FOLK-SONGS FROM SOMERSET.

First Edition, 1908.
Second Edition, 1911.

FOLK SONGS

FROM SOMERSET

GATHERED AND EDITED
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

FOURTH SERIES.

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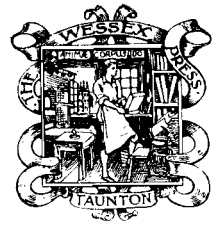

BARNICOTT AND PEARCE
PRINTERS

Manufactured in England

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PREFACE.

RATEFUL *acknowledgment must again be made of the kind assistance that has been received from many residents in the County. Especial thanks are due to Mrs. R. M. Clerk of Shepton Mallet, Mrs. Edwards of Sand Hall, Wedmore, Rev. C. M. Tudor, Vicar of Over Stowey, Mr. Allan Thatcher of Midsomer Norton, and Mr. C. S. Whale of Trull, as well as to many of those whose names have been already mentioned.*

INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume will, in all probability, be the last of the series. It is true that there still remain several districts in the County to be explored, either wholly or in part, but it seems unlikely that further research will yield sufficient new material to fill a fifth volume. Any songs of especial merit that may hereafter be recovered will in that case be included in the final and revised edition which will eventually be issued.

This announcement is made not without regret. To have associated on and off for nearly five years upon friendly, almost intimate terms with the old singing men and women of Somerset, the last survivors of a class that has lived on and upon the soil for many centuries, has been a new and vivid experience, and a privilege that but rarely falls to the lot of a town-dweller. Moreover, the work of collection has led in many cases to the establishment of friendly relationships with those of the clergy and residents of the County who were quick to perceive the significance of the work, and eager to show their sympathy with it in a very generous and practical manner. Similar research may eventually be made in other counties, but nowhere will it be carried on under pleasanter conditions than in Somerset.

Almost every district of the County has contributed songs to the present volume. Bridgwater, as in the last series, again heads the list, this time with five songs; Ashcott has yielded three; Chew Magna, West Harptree, Ash

Priors, Exford and Somerton, two each; while Bishops Sutton, Monksilver, Over Stowey, Ilminster, Cannington, Pitminster and Simonsbath have each contributed a single number. The twenty-five songs have been gathered from nineteen different singers, whose ages average just under seventy years apiece.

Since the publication of the *Third Series* the movement having for its object the revival of English folk-music has made very remarkable progress. To this result it may fairly be claimed that the Somerset songs have largely contributed. They have travelled far beyond the limits of the County in which they were recovered. They have obtained a footing in the Universities, in several of the public schools as well as in many elementary schools, and they have been heard upon the concert platforms of London and of many of the chief cities of the provinces. Seeing that the *First Series* was published only three years ago, this development is very remarkable; it certainly far exceeds the expectations which were formed at the time. The dissemination, moreover, amongst all classes, of songs as fresh and beautiful as these folk-ditties of Somerset can but exert a healthy and refining influence upon the musical taste of the nation.

It is pleasant, too, to be able to record that there are now many collectors at work in other parts of England—*e.g.* Dorset, Hants Sussex, Lincolnshire and East Anglia; that their labours are being energetically seconded by the Folk-Song Society; and, consequently, that there is every prospect that in a few years time the recovery of the folk-songs of England will have become an accomplished fact.

C. J. S.

London,

December, 1907.

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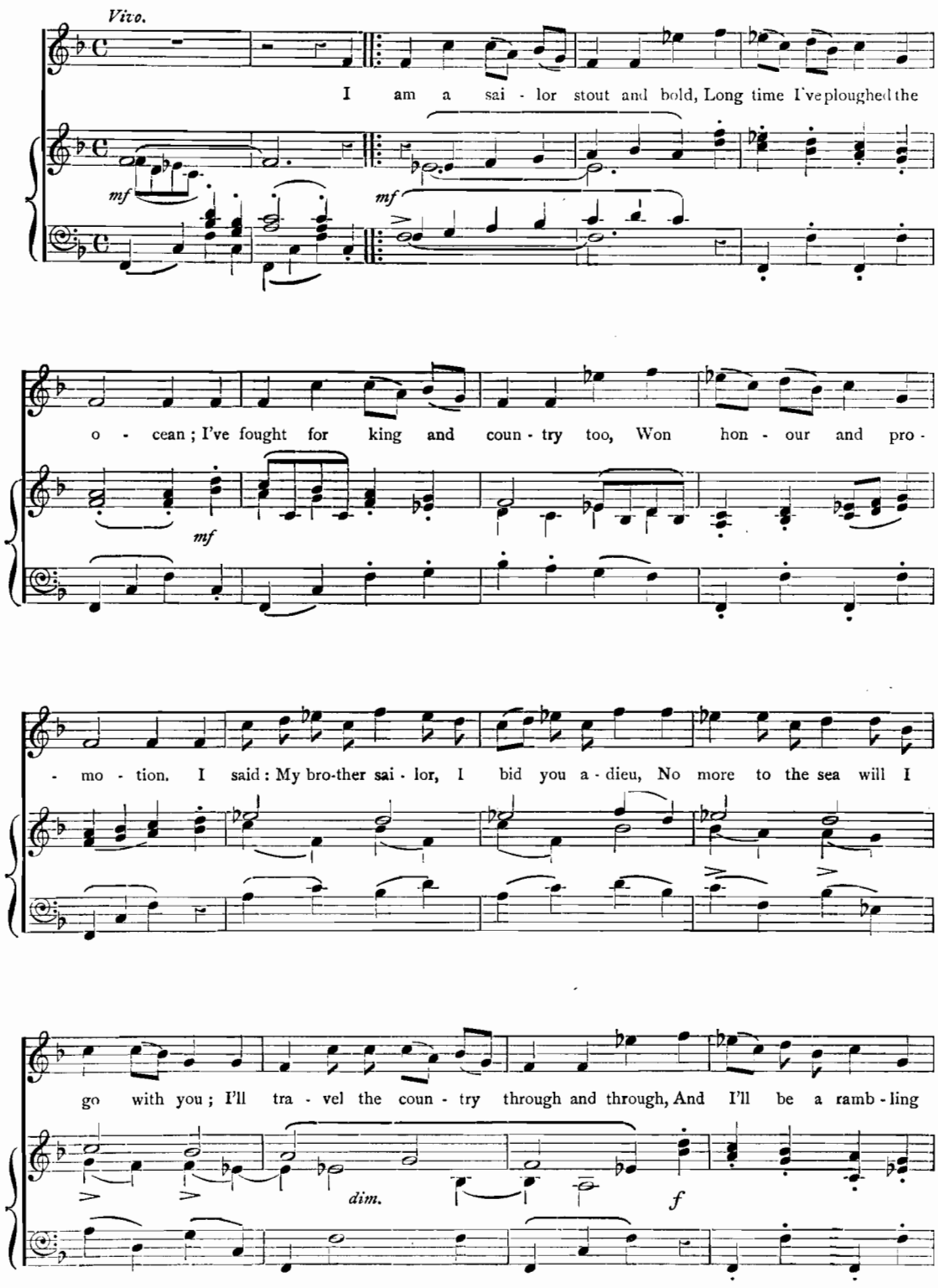
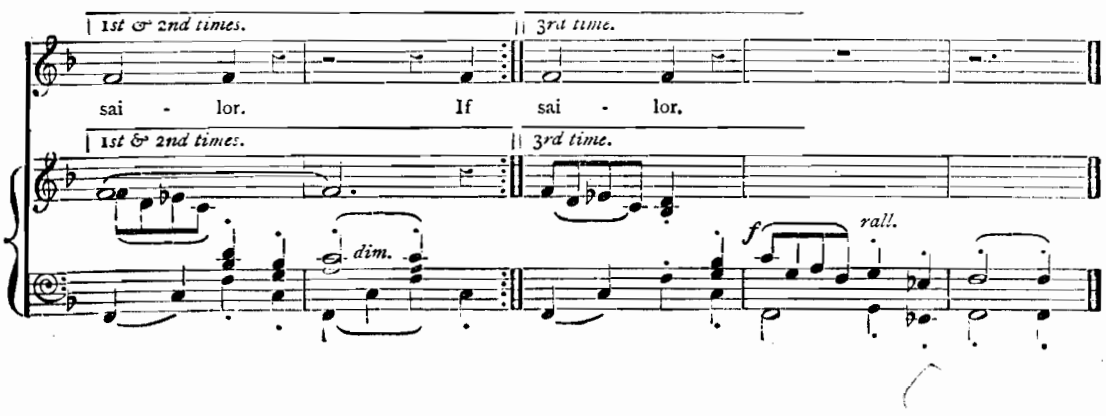
FOLK SONGS.

LXXX. THE RAMBLING SAILOR.





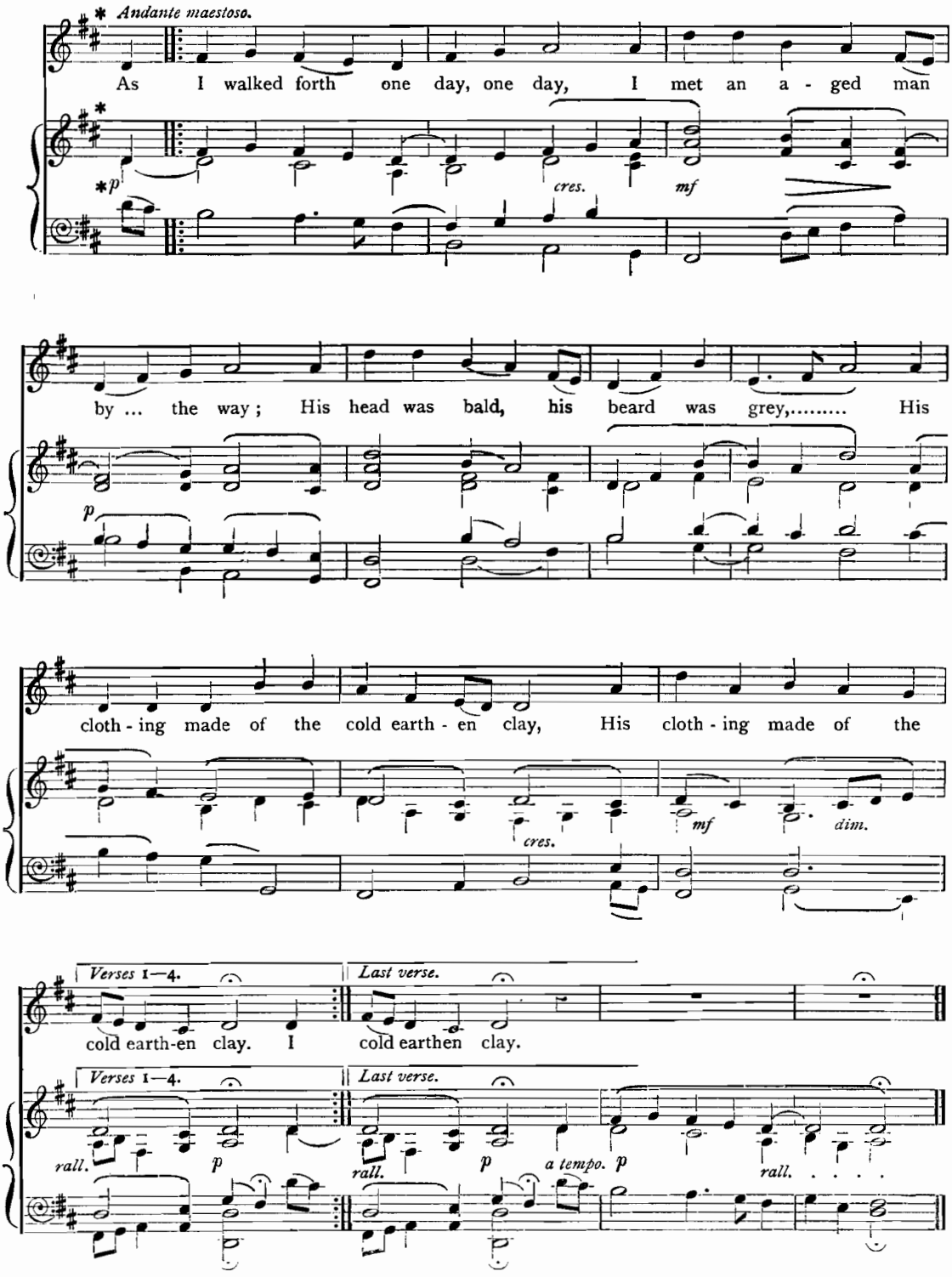
THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

1. I AM a sailor stout and bold,
Long time I've ploughed the ocean ;
I've fought for king and country too,
Won honour and promotion.
I said : My brother sailor, I bid you adieu,
No more to the sea will I go with you ;
I'll travel the country through and through,
And I'll be a rambling sailor.

2. If you should want to know my name,
My name it is young Johnson.
I've got permission from the king
To court young girls and handsome.
I said : My dear, what will you do?
Here's ale and wine and brandy too ;
Besides a pair of new silk shoes,
To travel with a rambling sailor.

3. The king's permission granted me
To range the country over ;
From Bristol Town to Liverpool,
From Plymouth Sound to Dover.
And in whatever town I went,
To court young maidens I was bent ;
And marry none was my intent,
But live a rambling sailor.

LXXXI. DEATH AND THE LADY.



* The bars vary in length. The time-unit is the crotchet which is constant in value.

DEATH AND THE LADY.

1. As I walked forth one day, one day,
I met an aged man by the way ;
His head was bald, his beard was grey,
His clothing made of the cold earthen clay,
His clothing made of the cold earthen clay.

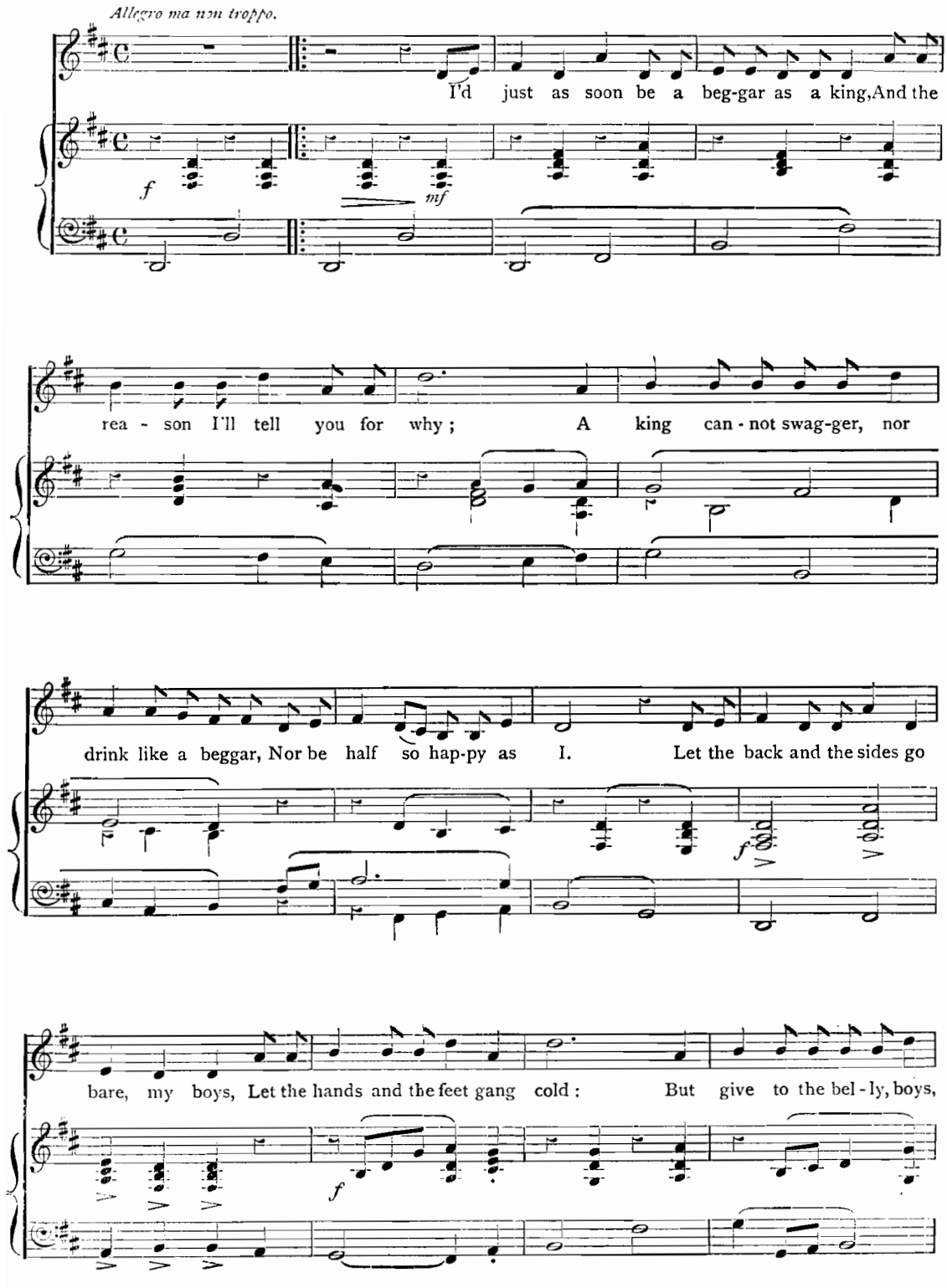
2. I said : Old man, what man are you ?
What country do you belong unto ?
My name is Death ; hast heard of me ?
All kings and princes bow down unto me,
And you, fair maid, must come along with me.

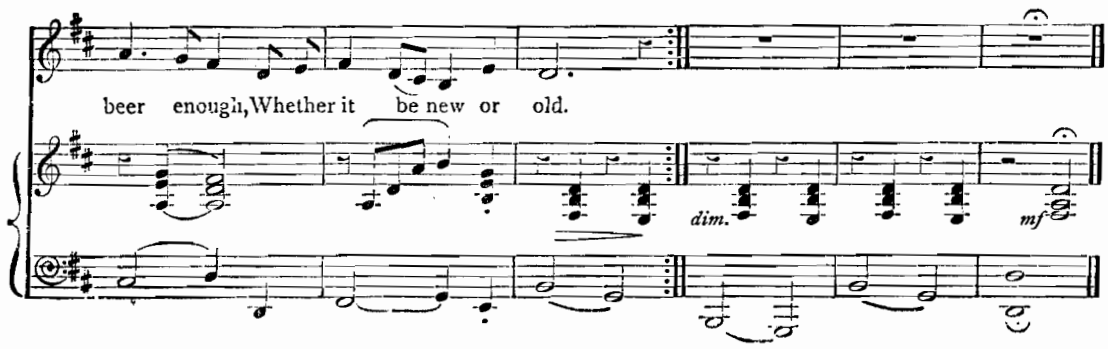
3. I'll give you gold, I'll give you pearl,
I'll give you costly rich robes to wear,
If you will spare me a little while,
And give me time my life to amend,
And give me time my life to amend.

4. I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl,
I want no costly rich robes to wear.
I cannot spare you a little while,
Nor give you time your life to amend,
Nor give you time your life to amend.

5. In six months time this fair maid died.
Let this be put on my tomb-stone, she cried :
Here lies a poor, distress-ed maid ;
Just in her bloom she was snatch-ed away,
Her clothing made of the cold earthen clay.

LXXXII. THE BEGGAR.





THE BEGGAR.

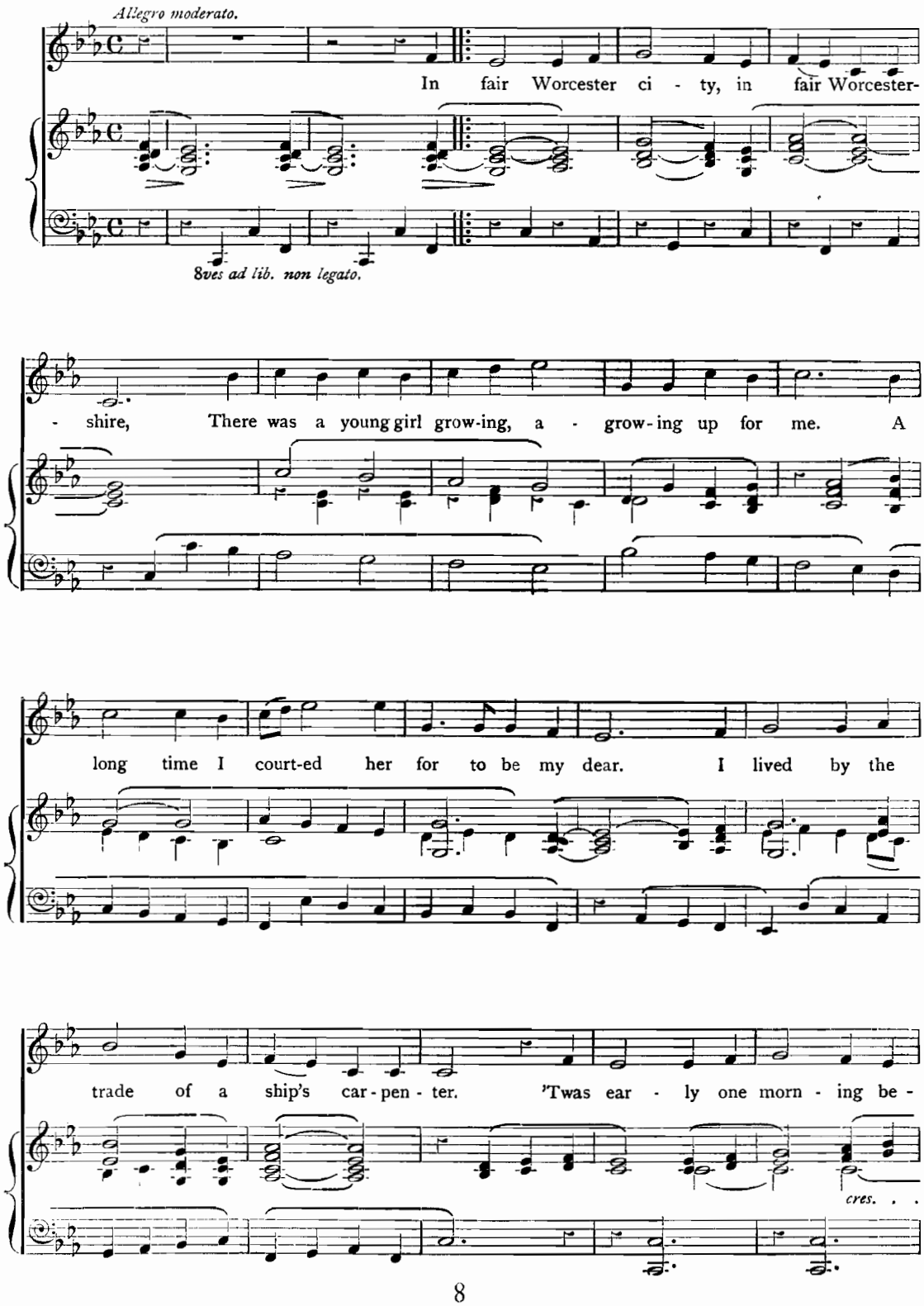
1. I'd just as soon be a beggar as a king,
And the reason I'll tell you for why ;
A king cannot swagger, nor drink like a beggar,
Nor be half so happy as I.
Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys,
Let the hands and the feet gang cold :
But give to the belly, boys, beer enough,
Whether it be new or old.

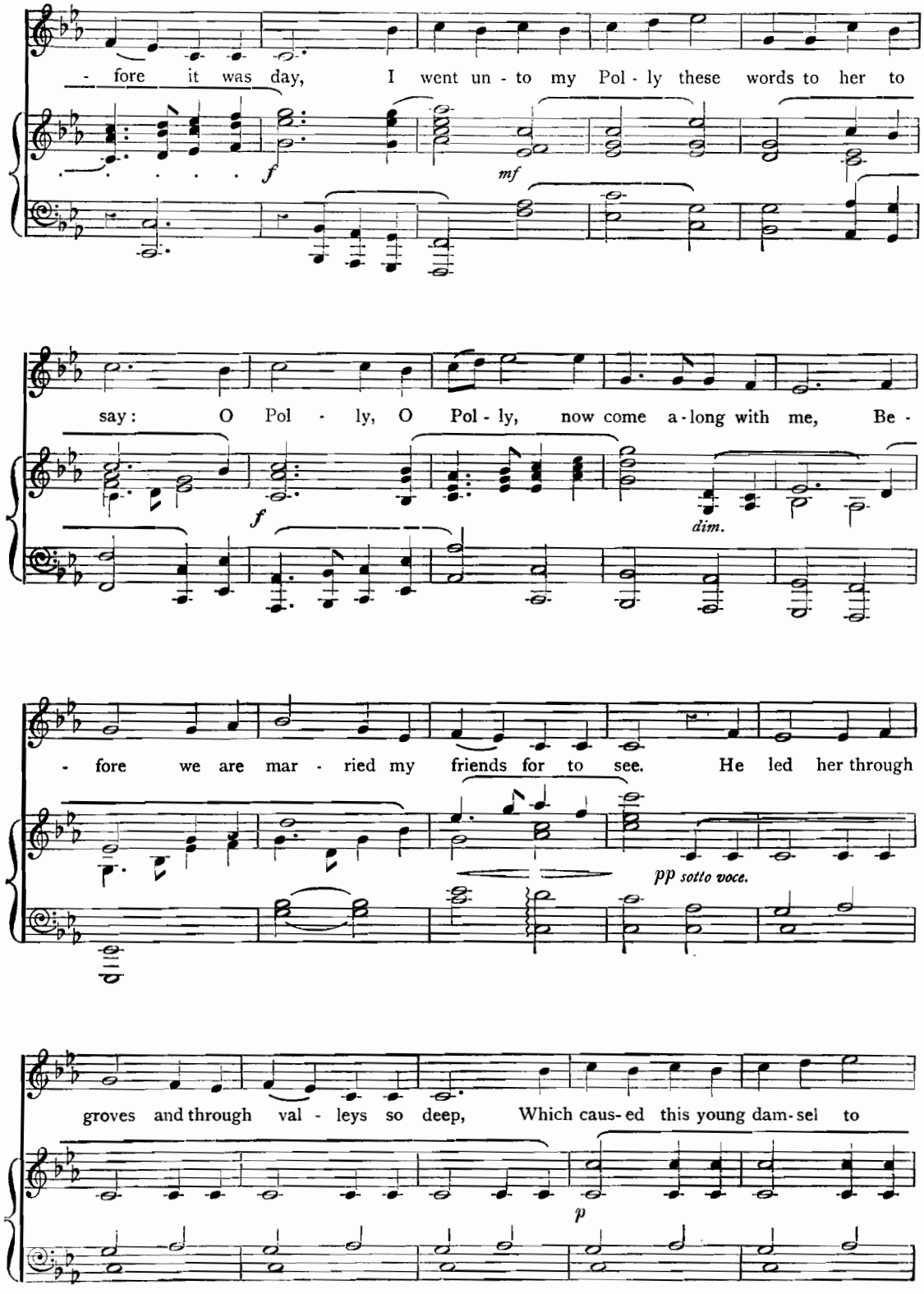
2. I've sixpence in my pocket and I've worked hard for it,
Kind landlord, here it is.
Neither Jew nor Turk shall make me work,
While begging is as good as it is.
Let the back etc., etc.

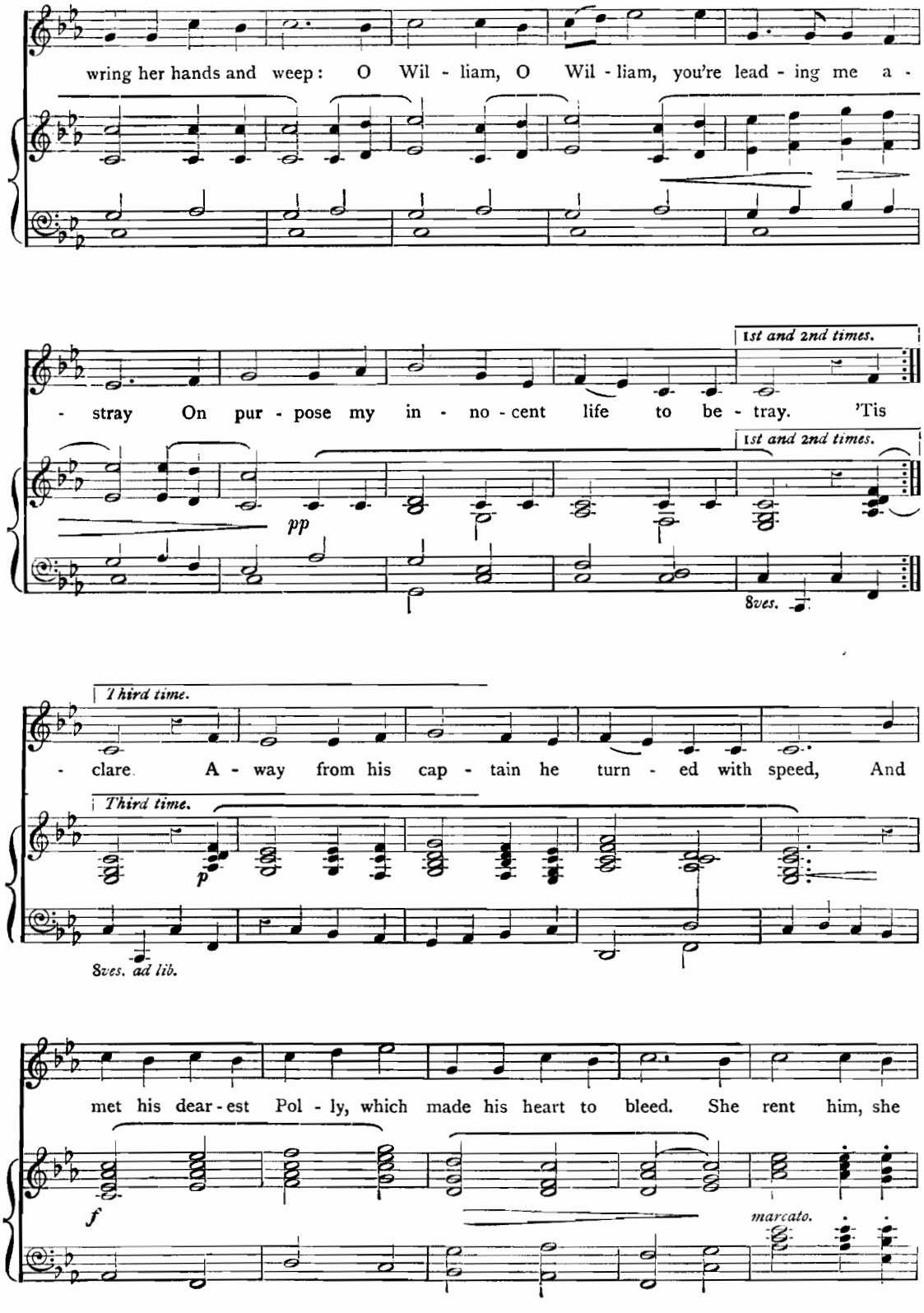
3. Sometimes we call at a nobleman's hall,
And beg for bread and beer ;
Sometimes we are lame, sometimes we are blind,
Sometimes too deaf to hear.
Let the back etc., etc.

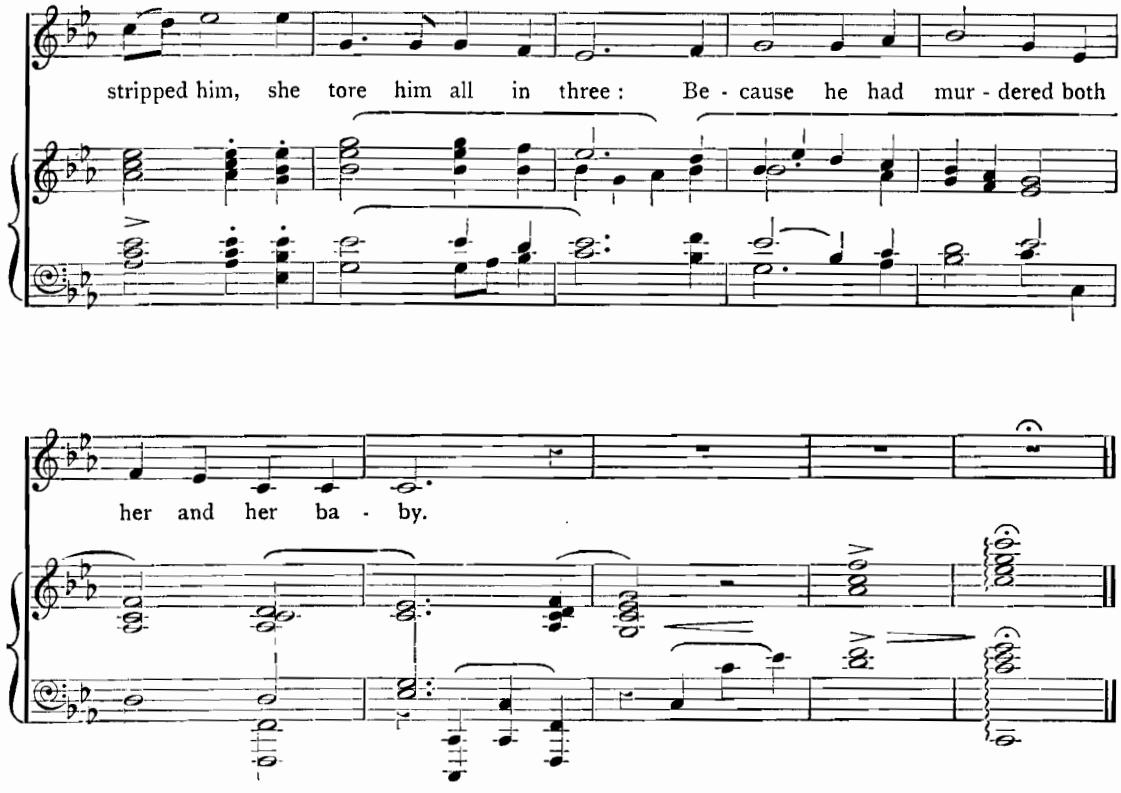
4. Sometimes we lie like hogs in a stye
With a flock of straw on the ground ;
Sometimes eat a crust that has rolled in the dust,
And are thankful if that can be found.
Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys,
Let the hands and the feet gang cold ;
But give to the belly, boys, beer enough,
Whether it be new or old.

LXXXIII. THE CRUEL SHIP'S CARPENTER.




- fore it was day, I went un - to my Pol - ly these words to her to
f
mf
say: O Pol - ly, O Pol - ly, now come a - long with me, Be -
f
dim.
- fore we are mar - ried my friends for to see. He led her through
pp sotto voce.
groves and through val - leys so deep, Which caus - ed this young dam - sel to
p


wring her hands and weep: O Wil - liam, O Wil - liam, you're lead - ing me a -
1st and 2nd times.
- stray On pur - pose my in - no - cent life to be - tray. 'Tis
1st and 2nd times.
pp
8ves.
Third time.
- clare A - way from his cap - tain he turn - ed with speed, And
Third time.
p
8ves. ad lib.
met his dear - est Pol - ly, which made his heart to bleed. She rent him, she
f
marcato.



THE CRUEL SHIP'S CARPENTER.

1. In fair Worcester city, in fair Worcestershire,
There was a young girl growing, a-growing up for me.
A long time I courted her for to be my dear.
I lived by the trade of a ship's carpenter.

2. 'Twas early one morning before it was day,
I went unto my Polly these words to her to say :
O Polly, O Polly, now come along with me,
Before we are married my friends for to see.

3. He led her through groves and through valleys so deep,
Which caused this young damsel to wring her hands and weep :
O William, O William, you're leading me astray
On purpose my innocent life to betray.

4. 'Tis true, O 'tis true, all that you now do say,
For I have worked all this long night digging of your grave.
The grave it was open, the spade a-standing by,
Which caused this young damsel to sife and to cry.

5. O pardon, O pardon, O pardon my life ;
O William I won't covet to be to thee a wife ;
I'll travel the country that I may set thee free.
O pardon, O pardon my baby and me.

6. No pardon, no pardon, no time for to stand,
Then he pulled out a long knife all into his hand ;
He pressed it in her heart, until the blood did flow,
And into the grave her poor body did throw.

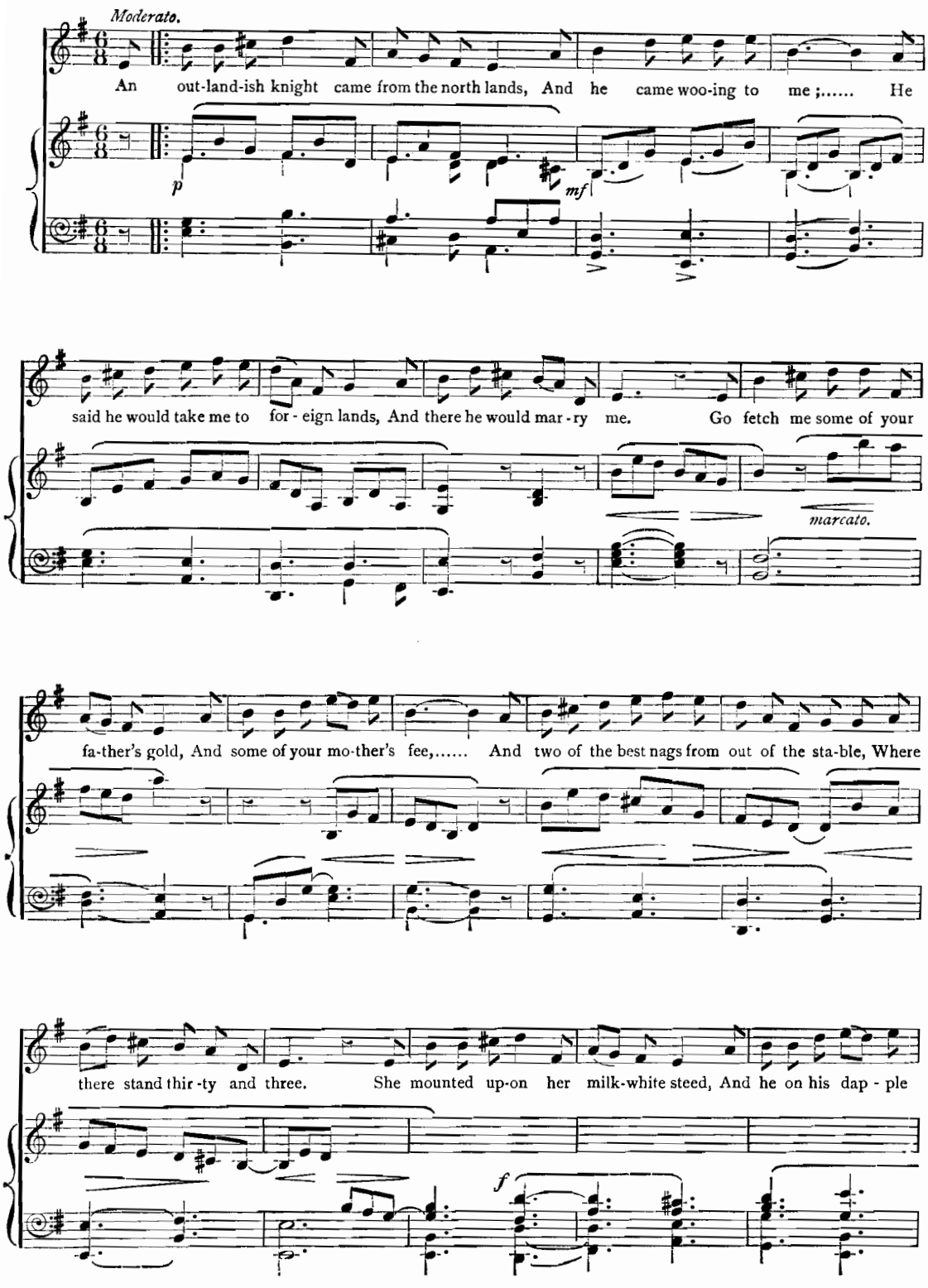
7. He covered her over so safe and secure,
And thought that his dear Polly she would be found no more.
He went to his captain to sail the world a-round,
Before this young murder could ever be found.

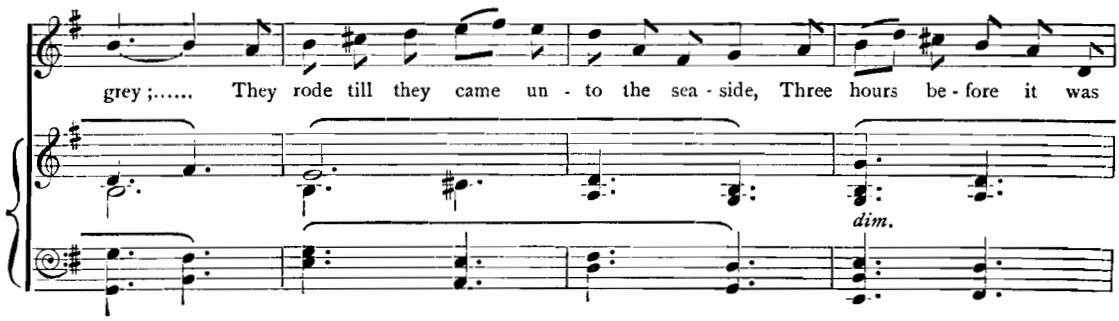
8. 'Twas early one morning, before it was day,
Our captain came unto us and these words he did say :
A murd'rer's on board here ! and he must now be found ;
Our ship, she's in mourning, she will not sail round.

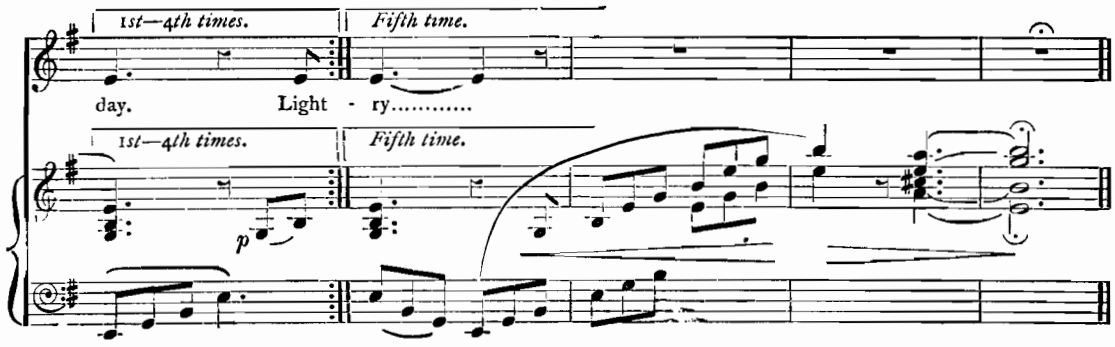
9. Then up step-ped one : O indeed it's not I ;
Then up and stepped another, and made the same reply ;
Then up stepped young William, and he did stamp and swear :
Indeed it's not me, that I vow and declare.

10. Away from his captain he turn-ed with speed,
And met his dearest Polly, which made his heart to bleed.
She rent him, she stripped him, she tore him all in three :
Because he had murdered both her and her baby.

LXXXIV. THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.







THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

1 An outlandish knight came from the north lands,
And he came wooing to me ;
He said he would take me to foreign lands,
And there he would marry me.

2 Go fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags from out of the stable,
Where there stand thirty and three.

3 She mounted upon her milk-white steed,
And he on his dapple-grey ;
They rode till they came unto the sea-side,
Three hours before it was day.

4 Light off, light off thy milk-white steed ;
Deliver it up unto me ;
For six pretty maidens have I drown-ed here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

5 Doff off, doff off thy silken things ;
Deliver them up unto me ;
I think that they look too rich and too gay
To rot all in the salt sea.

6 If I must doff off my silken things,
Pray turn thy back unto me ;
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see.

7 And cut thou away the brimbles so sharp,
The brimbles from off the brim ;
That they may not tangle my curly locks,
Nor scratch my lily-white skin.

8 He turn-ed around his back to her,
And bent down over the brim.
She caught him around the middle so small,
And bundled him into the stream.

9 He dropp-ed high, he dropp-ed low,
Until he came to the side ;
Catch hold of my hand, my fair pretty maid,
And thee I will make my bride.

10 Lie there, lie there, you false hearted man,
Lie there instead of me ;
For six pretty maidens hast thou a-drowned here,
The seventh hath drown-ed thee.

11 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple-grey ;
She rode till she came to her father's house,
Three hours before it was day.

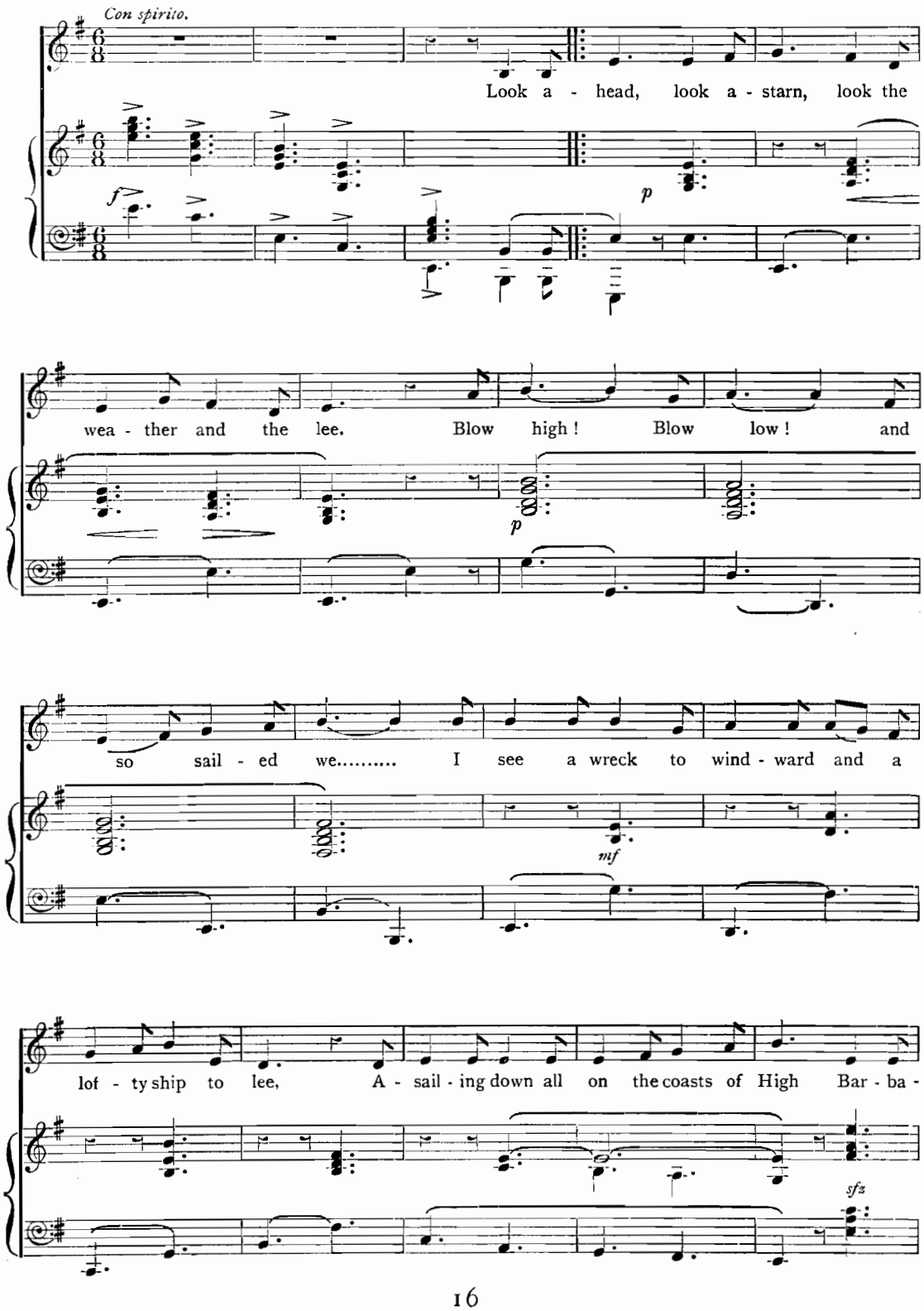
12 The parrot hung in the window so high,
And heard what the lady did say :
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty lady,
You've tarried so long away ?

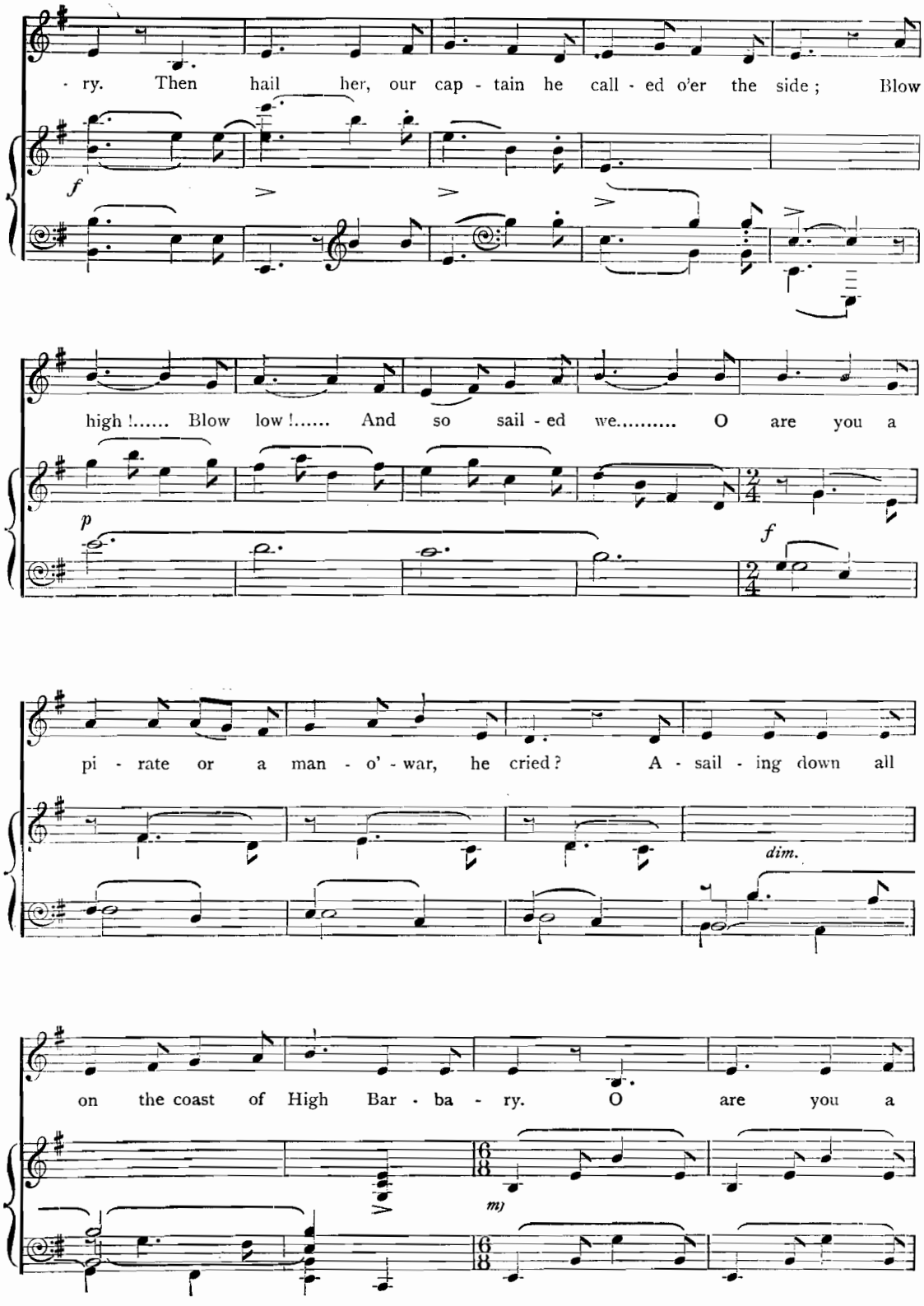
13 The king he was up in his bed-room so high,
And heard what the parrot did say :
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty Polly,
You prattle so long before day ?

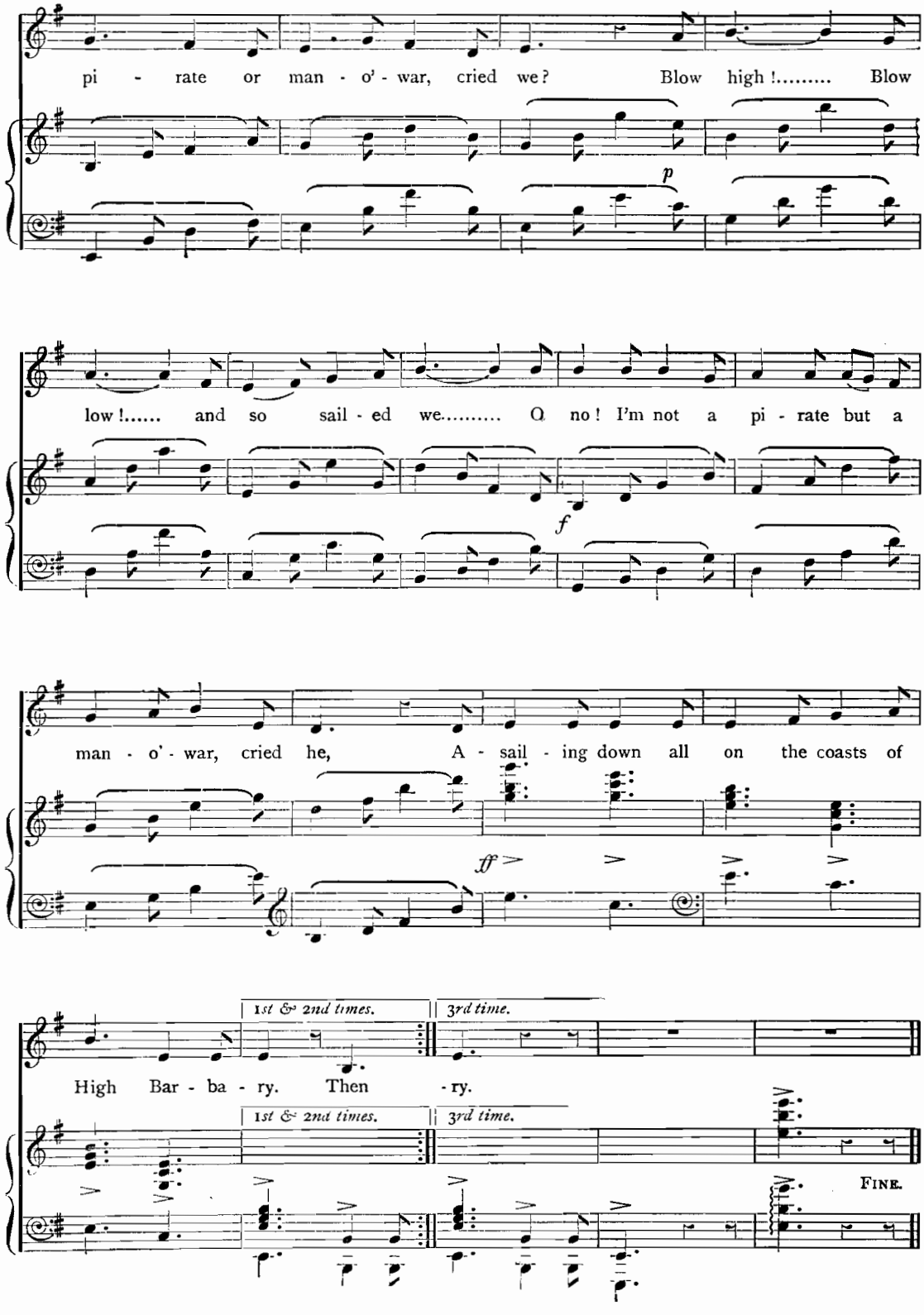
14 It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
That loudly I call unto thee ;
For the cat has a-got in the window so high,
I fear that she will have me.

15 Well turn-ed, well turned, my pretty Polly ;
Well turned, well turn-ed for me ;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory.

LXXXV. THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.




- ry. Then hail her, our cap - tain he call - ed o'er the side; Blow
f
high !..... Blow low !..... And so sail - ed we..... O are you a
p
f
pi - rate or a man - o' - war, he cried? A - sail - ing down all
dim.
on the coast of High Bar - ba - ry. O are you a
mf


pi - rate or man - o' - war, cried we? Blow high !..... Blow
p
low !..... and so sail - ed we..... O no ! I'm not a pi - rate but a
f
man - o' - war, cried he, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
ff
1st & 2nd times.
3rd time.
High Bar - ba - ry. Then - ry.
1st & 2nd times.
3rd time.
FINE.

THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

1. Look ahead, look a-starn, look the weather and the lee.
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee,
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

2. Then hail her, our captain he call-ed o'er the side ;
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
O are you a pirate or a man-o'-war, he cried ?
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

3. O are you a pirate or man-o'-war, cried we ?
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
O no ! I'm not a pirate but a man-o'-war, cried he,
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

4. Then back up your topsails, and heave your vessel to,
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

5. We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to ;
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
But only in some harbour and along the side of you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

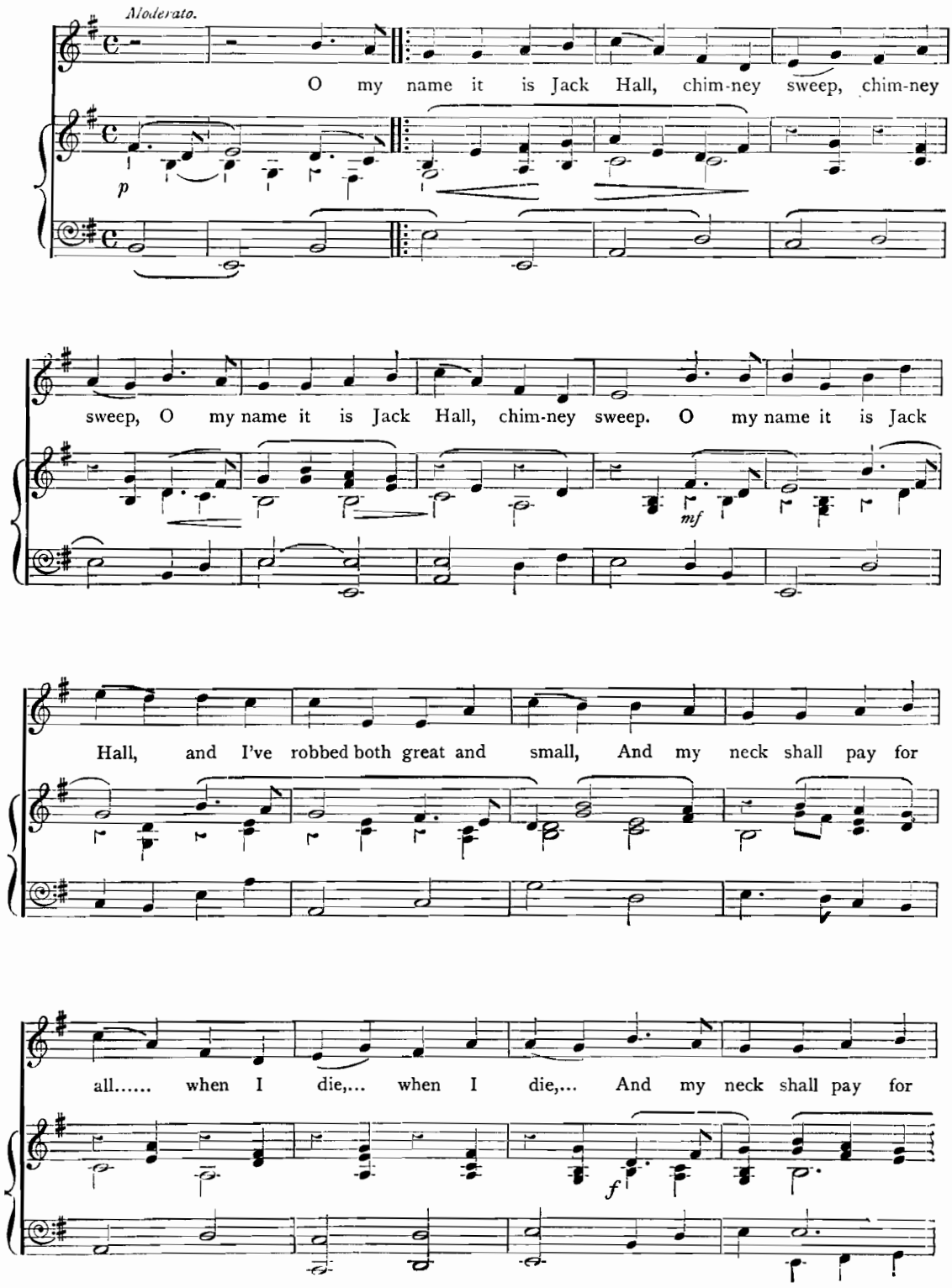
6. For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main ;
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

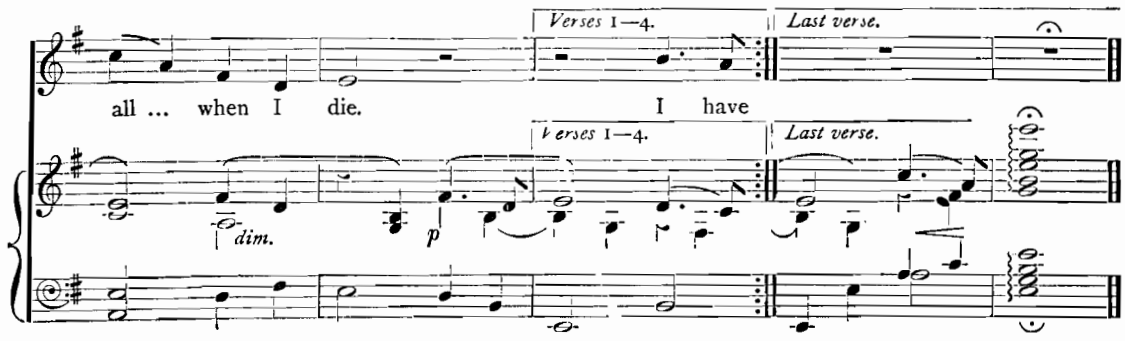
7. For quarters ! for quarters ! the saucy pirate cried.
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

8. With cutlass and gun O we fought for hours three ;
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

9. But O it was a cruel sight and griev-ed us full sore,
Blow high ! Blow low ! and so sailed we.
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim to shore.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

LXXXVI. JACK HALL.





JACK HALL.

1. O MY name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep,
O my name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep.
O my name it is Jack Hall, and I've robbed both great and small,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die, when I die,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die.

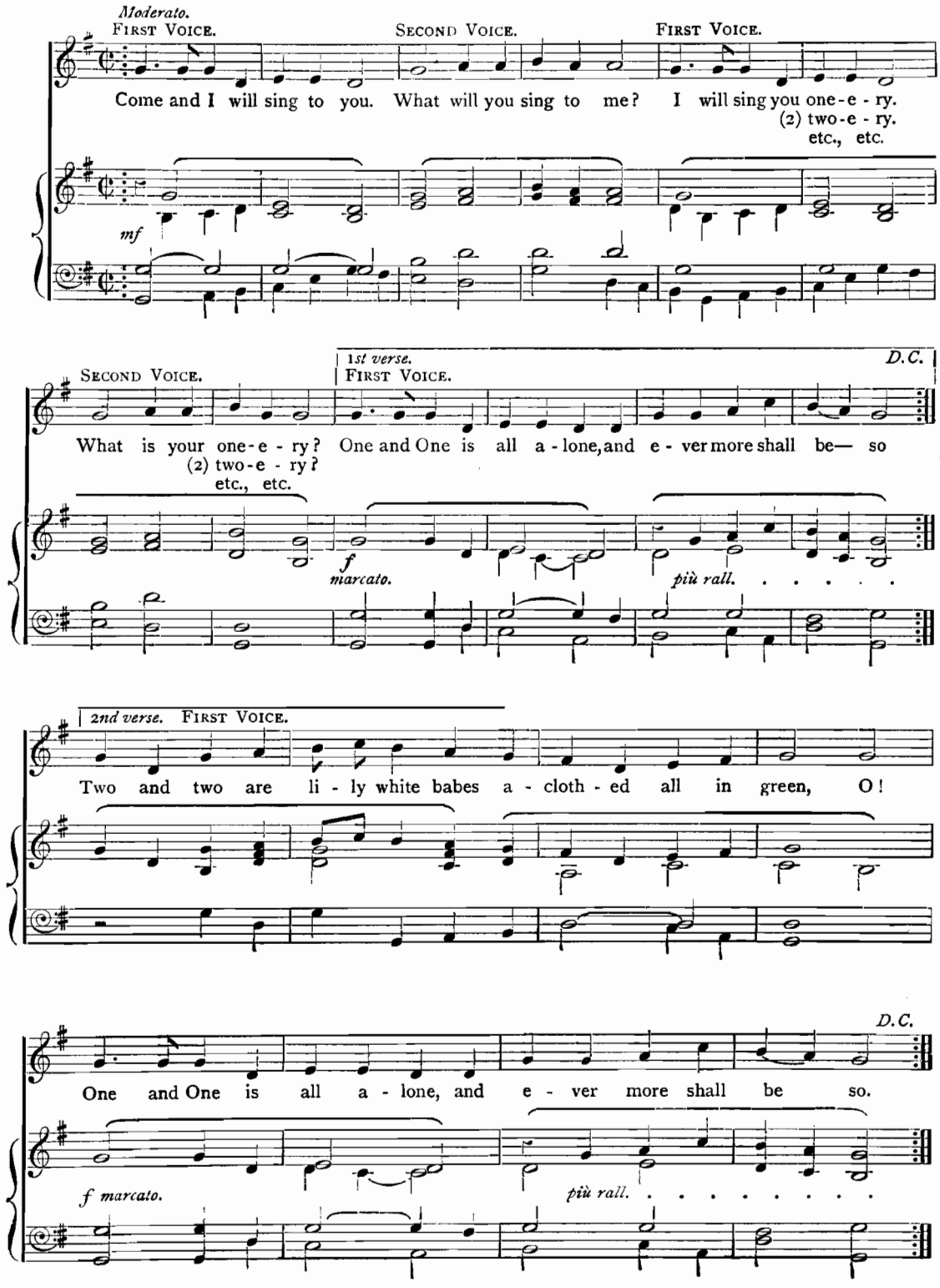
2. I have twenty pounds in store, that's no joke, that's no joke.
I have twenty pounds in store, that's no joke.
I have twenty pounds in store, and I'll rob for twenty more,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die, when I die,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die.

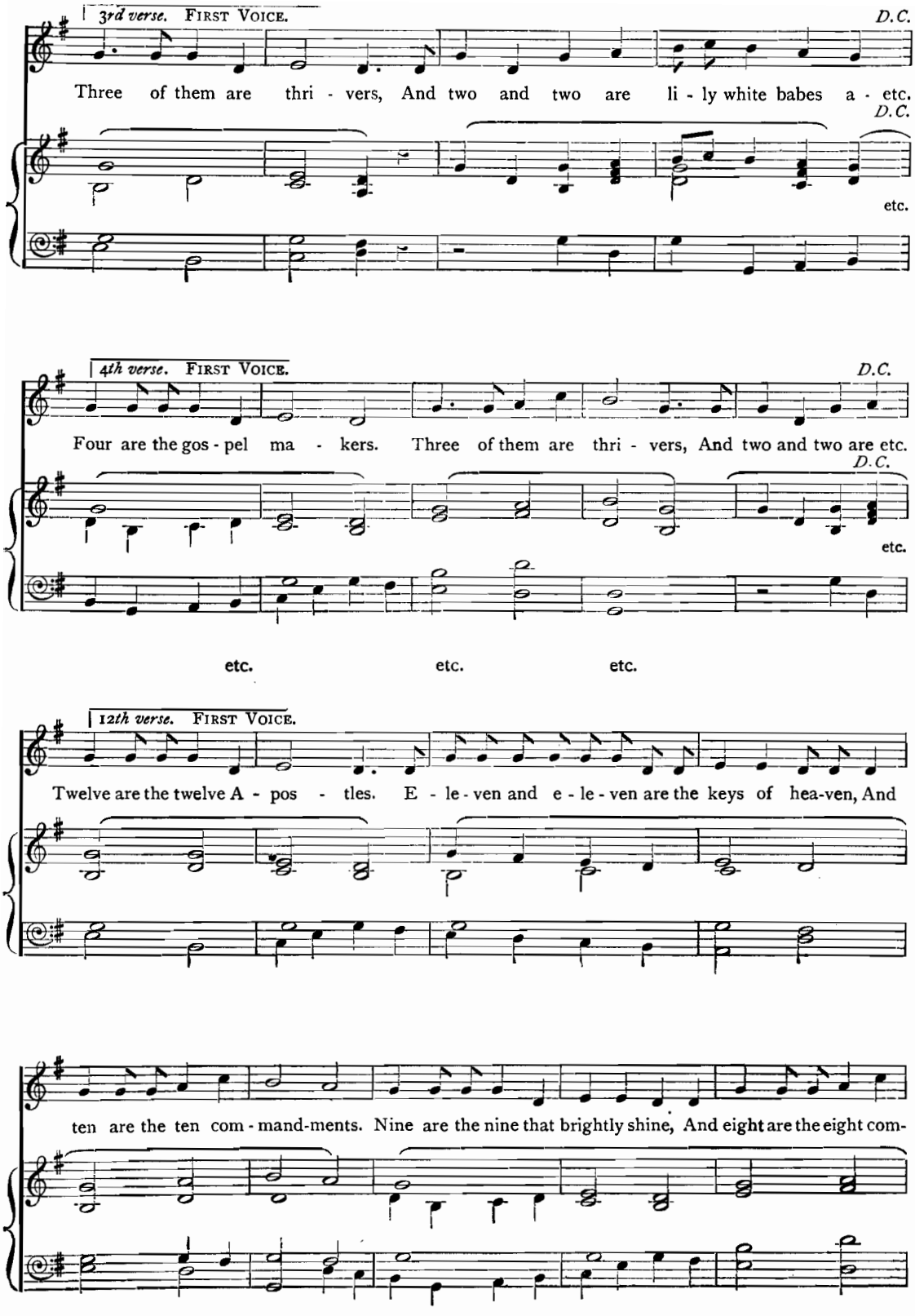
3. O they tell me that in gaol I shall die, I shall die,
O they tell me that in gaol I shall die.
O they tell me that in gaol I shall drink no more brown ale,
But be dashed if ever I fail till I die, till I die,
But be dashed if ever I fail till I die.

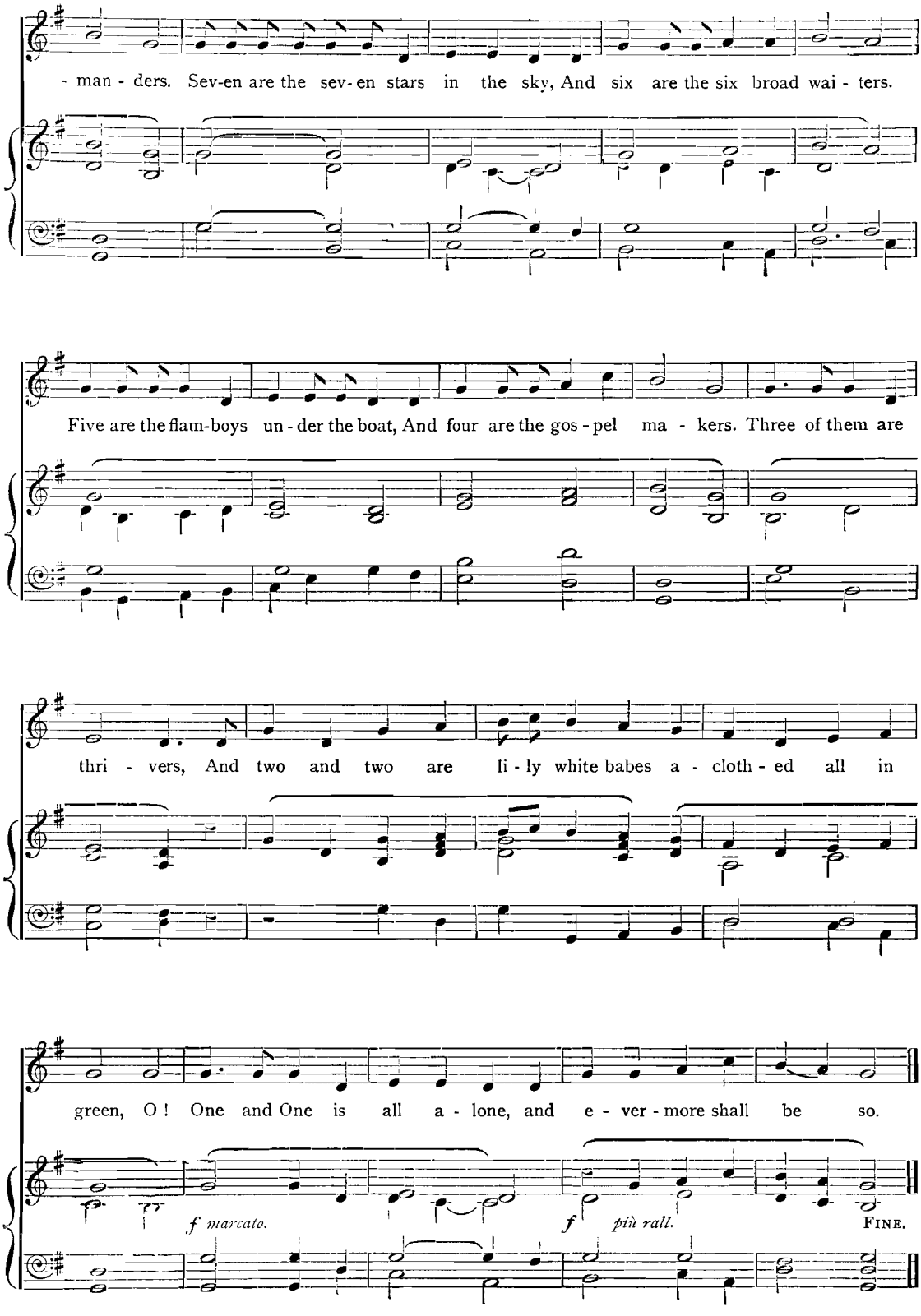
4. O I rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart, in a cart,
O I rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart.
O I rode up Tyburn Hill, and 'twas there I made my will,
Saying: The best of friends must part, so farewell, so farewell,
Saying: The best of friends must part, so farewell!

5. Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke,
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke.
Up the ladder I did grope, and the hangman spread the rope,
O but never a word said I coming down, coming down,
O but never a word said I coming down.

LXXXVII. THE DILLY SONG.




3rd verse. FIRST VOICE.
D.C.
Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are li - ly white babes a - etc.
D.C.
etc.
4th verse. FIRST VOICE.
D.C.
Four are the gos - pel ma - kers. Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are etc.
D.C.
etc.
etc. etc. etc.
12th verse. FIRST VOICE.
Twelve are the twelve A - pos - tles. E - le - ven and e - le - ven are the keys of hea-ven, And
ten are the ten com - mand-ments. Nine are the nine that brightly shine, And eight are the eight com-


- man - ders. Sev-en are the sev-en stars in the sky, And six are the six broad wai - ters.
Five are the flam-boys un - der the boat, And four are the gos - pel ma - kers. Three of them are
thri - vers, And two and two are li - ly white babes a - cloth - ed all in
green, O! One and One is all a - lone, and e - ver - more shall be so.
f marcato.
f più rall.
FINE.

THE DILLY SONG.

1. *1st voice.* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice. What will you sing to me?
1st voice. I will sing one one-e-ry.
2nd voice. What is your one-e-ry?
1st voice. One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

2. *1st voice.* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice. What will you sing to me?
1st voice. I will sing you two-e-ry.
2nd voice. What is your two-e-ry?
1st voice. Two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

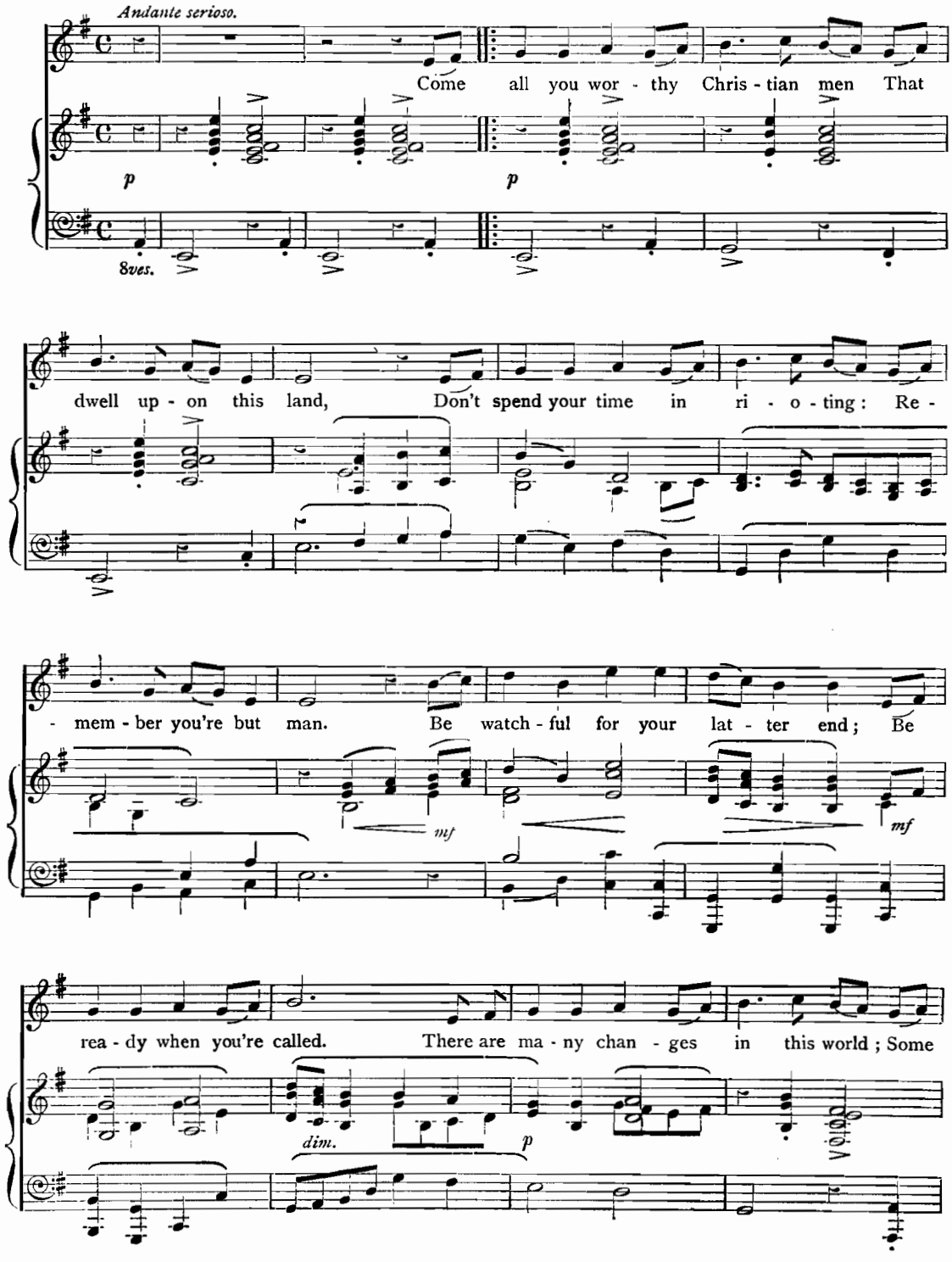
3. *1st voice.* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice. What will you sing to me?
1st voice. I will sing you three-e-ry.
2nd voice. What is your three-e-ry?
1st voice. Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

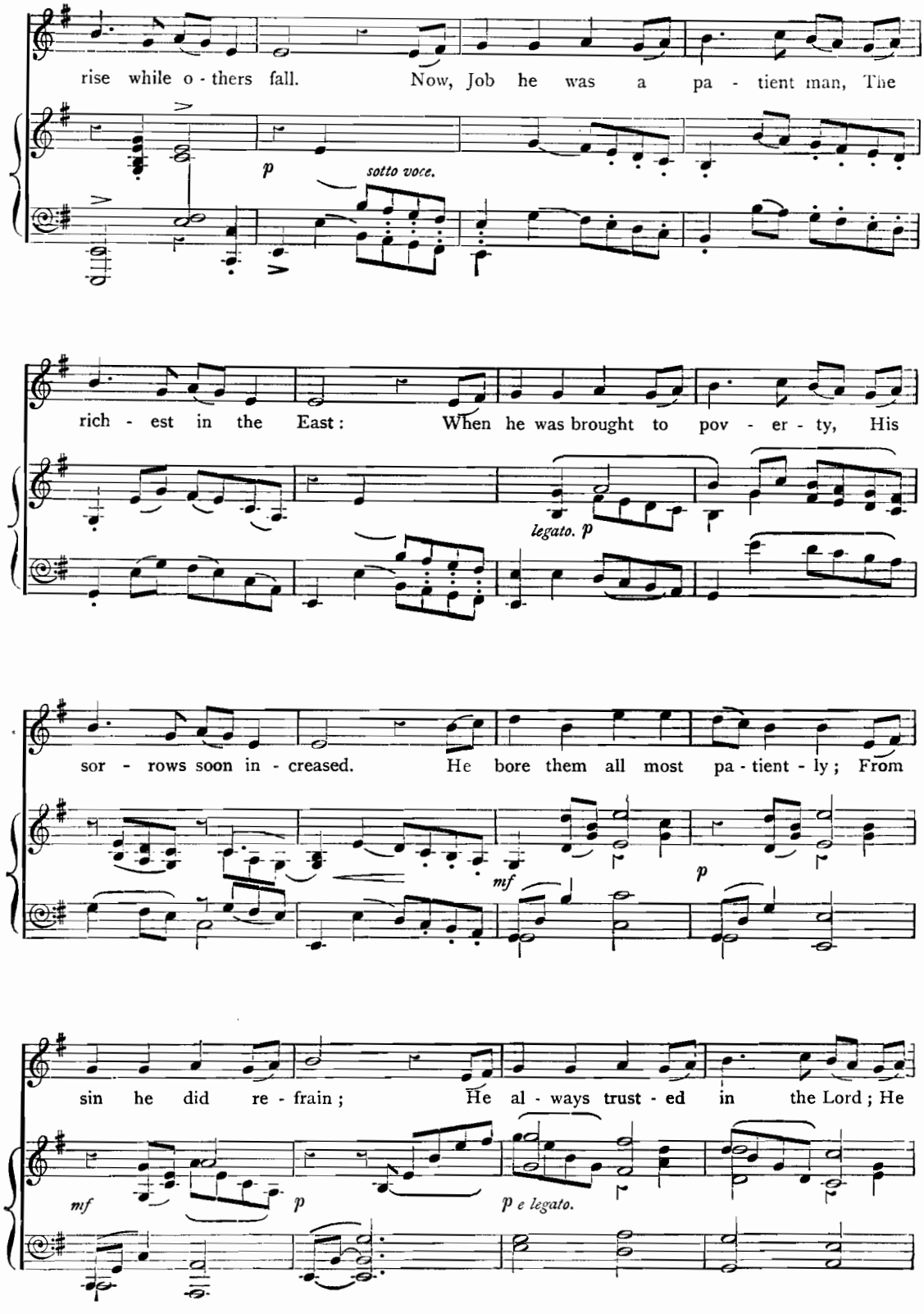
4. *1st voice.* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice. What will you sing to me?
1st voice. I will sing you four-e-ry.
2nd voice. What is your four-e-ry?
1st voice. Four are the gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

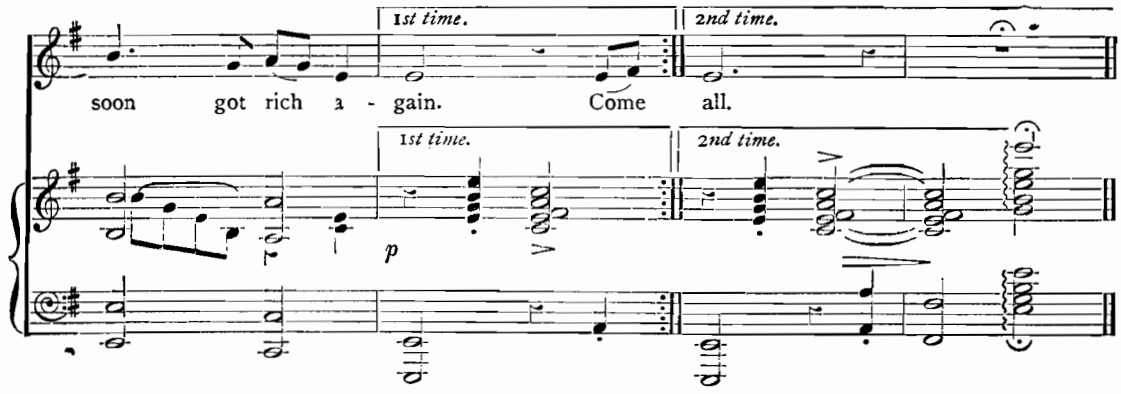
(The remaining verses are sung after the manner of all cumulative songs, i.e. each verse deals with the next highest number and contains a new line. The additional lines are shown in the last and twelfth verse which follows.)

12. *1st voice.* Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice. What will you sing to me?
1st voice. I will sing you twelve-e-ry.
2nd voice. What is your twelve-e-ry?
1st voice. Twelve are the twelve apostles.
Eleven and eleven are the keys of heaven,
And ten are the ten commandments.
Nine are the nine that brightly shine,
And eight are the eight commanders.
Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
And six are the six broad waiters.
Five are the flamboys under the boat,
And four are the gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

LXXXVIII. COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.




rise while o - thers fall. Now, Job he was a pa - tient man, The
p
sotto voce.
rich - est in the East: When he was brought to pov - er - ty, His
legato. p
sor - rows soon in - creased. He bore them all most pa - tient - ly; From
mf
p
sin he did re - frain; He al - ways trust - ed in the Lord; He
mf
p
p e legato.



COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

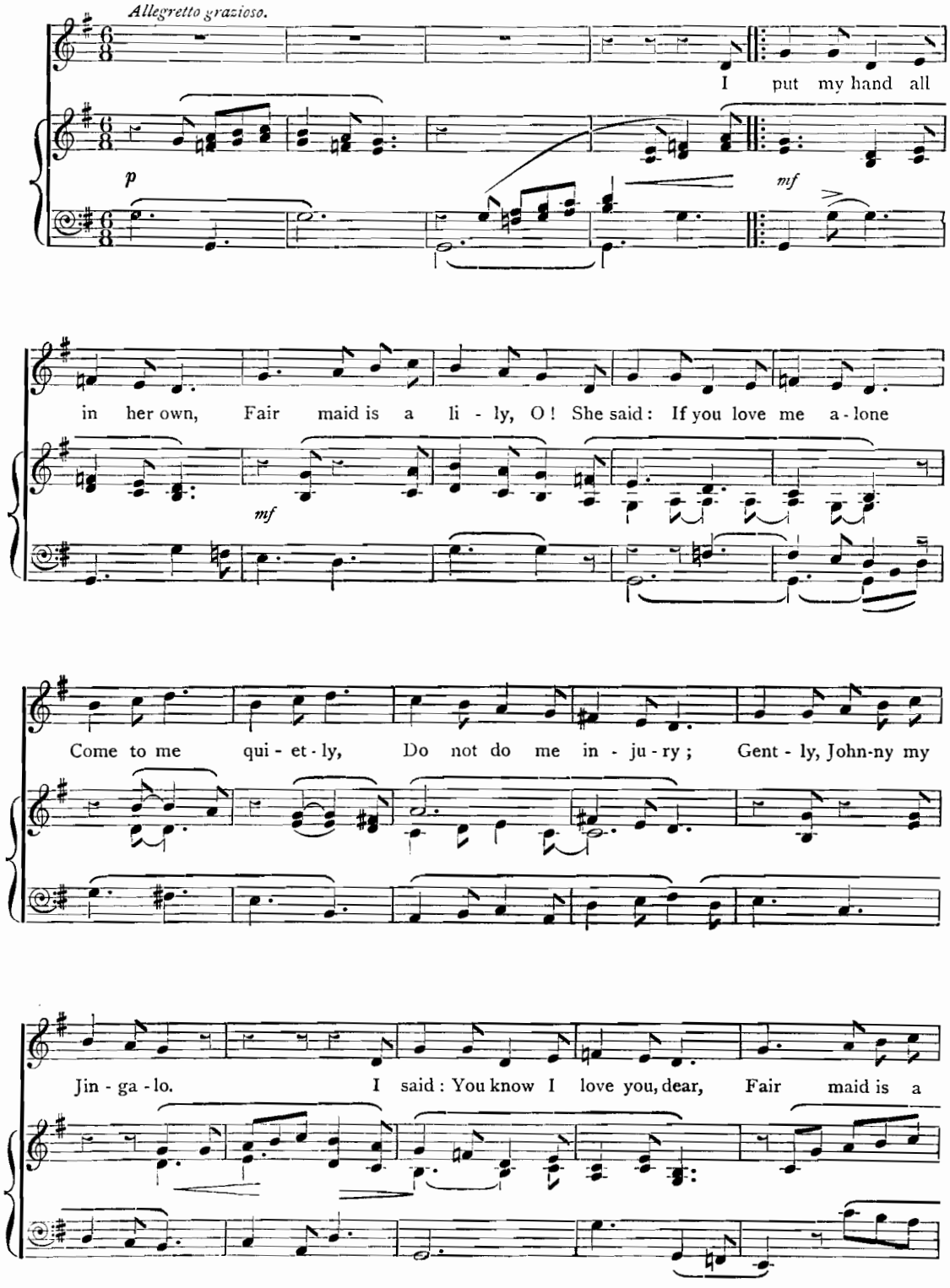
1 Come all you worthy Christian men
That dwell upon this land,
Don't spend your time in rioting :
Remember you're but man.
Be watchful for your latter end ;
Be ready when you're called.
There are many changes in this world ;
Some rise while others fall.

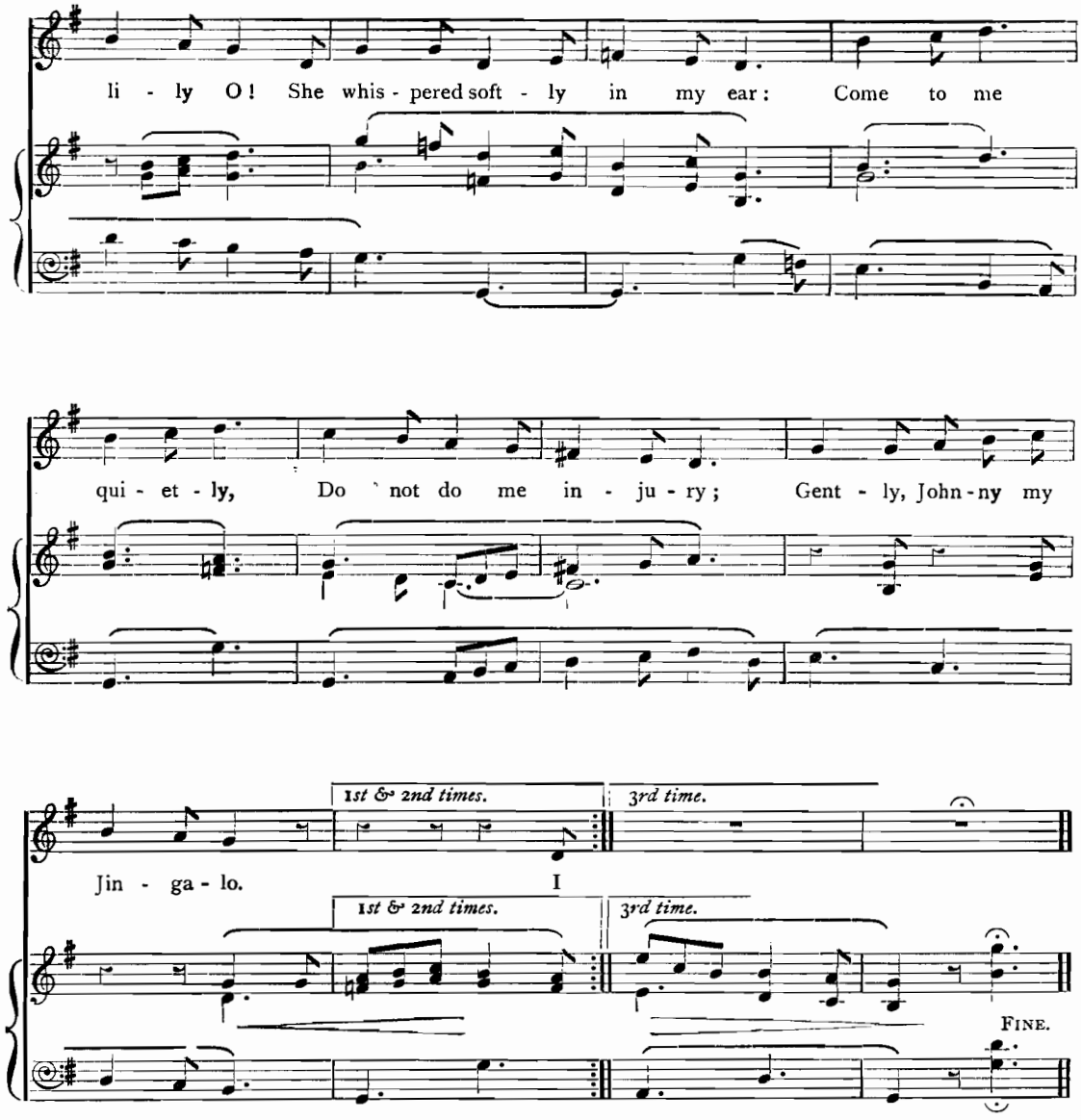
2 Now, Job he was a patient man,
The richest in the East :
When he was brought to poverty,
His sorrows soon increased.
He bore them all most patiently ;
From sin he did refrain ;
He always trusted in the Lord ;
He soon got rich again.

3 Come all you worthy Christian men
That are so very poor,
Remember how poor Lazarus
Lay at the rich man's door,
While begging of the crumbs of bread
That from his table fell.
The Scriptures do inform us all
That in heaven he doth dwell.

4 The time, alas, it soon will come
When parted we shall be ;
But all the difference it will make
Is in joy and misery.
And we must give a strict account
Of great as well as small :
Believe me, now, dear Christian friends,
That God will judge us all.

LXXXIX. GENTLY, JOHNNY MY JINGALO.





GENTLY, JOHNNY MY JINGALO.

1 I PUT my hand all in her own,
Fair maid is a lily O!
She said: If you love me alone
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury;
Gently, Johnny my Jingalo.

2 I said : You know I love you, dear,
Fair maid is a lily O !
She whispered softly in my ear :
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury ;
Gently, Johnny my Jingalo.

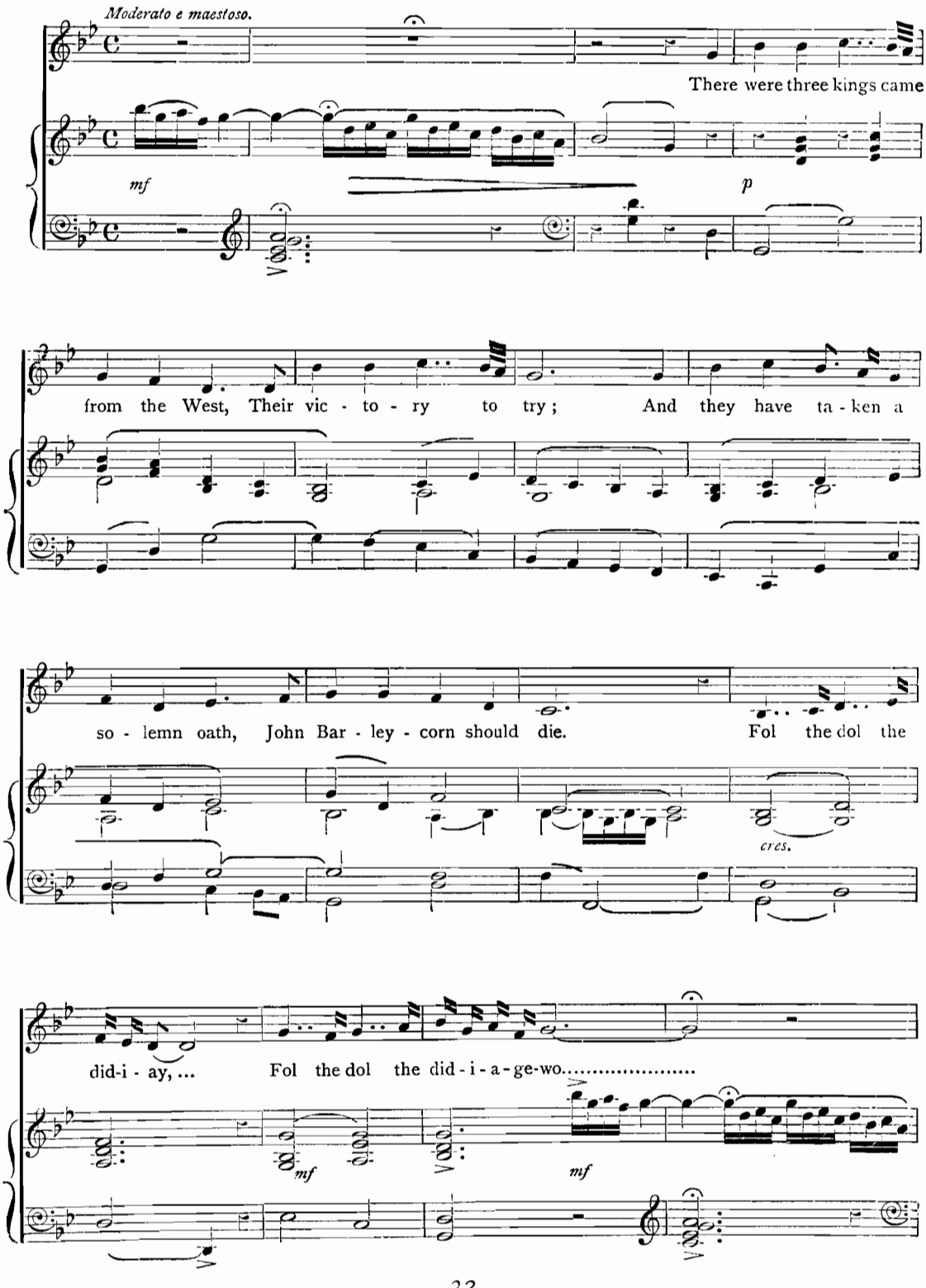
3 I placed my arm around her waist,
Fair maid is a lily O !
She laughed and turned away her face :
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury ;
Gently, Johnny my Jingalo.

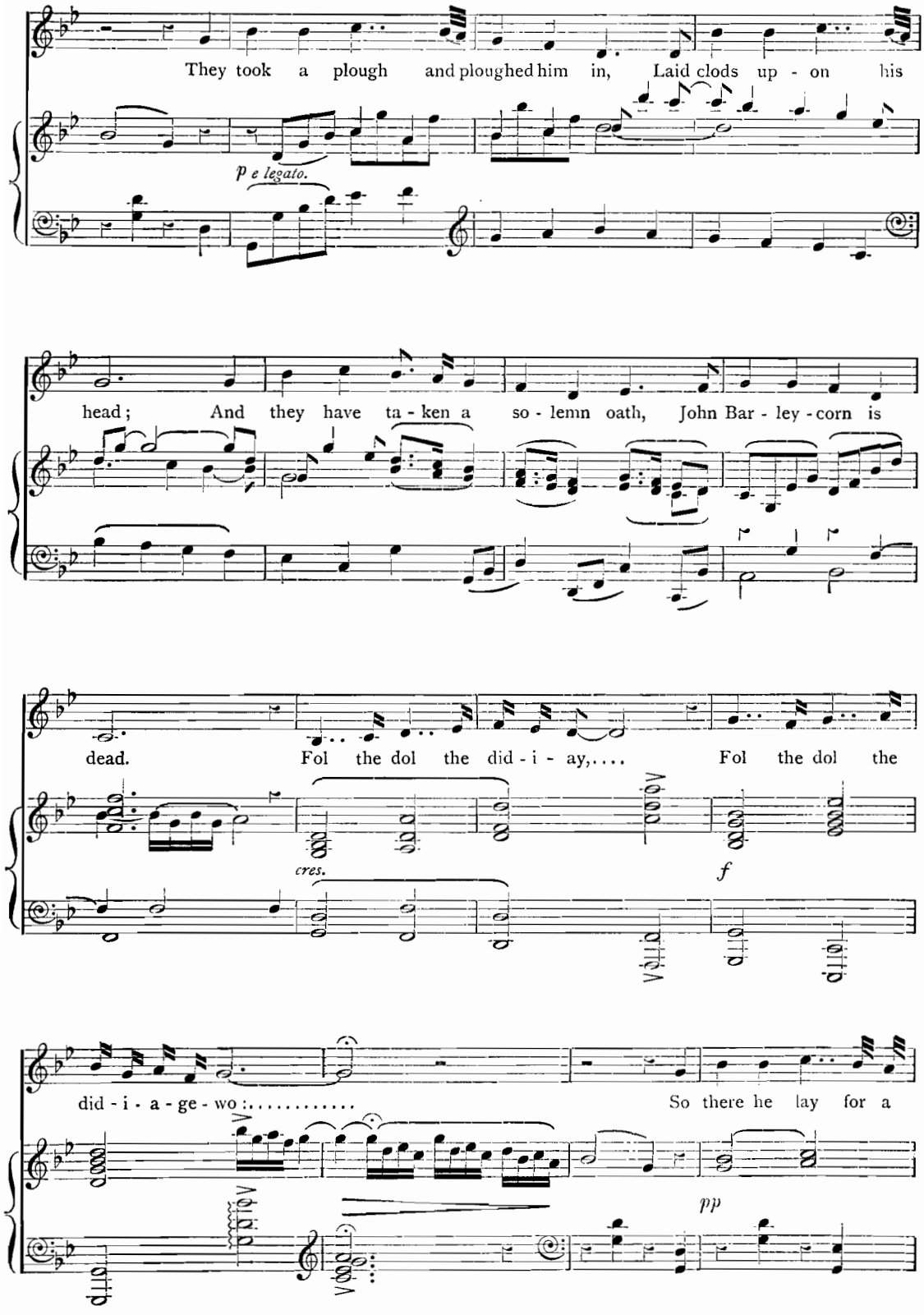
4 I kissed her lips like rubies red,
Fair maid is a lily O !
She blushed ; then tenderly she said :
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury ;
Gently Johnny my Jingalo.

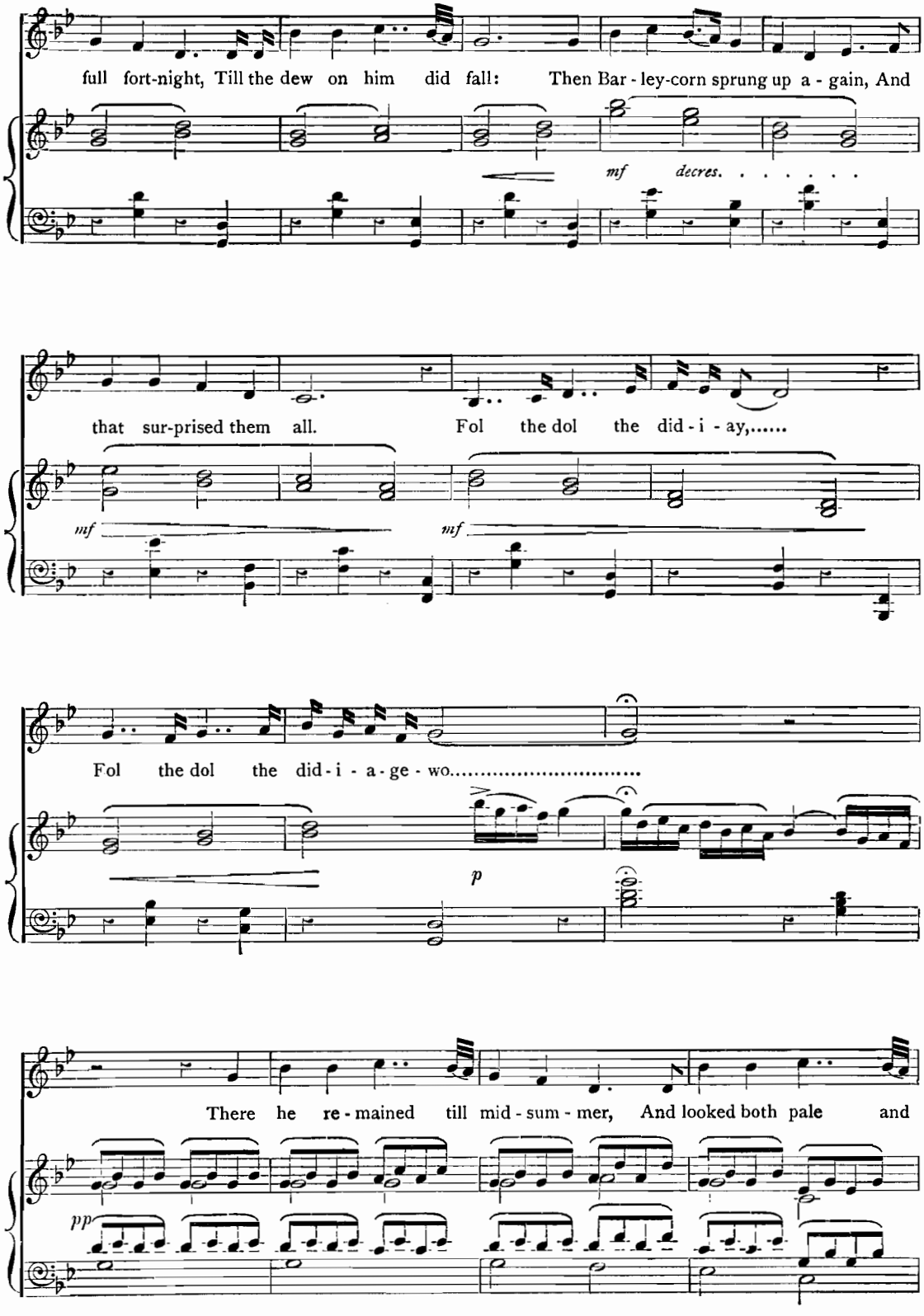
5 I slipped a ring all in her hand,
Fair maid is a lily O !
She said : The parson's near at hand.
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury ;
Gently Johnny my Jingalo.

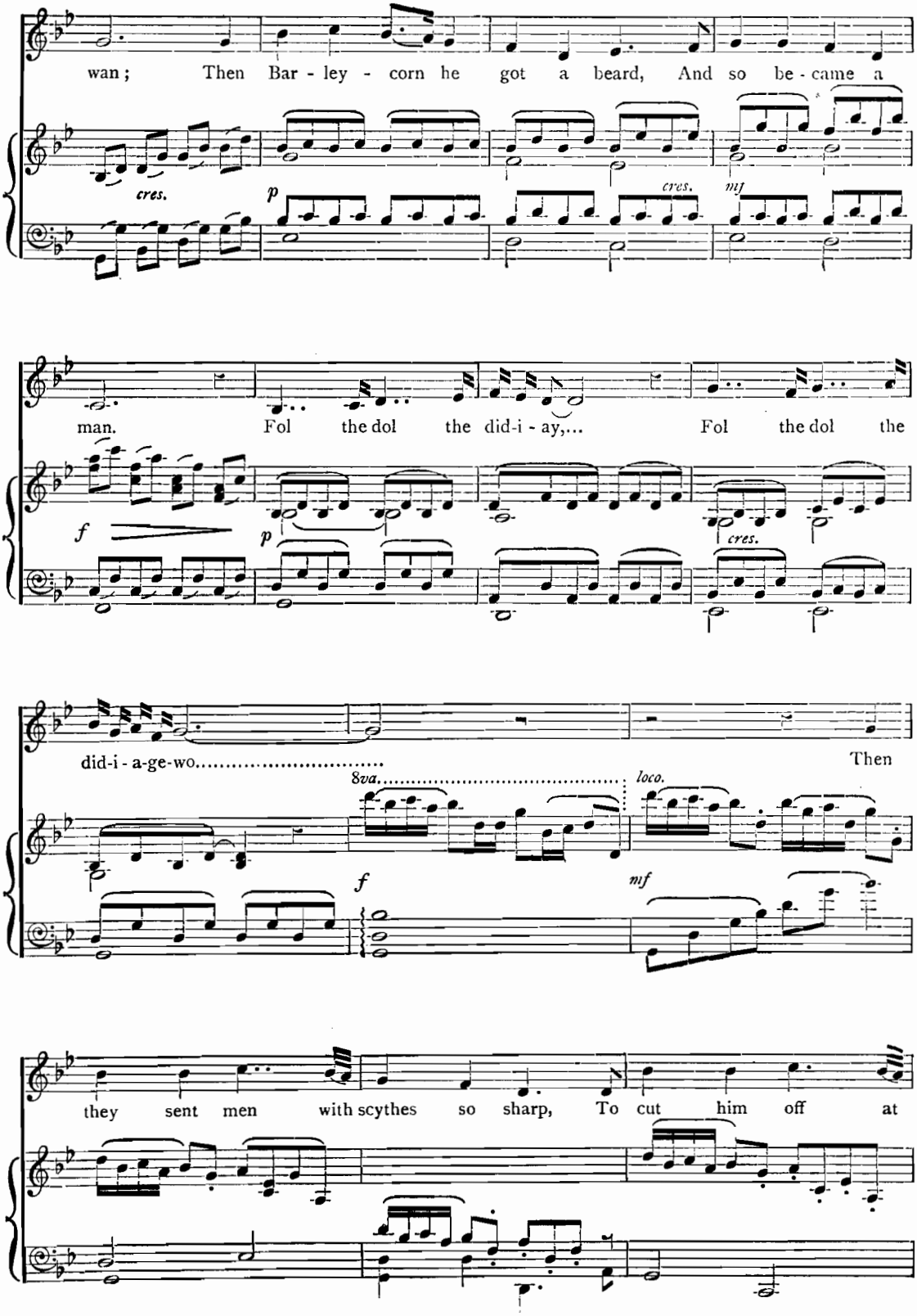
6 I took her to the church next day,
Fair maid is a lily O !
The birds did sing, and she did say :
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury ;
Gently Johnny my Jingalo.

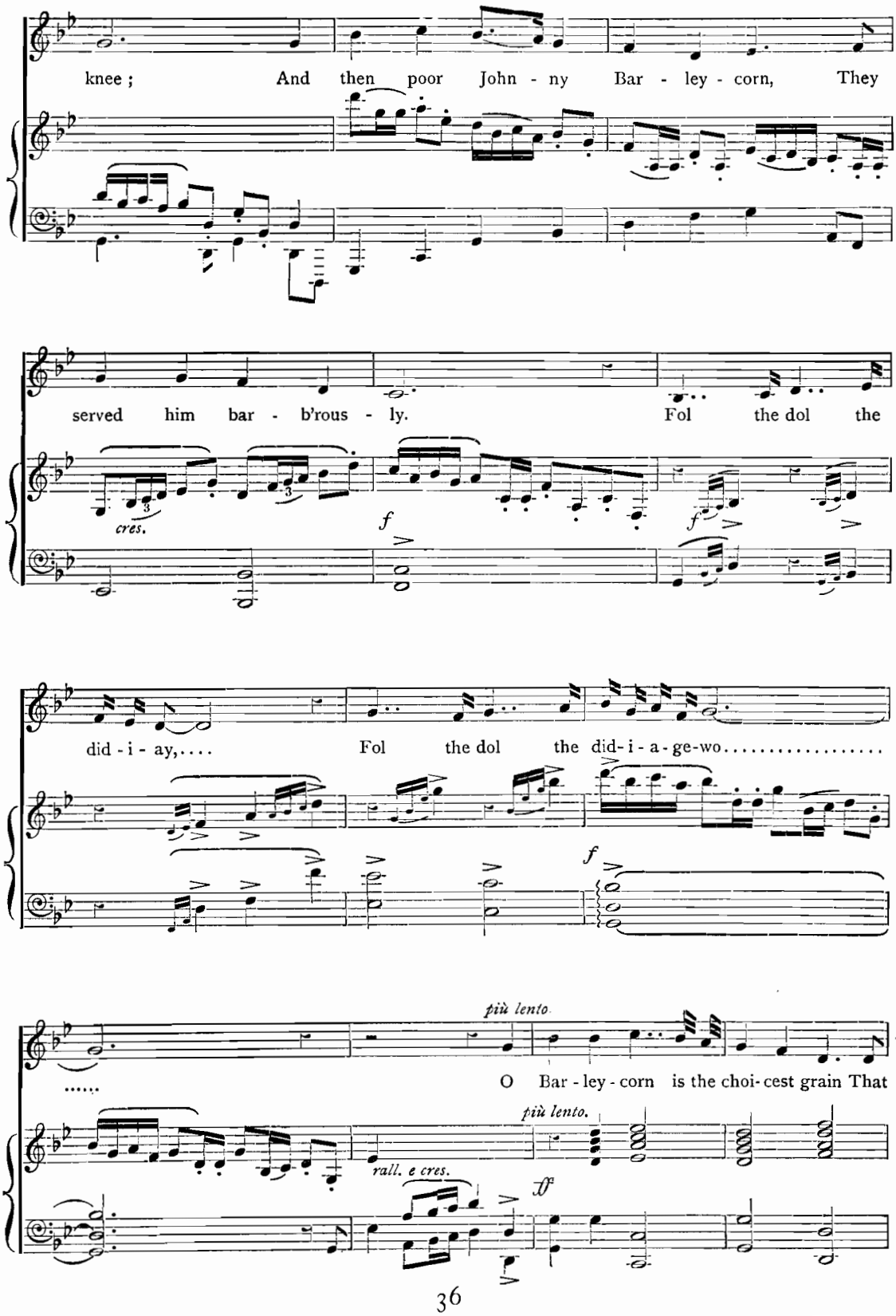
XC. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

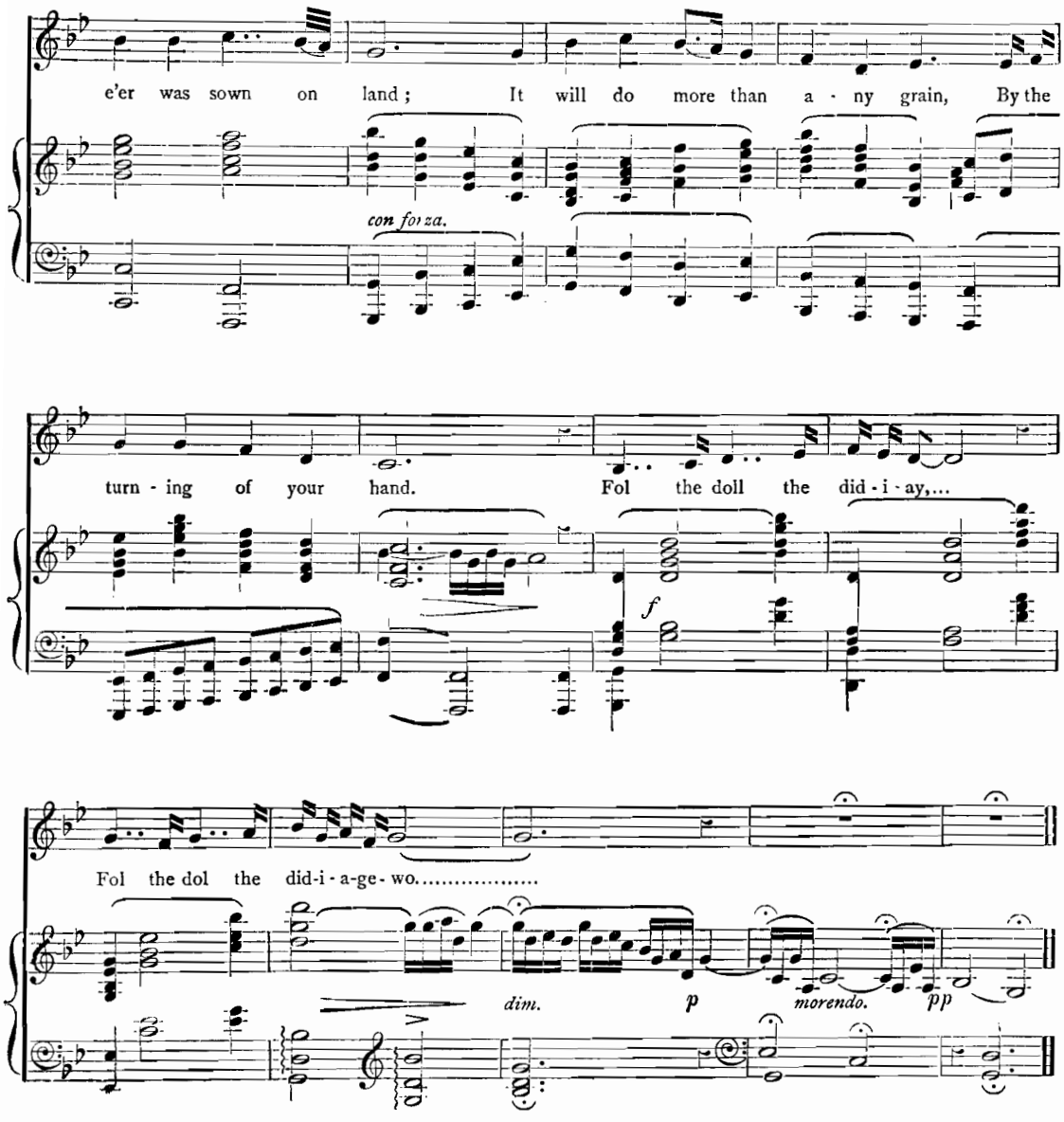



They took a plough and ploughed him in, Laid clods up - on his
p e legato.
head; And they have ta - ken a so - lemn oath, John Bar - ley - corn is
dead. Fol the dol the did - i - ay,.... Fol the dol the
cres.
f
did - i - a - ge - wo:..... So there he lay for a
pp


full fort-night, Till the dew on him did fall: Then Bar - ley-corn sprung up a - gain, And
mf decres.
that sur-prised them all. Fol the dol the did - i - ay,.....
mf
mf
Fol the dol the did - i - a - ge - wo.....
p
There he re - mained till mid - sum - mer, And looked both pale and
pp


wan; Then Bar - ley - corn he got a beard, And so be - came a
cres.
p
cres.
mf
man. Fol the dol the did-i - ay,... Fol the dol the
f
p
cres.
did-i - a-ge-wo..... Then
8va.....
loco.
f
mf
they sent men with scythes so sharp, To cut him off at


knee ; And then poor John - ny Bar - ley - corn, They
served him bar - b'rous - ly. Fol the dol the
cres.
f
f
did - i - ay,.... Fol the dol the did- i - a - ge-wo.....
f
più lento
O Bar - ley - corn is the choi- cest grain That
più lento.
rall. e cres.
ff



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

SECOND VERSION.

1. THERE were three kings came from the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.
Fol the dol the didiay,
Fol the dol the di-di-a-ge wo.

2. They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Laid clods upon his head ;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn is dead.
Fol the dol, etc.

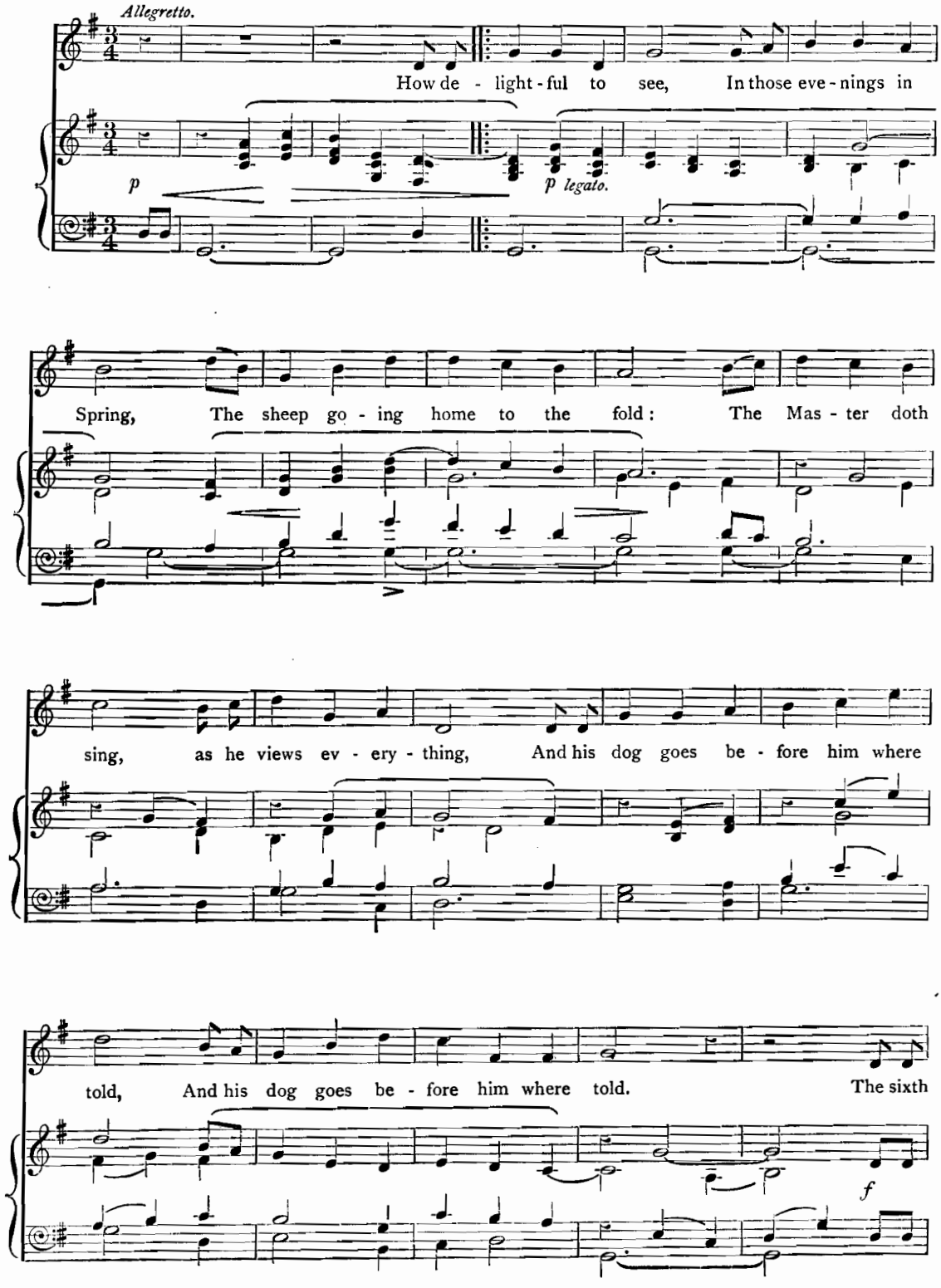
3. So there he lay for a full fortnight,
Till the dew on him did fall :
Then Barleycorn sprung up again,
And that surprised them all.
Fol the dol, etc.

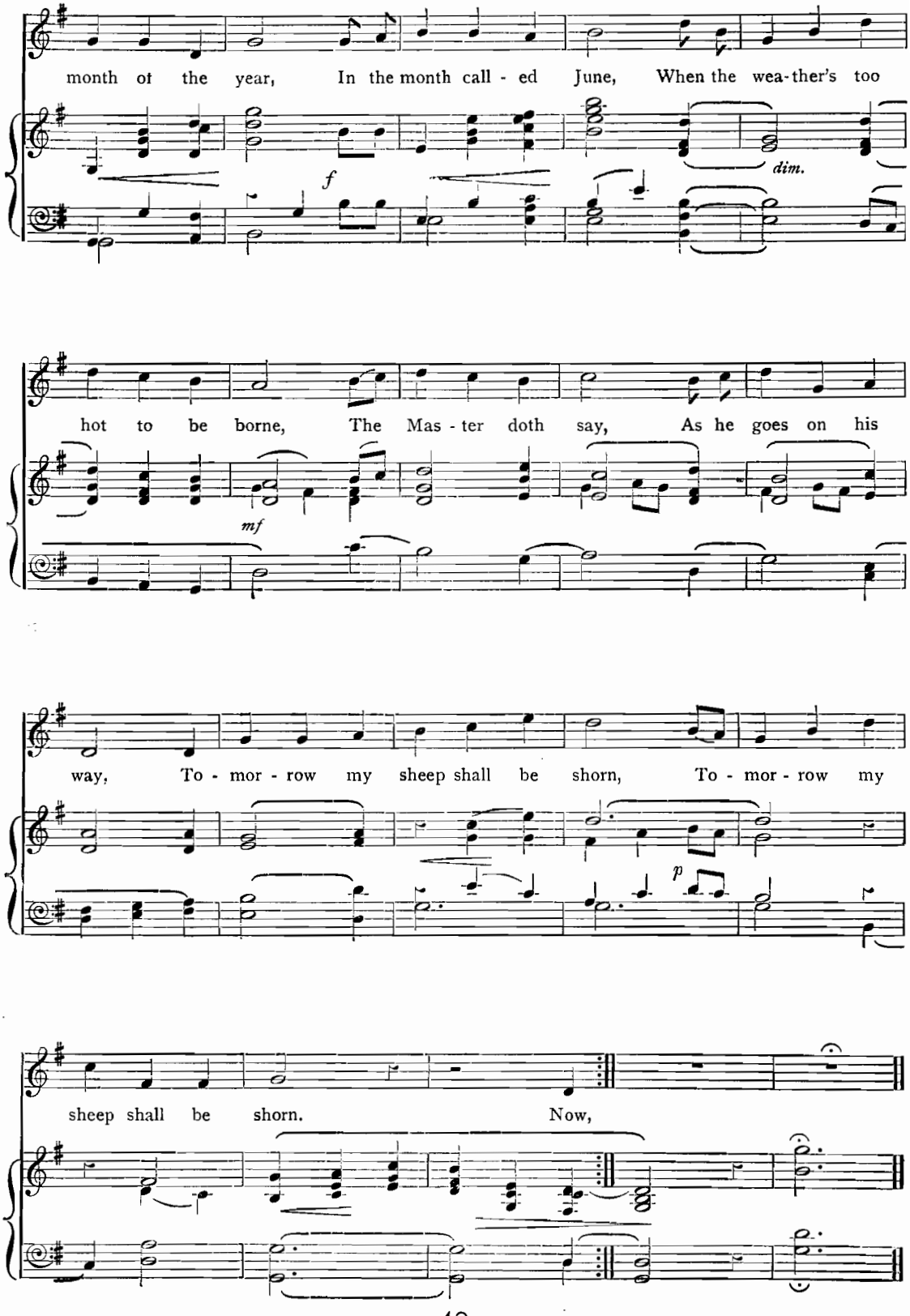
4. There he remained till midsummer.
And looked both pale and wan ;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.
Fol the dol, etc.

5. Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee ;
And then poor Johnny Barleycorn,
They served him barbarously.
Fol the dol, etc.

6. O Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land ;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
Fol the dol the didiay,
Fol the dol the di-di-a-ge wo.

XCI. THE SHEEP SHEARING.




month of the year, In the month call - ed June, When the wea-ther's too
f
dim.
hot to be borne, The Mas - ter doth say, As he goes on his
mf
way, To - mor - row my sheep shall be shorn, To - mor - row my
p
sheep shall be shorn. Now,

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

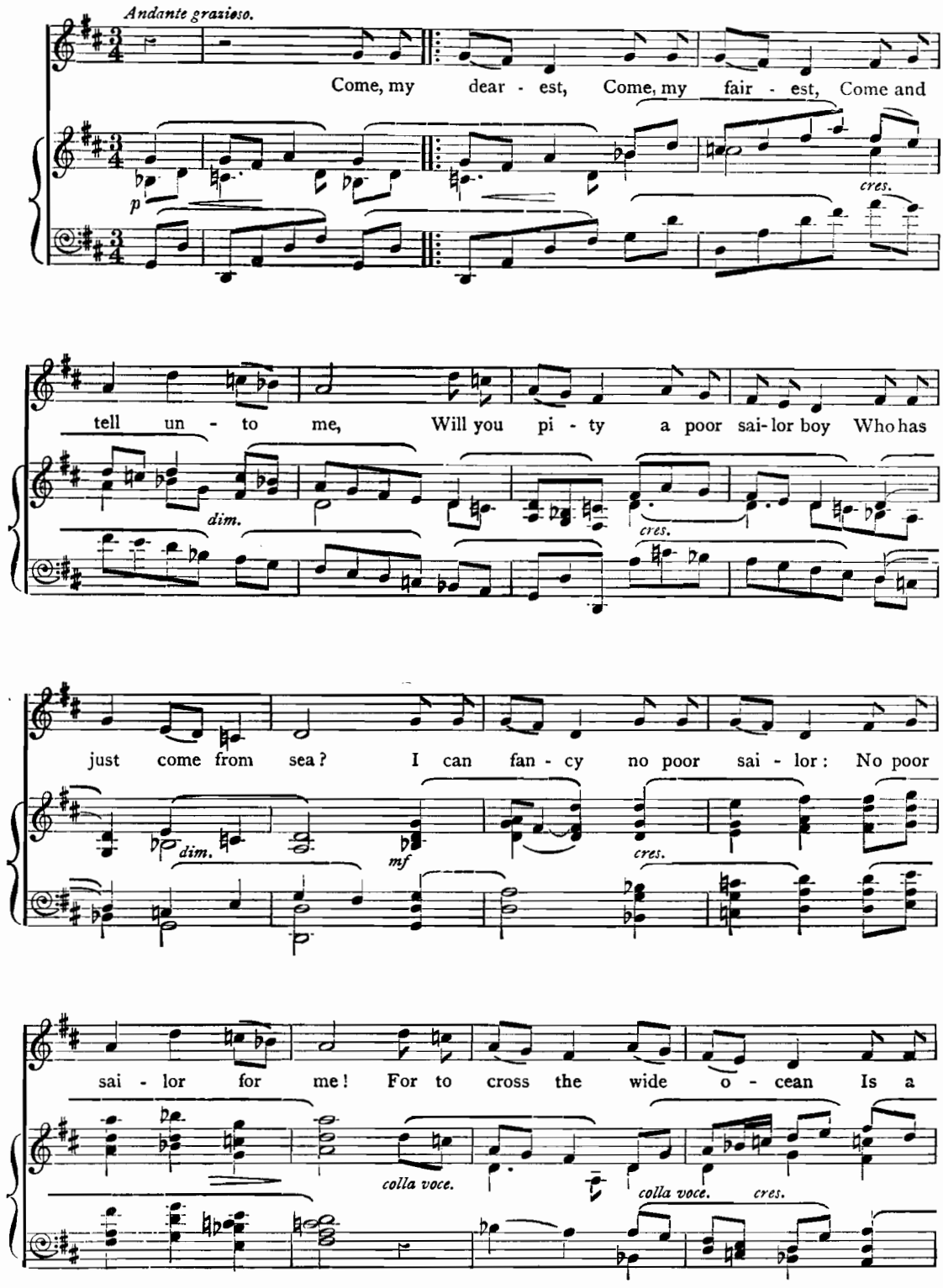
1. How delightful to see,
In those evenings in Spring,
The sheep going home to the fold :
The Master doth sing,
As he views everything,
And his dog goes before him where told.

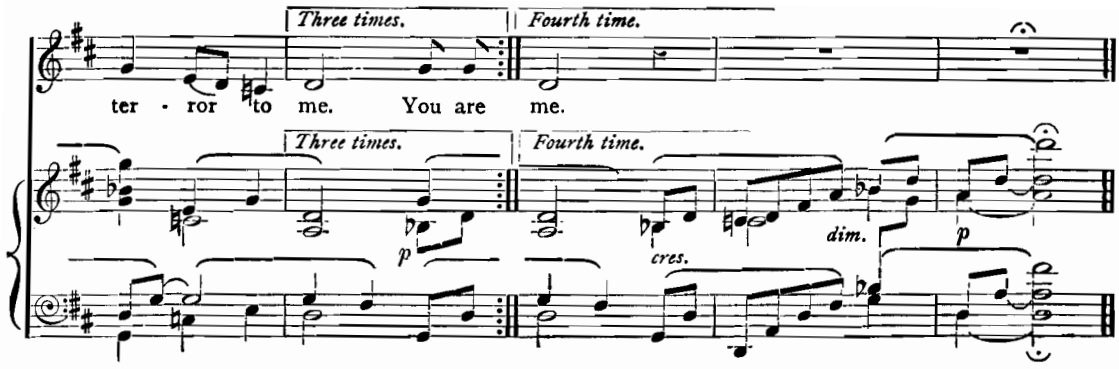
2. The sixth month of the year,
In the month call-ed June,
When the weather's too hot to be borne,
The Master doth say,
As he goes on his way,
To-morrow my sheep shall be shorn.

3. Now, as for those sheep,
They're delightful to see ;
They're a blessing to a man on his farm.
For their flesh it is good,
It's the best of all food,
And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

4. Now, the sheep they're all shorn,
And the wool carried home,
Here's a health to our master and flock ;
And, if we should stay
Till the last goes away,
I'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock.

XCII. THE SAUCY SAILOR.





THE SAUCY SAILOR.

1. COME, my dearest, come, my fairest,
Come and tell unto me,
Will you pity a poor sailor boy
Who has just come from sea?

2. I can fancy no poor sailor :
No poor sailor for me !
For to cross the wide ocean
Is a terror to me.

3. You are ragged, love, you are dirty, love,
And your clothes they smell of tar.
So begone, you saucy sailor boy,
So begone, you Jack Tar !

4. If I'm ragged, love, if I'm dirty, love,
If my clothes they smell of tar,
I have silver in my pocket, love,
And of gold a bright store.

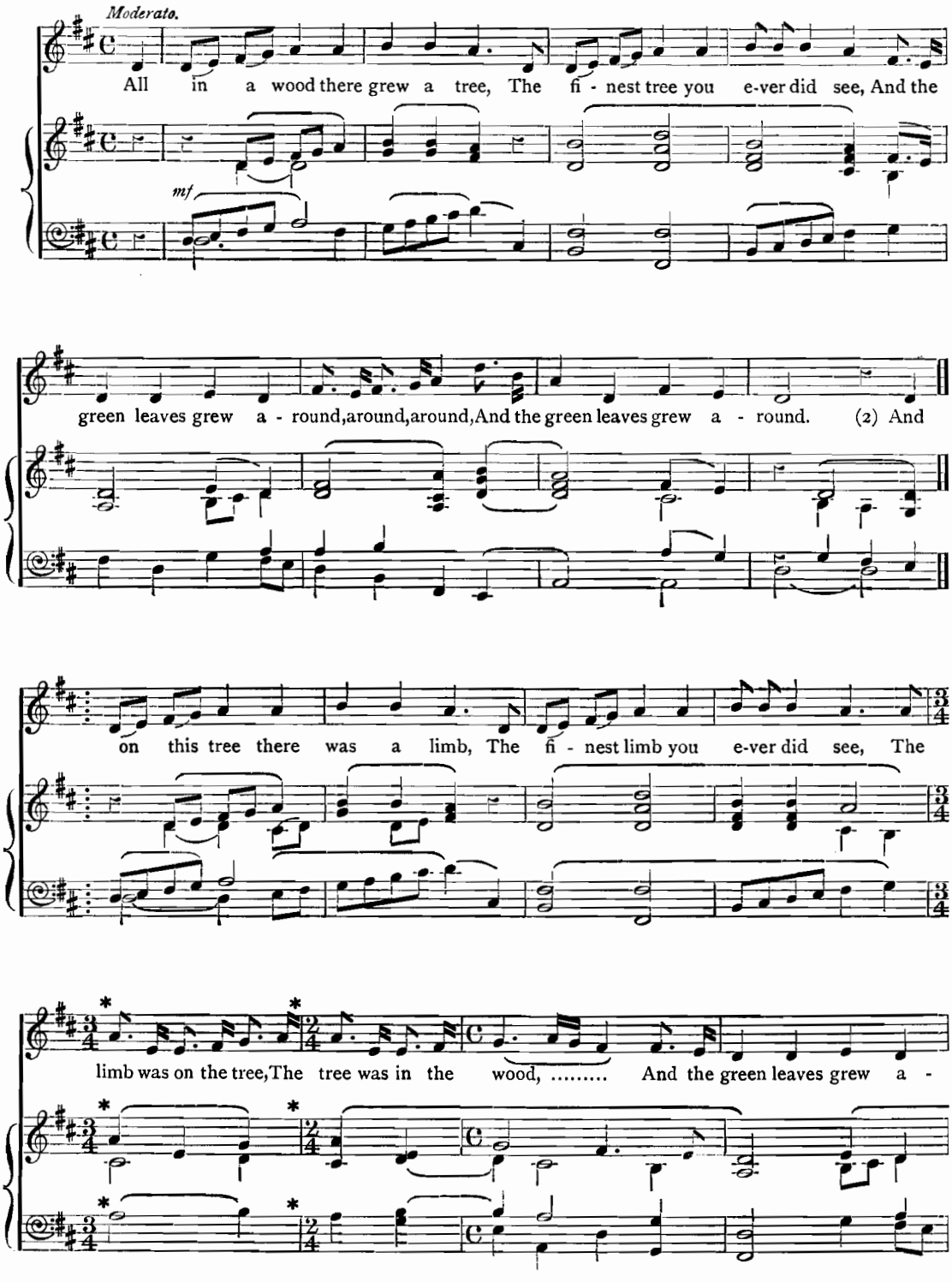
5. When she heard these words come from him,
On her bended knees she fell :
To be sure, I'll wed my sailor,
For I love him so well.

6. Do you think that I am foolish ?
Do you think that I am mad ?
That I'd wed with a poor country girl
Where no fortune's to be had ?

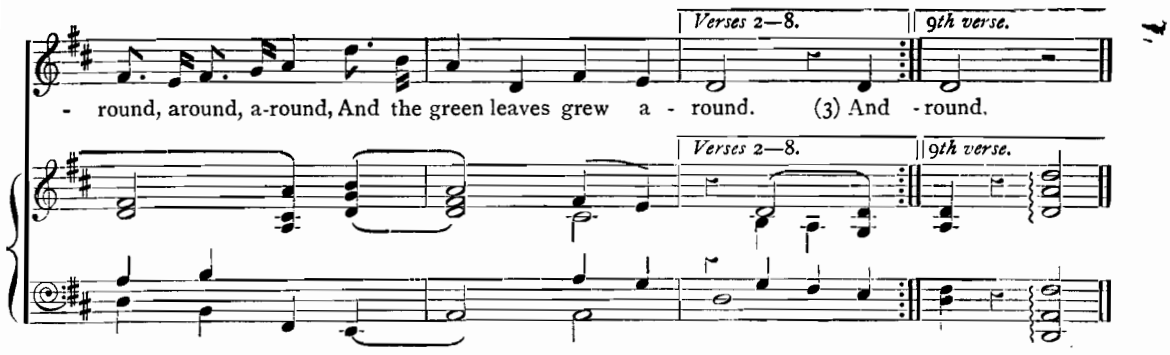
7. I will cross the briny ocean
Where the meadows they are green ;
Since you have had the offer, love,
Another shall have the ring.

8. For I'm young, love, and I'm frolicksome,
I'm good-tempered, kind and free :
And I don't care a straw, love,
What the world says of me.

XCIII. THE TREE IN THE WOOD.



* This bar is repeated twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, four times in the fifth verse, and so on.



THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

1. ALL in a wood there grew a tree,
The finest tree you ever did see,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

2. And on this tree there was a limb,
The finest limb you ever did see,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around,
around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

3. And on this limb there was a branch,
The finest branch you ever did see,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves, etc., etc.

4. And on this branch there was a nest,
The finest nest you ever did see,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb, etc., etc.

5. And in this nest there was an egg,
The finest egg you ever did see, etc., etc.

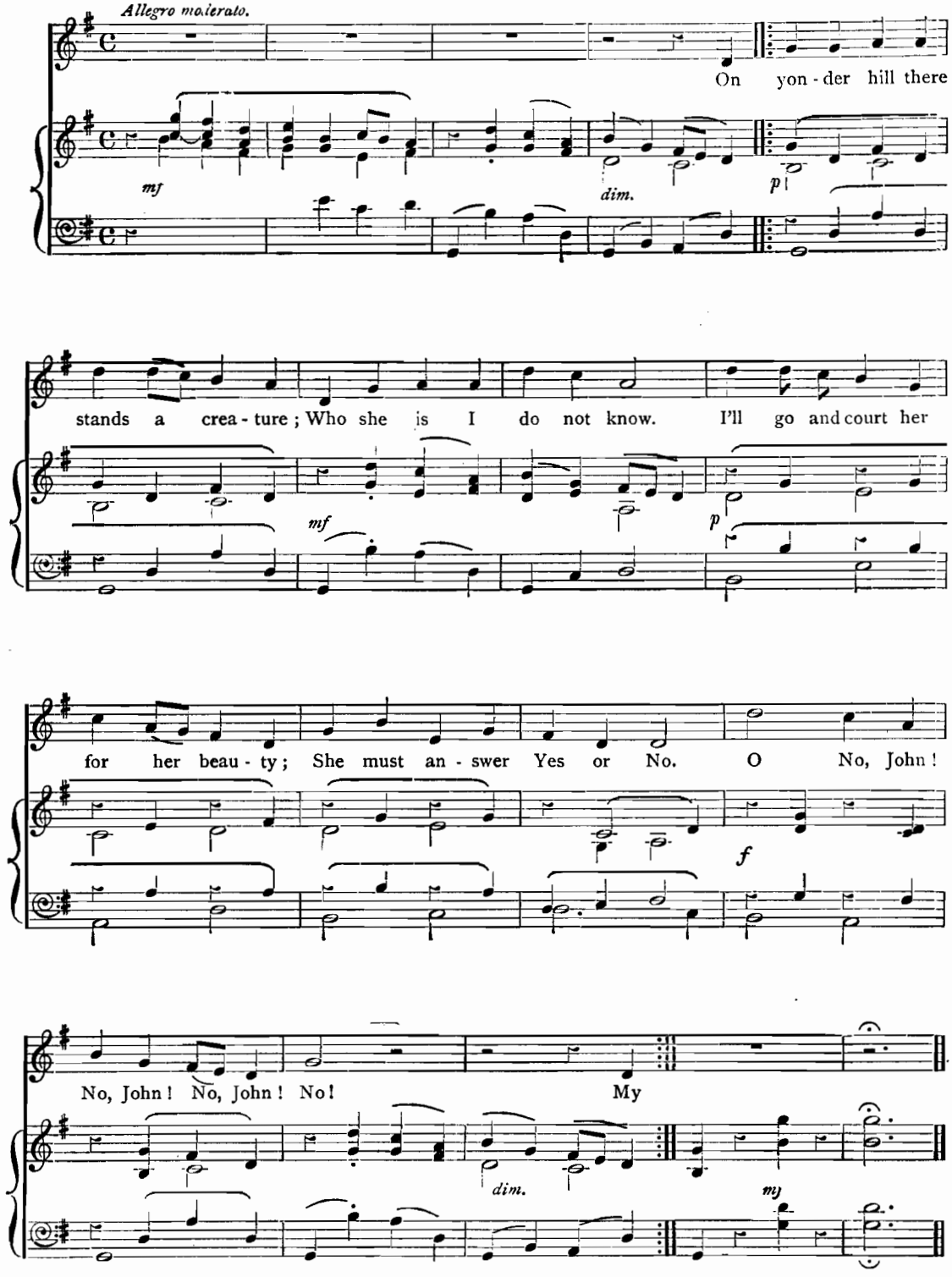
6. And in this egg there was a yolk,
The finest yolk etc., etc.

7. And in this yolk there was a bird,
The finest bird etc., etc.

8. And on this bird there was a wing,
The finest wing etc., etc.

9. And on this wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

XCIV. O NO, JOHN!



O NO, JOHN.

1 On yonder hill there stands a creature ;
Who she is I do not know.
I'll go and court her for her beauty ;
She must answer Yes or No.
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

2 My father was a Spanish Captain—
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me, then he left me—
Bid me always answer No.
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

3 O Madam in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover ?
Madam, answer Yes or No.
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

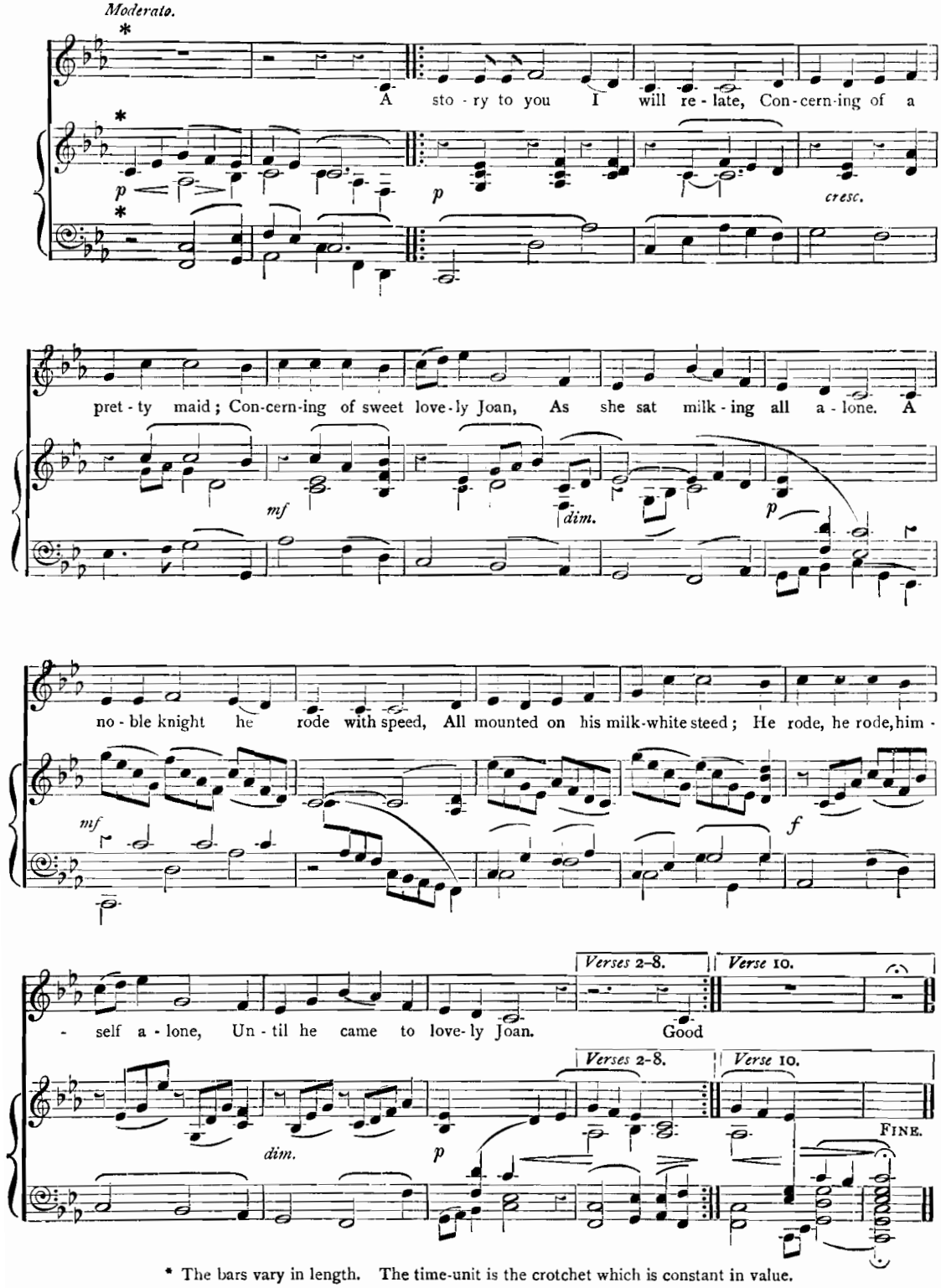
4 O Madam, I will give you jewels ;
I will make you rich and free ;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me ?
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

5 O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go ?
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

6 Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you ;
Would you have me change my mind ?
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

7 O hark ! I hear the church bells ringing :
Will you come and be my wife ?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life ?
O No John ! No John ! No John ! No !

XCV. SWEET LOVELY JOAN.



* The bars vary in length. The time-unit is the crotchet which is constant in value.

SWEET LOVELY JOAN.

1. A STORY to you I will relate,
Concerning of a pretty maid ;
Concerning of sweet lovely Joan,
As she sat milking all alone.

2. A noble knight he rode with speed,
All mounted on his milk-white steed ;
He rode, he rode, himself alone,
Until he came to lovely Joan.

3. Good morning to you, my pretty maid.
O twice good morning, sir, she said.
What ! are you milking all alone ?
O yes ! replied sweet lovely Joan.

4. Then out he pull-ed his purse of gold,
And said : Fair maid, do this behold !
All this I'll give, if me you'll wed.
Her cheeks they blushed like roses red.

5. O noble knight, I pray you forbear,
I cannot marry you, I swear ;
For on to-morrow I'm to wed
My own, my own true love instead.

6. 'Twas then he made her a solemn vow,
He'd wed her if she would or no ;
But this he said to frighten Joan,
As she sat milking all alone.

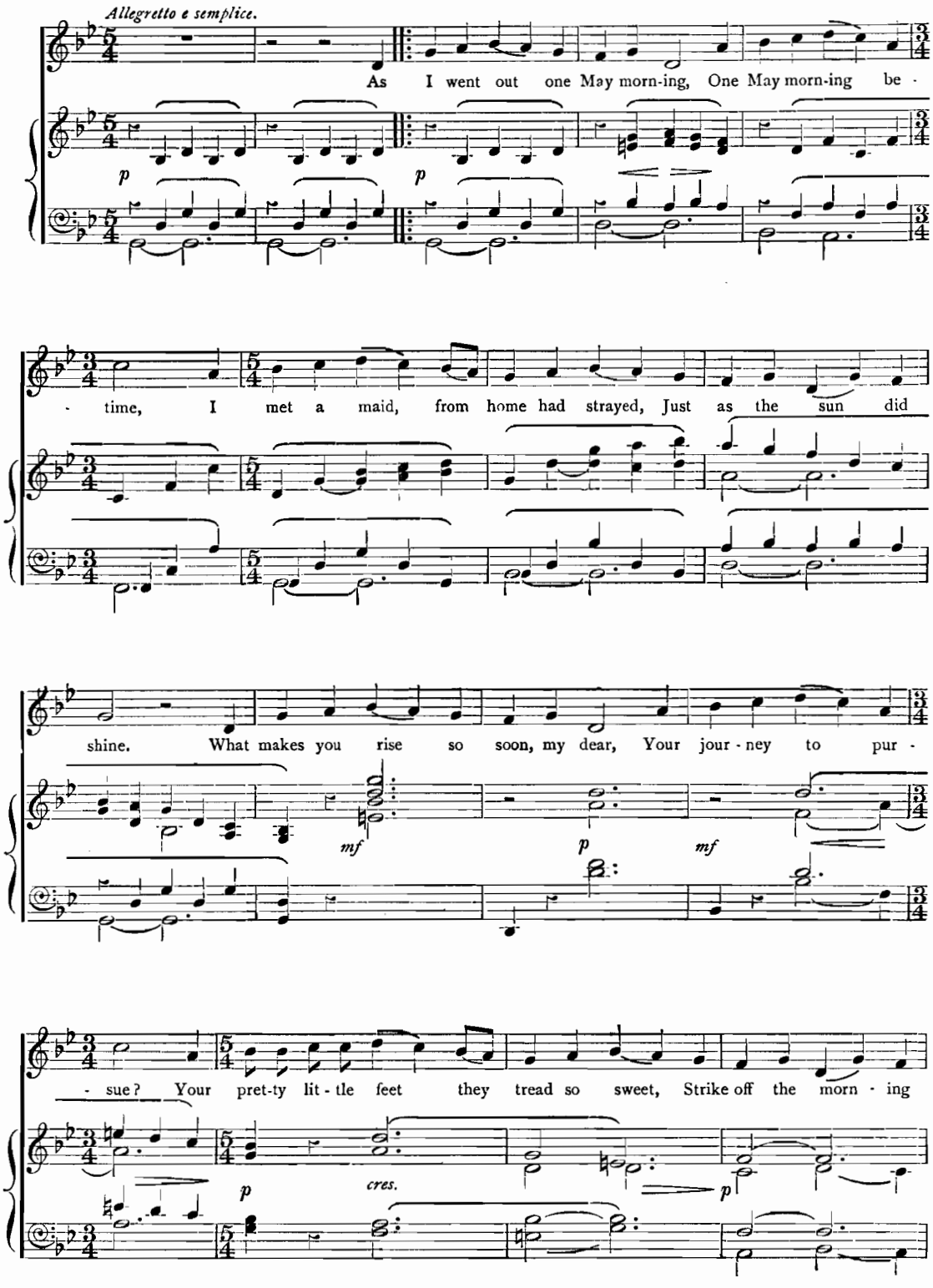
7. Give me the gold, sir, into my hand,
And I will be at your command ;
For that will be more good to me
Than twenty husbands, sir, said she.

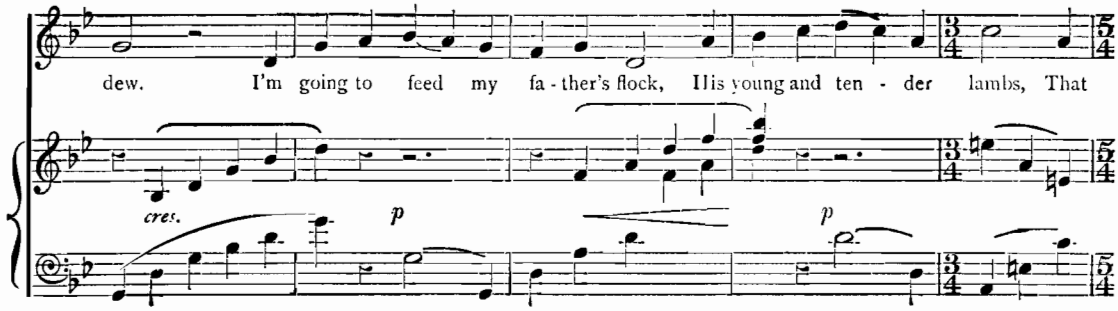
8. As he was looking across the mead,
She mounted on his milk-white steed.
He called, he called, 'twas all in vain ;
She never once looked back again.

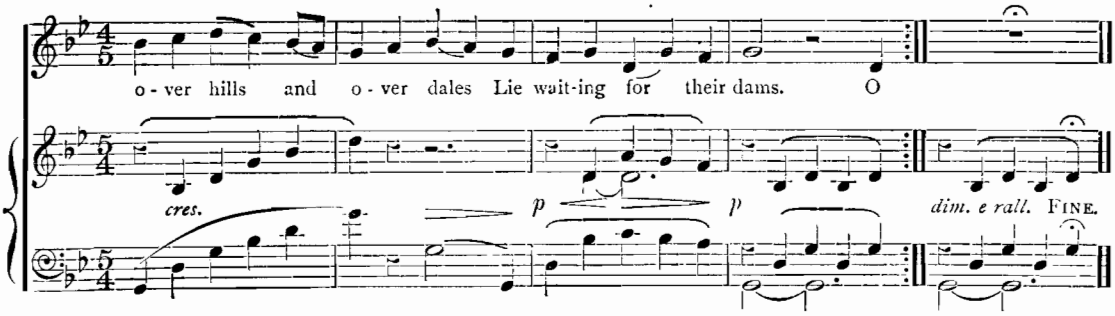
9. She did not feel that she was safe,
Until she reached her true-love's gate.
She'd robbed him of his steed and gold,
And left him an empty purse to hold.

10. It pleased her lover to the heart
To think how well she'd played her part :
To-morrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be the knight instead.

XCVI. SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.







SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.

1 As I went out one May morning,
One May morning betime,
I met a maid, from home had strayed,
Just as the sun did shine.

2 What makes you rise so soon, my dear,
Your journey to pursue ?
Your pretty little feet they tread so sweet,
Strike off the morning dew.

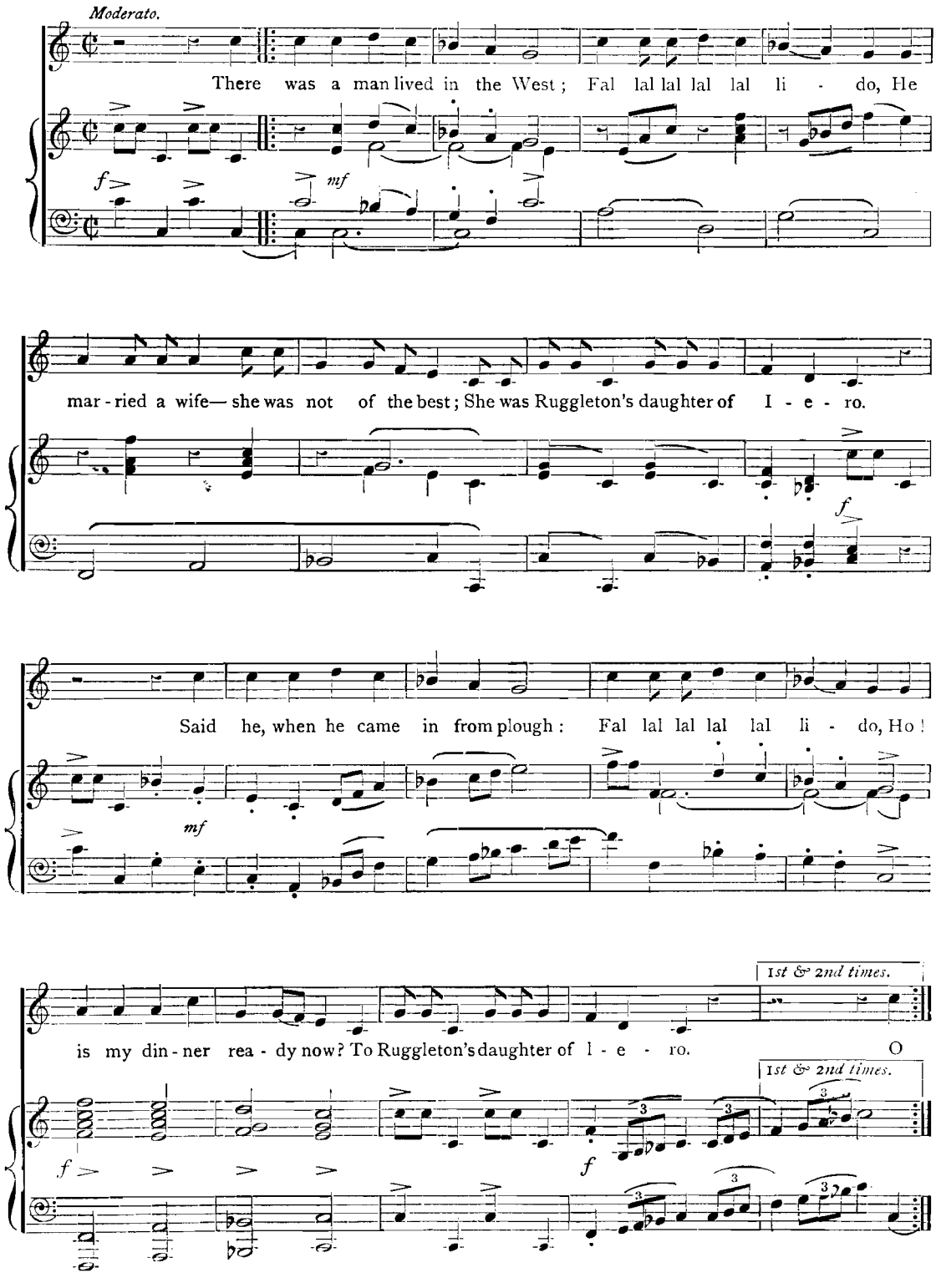
3 I'm going to feed my father's flock,
His young and tender lambs,
That over hills and over dales
Lie waiting for their dams.

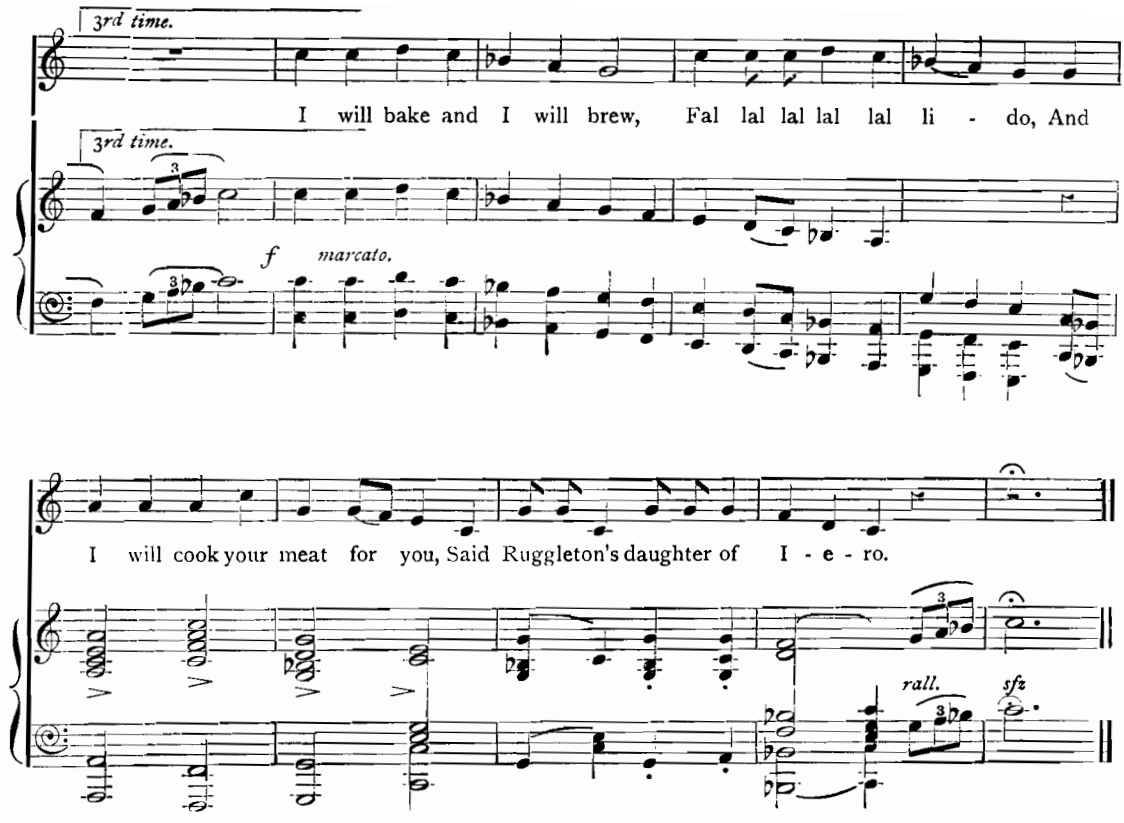
4 O stay ! O stay ! you handsome maid,
And rest a moment here,
For there is none but you alone,
That I do love so dear.

5 How gloriously the sun doth shine,
How pleasant is the air,
I'd rather rest on a true-love's breast
Than any other where.

6 For I am thine, and thou art mine ;
No man shall uncomfort thee ;
We'll join our hands in wedded bands
And a-married we will be.

XCVII. RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO.





RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO.

1 THERE was a man lived in the West ;
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
He married a wife—she was not of the best ;
She was Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

2 Said he, when he came in from plough :
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
Ho ! is my dinner ready now?
To Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

3 O if your dinner you must have,
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
Then get it yourself ; I am not your slave,
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

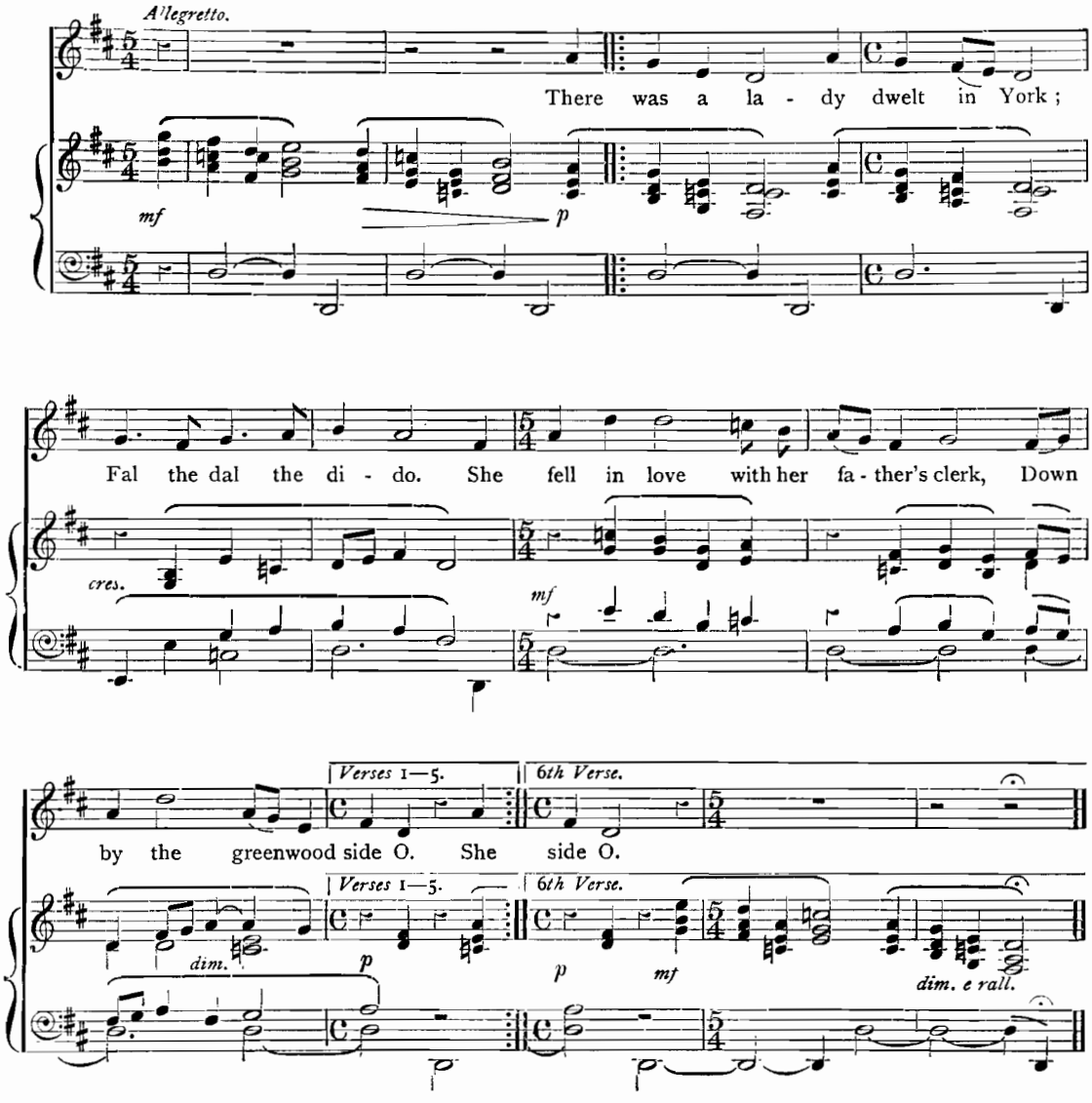
4 For I won't brew and I won't bake,
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
And I won't make my white hands black,
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

5 O you shall brew and you shall bake,
Fal lal lal lal lal lido, [black—
And you shall make your white hands
To Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

6 He took a stick down off the rack ;
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
And on the back went rickety rack
Of Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

7 I will bake and I will brew,
Fal lal lal lal lal lido,
And I will cook your meat for you,
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

XCVIII. THE CRUEL MOTHER.



THE CRUEL MOTHER.

1. THERE was a lady, dwelt in York ;
Fal the dal the di-do.
She fell in love with her father's clerk,
Down by the green wood side O.

2. She laid her head against a stone,
Fal the dal the di-do.
And there she made most bitter moan,
Down by the green wood side O.

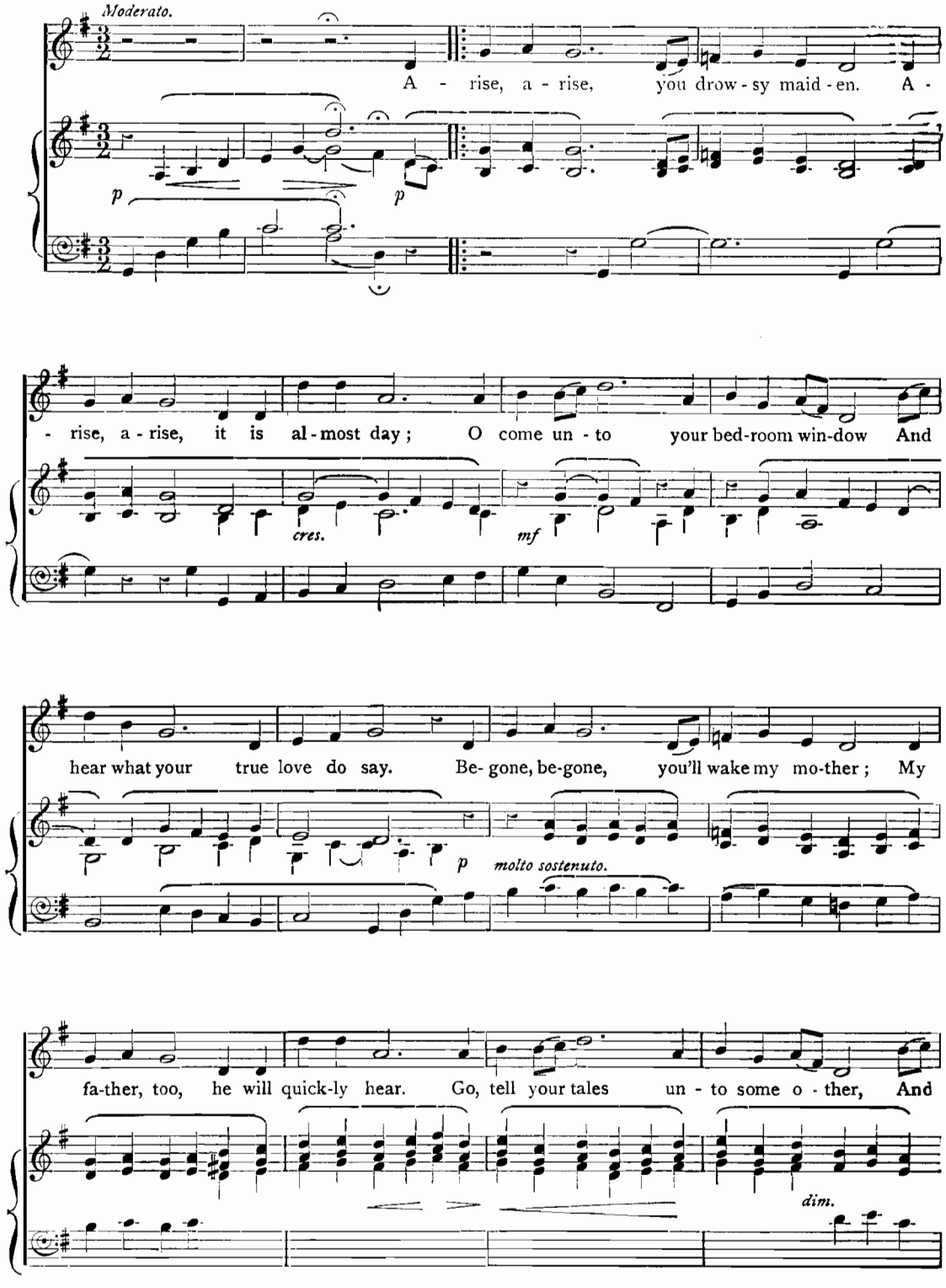
3. She took a knife, both long and sharp,
Fal the dal the di-do.
And stabbed her babes unto the heart,
Down by the green wood side O.

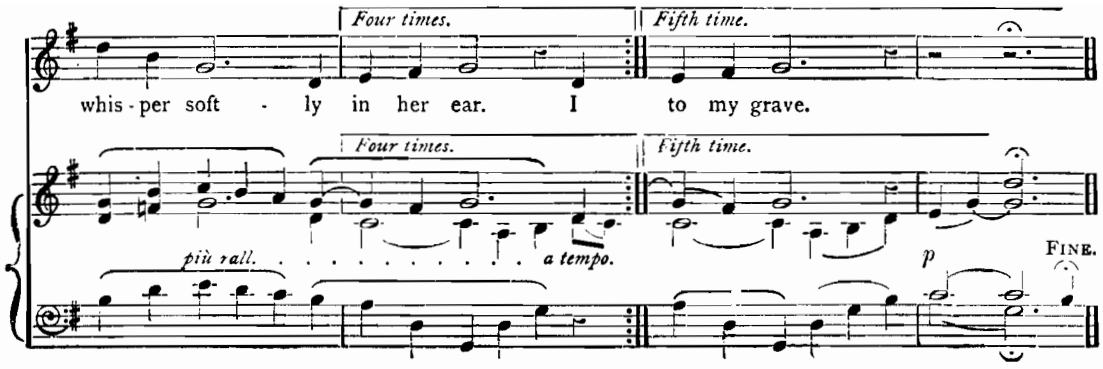
4. As she was walking home one day,
Fal the dal the di-do.
She met those babes all dressed in white,
Down by the green wood side O.

5. She said : Dear children, can you tell
Fal the dal the di-do.
Where I shall go ? To heav'n or hell ?
Down by the green wood side O.

6. O yes ! dear mother, we can tell ;
Fal the dal the di-do.
For it's we to heav'n, and you to hell.
Down by the green wood side O.

XCIX. ARISE! ARISE!





ARISE ! ARISE !

1 ARISE, arise, you drowsy maiden.
Arise, arise, it is almost day ;
O come unto your bedroom window
And hear what your true love do say.

2 Begone, begone, you'll wake my mother ;
My father, too, he will quickly hear.
Go, tell your tales unto some other,
And whisper softly in her ear.

3 I won't be gone ; I love no other ;
It's you alone that I love, my dear ;
And I, fair maid, I love you dearly :
The pains of love have brought me here.

4 Now, when he heard this couple talking,
The old man nimbly jumped out of bed,
And put his head out of the window—
Poor Johnny dear, he quickly fled.

5 Turn back, turn back, don't be called a rover ;
Turn back, turn back, and come tò my side.
O wait until his passion's over,
And I will surely be your bride.

6 Then in your bedroom I'll confine you,
And John to sea I will send away,
And you may write your love a letter,
And he may read it in Botany Bay.

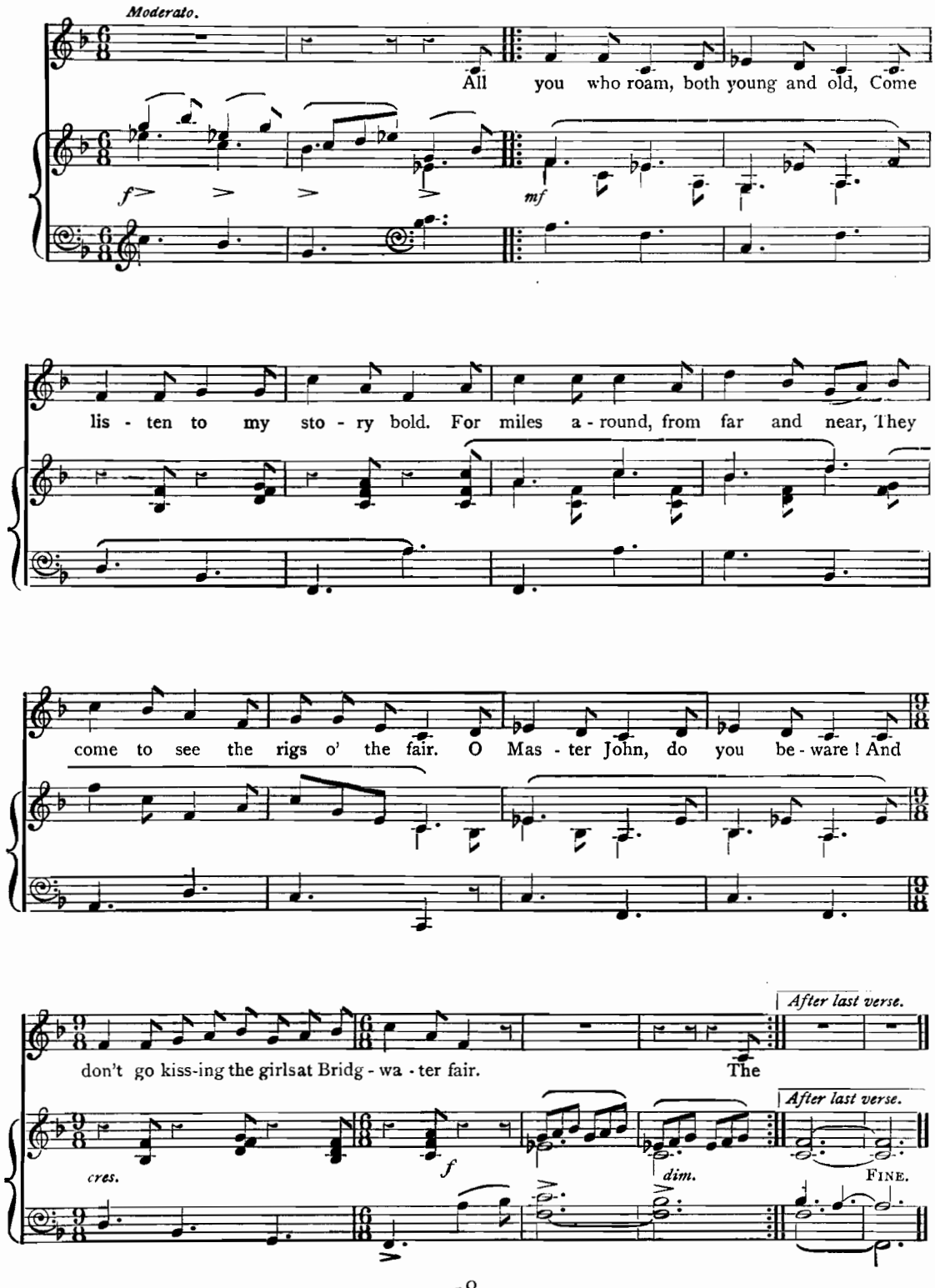
7 O father, then pay down my fortune—
It's fifty thousand bright pounds you know—
And I will cross the briny ocean,
Go where the stormy winds do blow.

8 O daughter, you may ease your own mind,
It's for your sweet sake that I say so,
If you do cross the briny ocean,
Without your fortune you must go.

9 O daughter, daughter, I'll confine you,
I will confine you all in your room,
And you shall live on bread and water,
Brought once a day, and that at noon.

10 I will not stay in my bed-chamber,
Your bread and water I will not have ;
If I can't wed my heart's desire,
Then single I'll go to my grave.

C. BRIDGWATER FAIR.



BRIDGWATER FAIR.

1. All you who roam, both young and old,
Come listen to my story bold.
For miles around, from far and near,
They come to see the rigs o' the fair.
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater fair.

2. The lads and lasses they come through
From Stowey, Stogursey and Cannington too.
That farmer from Fiddington, true as my life,
He's come to the fair to look for a wife.
O Master John, etc. etc.

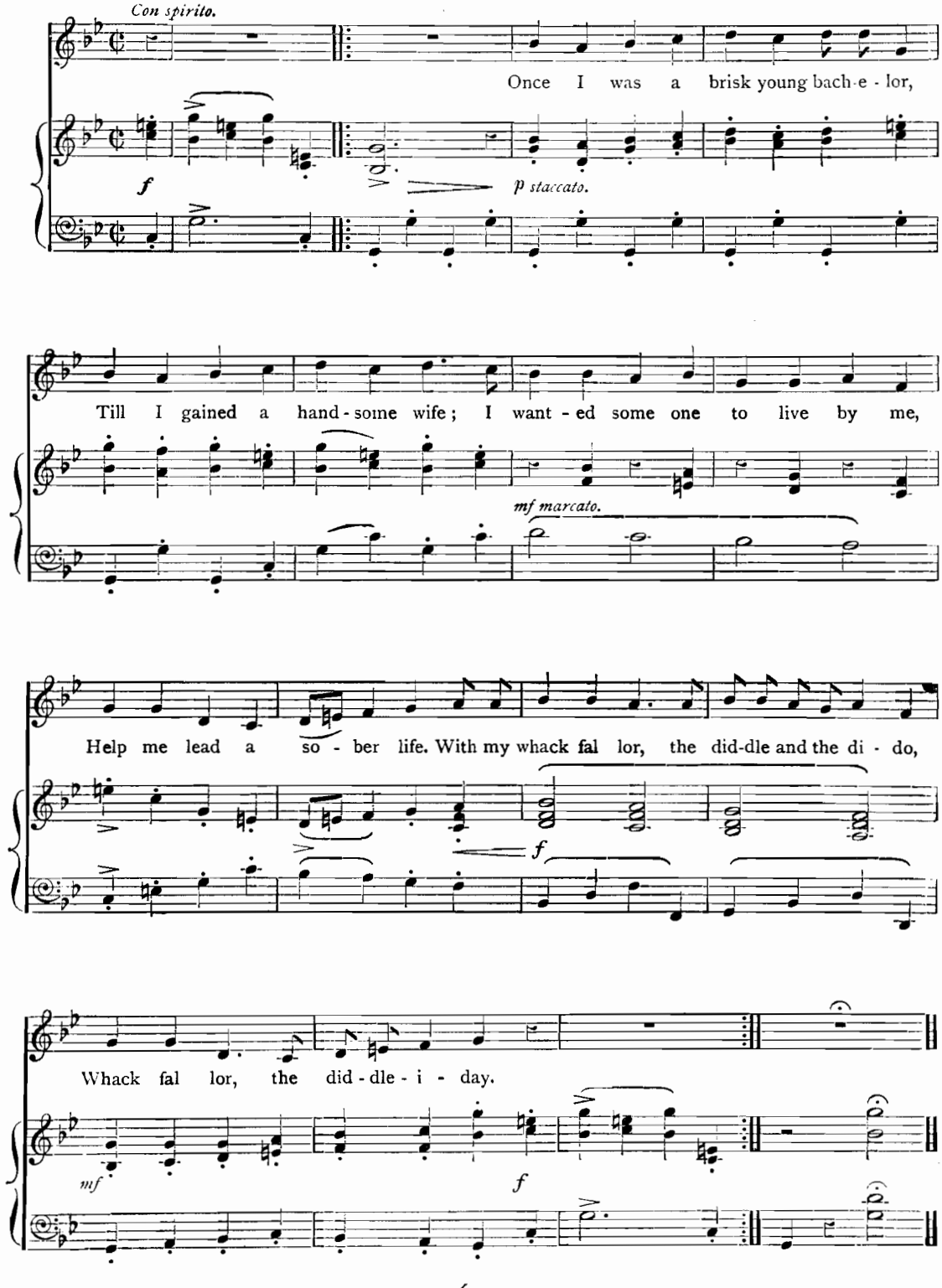
3. There's Tom and Jack, they look so gay,
With Sal and Kit they haste away
To shout and laugh and have a spree,
And dance and sing right merrily.
O Master John, etc., etc.

4. The jovial ploughboys all serene,
They dance the maidens on the green.
Says John to Mary: Don't you know
We won't go home till morning, O?
O Master John, etc. etc.

5. There's carrotty Kit, so jolly and fat,
With her girt flippety, floppety hat;
A hole in her stocking as big as a crown,
And the hoops of her skirt hanging down to the ground.
O Master John, etc., etc.

6. It's up with the fiddle and off with the dance,
The lads and lasses gaily prance;
And when it's time to go away
They swear to meet again next day.
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater fair.

CI. THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR.



THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR.

1 Once I was a brisk young bachelor,
Till I gained a handsome wife ;
I wanted some one to live by me,
Help me lead a sober life.
With my whack fal lor, the diddle and the dido,
Whack fal lor, the diddle-i-day.

2 First half year that I was married,
She'd not do a stroke of work,
But always grumbled, always scolded,
Made me savage as a Turk.
With my whack fal lor, etc.

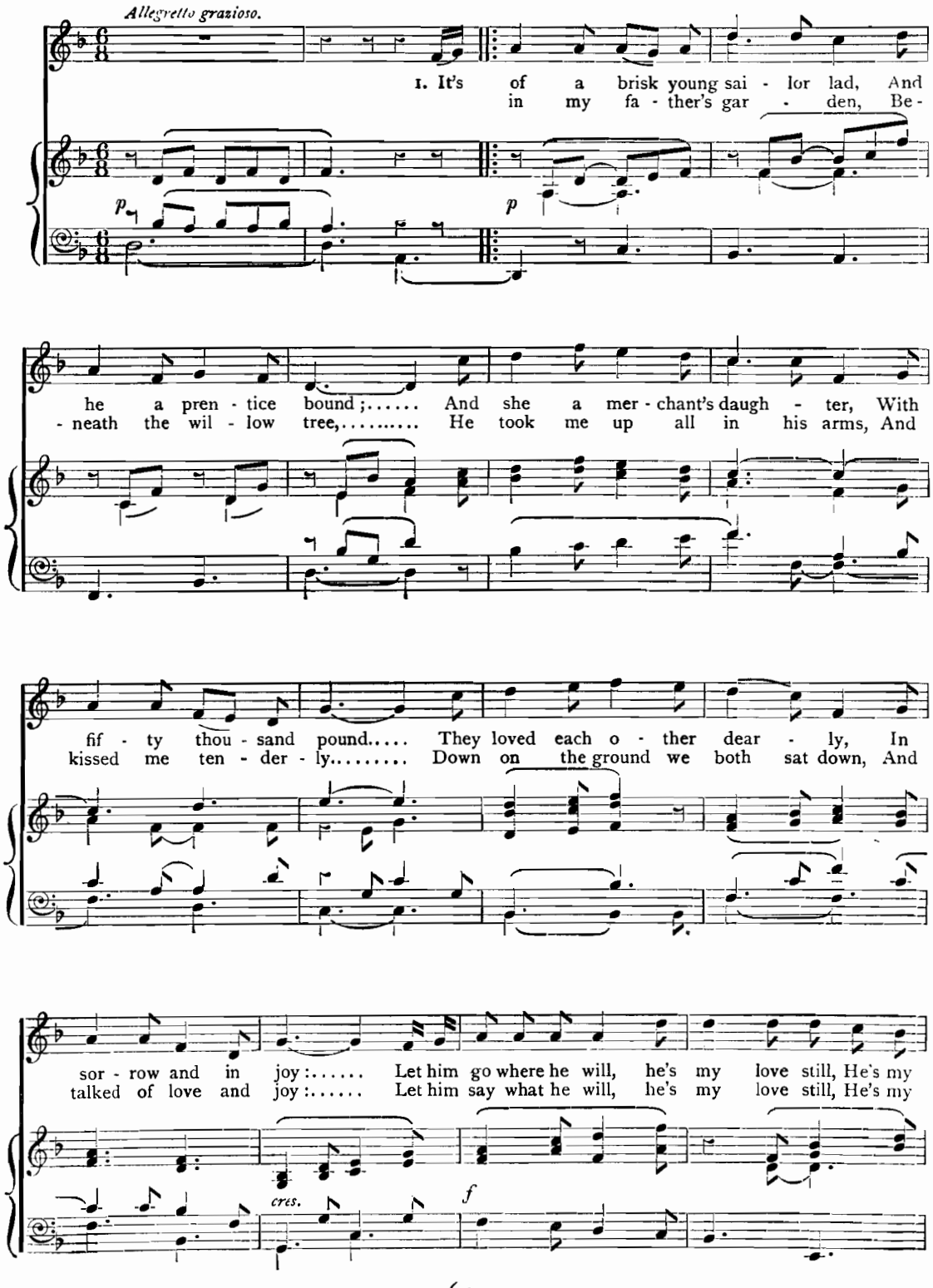
3 In the morning very early,
Before to work that I do go,
She makes me rise and light the fire ;
And the bellows I've to blow.
With my whack fal lor, etc.

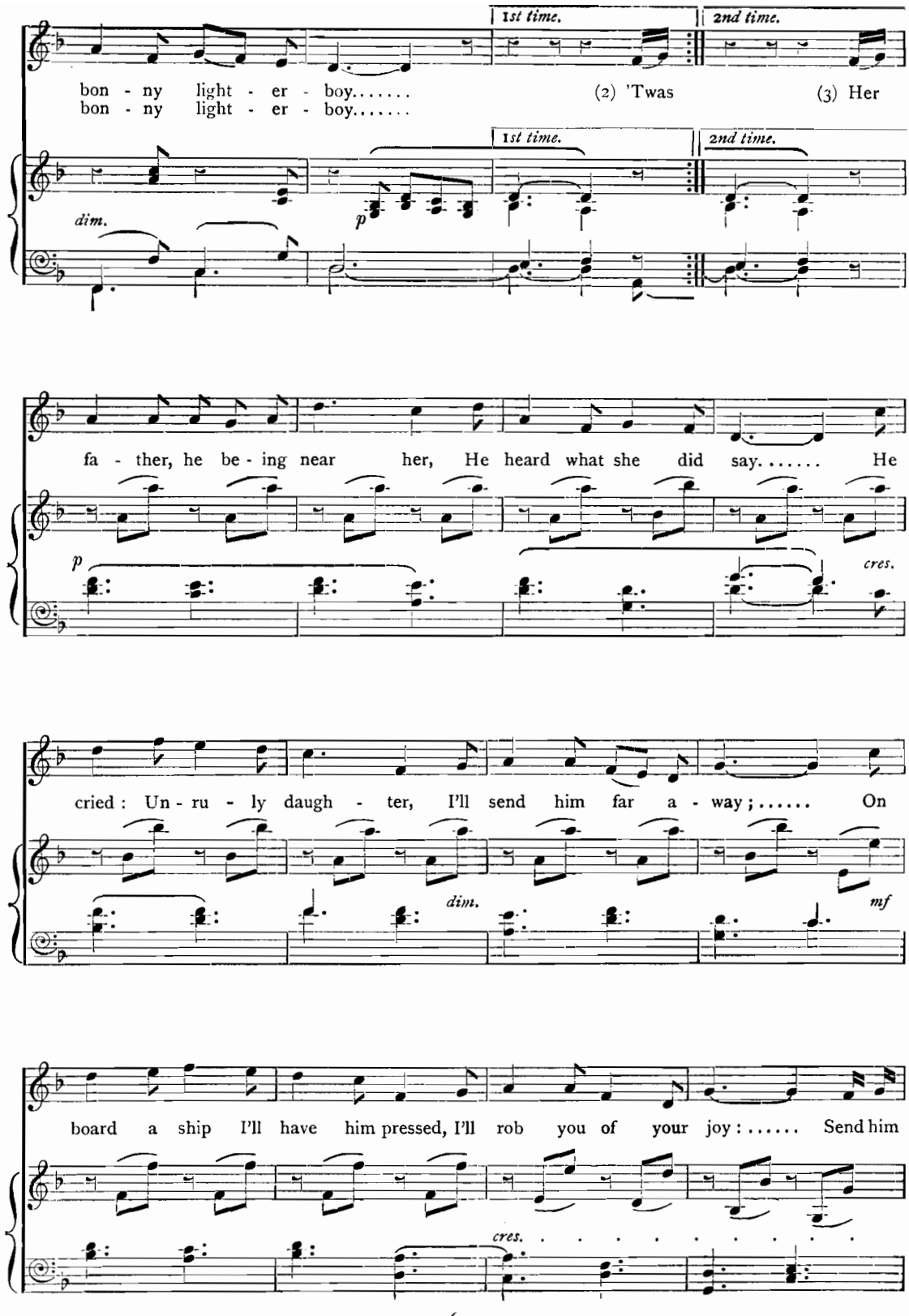
4 Home come I both wet and weary,
No dry clothes for to put on,
But right upstairs and down in the cellar
With the kettle I must run.
With my whack fal lor, etc.

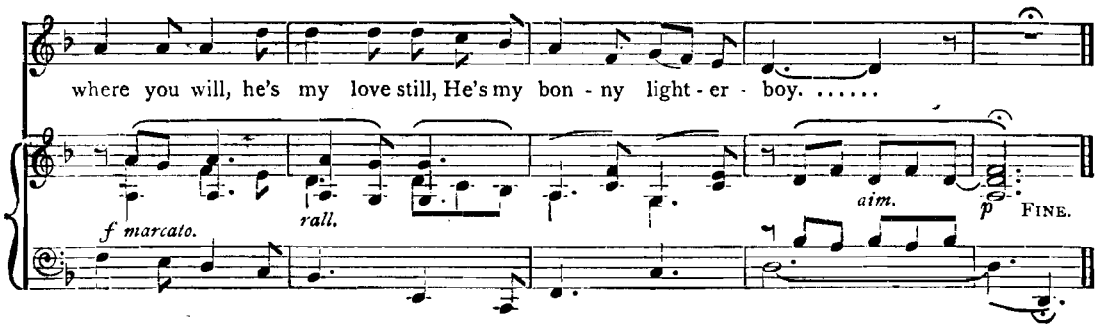
5 If I scarcely make an answer,
She will say : O come ! come ! come !
The women say they will have pleasure ;
Poor man's work is never a-done.
With my whack fal lor, etc.

6 Listen all you brisk young bachelors !
If that you would happy be,
When you want some one to live by you
Think of what has come to me.
With my whack fal lor, the diddle and the dido,
Whack fal lor, the diddle-i-day.

CII. THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.




1st time.
2nd time.
bon - ny light - er - boy.....
bon - ny light - er - boy.....
(2) 'Twas
(3) Her
dim.
p
fa - ther, he be - ing near her, He heard what she did say..... He
cres.
cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - ter, I'll send him far a - way;..... On
dim.
mf
board a ship I'll have him pressed, I'll rob you of your joy:..... Send him
cres.



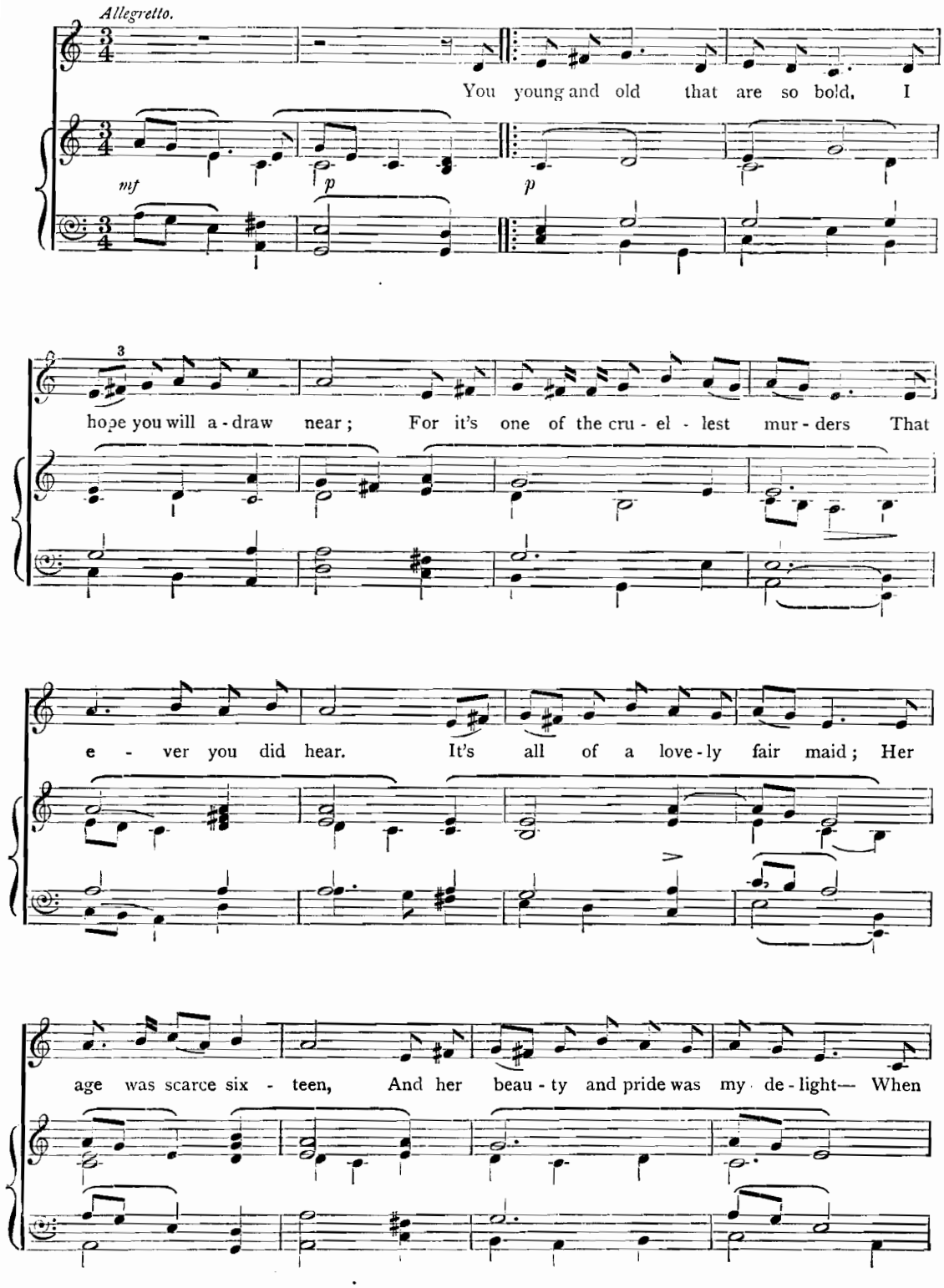
THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

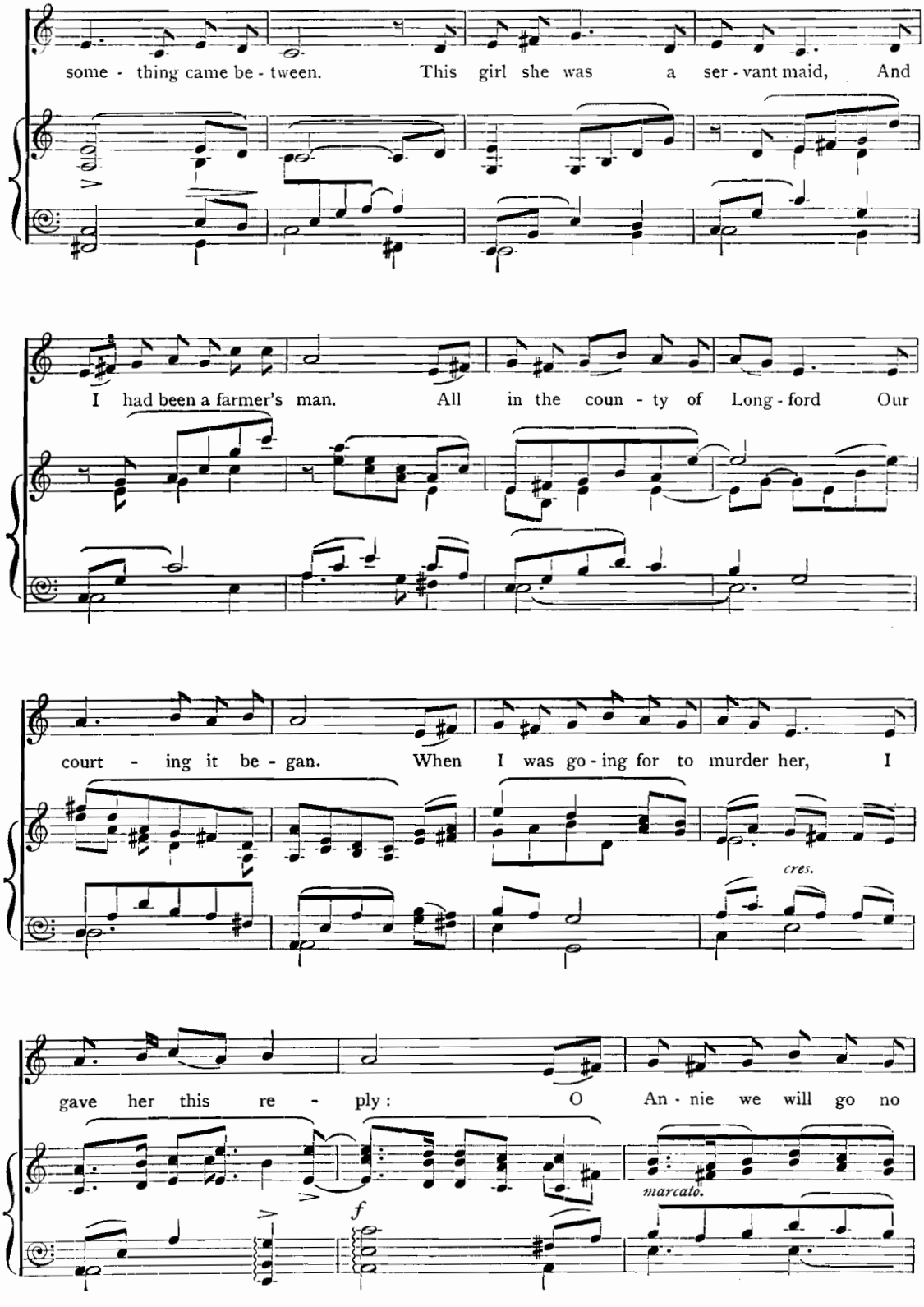
1 It's of a brisk young sailor lad,
And he a prentice bound ;
And she a merchant's daughter,
With fifty thousand pound.
They loved each other dearly,
In sorrow and in joy :
Let him go where he will, he's my love still,
He's my bonny lighter-boy.

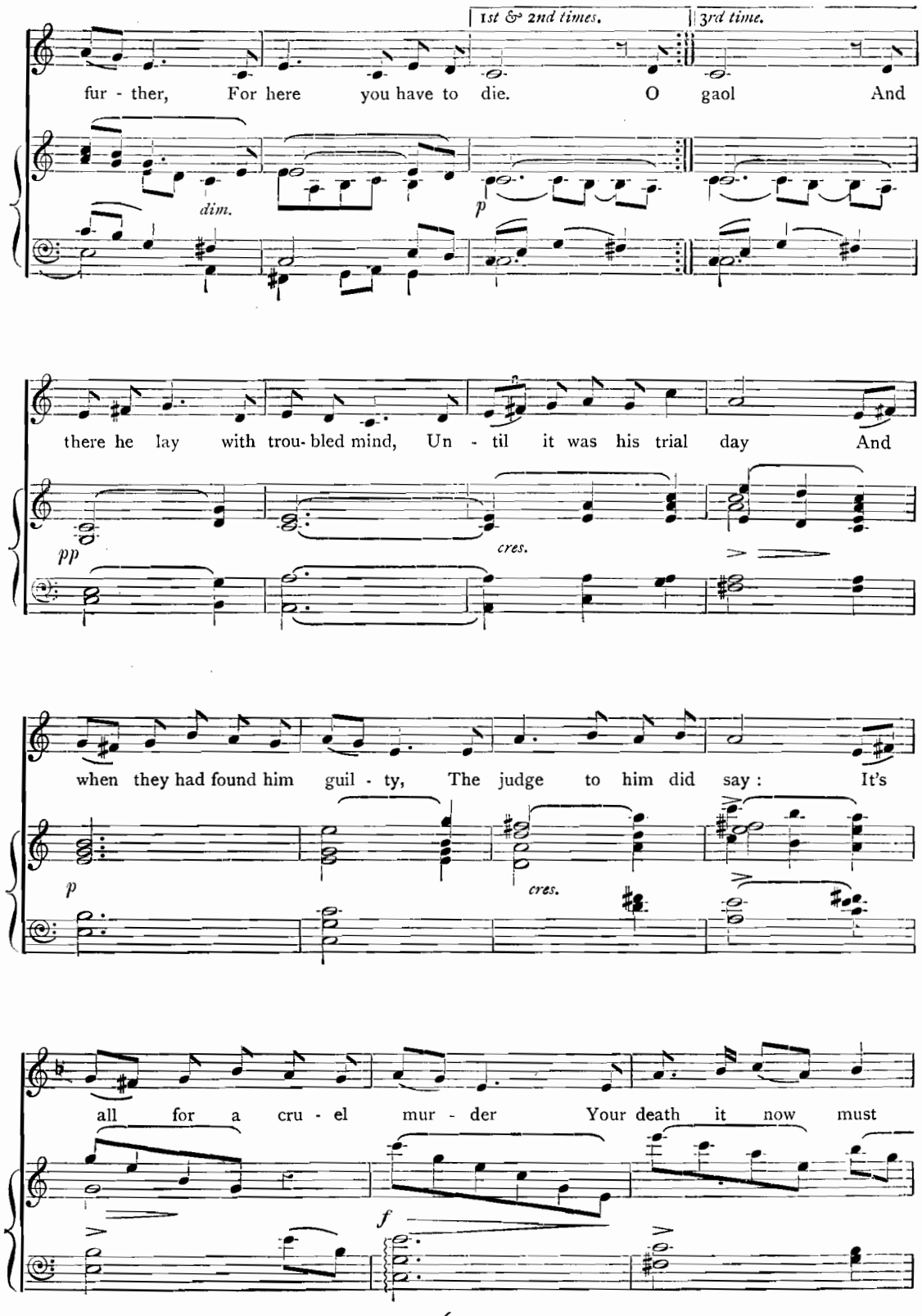
2 'Twas in my father's garden,
Beneath the willow tree,
He took me up all in his arms,
And kissed me tenderly.
Down on the ground we both sat down,
And talked of love and joy :
Let him say what he will, he's my love still,
He's my bonny lighter-boy.

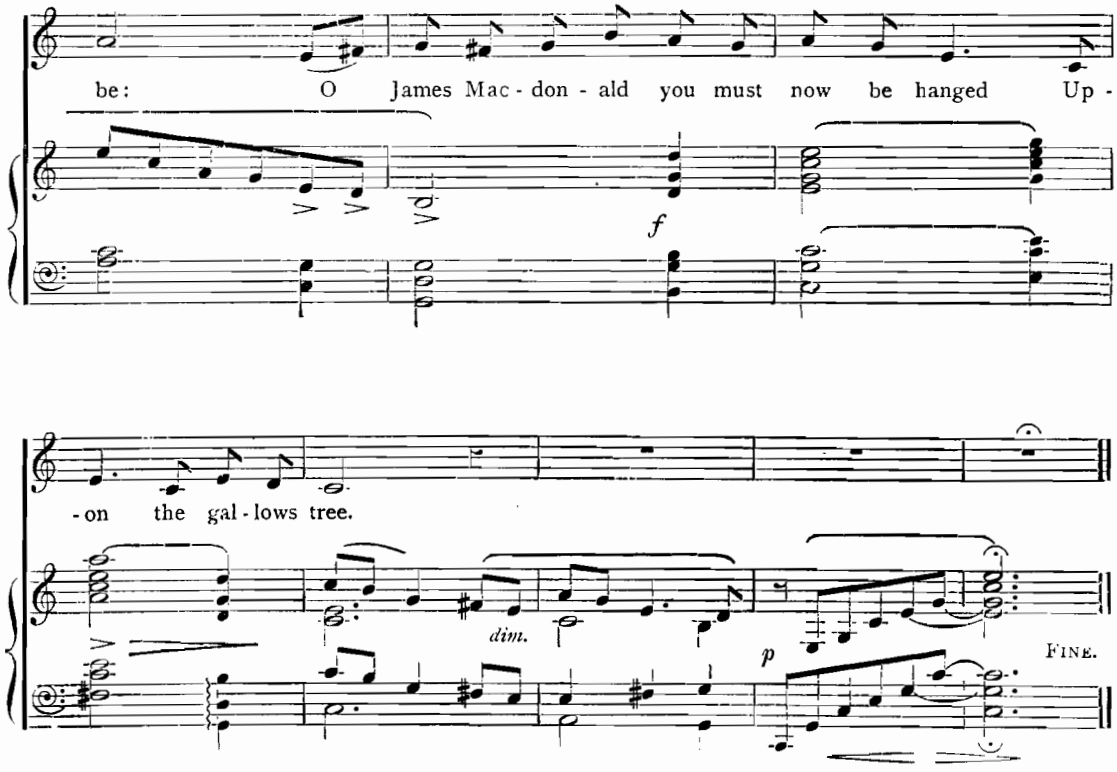
3 Her father, he being near her,
He heard what she did say.
He cried : Unruly daughter,
I'll send him far away ;
On board a ship I'll have him pressed,
I'll rob you of your joy :
Send him where you will, he's my love still,
He's my bonny lighter-boy.

CIII. JAMES MACDONALD.




some - thing came be - tween. This girl she was a ser - vant maid, And
I had been a farmer's man. All in the coun - ty of Long - ford Our
court - ing it be - gan. When I was go - ing for to murder her, I
cres.
gave her this re - ply: O An - nie we will go no
marcato.
f


1st & 2nd times.
3rd time.
fur - ther, For here you have to die. O gaol And
dim.
p
there he lay with trou- bled mind, Un - til it was his trial day And
pp
cres.
when they had found him guil - ty, The judge to him did say : It's
p
cres.
all for a cru - el mur - der Your death it now must
f



JAMES MACDONALD.

1. You young and old that are so bold,
I hope you will a-draw near ;
For it's one of the cruellest murders
That ever you did hear.
It's all of a lovely fair maid ;
Her age was scarce sixteen,
And her beauty and pride was my delight—
When something came between.

2. This girl she was a servant maid,
And I had been a farmer's man.
All in the county of Longford
Our courting it began.
When I was going for to murder her,
I gave her this reply :
O Annie we will go no further,
For here you have to die.

3. O James think of your infant dear
And do not give me fright
And don't give me a twain-murder
This dark and grisly night.
I pray to God all on my bended knees,
That if you spare my life,
I'll promise never more to trouble you,
Nor ask to be your wife.

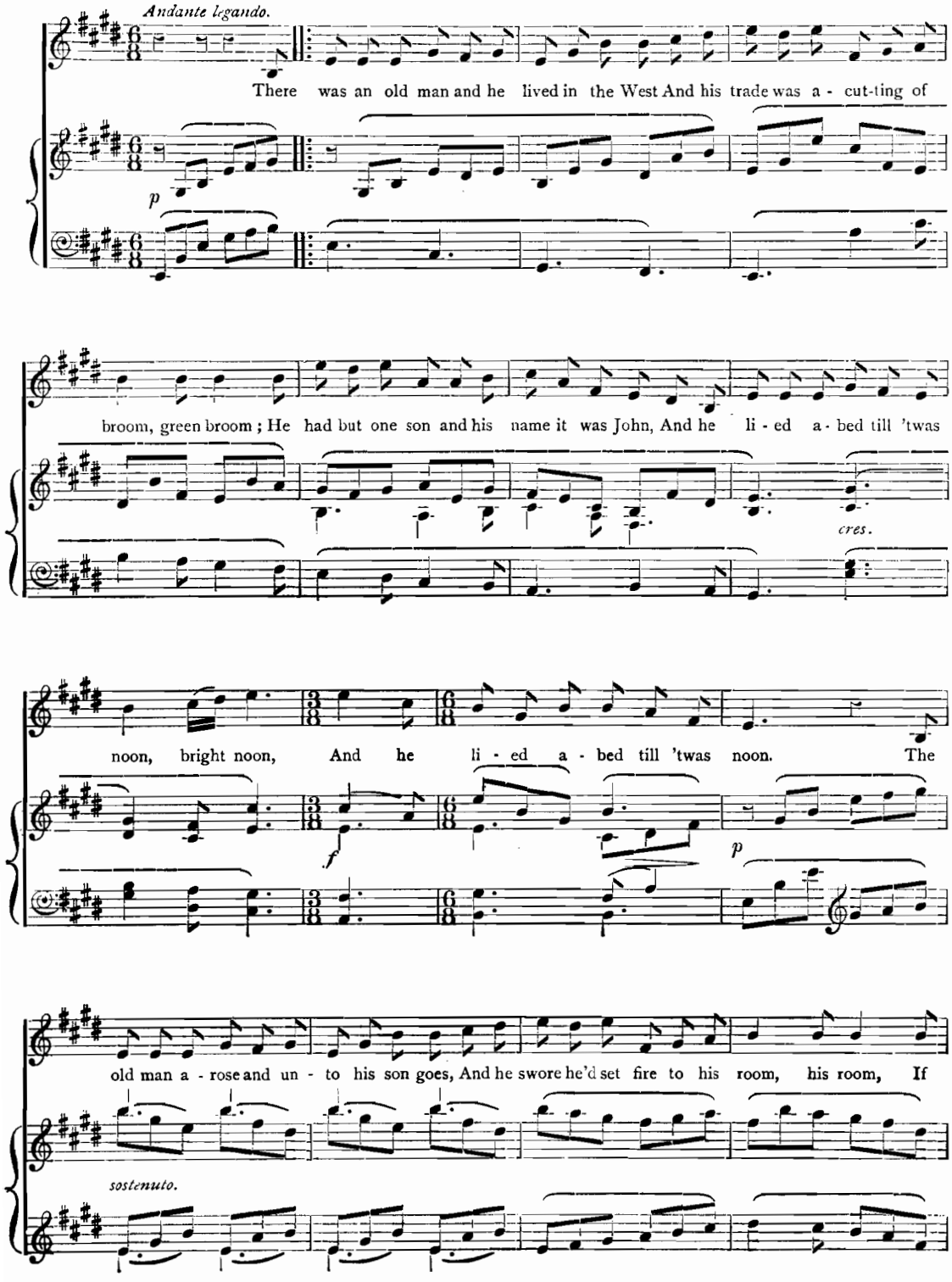
4. But what she said 'twas all in vain,
I swore I'd hear her no more,
And I struck her with a heavy loaded whip,
And left her in her gore.
And when I saw her dear body
A-lying on the ground,
I turned my back and quickly ran away
Where I should not be found.

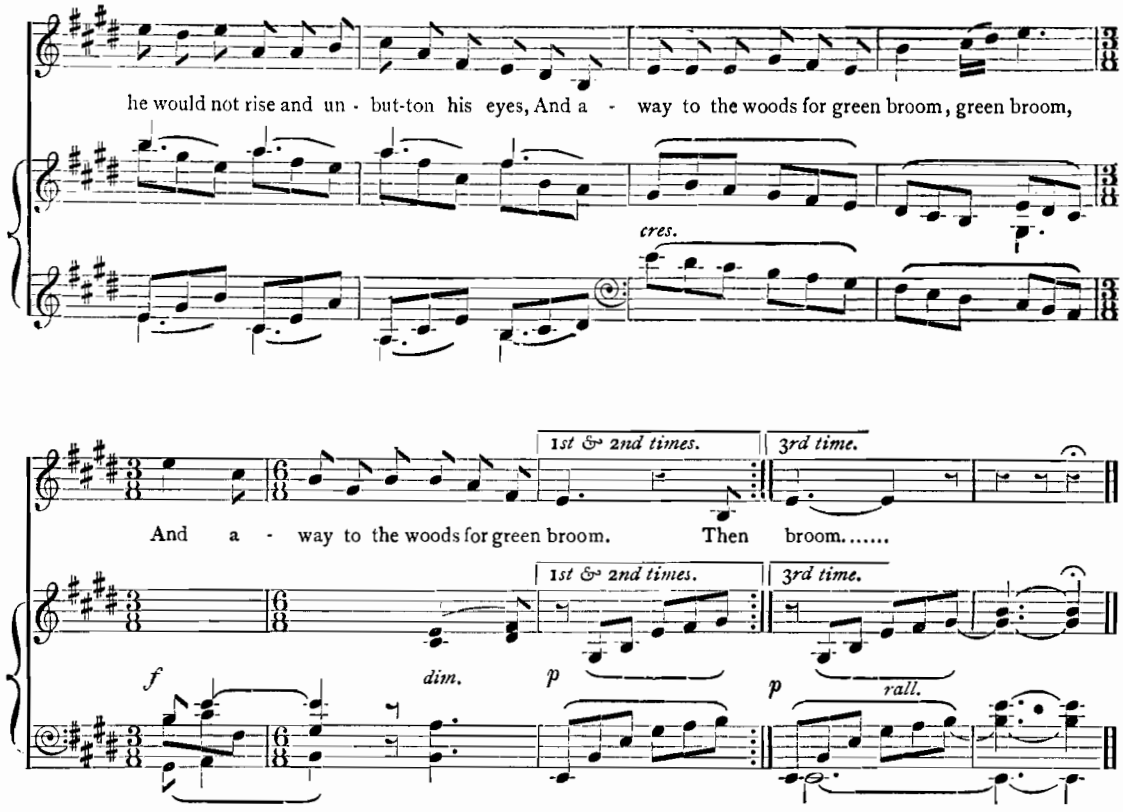
5. 'Twas on a Monday morning,
All by the break of day,
By chance there was a shepherd's daughter
A-passing by this way.
She saw the maid a-lying on the fern
And went to her relief,
And when she saw a twain-murder,
Her heart was filled with grief.

6. She cried aloud for help to come ;
The news it soon was carried round ;
And they searched the country far and near,
Till the murd'rer he was found.
Then quickly they at once surrounded him ;
He told to them his name ;
And they bound him fast and took him prisoner,
And locked him up in gaol.

7. And there he lay with troubled mind,
Until it was his trial day ;
And when they had found him guilty,
The judge to him did say :
It's all for a cruel murder
Your death it now must be ;
O James Macdonald you must now be hanged
Upon the gallows tree.

CIV. GREEN BROOM.





GREEN BROOM.

1. There was an old man and he lived in the West
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom;
He had but one son and his name it was John,
And he li-ed a-bed till 'twas noon, bright noon,
And he li-ed a-bed till 'twas noon.

2. The old man arose and untò his son goes,
And he swore he'd set fire to his room, his room,
If he would not rise and unbutton his eyes,
And away to the woods for green broom, green broom,
And away to the woods for green broom.

3. Then Jack he did rise and did sharpen his knives,
And he went to the woods cutting broom, green broom,
To market and fair, crying everywhere:
O fair maids, do you want any broom, green broom?
O fair maids, do you want any broom?

4. A lady sat up in her window so high,
And she heard Johnny crying green broom, green broom ;
She rung for her maid and untò her she said :
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom,
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom.

5. Then John he came back, and upstairs he did go,
And he entered that fair lady's room, her room.
Dear Johnny, said she, O can yòu fancy me,
Will you marry a lady in bloom, in bloom ?
Will you marry a lady in bloom ?

6. Then John gave consent, and untò the church went,
And he married this lady in bloom, in bloom.
Said she : I protest there is none in the West
Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom,
Is so good as the lad who sells broom.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

BY

THE MUSICAL EDITOR

No. 80. THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

Words and air from Mr. George Wyatt, of West Harptree.

I HAVE taken down this song five times in Somerset. The air is always in the hornpipe measure and usually in the mixolydian mode. There is, however, a major version of the tune in *Songs of the West* (No. 87). The words on the older broad-sides were always about "The Rambling Soldier," but on more modern ballad-sheets the sailor is given the preference. Two or three singers have given me a mixture of both versions.

Mr. Wyatt could only remember two verses. The third verse is from a broadside by Such.

No. 81. DEATH AND THE LADY.

Words and air from Mrs. R. Sage, of Chew Stoke.

This is the only version of this ancient ballad that I have as yet recovered in Somerset. Mr. S. Baring-Gould prints a version of the same or very similar words, with a very beautiful but entirely different tune, in *Songs of the West*, No. 99.

Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time* pp. 164-168, deals with the ballad at considerable length. He points out that it "is one of a series of popular ballads which had their rise from the celebrated *Dance of Death*", and he quotes a very long "Dialogue betwixt an Exciseman and Death" from a copy in the Bagford Collection, dated 1659 (also given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*). There is a tune in Henry Carey's "Musical Century," I, 53, set to one of the recitatives in "A New Year's Ode." This is headed "The melody stolen from an old ballad called Death and the Lady." It is this tune which Chappell prints to the words of "Death and the Lady," from *A Guide to Heaven* (1736). Miss Lucy Broadwood collected the first verse of this ballad from a Sussex singer, who sang it, however, to another tune (see *Folk-Song Journal*, I, 169). The same words are on a broadside by Evans which I am fortunate enough to possess. It is ornamented with a curious old woodcut of a skeleton holding a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other.

The Somerset and Devonshire words have nothing whatever to do with this broadside set, or with any of the versions cited or quoted by Chappell. I presume that they are on a broadside, although I have never come across them.

Mrs. Sage sang the words almost exactly as they are given in the text. Her tune is a very curious and irregular one. There is a certain solemnity about it which seems to me to reflect the sentiment of the words with great fidelity.

No. 82. THE BEGGAR.

Words and air from Mr. Robert Parish, of Exford.

The words of the refrain of this song are very nearly identical with the chorus of "I cannot eat but little meat," the well-known drinking-song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. This play was printed in 1575 and, until the discovery of *Royster Doyster*, was considered to be the earliest English comedy. Its author was John Still, afterwards, *i.e.* 1592, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The song, however, was not written by him, for Chappell points out that "the Rev. Alex. Dyce has given a copy of double length from a manuscript in his possession and certainly of an earlier date than the play." Chappell furthermore calls attention to the custom of singing old songs or playing old tunes at the commencement and at the end of the acts of early dramas. "I cannot eat" has been called "the first drinking-song of any merit in our language."

The words of this Exmoor song, excluding the chorus, are quite different from the version in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. It appears that under the title of "The Beggar and the Queen," they were published in the form of a song not more than a century ago (see *A Collection of English Ballads from beginning of Eighteenth Century*, Vol. VII, Brit. Mus.). The tune is clearly the invention of a contemporary composer and is quite different from Mr. Parish's air. There is no evidence to show whether or not the words were the production of a contemporary writer. They may, therefore, have been traditional verses which happened to attract the attention of some musician. There is a certain air of reckless abandonment about them which seems to suggest a folk-origin, and they are, at any rate, far less obviously the work of a literary man than are the verses—apart from the refrain—of "I cannot eat."

In *The Songster's Museum* (Gosport) there is a parody of the above song (chorus omitted), which, in the *Bagford Ballads* (Vol. I, 214), are attributed to Tom Dibdin.

A tune to "I cannot eat" is given in Ritson and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (p. 72), and is a version of "John Dory." Mr. Parish's tune has no relation whatever to that well-known air, nor to any other tune that I know of. In my opinion, it may well be a genuine folk-air.

Mr. Parish sang me two verses only, the second and third in the text. The other two are from a version which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devon and which he has courteously allowed me to use. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has recovered similar words in Dorset, but, like Mr. Baring-Gould, he found them mated to quite a modern and "composed" air.

Some singers may object to the word "belly" in the chorus. The song, or at any rate its refrain, is a classic, so that, even if I had wished to do so, I could not alter it. Fastidious singers may, if they choose, substitute the word "body," but I confess that I do not see why they should. The word "belly" is a good old-fashioned word, used frequently in the Bible and elsewhere, and there is really nothing to be said against it.

No. 83. THE CRUEL SHIP'S CARPENTER.

Words and air from Mr. William Tucker, of Ashcott.

This is a very popular ballad among Somerset singers. I have taken down eight different versions of it. It is usually sung to some simple ballad-air of the "Villikins and his Dinah" type (see *Folk-Song Journal* I, 172). Mr. Tucker's tune is far more elaborate. I have never heard it sung by anyone else.

The words of my Somerset versions vary very little, although some of them are more complete than others. The words given in the text are almost exactly as Mr. Tucker sang them, and as they are printed on broadsides by Jackson and Pitts. In "A Century of Ballads," Mr. Ashton quotes a seventeenth century broadside version of what is substantially the same story, entitled "The Gosport Tragedy, or the Perjured Ship's Carpenter." "The Unhappy Lovers' Tragedy," a Ballad-sheet by Evans, is another variant of the same theme; and in "William Guiseman" (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* p. 156) we have a Scottish version of a similar story.

"The Cruel Ship's Carpenter" is one of the few supernatural folk-ballads that are still popular with country singers. It has affinities with "The Banks of Green Willow" given in the First Series of this Collection.

No. 84. THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Words and air from Mr. Joseph Laver, of Bridgwater.

Child, speaking of this ballad (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 4) remarks: "Of all the ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland."

The ballad is widely known throughout Somerset, where I have taken it down no less than twenty-three times. Although very few singers could "go through" the whole of the ballad, I have recovered two or three very complete sets of words. Mr. Laver sang me ten, and Mr. Vincent of Priddy sixteen stanzas. The words in the text have been compiled from these two copies, with the exception of two verses, Nos. seven and eight, which I obtained from Mrs. Parish of Exford.

The Somerset versions of this ballad are all very similar, except for the two verses just mentioned which I have only heard at Exford. Mr. Vincent, however, used the word "croppèd" instead of the more usual "droppèd" in the ninth verse, and this may have been a reminiscence of the "nettles" theme. None of the printed copies contain these verses except one in the Roxburgh Collection, in which the following lines occur:—

> Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle,
> That grows so near the brim;
> For fear it should tangle my golden locks,
> Or freckle my milk-white skin.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has collected a similar verse in Devonshire.

As "May Colvin," the ballad appears in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (I, 153), in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (p. 67, tune 24), and in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, (II, 45). Buchan also gives a second version of the ballad entitled "The Gowans sae gay," (I, 22). In the latter the hero appears as an elf-knight, and the catastrophe is brought about by the heroine, Lady Isabel, persuading her false

lover to sit down with his head on her knee, when she lulls him to sleep with a charm and stabs him with his own dagger. None of the English versions introduce any supernatural element into the story. They all, however, contain the "parrot" verses.

The expression "outlandish" is generally taken to mean an inhabitant of the debatable territory between the borders of England and Scotland. In Somerset, however, "outlandish" simply means "foreign," *i.e.*, Cornish (see "The Cornish Young Man," No. 36).

One Somerset singer gave me the first verse as follows :—

There was a knight, a baron-knight,
A knight of high degree ;
This knight he came from the North land,
He came a-courting me.

Child points out that the ballad has some affinity with "Bluebeard," and, possibly, also with the story of "Judith and Holofernes" in the Apocrypha.

Mr. Frank Kidson prints two different tunes to this ballad in his *Traditional Tunes* (pp. 26 and 172) ; there is another, collected by Mr. Heywood Sumner, in *English County Songs* (p. 164) ; and a Border version in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 48).

The tune is nearly always in six-eight time, and is usually modal. The second air given in *Traditional Tunes*, however, and the variant, collected by Mr. S. Baring-Gould in Devon, and published in *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, are both in common measure.

Mr. Laver varied his tune, which is in the dorian mode, in almost every verse.

No. 85. THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

Words and air from Mr. Joseph Laver, of Bridgwater.

A version of this song, which Mr. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devonshire, is published in *English Folk-Songs for Schools*. I have never heard the song in Somerset except from Mr. Laver, whose tune has nothing in common with the Devon air.

The ballad has some connection with an old broadside which Mr. Ashton prints in his *Real Sailor-Songs*. It is headed "The Sailor's onely Delight, shewing the brave fight between the George-Aloe, the Sweepstake, and certain Frenchmen at sea," and consists of 23 stanzas, the first of which runs :—

The George-Aloe, and the Sweepstake, too,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
O, they were Merchant men, and bound for Safee
and alongst the Coast of Barbary.

Mr. Ashton thinks that the "ballad was probably written in the latter part of the sixteenth century," and he points out that it is quoted in a play "The two Noble Kinsmen," written by "the Memorable Worthies, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare."

To the six verses which Mr. Laver sang to me I have added three others ; two from the Devon version (with Mr. S. Baring-Gould's kind permission), and one—the last one in the text—from the broadside above-mentioned.

The third phrase of the tune, which is in the æolian mode, is not unlike the corresponding phrase of "Johnny comes marching home again." Compare also "Whistle Daughter, Whistle" (No. 62).

No. 86. JACK HALL.

Words and air from Mr. William Stokes at Chew Stoke.

Mr. Frank Kidson writes :—

I have noted a version of "Jack Hall." The facts regarding the hero are these. Jack Hall was a chimney sweeper, who was executed for burglary in 1701. He had been sold when a child to a chimney sweeper for a guinea and was quite a young man when Tyburn claimed him. There can be no question that the song "Jack Hall," in some form or other, was known as early as 1719, for in *Pills to purge Melancholy* (Vol. 2, p. 182) is a song "The Moderator's Dream," "the words made to a pretty tune, call'd 'Chimney Sweep.'" The metre is practically identical with that of "Jack Hall." About 1845-50 a comic singer named G. W. Ross revived the song under the name "Sam Hall," with an added coarseness not in the original. He sang it, according to a small song-book "The Sam Hall Songster," "for upwards of 400 nights," and I believe other singers followed suit, sometimes introducing on the "concert-room platform a gallows and a halter."

I have taken down four versions of "Jack Hall" in Somerset. With the exception of that given in the text the tunes are all variants of the "Admiral Benbow" air (see No. 73). The metre, in which each of these two ballads is cast, is so unusual that we must assume that one of them was written in imitation of the other. As Jack Hall was executed in 1701, *i.e.*, the year before Admiral Benbow was killed, it is possible that "Jack Hall" is the earlier of the two. I have never heard Somerset singers sing the modernized version "Sam Hall," to which Mr. Kidson refers in his interesting note.

Mr. Tucker could remember the words of only one verse. The remaining stanzas have been taken from the other versions of the song that I have noted. Except for a small alteration in the last verse, they are printed exactly as they were sung to me.

No. 87. THE DILLY SONG.

Words and air from Mrs. Jane Chapman, of West Harptree.

This song is very common in Somerset, and over the whole of the West of England. Mr. S. Baring-Gould has published a version in *Songs of the West*, and there are two versions in *English County Songs*. Both of these publications contain full notes respecting the origin, distribution, and meaning of this curious song. The word "Dilly," by which the song is usually known in Devon, Mr. Baring-Gould derives from the Welsh *dillyn*, *i.e.*, pretty, gay.

It will be seen that the words of many of the verses are very corrupt ; so corrupt, indeed, that in some cases we can do little more than guess at their original meaning. The variants that I have recovered in Somerset are as follows :—

(1). All versions agree in this line, which obviously refers to God Almighty.

(2). "Two of these are lizzie both, clothed all in green, O!" Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that the "lily-white babes" are probably the Gemini, or sign for Spring.

(3). "Thrivers," "Tires," or "Trivers." It has been suggested that these may be corruptions of "Wisers," as one printed version gives it, and may refer to the Wise Men from the East.

(4). Always "Gospel Preachers" or "Makers."

(5). "The boys upon the pole," "The thimble over the ball," "The plum boys at the bowl," or "in the brow."

(6). "Broad Waiters," "Charming Waiters," "Go Waiters," "The Minger Waiters." The editors of *English County Songs* suggest that these may refer to the six water-pots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee.

(7). Always "Seven stars in the sky"—presumably the constellation of Ursa Major.

(8). "The Gibley Angels," "The Angel givers," "The Gabriel Angels."

(9). No Somerset variants. Mr. Baring-Gould records a Devon variant, "The Nine Delights," *i.e.*, the joys of Mary.

(10). No variants.

(11). "Eleven and eleven is gone to heaven," *i.e.*, the twelve Apostles without Judas Iscariot.

(12). No variants.

In *Notes and Queries* for Dec. 26th, 1868, there is a version of the words of this song as "sung by the children at Beckington, Somerset." It begins as follows:—

Sing, sing, what shall we sing?
Sing all over one.
One! What is one?
One they do call the righteous Man.
Save poor souls to rest, Amen.

These are the remaining verses:—

Two is the Jewry.
Three is the Trinity.
Four is the open door.
Five is the man alive.
Six is the crucifix.
Seven is the bread of leaven.
Eight is the crooked straight.
Nine is the water wine.
Ten is Our Lady's hen.
Eleven is the gate of heaven.
Twelve is the ring of bells.

Except for the opening verse these lines have little significance. Their original meanings have clearly been lost, and any words substituted that would rhyme. Six, eight and nine have, apparently, been borrowed from the carol "The twelve Joys of Mary."

A Hebrew version of the words of "The Dilly Song" is to be found in the service for the Passover (see *Service for the First Nights of Passover according to the custom of the German and Polish Jews*, by the Rev. A. P. Mendes). The service for the second night of Passover concludes with two recitations both of which are accumulative songs. The second of these, "One only kid," has nothing to do with "The Dilly Song," but, as it is analogous to the English Nursery song "The old woman and her pig," it is perhaps worth while to quote the last verse :—

> Then came the Most Holy, blessed be He, and slew the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim ; one *only* kid, one *only* kid.

This, of course, is explained esoterically. The "cat," for instance, refers to Babylon ; the "dog" to Persia ; the "staff" to Greece, and so on (see Mendes).

The other accumulative song, which precedes "One only kid," is a Hebrew rendering of "The Dilly Song" of Western England. It contains thirteen verses :—

> Who knoweth one? I, *saith Israel*, know one : One is God, who is over heaven and earth.
>
> Who knoweth two? I, *saith Israel*, know two : there are two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.
>
> Who knoweth three? I, *saith Israel*, know three : there are three patriarchs, the two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.
>
> Etc., etc., etc.
>
> Who knoweth thirteen ? I, *saith Israel*, know thirteen : thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding child-birth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days in the week, six books of the Mishnah, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over the heavens and the earth.

Whether "One only kid" and "Who knoweth One?" originated with the common people and were afterwards taken into the Passover service, or *vice versâ*, is a matter of some doubt. Simrock (*Die Deutschen Volkslieder*, p. 520) says that "Who knoweth One?" was originally a German peasants' drinking-song ; that it was changed by the monks into an ecclesiastical song, very similar to the form in which we know it ; and that afterwards, probably during the latter half of the sixteenth century, it suffered a further adaptation and found a place in the Passover service of the German Jews. "Ehad Mi Yodea"—to give it its Hebrew title—has, however, since been found in the Avignon ritual as a festal table-song for holy-days in general, so that its inclusion in the Jewish Passover service may have been earlier than Simrock imagined. It appears that to the early manuscript Jewish prayer-books it was customary to append popular stories and ballads. That may have been the case with the two songs in question, in which event it is easy to see how they may gradually have been absorbed into, and become an integral part of the service itself.

The Rev. A. A. Green in *The revised Hagada*, expresses the opinion that both of these accumulative songs are essentially Hebrew nursery-rhymes, and he regrets that

"they have ever been regarded as anything else." He quotes the first verse of the Scottish "Song of Numbers":

We will all gae sing, boys.
Where will we begin, boys?
We'll begin the way we should
And we'll begin at ane, boys.

The literature on the subject is a very large one. Those who are interested in the matter should consult the articles "Ehad Mi Yodea" and "Had Gadya" in the *Jewish Encyclopædia* (Vols. V and VI) where many authorities are quoted.

It will be noticed that all the Christian forms of the song stop at the number twelve. It has been suggested that the Hebrew version was purposely extended to thirteen, the unlucky number, in order that the Jew might be able to feel that with him thirteen is a holy and therefore lucky number.

Like many accumulative songs "The Dilly Song" is a most interesting one to listen to. The best folk-singers combine their musical phrases in a different manner in each verse, and in so doing display no little ingenuity. Their aim, no doubt, is to compound the phrases so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the full-close. I should have liked to have shown exactly how Mrs. Chapman sang each verse of the song, but this would have entailed printing every one of the twelve verses, and considerations of space forbade this. I have, however, given the last verse in full, and this, I hope, will be some guide to the singer.

A form of this song, "Green grow the rushes, Oh!" is known at Eton, and is printed in *English County Songs* (p. 158); and Sullivan introduced a version into "The Yeomen of the Guard."

No. 88. COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

Words and air from Mrs. Eliza Woodberry, of Ash Priors.

I have heard this song many times in the West of England, and have noted down four variants of it. Neither tune nor words vary very much, although the air is often sung in other modes than the aeolian, *e.g.*, major, mixolydian and dorian (see *English Folk-Song*, p. 27). Three versions of the tune are printed in *English County Songs* (pp. 34, 68 and 102); and there is a dorian version in *Songs of the West*, No. 111. All of these are set to different words. For several versions of both words and tune see *The Folk-Song Journal*, II, pp. 115-122.

This beautiful tune is one of the commonest, and one of the most characteristic of English folk-airs. Chappell noted down a version of it, which he heard in the streets of Kilburn early in the last century (see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, II, p. 748). The well-known air to "The Miller of the Dee" is a minor and modernised version of the same tune.

The words given in the text are almost word for word as Mrs. Woodberry sang them to me. "Moralizing" songs are not met with very frequently nowadays, although this and one or two others, *e.g.*, "The fall of the leaf," are still popular with folk-singers.

No. 89. GENTLY, JOHNNY MY JINGALO.

Words and air from Mr. William Tucker, of Ashcott.

I know nothing of this song. I have never heard anyone sing it except Mr. Tucker; nor do I know of any broadside or any published folk-song with which it has any connection. Mr. Tucker told me that he learned the song from his father, who always declared it to be his favourite song.

The words as I took them down were too coarse for publication. I have, however, been able to re-write the first and third lines of every verse without, I think, wholly sacrificing the character of the original song. The lines that recur in each verse run very smoothly and prettily and seem to suggest that the song is of some antiquity.

No. 90. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

(SECOND VERSION).

Tune sung by Mr. John Stafford at Bishops Sutton.

I have related the circumstances, which led to the collection of this song, in *The Musical Times* for Jan., 1907. I have found it very difficult to express satisfactorily in musical notation the exact way in which Mr. Stafford sang this song. He dwelt, perhaps, upon the double-dotted notes rather longer than their written value, although not long enough to warrant their being marked with the formal pause. The tune, with its curious refrain, is a very characteristic one and justifies me, I think, in including it in this collection as a second version. I have noted down six different tunes to this same song, in addition to the two printed in these volumes.

Mr. Stafford told me that he heard the song solemnly chanted by some street singers, who passed through his village when he was a child. The song fascinated him and he followed the singers and tried to learn it from them. For several days afterwards he was unable to recall the air, when one day, to his great delight, the tune suddenly came back to him, and since then he has constantly sung it. He gave me the words of the first verse only. The remaining verses in the text have been taken from Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England.*

By way of experiment, I have harmonized this song rather elaborately. Those who prefer a simpler setting can repeat the harmonies of the first verse.

No. 91. THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

Words and air from Mr. Dommett of Staplehay, Pitminster.

The tune to which this song is set is, of course, that of "The Sweet Nightingale," a song that is known to almost every folk-singer in the West country. It was first published in *Songs and Ballads of the West.* Bell in his *Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry* prints a copy of the words, which he first heard from some Cornish miners at Marienberg and afterwards procured from a gentleman at Plymouth. He erroneously assigns them to the seventeenth century. For Mr. S. Baring-Gould has shown that they first appeared in Bickerstaff's "Thomas and Sally" (1760), in which they were set to music by Dr. Arne. The West country tune, however, is

quite distinct from Dr. Arne's, and has all the qualities of the genuine folk-air. Mr. S. Baring-Gould suggests that Bickerstaff's words "travelled down into Cornwall in some such collection as 'The Syren' and were there set to music by some local genius."

About two years ago, Mr. James Thomas of Cannington sang "The Sweet Nightingale" to me, and afterwards remarked that the tune did not really belong to those words but to a sheep-shearing song. He went on to say that many years ago, when he was a boy, a very old man used to come to his cottage and sing this sheep-shearing song, and Mr. Thomas repeated to me the words of the first verse, which were all that he could recall. Now, Mr. Thomas is a man 90 years of age, so that the sheep-shearing song must, presumably, have been in existence before 1760, and its tune transferred to the words of "The Sweet Nightingale" when that song reached the West of England.

Since then I have constantly questioned old singing-men about this sheep-shearing song, but I could hear nothing of it until last August when Mr. Dommett sang it to me. In publishing it, therefore, I am restoring to the tune its own proper words which, by the bye, are a fine example of the typical harvest-home song.

It will be noticed that in this version of the tune the fourth phrase is not lengthened as it is when it is mated to the words of "The Sweet Nightingale." How and why this variation came to be attached to the tune is an interesting point. I have dealt with one aspect of the matter in *English Folk-Song* (p. 110).

No. 92. THE SAUCY SAILOR.

Words and air from Mr. Thomas Hendy, of Ilminster.

This song is very generally known throughout Somerset, where I have noted it down eight times. Usually the air is in the major or mixolydian modes. Mr. Hendy's tune, however, is not, strictly speaking, in a diatonic mode at all, for the scale in which it is cast contains four consecutive tones. I have never come across another folk-air in this scale (*i.e.* the æolian mode with a sharpened third), nor do I know of one recovered by any other collector. As I have already published a Somerset version of this ballad in the major mode in *English Folk-Songs for Schools* (No. 37) I thought it would be interesting to include this curious variant in this Collection.

Versions of both words and tune are printed in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs*, and in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*. Barrett, in a footnote, says that the song is a great favourite with factory girls in the East of London, where I am told it may still be heard. There is also a version in *Songs of the West* (No. 21), but to altogether a different tune, and words of another metre.

The tune which, except for the version last mentioned, is always more or less the same, is the traditional air of Chevy-Chase. It is printed as such in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 3), and in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 19). Chappell gives the tune to the words of "The children in the wood," but he mentions that it was known to be one of the "Chevy-Chase" tunes.

Mr. Hendy gave me three verses only. I have taken the others from versions given me by other Somerset singers.

No. 93. THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

Words and tune sung by Mr. William Tucker, of Ashcott.

I have taken down two other versions of this song in Somerset; a very similar one from Mrs. Grace Coles of Enmore, and a Priddy version from Mr. Vincent called "The Merryshire Wood."

Miss Mason prints an interesting Devonshire variant in *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, and there is another version from the same county in the first edition of *Songs of the West*, No. 104. In his note to the latter Mr. Baring-Gould says that under the name of "Ar parc caer" the song is well known in Brittany (see Luzel's *Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne*). The words are also on a Pitts broadside.

Accumulative songs are, as a rule, difficult to learn and to sing, but "The tree in the Wood" is quite simple. Mr. Tucker was cracking stones on Polden Hill when he sang it to me. I sat down by him and thoroughly enjoyed the performance, singing the chorus to each verse. The song may, of course, be lengthened to any extent, according to the taste, and the inventive powers of the singer.

No. 94. O NO, JOHN!

Words and air from Mr. William Wooley of Bincombe, Over Stowey.

I have collected four versions of this song in Somerset. The first verse is to be found in the children's games "Lady on the Mountain," and "Lady on yonder hill" (see Mrs. Gomme's *Dict. Brit. Folk-Lore*, I, pp. 320-4). Mrs. Gomme shrewdly guesses that the game originated in a ballad, and Mr. Newell, in his *Games and Songs of American Children* (p. 55), prints a version which he also believes to be "an old English song, which has been fitted for a ring-game." Halliwell quotes the first verse as a nursery rhyme. See also "The Disdainful Lady" in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (p. 561), and "Twenty, Eighteen" in *English County Songs* (p. 90). The latter is a reprint of a song which Mr. Graham collected in Norfolk and recorded in the *Musical Herald* for September, 1891.

The main theme of the Somerset song—the daughter's promise to her father to answer No to all her suitors during his absence—is not to be found in any of the songs mentioned above. The idea, however, is carried out in "No, Sir!" a song which Miss A. M. Wakefield made very popular some years ago. Miss Wakefield writes: "I first heard something like it from an American governess. Neither words nor music were at all complete . . . . I wrote it down and it got a good deal altered and I never looked upon it at all as a folk-song." Miss Wakefield adds that her song is now sung by the Salvation Army under the title of "Yes, Lord!."

The song is, of course, only a modification of the theme of "The Keys of Heaven" (see No. 63, and note). The tune is a variant of the air usually associated with "Billy Taylor" (see *Folk-Song Journal*, I, 254). Two of the other Somerset versions were also sung to variants of the same air, but the third version was mated to a modern melody of little value. The Shropshire version, and that given in *English County Songs* are both "Billy Taylor" tunes, the former in the dorian mode. I should have said that the tune to "The Keys of Heaven" in *English County Songs* was a derivation from the same source, had not Miss Broadwood traced it to a French origin.

The first two verses are printed in the text exactly as Mr. Wooley sang them, but the rest of the song was coarse and needed considerable revision.

No. 95. SWEET LOVELY JOAN.

Words and air from Mr. James Proll, of Monksilver.

I have collected no variants of this song. As Mr. Proll only sang me five verses I have had to complete his song from a broadside (no imprint) in my possession. Mr. Merrick records in the *Folk-Song Journal* (I, 270) a Sussex variant in the dorian mode, "One Noble Knight," with, however, only one verse of the words. The Sussex tune, although quite regular in its rhythm, has many points in common with the Somerset air, which is in the æolian mode.

Mr. Proll's words needed a little modification in one or two places; otherwise, they are given in the text as he sang them to me.

No. 96. SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.

Words and air from Mrs. Sweet, of Somerton.

Mrs. Susan Williams of Haselbury-Plucknett and Mr. James Bishop of Priddy both sang versions of this song to me, but to quite a different tune. I have made no use of the words that either of them gave me, because the Somerton version only needed a little rearrangement to be quite complete. In my opinion this, taken as a whole, is the most perfect song of its type that I have recovered in Somerset. Mr. E. B. Osborn, in an article in the "Morning Post" (Nov. 19, 1907), quoted some of the verses of it and remarked that the "words and music together have a Maeterlinckian sentiment"—a criticism with which I entirely agree.

No. 97. RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO.

Words and air from Miss Gooding, of Somerton.

I have collected no variants of this song. It is a Somerset version of a very ancient ballad, whose history may be traced in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 277), and in Miss Gilchrist's note to "The wee cooper o' Fife" in *The Folk-Song Journal* (II, pp. 223-4). In some versions the husband is deterred from beating his wife through fear of her "gentle kin." To evade this difficulty he kills one of his own wethers, strips off its skin, and lays it on her back, saying

> I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,
> But well sall I lay to my ain weather's skin.

(see "Sweet Robin" in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I, 319.)

This motive is absent from the Somerset version, of which it may or may not once have formed part. For it is possible to argue that the "wether's skin" motive is an addition, which became attached to an older and simpler form of the ballad. The facts, as they stand, admit of either interpretation.

There is yet a third variation of the story in "Robin-a-Thrush" (see *English County Songs*, *The Besom Maker*, *English Folk Songs for Schools*, etc., etc.), in which the story is still further curtailed by the omission of the wife-beating episode. The song in this form is a nursery nonsense-song, which relates in humorous fashion the

ridiculous muddles made by a slovenly and incompetent wife. Its connection with "Ruggleton" or "Sweet Robin" is to be inferred from the title and refrain, "Robin-a-Thrush," which, as Miss Gilchrist has pointed out, is probably a corruption of "Robin he thrashes her."

I have collected another song in Somerset, which has some affinity with "Ruggleton." Here the husband married his wife on a Monday; cut "a twig of holly so green" on Tuesday; "hung it out to dry" on Wednesday; on Thursday he "beat her all over the shoulders and head, till he had a-broke his holly green twig"; on Friday she "opened her mouth and began to roar"; and finally

> On Saturday morning I breakfast without
> A scolding wife or a brawling bout.
> Now I can enjoy my bottle and friend;
> I think I have made a rare week's end.

The same motive is to be found in "The Husband's Complaint," printed in *Herd's Manuscripts*, edited by Dr. Hans Hecht (p. 106).

The words given in the text are almost exactly as Miss Gooding sang them to me. I have, however, transposed the order of the words "brew" and "bake" in the fourth and fifth verses, in order to restore some semblance of a rhyme. Clearly there was some corruption; but whether my emendation is the correct one or not it is difficult to say. There is a fragment, quoted by Jamieson, in which the verse in question is rendered :—

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

There is, too, a version in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, VII, 253, quoted by Child, which is closely allied to the Somerset form of the song. In this variant the following stanza occurs :—

> Jenny couldn't wash and Jenny couldn't bake,
> *Gently Jenny cried rosemaree*
> For fear of dirting her white apurn tape,
> *As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.*

No. 98. THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Words and air from Mrs Eliza Woodberry, of Ash Priors.

This is the only version of this ancient ballad that I have heard in Somerset The story, which is not quite clear in Mrs. Woodberry's version, is of a woman who contracts an illicit alliance with her father's clerk, and secretly gives birth to twin babes "down by the green wood side O." She murders the infants, who afterwards appear before her "all dressed in white" *i.e.*, as ghosts. They proclaim their identity by calling her "Mother," curse her for her cruelty to them and say that they live in heaven, but that she will suffer in hell for her misdeeds.

The earliest published form of the ballad is in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (II, 237, ed. 1776). Other Scottish versions are given in Motherwell's, Kinloch's and Buchan's Collections; see also "Lady Anne" in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and "Fine Flowers in the

Valley" in Johnson's *Museum*, (Vol. IV, ed. 1792). The tune given in the latter, although quite regular in rhythm, is very similar to the air which Mrs. Woodberry sang to me. Kinloch also quotes a tune which, however, has little or nothing in common with the Somerset air.

In the *Percy Papers* there is a version very like Mrs. Woodberry's. It begins :—

There was a duke's daughter lived in York,
All alone and alone a,
And she fell in love with her father's clarke,
Down by the green wood side a.

Child points out that the ballad has affinities with "The Maid and the Palmer," and quotes two Danish ballads which are closely allied to the British song.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has collected two or more versions of the same ballad in Dorsetshire, and there is an American variant in *The Folk-Song Journal* (II, 109).

No. 99. ARISE, ARISE.

Words and air from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater

Mrs. Lucy White of Hambridge also sang me a version of this song. Her tune, although in the major mode throughout, was in other respects very similar to Mr. Barnard's ; she could, however, remember only three verses of the words. I have also noted down a very close variant from a gipsy woman, Mrs. Rebecca Holland, 90 years of age, whom I met on Stafford's Common in Devonshire. I have substituted some of her lines for those that Mr. Barnard gave me. Otherwise the words in the text are exactly as he sang them.

No. 100. BRIDGWATER FAIR.

Words and air from Mr. William Bailey, of Cannington.

Mr. Henry Tidball of Wedmore also gave me a version of this song, but to a poor tune. Some of his verses, however, were good, and these I have incorporated with those that Mr. Bailey gave me

The Cannington air, like that of "Gently, Johnny my Jingalo" in the present volume, is a variant of the "Bibberly Town" tune (see *Songs of the West*, No. 110). Although Mr. Tidball gave me an excellent version of this latter song, he sang "Bridgwater Fair" to quite another tune. The "Bibberly Town" air is well known to Somerset folk-singers, and it is often set to songs of local origin, that deal with village affairs. A Stogursey singer, for instance, sang to me a Weston Zoyland song to this air.

The words of "Bridgwater Fair" bear no evidence of antiquity. They are like many other "Fair" songs, which every singer localizes as he pleases.

St. Matthew's Fair is a very ancient one, and, although it has seen its best days, it is still an annual event of some importance.

No. 101. THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR.

Words and air from Mr. Robert Parish, of Exford.

I have not collected any other variants of this song in Somerset. The hardships of married life, from the point of view of either husband or wife, form the subject of many folk-songs. One of the best examples of this type of song is an ancient ballad entitled "A woman's work is never done" (see Ashton's *Century of Ballads*, p. 20).

I have never come across a version of this latter song in Somerset, but I noted down a very fine form of it a few months ago in Berkshire. As Mr. Parish's words were incomplete, I have supplemented them with some of the words of the Berkshire song, applying them, of course, to the husband instead of to the wife.

The tune is in the dorian mode and Mr. Parish, despite his 86 years, sang it with a relish and a force that would have done credit to a singer of less than half his age.

No. 102. THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

Words and air from Mr. Joseph Laver, of Bridgwater.

I have not heard anyone sing this song except Mr. Laver. Nor do I know of any published version of it. The tune has points in common with "The Coasts of High Barbary" in the present volume, and with "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle" (No. 62).

The words in the text, except for four lines in the first verse which Mr. Laver could not remember, are precisely as they were sung to me.

No. 103. JAMES MACDONALD.

Words and air from Mrs. Betsy Holland at Simonsbath, Exmoor.

Mrs. Betsy Holland is a gipsy woman, the grand-daughter of Mrs. Rebecca Holland, mentioned in my note to "Arise, Arise." She is one of the finest folk-singers I have ever come across, and I shall not readily forget the impression which her singing of this song made upon me.

The melody is in the lydian mode, the only folk tune in that mode that, so far as I am aware, has yet been recovered in England. To make certain that I had noted it correctly, I followed Mrs. Holland, a few days afterwards, to Huntshaw Cross in N. Devon, and asked her to sing the song once again. She repeated it exactly as I had taken it down at Simonsbath. As she told me that she had learned the song from her grandmother, I then went in pursuit of the latter, whom I eventually found near Honiton. Mrs. Rebecca Holland had nearly forgotten the song, but she was able to sing enough of it for me to hear the F-sharp, the distinctive note of the mode. The air strikes me as Irish rather than English.

The words are, of course, modern; but they are interesting as an example of the "execution" folk-song. As I took them down, they were very corrupt and in many places quite unintelligible. I have done my best to put them into a singable form

without altering them more than was absolutely necessary. By these means I have, I believe, preserved their character to some extent.

Mrs. Holland varied her tune a great deal in different verses, and often in a way which it was impossible to note down accurately on paper. I hope some day to get a record of the song on the phonograph.

No. 104. GREEN BROOM.

Words and air from Mr. John Fackrell, of Bridgwater.

I have taken down four versions of this song in Somerset and one, entitled "The Broom-Dasher," in London off Gray's Inn Road. The song is known throughout England and is published in different forms in *Songs of the West*, *English County Songs*, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, *Pills to purge melancholy*, and in *The Folk-Song Journal*. The tunes in all these versions have characteristics in common; the words, perhaps, vary rather more. The oldest form of the song, so far as publication is concerned, is, of course, that in *Pills to purge melancholy*; but the words of this version have, apparently, been very freely edited.

Mr. Fackrell's tune is the best that I have heard in Somerset. I had hoped to publish in this Collection a version from one of the Quantock Broom-Squires. "Squire" Knight, for instance, of Over Stowey is famed in that neighbourhood for his singing of "Green Broom"; but although I have sat in his room while he was making brooms, I have never been able to induce him to sing it to me.

The words are on broadsides by Such, Pratt and others, and also in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*.