

# ADDERBURY SING AND STICK

## Background

Adderbury sang old songs and other popular town songs of the day, often executing some of their stick movements whilst they sang the choruses. They did this to keep the crowd quiet while they were resting themselves. Sometimes they danced as they sang.

Janet Blunt (1859-1950) lived in Adderbury from 1892. She with the occasional help of friends, Mrs Elliot Hobbs, Miss Kennedy and Miss D C Daking, collected songs and country dances from 1907-1919, the morris only over the 1916-18 period. Several copies of her mss were made to pass to other people, such as Cecil Sharp who appears to have ignored it, which differ in details, so all have to be consulted. The Blunt collection was used by Michael Pickering for a thesis and a book "*Village Song and Culture : A study based on the Blunt Collection of Song from Adderbury, North Oxfordshire*" published in 1982 by Croom Helm, London. This puts the material fairly into its context of period and locality. Keith Chandler considers the people involved in his books.

The major informant on the morris was William "Binx" Walton (1837-1919), at least a third generation morris dancer, and, with his brother, a well known local singer. The village orchestra was disbanded in his boyhood, but he sang treble in the church choir. He had a difficult teenage as his father was convicted of two counts of theft in 1844 and died in 1848 soon afterwards, so William was in the workhouse until apprenticed to a bricklayer and builder. However he became a lifelong bell ringer from the age of 15. He married a girl from Coventry in his early 20's, when he was probably already a morris dancer, and he claimed that he was its leader from about 1860 to its end just before 1880. He had four brothers who were also morris dancers. In the 1881 census he was a builder and shopkeeper, in the later 1880's and 1890's he kept The Wheatsheaf public house in East Adderbury until 1899 with an attached shop. When Blunt first met him he was a vigorous and upright man full of dance as can be seen in the Blunt photographs. He met Sharp and Karpeles in Hampstead, London on the mornings of 25th and 19th March 1919 by Janet Blunt arranging for him to visit a married daughter. He died in that September aged 83. Sharp said he was hale and hearty, rather blind although he can hear well, walk with a firm step and sing with a strong baritone voice. At first it was difficult to get his memory back and it was only by degrees that he was able to recall the different evolutions with their many technical details, despite Blunt's success over the previous few years.

In the 1950's and 60's the Sharp and Blunt mss material was rationalised for circulation to be consistent with the existing Sharp publications. From the 1970's the various slightly different copies of the Blunt mss were treated as independent descriptions widening the interpretation possibilities. Unfortunately 1919 was in the period that Sharp appears to have pressurised informants, as at Abingdon, Brackley and Wheatley, and his interpretations can not be completely relied upon if there is alternative evidence.

## Style

The handkerchiefs, half a yard a side, had two opposite corners tied and held between thumb and forefinger. The hand movements were not very stereotyped

but varied considerably, although always within certain limits. The arms were held in front of the body, the elbows curved and held well away from the sides. The movements were "counter-twists" in rather large vertical circles or ellipses. On the first beat of a bar the movement was outwards going down and then up. Sharp elucidated that they could be a slight upward pull using mainly the wrists when the hands met dropping in front on the 3rd beat.

The sticks were held vertically in the middle with the hand at shoulder level and a little in front of the body. The tapping in choruses is normally "doubles".

o = odds strike evens, e = evens strike odds, x = clash tips.

*Hands Round* : clasp hands at waist level.

*Whole Hey* : the top two pairs pass right shoulders, turning the easy way into it.

*Shooting* : The dancers stood upright, as if firing a shotgun, which they would know all about, and never crouching, which would be dangerous to the person.

## Dances

The following is based on transcriptions of the Sharp and Blunt mss and not on previous publications such as Lionel Bacon's book..

**BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND** - doubles stick hold

o o e e / o o e e / o e o e / x - x - // repeated.

Pattern : (1) and (4) partners; (2) and (5) middles up; (3) and (6) middles down. If they are to be done twice, it needs at least 6 figures.

**BRIGHTON CAMP** - doubles stick hold

o e o e / o e o e / o e o e / o - x - // repeated.

**(COME LANDLORD FILL THE) FLOWING BOWL** - doubles stick hold

Normally they sang the figures without dancing.

o e o e / o e x - / o e o e / o e x - / o e o e / o e x - / o / e o e o / x - x - //

Pattern : can use different striking patterns inspired eg by *Blue Bell of Scotland*.

**HAPPY MAN** - Four Part Song - doubles stick hold

Normally sang and tapped sticks. Would clash across "to close" at end of lines.

(Blunt) o e o e o e ..... x

(Bath) o o e e / o e e / o e o / e x - / e o o / e o o / e o e / x - - // repeated.

Step : 1 1 2 hop,  
2 run with heavy step on first beats,  
3 like *Jenny Jones*.

End dance with a repeat chorus performed faster.

## **LADS A BUNCHUM**

In the "High" hold the sticks in both hands, stand pointing left shoulders to each other, evens facing up, odds facing down, and raise sticks well above heads horizontally and parallel to the files. When striking the dancer makes an overhead movement pivoting right hand over left, so as to strike down with his tip on to his partner's butt.

**POSTMAN'S KNOCK** - Two Part Song - doubles stick hold

Adderbury tapped only, Wootton danced foot-up and half-gyp, foot-up with singing, stand facing an tapped without singing, ad lib.

e o e o / e o x - // four times through. Note start with an "e".

Because of the tune stretching in the last bar of the sticking to make the B music nine bars long, it is often stretched further by adding two more strong beats for a tenth bar and doing two extra taps.

End dance with a repeat chorus performed faster.

**ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND** - doubles stick hold

They only sang and tapped before the club dinner, outside they might dance. This was a typical formal song before army mess dinners.

o e o e / x - x - / o e o e / x - x - // repeated.

Collected with tapping through the A musics as well.

**(SWEET) JENNY JONES** - alternately doubles and singles stick hold

Figure order as *Washing Day*.

Sang on the last foot-up in the last chorus.

Collected both in 3/4 and apparently in 6/8 time.

in 3/4        o e o / e o e / o e o / e x - // twice

in 6/8        o e o e / o e o e / o e o e / o e x - //

Step : in 3/4 time pause on 4th step (etc) with weight on both feet.

**WASHING DAY** - alternately doubles and singles stick hold

Danced for as many as available. Figure order : foot-up; half-gip; sticks across diagonals in fours; foot-down.

o / e o e o / e o e o / e o e o / e - x // repeated.

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# SIDMOUTH WORKSHOP : ADDERBURY SING AND STICK

## BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh where! and oh where has your Highland Laddie gone?  
Oh where! and oh where has your Highland Laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the foe for our Queen upon the throne,  
And it's oh in my heart! I wish him safe at Home.

Oh where! and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell?  
Oh where! and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet bluebell,  
And it's oh in my heart! I love my Laddie well.

Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland Laddie clad?  
Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland Laddie clad?  
His bonnet has a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,  
And its oh in my heart! that I love my Highland Lad.

Suppose! oh suppose that your Highland Lad be slain?  
Suppose! oh suppose that your Highland Lad be slain?  
Oh, my true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,  
But its oh my heart would break, if my Highland Lad were slain.

## BRIGHTON CAMP

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills, and o'er the moor and valley,  
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, since parting from my Sally.  
I seek no more the fine or gay, for each does but remind me,  
How swiftly pass'd the hours away, with the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair, her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste, may leave the swain repining.  
Kind heaven above us, hear my pray'r, for the beauty that does binds me,  
And send me safely home again, to the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more, the dove become a ranger,  
The falling waters cease to roar, ere I shall seek to change her.  
The vows we register'd above shall ever cheer and bind me,  
In constancy to her I love, the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain, asleep or sadly waking,  
I long to see my love again, for her my heart is breaking.  
When-e'er my steps return that way, still faithful shall she find me,  
And never more again I'll stray, from the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well, when first she own'd she loved me,  
For what I felt there's none can tell, how constant I have proved me.  
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp, kind heaven, then pray guide me,  
And send me safely home again, to the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night, the stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silvery light, when first she vowed to love me!  
Oh let the night be ever so dark, or ever so wet or windy,  
I must return to the Brighton Camp, to the girl I left behind me.

## COME LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it does run over,  
Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it does run over,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, for tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man that drinks small beer and goes to bed quite sober,  
The man that drinks small beer and goes to bed quite sober,  
Falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,  
Falls as the leaves do fall, that drop off in October.

The man that drinks strong ale at night and goes to bed quite mellow,  
The man that drinks strong ale at night and goes to bed quite mellow,  
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do,  
Lives as he ought to do, and dies a jolly good fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes and gets half seas over,  
But he who drinks just what he likes and gets half seas over,  
Will live until he dies perhaps, will live until he dies perhaps,  
Will live until he dies perhaps, and then lies down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl and goes and tells his mother,  
The man who kisses a pretty girl and goes and tells his mother,  
Ought to have his lips cut off, ought to have his lips cut off,  
Ought to have his lips cut off, and never kiss another.

## CONSTANT BILLY

Oh my Billy, my Constant Billy, When shall I see my Billy again?  
Oh my Billy, my Constant Billy, When shall I see my Billy again?

Billy again! Billy again!, Billy again! Billy again!  
Oh my Billy, my Constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?

## HAPPY MAN

How happy is that man, that's free from all care,  
That loves to make merry, that loves to make merry, o'er a drop of good beer.

With his pipe and his friends puffing hours away,  
Singing song after song, till he hails the new day,  
He can laugh, dance and sing, and smoke without fear,  
Be as happy as a King, till he hails the New Year.

How happy is the man that's free from all strife,  
He envies no other, he envies no other, but travels through life.

Our seamen of old, they feared not their foes,  
They threw away discord, they threw away discord, and to mirth they inclined.

## LADS A BUNCHUM

Oh dear mother what a fool I be, here are six young fellows come a courting me,  
Three are blind and the others can't see, oh dear mother what a fool I be.

**POSTMAN'S KNOCK** - words L Thornton, tune W Wrighton

What a wonderful man the Postman is! as he hastens from door to door.  
What a medley of news his hands contain, for high, low, rich and poor.  
In many a face, a joy he can trace, in as many a grief he can see,  
When the door is opened to his loud rap-tap, for his quick delivery.

Every morning as true as the clock, somebody hears the Postman's knock.  
Every morning as true as the clock, somebody hears the Postman's knock.

No. One he presents with the news of a birth, with tidings of a death, No. Four.  
At Thirteen, a bill, of terrible length, he drops through the hole in the door,  
A cheque or an order at Fifteen he leaves, and at Sixteen his presence does prove,  
While Seventeen does an acknowledgement get, and Eighteen a letter of love.

May his visits be frequent to those who expect,  
a line from the friends they hold dear,  
But rarely we hope that compelled he will be, disastrous tidings to bear.  
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows the dark border shading it o'er,  
Then long life to his Majesty's servant we say and oft may he knock at our door.

**ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND** words H Fielding, tune R Leveridge

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,  
It ennobled our hearts and enrich'd our blood,  
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers good,  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,  
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slipslops were known,  
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown,  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.

In those days, if fleets did venture on the main,  
They seldom or never returned back again,  
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.  
Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh for old England's roast beef.

**SWEET JENNY JONES**

My Sweet jenny Jones is the pride of Llangollen,  
My Sweet Jenny Jones is the girl I love best.

**WASHING DAY**

Thump! Thump! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub away!  
The devil a bit of peace I get! Upon the Washing Day.

## ADDERBURY SING AND DANCE

BEAUX OF LONDON CITY : *sung by Bessie Aris to Janet Blunt* <sup>1</sup> 1907

My father's a hedger and ditcher, my mother does nothing but spin,  
And I am a neat little stitcher and the money comes slowly in.

Oh! Dear! What shall become of me? Oh! Dear! What shall I do?  
There's nobody comes to marry me and nobody comes to woo.

Last night the dogs did bark, I went to the gate to see,  
Every lass has her spark, but there's never one for me.

Oh! Dear! What will become of me? Oh! Dear! What will I do?  
There's nobody comes to marry me and nobody comes to woo.

BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND - *written in 1800 and made famous by Mrs Dora Jordon*<sup>2</sup>. The main text is the original. The third and fourth lines were repeated.

Oh where and oh where is your Highland Laddie gone?  
(Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?)  
Oh where and oh where is your Highland Laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the French(foe) for King George upon the throne,  
(He's gane to fight for George our King, and left me a' alane)  
(He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done)  
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at Home.

Oh where and oh where did(does) your Highland Laddie dwell?  
(Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie dwell?)  
Oh where and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell,  
(He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet bluebell)  
(He dwells in merry Scotland, where the bluebells sweetly smell)  
And it's oh! in my heart I love my Laddie well.

In what cloaths, in what cloaths, is your Highland laddie clad?  
(Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland Laddie clad?)  
(Oh! what, tell me(lassie) what, does your Highland Laddie wear?)  
In what cloaths, in what cloaths, is your Highland laddie clad?  
His bonnet('s) of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat('s) of the plaid,  
(A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid)  
(A scarlet coat and a bonnet (blue) wi' bonnie yellow hair)  
And its oh! in my heart (that) I love my Highland Lad.  
(And there's nane in the world can wi' my love compare)

[Oh what will you claim for your constancy to him?  
Oh what will you claim for your constancy to him?  
I'll claim a priest to wed us, and a clerk to ssy "Amen!"  
And I'll ne'er part again from my bonnie Highland man.]

[Oh when, and oh when will your Hieland lad come home?  
Oh when, and oh when will your Hieland lad come home?  
Whene'er the war is o'er, he'll return to me with fame,  
With the heather in his bonnet, my gallant Hielandman.]

Suppose, and(oh) suppose that your Highland Laddie should die?  
(Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?)  
Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland Laddie should die?  
The bagpipes should play over(o'er) him, and I'd set(lay) me down and cry,  
(Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again)  
And it's oh in my heart I wish he may not die.  
(But its oh! in my heart that I feel he will not die.)  
(For its oh! my heart would break, if my Highland lad were slain)

*From Ritson's "Northern Garland",*

There was a Highland laddie courted a lawland lass,  
There was a Highland laddie courted a lawland lass.  
He promis'd for to marry her, but he did not tell her when;  
And 'twas all in her heart she lov'd her Highland man.

Oh where, and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?  
Oh where, and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?  
He lives in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
And I vow in my heart I love my laddie well.

What cloaths, Oh what cloaths does your Highland laddie wear?  
What cloaths, Oh what cloaths does your Highland laddie wear?  
His coat is of a Saxon green, his waistcoat of the plaid;  
And it's all in my heart I love my Highland lad.

Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?  
Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the faithless French, whilst George is on the throne,  
And I vow in my heart I do wish him safe at home.

And if my Highland laddie should chance to come no more,  
And if my Highland laddie should chance to come no more,  
They'll call my child a love-begot, myself a common whore;  
And I vow in my heart I do wish him safe on shore.

And if my Highland laddie should chance for to dye,  
And if my Highland laddie should chance for to dye,  
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry,  
And I vow in my heart I love my Highland boy.

And if my Highland laddie should chance to come again,  
And if my Highland laddie should chance to come again,  
The parson he shall marry us, and the clerk shall say amen;  
And I vow in my heart I love my Highland man.

*or parodies such as,*

Oh where and oh where has the Highland Laddie gone,  
He's gone to fight the French with his frilly knickers on.



**COME LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL** : *including version given by William Walton to Janet Blunt. Words based on Beaumont and Fletcher's drinking song in "Bloody Brother"* <sup>3</sup>

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it does(doth) run over,  
Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it does(doth) run over,  
For tonight we'll merry (merry) be, for tonight we'll merry (merry) be,  
For tonight we'll merry (merry) be, (and) tomorrow we'll (give over)be sober.

The man that drinketh(drinks) small beer and goes to bed (quite) sober,  
The man that drinketh(drinks) small beer and goes to bed (quite) sober,  
Fades as the leaves do fade, fades as the leaves do fade,  
Fades as the leaves do fade, that drop off in October.  
(Falls when the leaves do fall, and dies in October)

The man that drinketh strong beer and goes to bed quite(right) mellow,  
(The man that drinks strong ale at night, and goes to bed mellow)  
The man that drinketh strong beer and goes to bed quite mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly (good) fellow.  
(Lives as he ought to do, and dies a jolly (good) fellow)

But he who drinks just what he likes and getteth half sea(s) over,  
But he who drinks just what he likes and getteth half sea(s) over,  
Will live until he die perhaps, will live until he die perhaps,  
Will live until he die perhaps, and then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl and goes and tells his mother,  
The man who kisses a pretty girl and goes and tells his mother,  
Ought to have his lips cut off, ought to have his lips cut off,  
Ought to have his lips cut off, and never kiss another.

*Versions from Chappell,*

Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, until it does run over,  
Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, until it does run over,  
Tonight we all will merry be, tonight we all will merry be,  
Tonight we all will merry be, tomorrow we'll get sober.

[Come, let us drink a bout, drive away all sorrow,  
Come, let us drink a bout, drive away all sorrow.  
For p'r'aps we may not, for p'r'aps we may not,  
For p'r'aps we may not meet again tomorrow.]

He that drinks strong beer, and goes to bed mellow,  
(But he that drinks all day, and goes to bed mellow)  
He that drinks strong beer, and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty fellow.

Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the tistic,  
(Wine cures the gout, the cholic, and the tistic)  
Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the tistic,  
And is to all men, and is to all men,

And is to all men the very best of physic.

He that drinks small beer, and goes to bed sober,  
He that drinks small beer, and goes to bed sober,  
Falls, as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,  
Falls, as the leaves do, that die in October.

He that courts a pretty girl, and courts her for his pleasure,  
He that courts a pretty girl, and courts her for his pleasure,  
Is a fool to marry her, is a fool to marry her,  
Is a fool to marry her without store of treasure.

Now let us dance and sing, and drive away all sorrow,  
Now let us dance and sing, and drive away all sorrow,  
For perhaps we may not meet, for perhaps we may not meet,  
For perhaps we may not meet again tomorrow.

*Version from Shaw's Grieg Duncan Folk Song Collection*

Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, and fill it till't run over,  
Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, and fill it till't run over,  
For this night we'll merry, merry be, for this night we'll merry, merry be,  
For this night we'll merry, merry be, and tomorrow we'll get sober.

Here's to the lad that courts a lass, and courts her for his pleasure,  
Here's to the lad that courts a lass, and courts her for his pleasure,  
He's a fool, he's a fool if he marries her, he's a fool, he's a fool if he marries her,  
He's a fool, he's a fool if he marries her without she have some treasure.

Here's to the lad that courts lass, and goes to tell his mother,  
Here's to the lad that courts lass, and goes to tell his mother,  
He ought to have his head cut off, he ought to have his head cut off,  
He ought to have his head cut off, and never get another.

*Parody, "Come Ladies Fill the Steaming Urn", from Adderbury Women's Institute <sup>4</sup>,  
might have been by Janet Blunt herself*

Come, ladies! Fill the flowing urn, until it does boil over.  
Come fill our social cups in turn, and hand the cakes moreover.  
For today we'll merry be, cheerfully we'll drink our tea,  
Hand the buns and cakes, that we may find ourselves in clover.

For today we'll merry be, munch our buns and drink our tea.  
Singing all so merrily that here we are in clover.

If ladies will rich cocoa drink, now please don't think us petty,  
They wish to lose, I fear to think, the fashionable silhouette.  
So the wiser women we grateful though the cocoa be,  
Turn for comfort to our tea and never will be cross or fretty.

chorus

Come, ladies! Fill the tea urns up, the kettle's boiling over.  
Then hand the buns, and fill each cup, so totally-tee and sober.  
For today we'll merry be with our social dish of tea,  
Chatting, all from care so free, till the Institute is over.

chorus

**CONSTANT BILLY** : *sung by William Walton to Janet Blunt 1916*

Oh! my Billy, my Constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?  
Oh! my Billy, my Constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?

Billy again! Billy again!, Billy again! Billy again!  
Oh! my Billy, my Constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?

**GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME** : *tune Brighton Camp* <sup>5</sup>, *perhaps dated to 1758*

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills, and o'er the moors that's sedgy,  
Such heavy thoughts my mind doth fill, since parting from my Betsy.  
Searching for one that's fine and gay, and several to remind me,  
Blest be the hours I passed away with the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well and constancy shall prove me,  
For what I felt there's none can tell, when first she own'd she loved me.  
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp, kind heaven then pray mind me,  
And send me home, safe back again to the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets were, her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste, she left the swain(s) repining.  
Kind heaven above us, hear my pray'r, for the beauteous fair who binds me,  
And send me home, safe back again to the girl I left behind me.

or

*fragment sung by William Walton to Janet Blunt 1916*

Oh! Let the night be ever so dark, or ever so wet or windy,  
I must return to the Brighton Camp, to the girl I left behind me.

or

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills, and o'er the moorland sedgy,  
Such heaviness my bosom fills, since parting with my Betsy.  
I seek for one as fair and gay, but find none to remind me,  
How blest the hours pass'd away, with the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well, when first she own'd she loved me,  
A pain within my breast doth tell, how constant I have proved me.  
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp, kind heaven, then pray, guide me,  
And send me home safe back again, to the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain, asleep or sadly waking,  
I long to see my love again, for her my heart is breaking.

When-e'er my steps return that way, still faithful shall she find me,  
And never more again I'll stray, from the girl I left behind me.

or

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, and o'er the moor and valley,  
Such grievous thoughts my heart do fill, since parting with my Sally  
(Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, since parting with my Sally).  
I seek no more the fine or gay, for each does but remind me,  
How swift the hours did pass away, with the girl I ('ve) left behind me.  
(How swiftly pass'd the hours away, with the girl I left behind me)

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night, the stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silvery light, when first she vowed to love me!  
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp, kind heaven, then, pray guide me,  
And send me safely back again, to the girl I left behind me.

[Had I the art to sing her praise with all the skill of Homer,  
One only theme should fill my lays - the charms of my true lover.  
So, let the night be e'er so dark, or e'er so wet and windy,  
Kind heaven send me back again to the girl I've left behind me.]

Her golden hair in ringlets fair, her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste, may leave the swain repining.  
Ye gods above! Oh, hear my pray'r, to my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again, to the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more, the dove become a ranger,  
The falling waters cease to roar, ere I shall seek to change her.  
The vows we register'd above shall ever cheer and bind me,  
In constancy to her I love, the girl I left behind me.

[My mind her form shall still retain, in sleeping and in waking,  
Until I see my love again, for whom my heart is breaking.  
If ever I return that way, and she should not decline me,  
I evermore will live and stay with the girl I've left behind me.]

*or parodies, eg about black and white cats.*

## HAPPY MAN <sup>6</sup>

*Second line adjusted to fit the given tune. Song always associated with Solomon Lynes of Adderbury, although he died a century before it was collected from William Walton by Janet Blunt in 1917. It was also collected by Alfred Williams so could not have been written by Solomon Lynes.*

How happy's that man, that's free from all care,  
That loves to make merry, that loves to make merry, o'er a drop of good beer.

With his pipe and his friends puffing hours away,  
Singing song after song, till he hails the new day.  
He can laugh, dance and sing, and smoke without fear,  
Be as happy as a king, till he hails the New Year.

How happy is the man that's free from all strife,  
He envies no other, he envies no other, but travels through life.

chorus

Our seamen of old, they fear not their foes,  
They throw away discord, they throw away discord, & to mirth they're inclined.

chorus

*Version collected by A Williams from James Midwinter of Aldsworth, Gloucestershire  
published in Folk Songs of the Upper Thames.*

How happy is the man that is free from all care,  
That loves to make merry o'er a pot of strong beer;  
With his pipe and his friend passing hours away,  
Singing song after song, till he hail the new day!

How happy this isle, that is doubly blest  
With meat that's delightful, and drink of the best!  
We live free from control, and are blest with great store,  
For we have what we want. What can mortals have more?

Our soldiers are bold, they fear not the foe;  
Our sailors are valiant, which our enemies know;  
They are feared in each clime, they're the dread of each shore,  
When the trumpet shall sound and the loud cannons roar.

But, since we enjoy such blessings divine,  
We'll throw off all discord, and to mirth we'll incline;  
We'll drink and we'll sing, passing hours away,  
And sing song after song, till we hail the new day.

## LADS A BUNCHUM

*As collected by Fred Hamer from William Walton's grandchildren.*

Oh dear mother what a fool I be, here are 6 young fellows come a courting me,  
Three are blind and the others can't see, Oh dear mother what a fool I be.

*As collected by Cecil Sharp from William Walton.*

Oh dear mother what a fool I be, six young girls (ladies etc) came a courting me,  
Three were blind and three couldn't see, Oh dear mother what a fool I be.

## POSTMAN'S KNOCK : words by L Thornton <sup>7</sup>, tune by W Wrighton <sup>8</sup>

What a wonderful man the Postman is! as he hastens from door to door.  
What a medley of news his hands contain, for high, low, rich and poor.  
In many a face, he joy doth(can) trace, in as many a grief he can see,

As(when) the door is opened to his loud rantan(raptap), and his quick delivery.

Ev'ry morn as true as the clock, somebody hears the Postman's knock.  
Ev'ry morn as true as the clock, somebody hears the Post - man's knock.

Number one he presents with the news of a birth,  
with tidings of a death, number four.  
At thirteen, a bill, of terrible length, he drops through the hole in the door,  
(Now) A cheque or an order at fifteen he leaves,  
and(when) sixteen his presence doth prove,  
While seventeen does an acknowledgement get, and eighteen a letter of love.  
chorus

May his visits be frequent to those who expect,  
a line from the friends they hold dear,  
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be disastrous tidings to bear.  
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows the dark border shading it o'er,  
Then long life to his Majesty's servant we say and oft may he knock at our door.  
chorus

**ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND** : *words by H Fielding* <sup>9</sup>, *tune by R Leveridge* <sup>10</sup>

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,  
It ennobled our hearts and enrich'd our blood,  
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers good,

Oh! the roast beef of old England, and oh! for old England's roast beef.  
Oh! the roast beef of old England, and oh! for old England's roast beef.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,  
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,  
chorus

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slipslops were known,  
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown,  
chorus

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom or never returne'd back again:  
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.  
chorus

**SHEPHERD'S HEY** : *sung by William Walton to Cecil Sharp 1919*

Shepherd's Hay, clover too, rye grass seeds and turnips too.

**SHOOTING THE WREN** : *might have been a morris song with sticking.*

(SWEET) JENNY JONES : sung by William Walton to Cecil Sharp 1919

My Sweet Jenny Jones is the pride of Llangollen  
My Sweet Jenny Jones is the girl I love best.

*From Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Wales", and variants from Cliff and Sylvia Hayes' "Looking back at ...Llangollen" and "The Music and Musical Instruments of Wales and its Bards and Minstrels with song of "Jenny Jones"..." Words attributed to comedian-actor Charles James Mathews <sup>11</sup> (1776-1835), to a harp tune known as "Cader Idris" composed by John Parry <sup>12</sup> (1776-1856) in 1804.*

My name's(is) Edward(Ned) Morgan, I live at Llangollen,  
The vale of St. Tafyd(David), the flow'r of North Wales;  
My father and mother, too, live at Llangollen!  
Good truth! I was born in that(the) sweetest of vales!  
Yes indeed! and all countries so(and) foreign and beautiful,  
That little valley I prize far above;  
For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love.

For twenty long years have I(I've) (have) plough'd(ed) the salt ocean,  
And serv'd(ed) my full(whole) time in a man-o'(f)-war ship;  
And 'deed, goodness knows, we had bloodful(bloodshed) engagements,  
And many a dark storm on the pitiless deep.  
And I've seen all the lands that are famous in story,  
And many fair damsels to gain me have strove;  
But I said "In my heart I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love".

I've seen good King George, and the Lord May'r(s)(or) of London,  
With Kings of far countries and many a Queen;  
The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess of d'Angouleme(Dongouleme),  
Up from King George to Sir Watkin, I've seen.  
But no, (not) Princesses, Kings, Dukes, not Commissioners,  
No, goodness knows it, my envy could move;  
For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my fathers,  
And left Jenny Jones, then a cockit(coquette) young lass;  
But now I'm return'd(ed) a storm-beaten old mariner,  
Jenny from Jones into Morgan shall pass!  
And we'll live on our cheese and our ale in contentment,  
And long thro'(through)our dear native valley will(we'll) rove;  
For indeed in our hearts, we both love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones, with a truth will I love.

(And sweet Jenny Morgan in truth I do love.)

(And sweet Jenny Morgan till death will I love.)

*From Graves' Celtic Songbook, English words by A Graves, also in Caneuon Cenedlaethol Cymru (1959).*

One morning from Llangollen's dim violet valley,  
Light-hearted I clambered to Caer Dinas Bran.

O'er Cynwyd and Corwen I saw the sun sally,  
Ruabon's far ridges faint flushed with the dawn.  
As I look'd, Berwyn's waters to silver were smitten,  
And Dee danced in diamonds to left and to right;  
But when one lonely cottage my lover's eyes lit on,  
Sure ev'rything else faded out of my sight.

From the castle down hill, like a deer I went racing;  
With heart pit-a-patting I leapt the ford stones;  
My feet through the air, like a pair of swifts chasing,  
Flew straight to the doorstep of sweet Jenny Jones.  
She sat by her father, and I by her brother,  
Her sisters, like roses, ranged round me for choice.  
But of all and of any I only saw Jenny,  
And listened alone to each tone of her voice.

In the church of Llangollen, when joybells were chiming,  
If once my wits wandered right well I knew why.  
'Twas Jenny's "I take thee" to heav'n sent them climbing  
Until her soft pinch pulled me back from the sky.  
I love a good neighbour, I love rest and labour,  
Good music and preaching, my pipe and my purse:  
But beyond all and any I love my own Jenny,  
For richer for poorer, for better for worse.

**WASHING DAY : tune *There's nae Luck aboot the House* 13**

*Fragment sung by William Walton to Janet Blunt 1916*

Thump! Thump! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub away!  
The devil a bit of peace I git! Upon a washing day

*From Palmer's Touch on the Times : words in a broadside printed by Pitts.*

The sky with clouds was overcast, the rain began to fall,  
My wife she beat the children and raised a pretty squall.  
She bade me with a frowning look to get out of the way;  
The devil a bit of comfort's there upon a washing day.

For it's thump, thump, scold, scold, thump, thump away;  
The devil a bit of comfort's there upon a washing day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife, there's none more free from evil,  
Except upon a washing day, and then she is devil.  
The very kittens on the hearth, they dare not even play;  
Away they jump with many a thump upon a washing day.

chorus

A friend of mine once asked me how long poor Kate was dead,  
Lamenting the poor creature and sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen whilst he had been at sea,  
The truth it was he chanced to come upon a washing day.



chorus

I asked him once to stay and dine : "Come, come," said I "oddbuds,  
I'll no denial take, you shall, though Kate is in the suds;"  
But what he had to dine upon in faith I shall not say,  
But I'll wager he'll not come again upon a washing day.

chorus

On that sad morning when I rise, I make a fervent prayer  
Unto the gods that it might be throughout the day quite fair,  
That not a gown or handkerchief may in the ditch be laid,  
For should it happen so, egad, I'd catch a broken head.

chorus

*An improved set of words by a T Wilson dated 1831 published in Allan's Tyneside  
Songs in dialect and normalised in Henderson's My Songs My Own.*

Of all the plagues a poor man meets along life's weary way,  
There's none among them all that beats a rainy washing day;  
And let that day come when it may, It always is my care,  
Before I break my fast to pray it might be fine and fair.

For it's thump! thump! souse! souse! scrub! scrub away!  
There's nowt but glumpin' in the house, upon a washing day.

For should the morn when Sall turns out be rainy, dark, or dull,  
She clouts the little bairns about, and packs them off to school.  
On every day throughout the week the goodman has his say,  
But this, when if he chance to speak, It's "Get out of my way!"

chorus

Her step has stern defiance in't, she looks all fire and tow,  
A single word, like sparks from flint, would set her all aglow;  
The very clothes upon her back, so pinned and tucked up are,  
As if to say to bairns and me, "Come near us if you dare!"

chorus

The cat's the picture of distress, the kittens dare not play,  
The dog's afraid to show his face upon this dreary day;  
The bird sits moping on its perch like something in a play,  
The pig's as hungry as a hawk, the hens lay all away.

chorus

The hearth is all with cinders strewn, the floor with dirty duds,  
The hoose is all turned upside down when Sall is in the suds;  
But when the fray is past and done, and all's hung up to dry,  
A cup and blast of baccy soon blows all bad temper by.

Then the thump! thump! souse! souse! scrub! scrub away!  
Make no more glumpin' in the house, until next washing day.

**(WITH) JOCKEY TO THE FAIR** : *sung by Bessie Aris to Janet Blunt 1907. Probably only to B music of morris tune.*

Twass on the morn of sweet May Day, when nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play, and Jenny had promised away she'd run,  
With Jockey to the Fair, with Jockey to the Fair.

He rose up early in the morn and merrily tripped it o'er the lawn,  
His Sunday coat the youth put on, for Jenny had said, away she'd run,  
With Jockey to the Fair, with Jockey to the Fair.

He tapped the window "Haste my dear!" and Jenny impatient cried "Who's there?"  
"Tis I, my love, there's no one near, so haste, my dear, and away you'll run,  
With Jockey to the Fair, with Jockey to the Fair.

*Other variants exist in the literature. "Jockey" is equivalent to a ploughboy.*

*There are many variants in the published words, indicated by the brackets above. Free standing words are possible extra words. Ones without a space separation are alternative words. A bracketed and inset line is an alternative to the line immediately above, but repeats are assumed to be obvious. Verses in square brackets occur in one version only. Any other versions, verses etc would be very welcome in a search for a "best" choice for use in performance.*

*Besides the Janet Blunt and Cecil Sharp mss sources, song books have been consulted in local libraries, private collections, particularly Tony Munday's, and considerable help given by the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. The library at Llangollen helped over the song Jenny Jones.*

There are other unrelated sets of words to these tunes. For example there are four families of words to *The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

Parodies or cruder versions are unlikely to have been used in polite performances by the Adderbury Morris Men.

file : addsongs.wri