball.

IV.

“ Oh, we are lords' and ladies' sons,
 Born in bower or in hall,
 And You are some poor maid's child
 Born'd in an ox's stall.”

V.

“ If you are lords' and ladies' sons,
 Born'd in bower or in hall,
 Then at the very last I'll make it appear,
 That I am above you all.”

VI.

Our Saviour built a bridge with the beams of the sun,
 And over He gone, He gone He.
 And after followed the three jolly jerdins,
 And drowned they were all three.

VII.

It was upling scorn and downling scorn,
 The mothers of them did whoop and call,
 Crying out, “ Mary mild, call home your Child,
 For ours are drowned all.”

VIII.

Mary mild, Mary mild, called home her Child,
 And laid our Saviour across her knee,
 And with a whole handful of bitter withy,
 She gave Him slashes three.

IX.

Then He says to His mother, “ Oh! the withy, oh! the withy,
 The bitter withy that causes me to smart, to smart,
 Oh! the withy, it shall be the very first tree
 That perishes at the heart.”

The first part of the story is well-known in the carol commonly called “The Holy Well;” but the whole story seems to have become nearly obsolete. *Notes and Queries* (3rd series, iii, 334), gives a note concerning a fresco in the church of San Martino at Lucca, in Italy, which represents the Virgin Mary chastising the youthful Jesus. Is this the same legend?

* Cf. “It was up the hall, it was down the hall,” in the Sussex version. But probably the original ran “It was up with his ball, it was down with his ball,” see “Sir Hugh and the Jew's Daughter,” in Child's ballads.—L. E. B.

Suggestions as to the meaning of the first lines of stanzas III and VII would be gratefully received. "Jerdins" may be a corruption of the "virgins" in "The Holy Well."

I hope other versions may turn up, and I should be glad to hear of any suggested origin for the story. I have not yet seen any other carol or legend resembling it.

F. SIDGWICK.

5, CLEMENT'S INN, W.C.

Mrs. Leather of Castle House, Weobley, noted a very similar version in Herefordshire two years ago, from which she kindly allows us to quote. Her singer called it "The Sally Twigs," or "The Bitter Withy." The first five verses are practically the same as the first five of Mr. Sidgwick's carol; but the last three run as follows:

Jesus made a bridge of the beams of the sun,
And over the sea went He,
And there followed after the three jolly jorrans,
And he drowned the three all three.
And Mary mild took up her Child,
And laid Him across her knee,
And with three twigs of the bitter withy,
She gave Him thrashes three.
"The bitter withy, the bitter withy,
It made my back to smart,
So it shall be the very first tree,
To perish and decay at the heart."

Mr. Percy Zillwood Round has sent the following very interesting notes on the carol:

"OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT. (*Folk-Song Journal*). The tradition is ancient of Jesus as a child sitting on the sunbeams, and His companions trying to do so, but falling and breaking their limbs. It is found in a 13th Century English-rhymed legend of the Life of the Child Jesus, which is printed by Carl Horstmann, in *Altenglische Legenden*, published at Paderborn in 1875. As the editor points out, the story occurs in the MS., which Tischendorf calls B, of the Apocryphal Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, in part iii, as an addition to the 37th Chapter. [See Tischendorf's *Evangelia Apocrypha*, 2nd edition, Leipzig, 1876, p. 106, note.] The *sunbeams* puzzled Tischendorf, and he tried to amend the text into something more commonplace.

The curse on the withy, or willow, will be found in a different connexion, in the Gospel of Thomas, chap. 3, (B. H. Cowper, *Apocryphal Gospels*, p. 131). Only the first two stanzas of Dr. Vaughan Williams' carol resemble the "The Holy Well," for which see Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*, p. 91, and [for the tune which Stainer gives in his carol book,] p. 196.

In a letter accompanying the foregoing Mr. Round writes:

"I have identified the sunbeams, but not the *bridge* of sunbeams, nor the drowning. But a Norse origin seems problematical. The bridge and the burning floor over which the spirits pass to Paradise is found in Persian (bridge of Chinwat) and Arabic (bridge of Al Sirat,) see E. G. Browne's *Literature of Ancient Persia*, p. 107. It seems to be the "Brig o' Dread" in Aubrey's Yorkshire "Lyke-wake Dirge" (see F. Sidgwick's *Ballads*, Vol. ii, p. 88, 238), besides occurring in Norse Mythology, and "Riding the Moonbeams" is referred to in a story in Doni's *Moral Philosophie*, which is of Eastern origin, as described by Jacobs, (see his reprint, published by Nutt, 1888, of North's Elizabethan translation p. 47-52.)"

Mr. Frank Sidgwick writes :

" I should be much interested to hear of the source of the story in the Apocryphal Gospels—doubtless the origin of many traditional carols. But the Persian origin for the Rainbow Bridge seems far-fetched, as is the suggestion of a Norse derivation. I imagine Dr. Vaughan Williams is thinking of the world-wide belief in the " Brig o' Doom"—the " Al Sirat."

It seems advisable to also give the very curious version quoted by William Howitt in his *Rural Life of England* (1837). He took it from "a volume of Christmas Carols as sung in the neighbourhood of Manchester," collected by "the late Mrs. Fletcher (Miss Jewsbury)," and presented by her to Mrs. Howitt :

Honour the leaves, and the leaves of life
Upon this blest holiday,
When Jesus asked His mother dear, —
Whether He might go to play.

" To play ! to play ! " said the blessed Mary,
" To play, then get you gone ;
And see there be no complaint of you,
At night when you come home."

Sweet Jesus, he ran into yonder town,
As far as the Holy well,
And there He saw three as fine children
As ever eyes beheld,
He said " God bless you every one,
And sweet may your sleep be ;
And now, little children, I'll play with you,
And you shall play with me."

" Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons,
Thou art meaner than us all ;
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall."

Sweet Jesus He turned himself about,
Neither laugh'd, nor smiled, nor spoke,
But the tears trickled down his pretty little eyes,
Like waters from the rock.

Sweet Jesus He ran to His mother dear,
As fast as He could run—
" O mother, I saw three as fine children,
As ever were eyes set on,
I said ' God bless you every one,
And sweet may your sleep be—
And now little children, I'll play with you,
And you shall play with me.'
' Nay, said they, we're lords' and ladies' sons,
Thou art meaner than us all,
For Thou art but a poor fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall, ' "
Then the tears trickled down from His pretty little eyes,
As fast as they could fall.

"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy well,
And there take up those infants' souls,
And dip them deep in hell."

"O no! O no!" sweet Jesus cried,
"O no! that never can be;
For there are many of those infants' souls
Crying out for the help of Me."

Miss Jewsbury's collection is said by Howitt to have contained also the carols "Under the Leaves" or "The Seven Virgins," "The Moon Shines Bright," "Dives and Lazarus," "The Twelve Joys," etc., etc.

It is possible that the obscure Herefordshire words "jerdins" and "jorrans" are merely corruptions of "children." But on the other hand the Sussex "jolly dons," of which it must be noted there are *three* in number, may be the correct original. William Hone, in his *Ancient Mysteries* (and *English Miracle Plays founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story*, as part of the title runs), printed in 1823, refers on pp. 173 and 174 to a religious play performed in 1509 at Romans, in Dauphiny. The play, acted outside a church, lasted for three days. It was called "The Mystery of the Three Dons." The scene "besmeared with the blood of the three martyrs, the Dons," is laid in various countries of Europe. "The stage constantly represents hell and paradise; and Europe, Asia and Africa are cantoned in three towers." "Metaphysical beings are curiously personified;" these "are constantly abusing Proserpine" who appears "with all the trappings of Tartarean pomp." The play introduces ninety-two dramatis personæ, among whom are the *Virgin and God the Father*. Hone quotes from "the *General Evening Post*, Sept. 29th, 1787, from a MS. at Romans," in Dauphiny. Have we here a clue to the Dons of the carol? The subject offers absorbing work to the students of ballads, and the curse on the sallow (*salix*, or willow) is full of suggestions to the folk-lorist who connects ancient classical fables, and world-wide customs and beliefs, with this tree. Mrs. Leather has found that a superstition prevails in many parts of Herefordshire (even amongst those who know nothing of this carol), to the effect that a growing person or animal will cease to grow if struck with a sally-twig.

L. E. B.

NOTE.

I HAVE to apologise to Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, for having referred to him, in Journal 9, as the "late Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith himself writes me, in the words of Mark Twain, that the "statement is grossly exaggerated." I am exceedingly glad to hear on such good authority that my old and valued correspondent is still alive, and has the same keen interest in folk-song as of yore.

FRANK KIDSON.

May, 1907.

