JOURNAL

OF THE

FOLK-SONG SOCIETY

VOLUME III

1908-1909.

London:
19, BERNERS STREET. W.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY BARNICOTT AND PEARCE,
AT THE WESSEX PRESS, TAUNTON.

1909.

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REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

JUNE, 1909.

THE Executive Committee reports with pleasure the steady growth of the Folk-Song Society. During the year which ended May 31st, 1908, thirty-five new members have been admitted, and, although the Society has lost thirteen subscribers through resignation or death, it has at present two hundred and thirty-six members.

It is with deepest regret that the Committee has to record the death of the eminent musicians, Dr. Joseph Joachim and Dr. Edvard Grieg, who honoured the Society not only with their membership but with their sympathy and encouragement.† Three other members, Mrs. Rafe Leycester, Dr. J. Culwick and Dr. F. J. Sawyer, have also passed away, all of whom were actively interested in folk-music.

Much excellent work has been done during the past year in collecting folk-songs and dances, and in popularising them by publication and performance. The following list, which does not claim to be exhaustive, shows in what parts of England members have collected since the last Report was issued :—

BEDFORDSHIRE: Miss L. Edna Walter. DORSET: Miss L. E. Walter and Mr. H. E. D. Hammond. DERBYSHIRE: Mr. C. Sharp.* DEVONSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Mr. Percy Grainger,* Mr. Harry Piggott, Mr. C. Sharp. HAMPSHIRE: Dr. G. B. Gardiner. HEREFORDSHIRE: Mrs. Leather.* LANCASHIRE: Miss Annie G. Gilchrist. LINCOLNSHIRE: Mr. P. Grainger. LONDON: Miss L. Broadwood,* Mr. P. Grainger, and Mr. C. Sharp. MIDDLESEX: Mr. P. Grainger. NORFOLK: Dr. Ralph Vaughan-Williams. OXFORDSHIRE: Mr. C. Sharp. SHROPSHIRE: Mr. George Kaye-Butterworth. SOMERSET: Mr. C. Sharp. SUFFOLK: Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. SUSSEX: Mr. G. Kaye-Butterworth, Mr. Walter Ford,* Mr. C. Sharp, Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. WORCESTERSHIRE: Mr. P. Grainger.

In SCOTLAND, Mr. Gavin Greig and the Rev. J. B. Duncan have continued their important work of collecting on behalf of the New Spalding Club of Aberdeen, chiefly, but by no means solely, from singers in the north-east of Scotland (ABERDEEN, BANFF, KINCARDINE, etc.) Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland and Mr. G. Graham-Peel* have noted Gaelic songs from singers of SUTHERLAND. Miss Lucy Broadwood* has collected Gaelic songs in INVERNESS-SHIRE, and from Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in London, besides noting songs in PEEBLES-SHIRE.

† See *Journal* of the Folk-Song Society, No. 11, p. 142.

In IRELAND, Mr. Walter Ford* has collected from singers in County MAYO.

Those collectors against whose name there is an asterisk have used a phonograph, either as a substitute for, or supplementing ordinary methods.

The following members have lectured, or published papers, on folk-music: The Rev. J. B. Duncan, Mr. Walter Ford, Dr. George B. Gardiner, Mrs. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Gavin Greig, Mr. Frederick Keel, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Mr. Cecil Sharp, Miss L. Edna Walter, Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. Mr. F. Kidson has adjudicated prizes for the best folk-songs at the Musical Competition Festivals of Pontefract and Retford.

During the autumn and winter the Society held three meetings in London, at which short papers were read on "Harmonic Suggestion in Folk-Song," by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland; on "Children's Singing Games," by Mrs. G. L. Gomme; and on "Folk-Song and Composition," by Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. The reading of these papers was followed by discussion.

Two numbers of the *Journal* have been issued during the year; No. 11, consisting of a selection of Dorset songs from the very large and interesting MS. collection made by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond, of which he has generously presented duplicates to the Society; and No. 12, containing songs, most of which were transcribed from complete phonographic records by their collector, Mr. Percy Grainger, together with an essay on his experiences of the value of the phonograph in collecting.

British folk-music is daily making a wider appeal, and such important works as Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams' "Norfolk Rhapsodies," and Mr. Rutland Boughton's "Choral Variations on two Folk-Songs" (performed, amongst other occasions, at the Cardiff and Leeds Festivals respectively); Mr. F. Delius's "Brigg Fair," and Mr. Fritz Hart's Phantasy-Overture, "In the West Country," have done much to convince the musical world of the beauty and value of our traditional melodies. The movement for the teaching of folk-songs and dances in schools is being carried on with enthusiasm in many parts of England.

Owing to the rapid growth of the Folk-Song Society, and the serious increase of work in connection with it, Miss Lucy Broadwood has felt compelled to resign the office of Honorary Secretary, held by her for five years. Mrs. Walter Ford, at the invitation of the Committee, has kindly accepted the Secretaryship, while Miss Broadwood retains the position of Honorary Editor. The Incorporated Society of Musicians, having courteously offered the Folk-Song Society the use of a room at their offices for meetings and an official address, their offer was gratefully accepted, and communications should now be sent to Mrs. Walter Ford, Hon. Secretary of the Folk-Song Society, 19, Berners Street, London, W.

Many hundreds of songs already collected await publication in our Journals, and the Society would undoubtedly be able to extend its work of collecting and printing folk-music were its funds less limited. Members may materially help by interesting friends in the aims of the Society, and by introducing new subscribers. Leaflets, such as *Hints to Collectors*, *Instructions to Contributors*, *Circulars to Country Clergy*, etc., and back numbers of *The Journal*, may be had from the Hon. Secretary.

The thanks of the Committee are due to all who have generously contributed MS., words and tunes, to the Society, and especially to Dr. G. B. Gardiner and Mr. Percy Grainger, who have deposited with the Editor duplicates of their MS. collections, each consisting of several hundred songs carefully transcribed and annotated.

Sincere thanks are also offered to those who have helped in preparing the Journals, or who in other ways have furthered the work of the Society; to the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and to Messrs. Howard, Howes and Co., for again acting as honorary auditors to the Society.

Two donations are gratefully acknowledged; half a guinea from Mrs. Dobie, and half-a-guinea from Miss Frances Tolmie.

Thanks are also offered to the following donors:—The Committee of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, U.S.A., and the Bureau of American Ethnology: Reports and Transactions. The Committee of the Irish Folk-Song Society, Journal, Vol. V. Mr. Cecil Sharp, "Folk-Songs from Somerset," collected by Cecil Sharp (4th series, Schott, etc.), and "English Folk-Song: some Conclusions," by Cecil Sharp (Novello, etc.) Messrs. Curwen and Co., "Morris Dances," collected and arranged by John Graham. Heer Hjalmer Thuren: "Folkesangen paa FaerΦerne" ("Faroe Island Folk-Songs"), collected by Hjalmar Thuren. Miss M. Mason: "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," collected by M. Mason (Reprint, Metzler and Co.)

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THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

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Dr.

1907.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
June 1—To Balance at Bank ...	31 11 10	
,, Do. in hands of Secretary ...	1 7 3	
		32 19 1
1908.		
May 31—To Subscriptions—		
For 1906-7	1 1 0	
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		102 13 2
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MEMORANDUM:

There are in arrears 23 subscriptions which amount to £12 1 6

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1908.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
May 31—By Printing Journals and Circulars		66 1 6
,, Purchase of Journals, Nos. 1-5, out of print		1 11 6
,, Stamps ...		5 5 6
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,, Balance at Bank ...	89 2 11	
,, Do. in hands of Secretary ...	1 18 7	
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	52 16 2	

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HOWARD, HOWES & Co.,
Chartered Accountants,

27, Clements Lane,
London, E.C.

July 13th, 1908.

Journal

of the

Folk-Song Society.

No. 10.

Being the First Part of Vol. III.

London:

84, CARLISLE MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY BARNICOTT AND PEARCE,
AT THE ATHENÆUM PRESS, TAUNTON

1907.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Committee of the Folk-Song Society wishes to thank all those collectors who have kindly allowed the inclusion of their songs in this Journal, and also all those who have helped to throw light upon words or tunes. Special thanks are due to Miss B. M. Cra'ster for preparing the very valuable Subject Index to Volumes I and II of the Journal.

The notes initialled L. E. B., A. G. G., F. K., J. A. F. M., C. J. S., and R. V. W., are contributed by Miss Lucy Broadwood, Miss Annie Gilchrist, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, Mr. Cecil Sharp and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, forming the editing committee.

May, 1907.

SONGS FROM COUNTY WATERFORD, IRELAND.

COLLECTED BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

Camphire (literally "an elbow") consists of about 1,600 acres of hillside and marsh, lying between the rivers Blackwater and Bride which meet at this point. The property is owned by a great-grandson of the celebrated scholar, James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh. Besides Camphire House there are about twenty-five farm-houses, with as many labourers, scattered over the estate. The nearest towns (of the size of ordinary English villages,) are Lismore and Cappoquin, both about five miles off. The Blackwater, being an excellent waterway, was much used by the English from the earliest times, and the population has a great intermixture of English blood, chiefly through the followers of Sir W. Raleigh, the first Lord Cork, and other leaders, who settled in the County. The thickly-wooded banks rising above the wide tidal stream, the low heathery hills, and the distant Knockmealdown Mountains reflected in the river, make the landscape striking enough to justify Mr. Michael Geary when he repeatedly assures one that nowhere in the province of Munster is there such a magnificent view as that seen from his little cabin, which stands on the hill-side over-looking both rivers, and wide stretches of surrounding beauty. Mr. Michael Geary is a labourer, about seventy years of age. He has had a great local reputation as a singer of excellence, but his age is said to have affected his skill somewhat. Irish authorities tell me that it is characteristic of Co. Waterford singers to overlay their tunes with masses of ornamentation. Judging from the very interesting tunes in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, (edited by John O'Daly, 1849—1884, Dublin, James Duffy), this habit is common to other parts of Munster.

Nothing but many series of phonographic-records could satisfactorily reproduce any one song as given by Michael Geary, for he varies both his intervals, graces, and rhythm endlessly. The flexibility of his voice is amazing, and is contrived by that very nasal manner of producing the voice (met with so much amongst Orientals), which makes it possible for the untaught singer to perform feats that a skilled violinist might envy. Michael Geary will often sing a rapid run of eight or more notes as a preliminary to the essential note of the tune. For similar instances see the book above mentioned. The rapidity of his arpeggios, and his power of dwelling on favourite notes, swelling them out to a *fortissimo*, and sustaining them, are extraordinary. His singing indeed sounds like a rhapsodical improvisation; in all its main characteristics it is startlingly like that of the peasants of Southern Europe, especially of South Italy and Spain, and also of many Eastern races.

Bridget Geary, his daughter, who lives with her parents, fortunately knows most of her father's songs. She has a very clear, true, expressive voice, marks the time well, and avoids excess of ornament. I therefore first carefully noted her version of the tunes, and then took down from Michael such ornaments and variants as I could fix upon paper. I had only time to note three songs in this double way. Bridget herself, however, varies intervals and ornaments much more than any English or Scottish singer whom I have heard. Neither father nor daughter have had any musical teaching; but Bridget is very musical, and has picked out a few diatonic tunes on a small "melodeon" (accordion), and explained that she could not find the right notes for certain tunes (modal ones). Michael learnt his songs from older peasants in the neighbourhood, and Bridget learnt hers from him, her mother, and one or two old men of the place, now dead. If there is a little merry-making she is often asked for a song. A characteristic in her singing (found also in two or three songs which I have not included in this Journal), is her way of approaching the dominant by an unsharpened sub-dominant.

Neither singer can write Irish. Michael Geary has much to tell, and very eloquently, of Irish legendary history, of miracles at local holy wells, of the Midsummer Eve fires and rites still kept up in the County, and of plant-magic and the like. He has certainly not wholly cast away belief in such things, though he refers to them as "pagan transactions."

I wish to thank Dr. Joyce and Mrs. Clandillon for looking through my Waterford collection, and I have quoted any information received from them, under their names, in my notes. Only after leaving Ireland did I hear that Mrs. Clandillon, a native of Dungarvan not many miles from Camphire, has a fund of Old Irish peasant songs. She is both an Irish scholar and a trained musician, her opinions are therefore especially valuable. Mr. Clandillon and she are collectors and editors of a little book of Irish songs,—*An Londubh*,—published in 1904 by the Gaelic League, Dublin.

In preparing these songs I have consulted every available Irish collection, both old and new, and I wish to especially thank Mr. F. Kidson, for his generous loan of scarce books from his library; also Miss Rose Young, Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Hon. Mary Spring-Rice for help in dealing with the Irish text of songs.

L. E. BROADWOOD.

84, Carlisle Mansions,
London, S.W.
May, 1907.

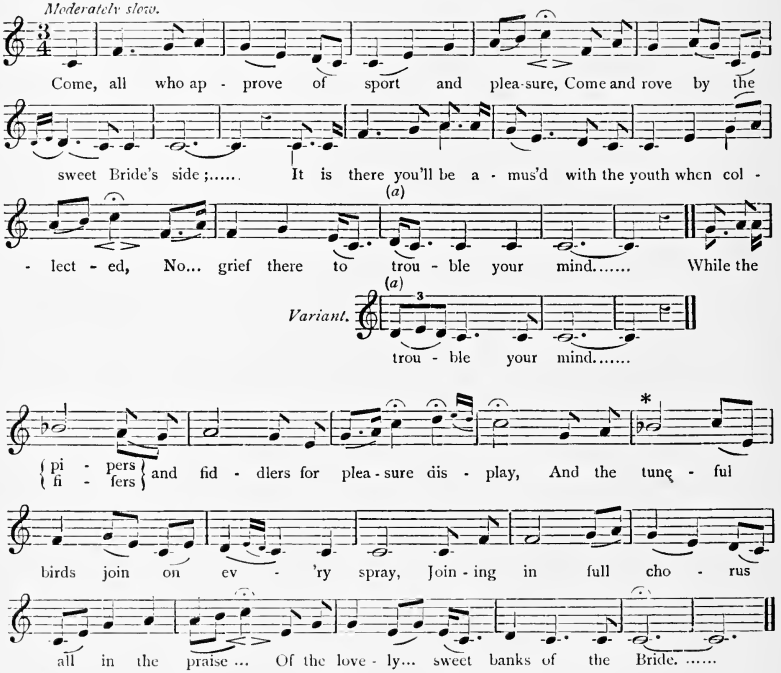
SONGS FROM COUNTY WATERFORD, IRELAND.

COLLECTED BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

1.—THE LOVELY SWEET BANKS OF THE BRIDE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906

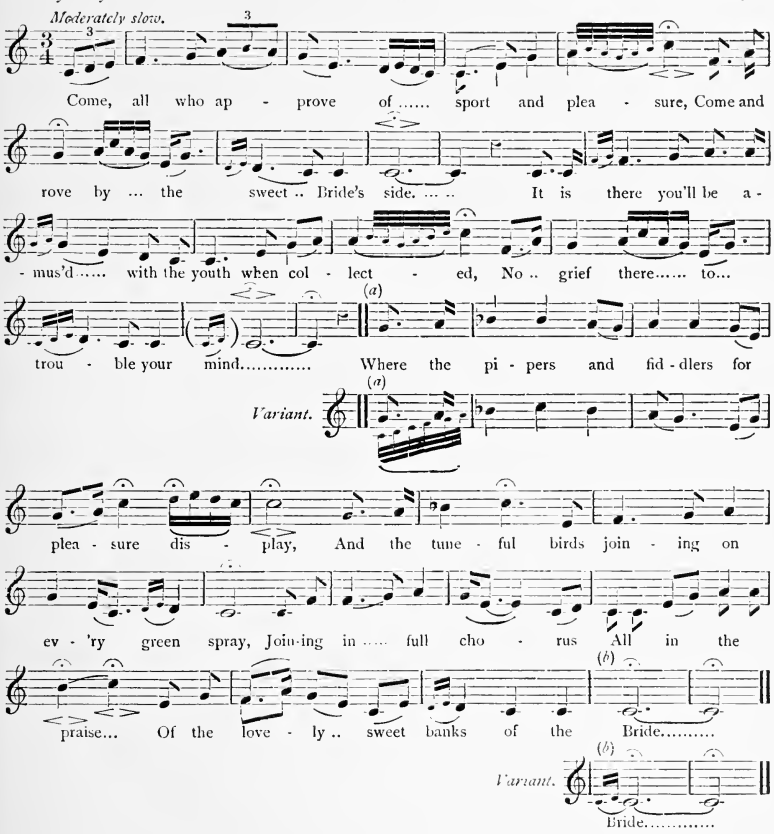


* Sung once only B ♮.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

Sung by Mr Michael Geary,
at Camphire, Cappoquin, co. Waterford, Aug., 1906.



Where the water glides is a fine situation,
Its equal are scarce to be found,
It is a wholesome place, and the plains all around it
Bespangled with sweet-scented flowers.
Gentlemen have made it a place of abode,
O'Brien, Bright, Thompson, and likewise Mr. Rold,
To see the sloop pass by with her cargo to Egypt
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Between Rathcormack and Hawking's inn
Where this water do gently glide,
Where gentlemen in coaches pass over the bridge
With a sporting laugh, and a smile.
Where the salmon and trout do jump with joy,
And the long-snouted otter do nimbly dive,
The flat-fish and eel no closer could lie
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

From that to Castlelyons we oftimes heard mentioned,
It always had carried the sway,
Where earls and knights assemble together
To take the evening fresh air.
The hare in its form, the rabbit in its burrow,
The fox well secured in its den and good covert,
The ducks, wild and tame, from the streams they do flutter
To the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Through Conna and Mogeela with speed it goes on,
Till in Tallow Bridge embraced by the tide,
From that to Janeville quay where the sea coals are landed,
And where our new merchant (?) detrive.
Through Sapperton and Fountain where crowds they do roam,
As they take great delight in the green shady grove,
A church they have for service, and a bridge to cross over,
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

So now to conclude as well as I began,
Though more in its praise I could say,
It's down to Dromore where the sportsmen cross the ferry,
And along to sweet Ballinatray.
It is there you'll hear the hounds, and the sounding of the horn,
The fox close pursued on a fine dewy morning,
It's there where the coursers are most handsome and charming,
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Mr. Geary's cabin overlooks the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater, and he and I sat enjoying the view whilst he sang this song. The words (gravely meant,) belong to a type of ballad, in praise of some place or other, which seems peculiar to Ireland. "Castle Hyde," composed by an itinerant poet in praise of the beautiful seat of the Hyde family on the Blackwater, is nearly as absurd (according to a version reprinted by Such on a broadside). Thomas Croker, in his *Popular Songs of Ireland* gives an account of the popularity of "Castle Hyde," and of how Richard Millikin (b, 1767, d. 1815, in County Cork,) undertook to parody its absurdities, and at

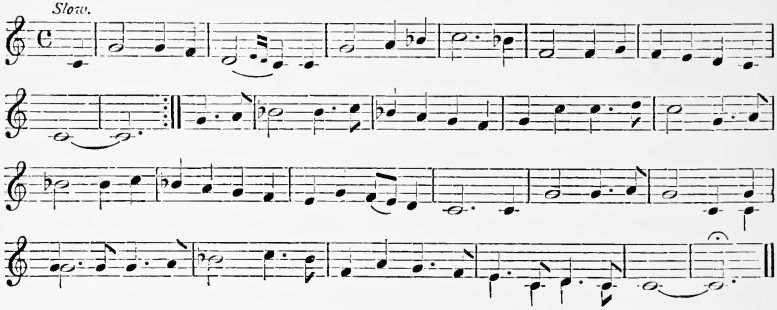
"a convivial meeting of gentlemen" produced his famous, and scarcely more extravagant, song "The Groves of Blarney." This he sang to the tune used for "Castle Hyde," one version of which Thomas Moore has made famous by associating it with his 'Tis the last rose of Summer.' (*See* Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*). Croker, writing in 1839, says that Mathews, the Comedian, had lately introduced Millikin's song on the London stage, with success. For similar absurd local songs see also, in *Popular Songs of Ireland*, Simon Quin's two poems on "The town of Passage," and Father Prout's combination of both these in a third song in praise of Passage. This latter is in exactly the same metre as "The lovely sweet banks of the Bride."

The Gearys' tune here given, plain and ornamented, should be compared with the following air "The poor Irish Stranger," and also with these tunes (all in *common time*): "To Leitrim County let us go" (Murphy's *Collection of Irish Airs and Jigs*, 1809.) "Weep on," or "The Song of Sorrow." (Moore's Melodies) and "The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland," (with interesting notes,) in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland* and other collections. Dr. Joyce finds a likeness between the Gearys' version and "a Munster tune called 'the Green Linnet' or 'Curiosity led a young native of Erin.'" In *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (Duffy and Co., Dublin, 1849-1884,) is an interesting florid variant, also in common time, which should be compared with Michael Geary's. The air is there called "Uileachan Dubh O!" meaning a black-haired head of a round shape, a favourite phrase amongst Munster peasants, especially when speaking of a woman's head. Mrs. Clandillon of Dungarvan, Co., Waterford, who knows a large number of traditional songs learnt from her parents and others, writes that Geary's is "decidedly a Co. Waterford tune, but is usually sung in common time."—L. E. B.

2.—THE POOR IRISH STRANGER.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN SEARLE (QUARRYMAN), AT BURY, PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX, OCT. 3RD, 1901.

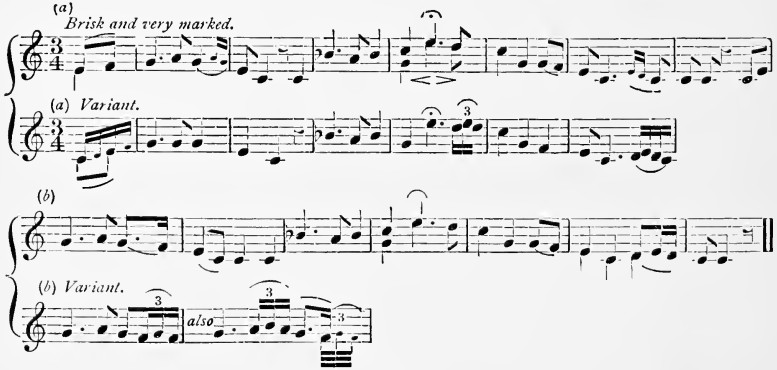


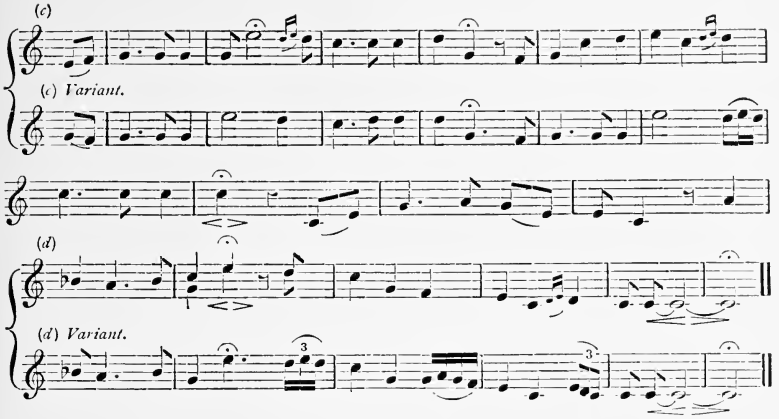
Mr. Searle sang me the words printed on broadsides by H. Such. Mr. W. P. Merrick noted a variant of this same air, also from a Sussex Singer; *see* "The Irish Stranger" *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 116.—L. E. B.

3.—COSHMORE; OR COSH-A-MORE.

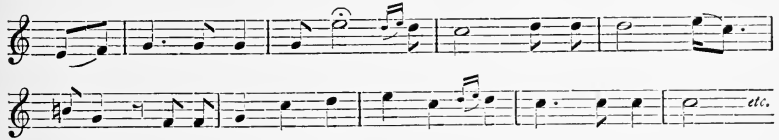
Noted by Lucy Broadwood.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY AND MR. M. GEARY, AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.





In two of the verses both Mr. Geary and his daughter consistently introduced an extra bar into the second half of the tune, to suit the words. This was done quite rhythmically, thus:



Coshmore is the name of the Barony in which Camphire lies. On the opposite side of the Blackwater is the Barony of Decies within Drum. Mr. Geary, when singing me the song in Irish, told me that it was said to have been made by a schoolmaster, who, "years and years ago," lived "beyant," (here he pointed to the Decies and Drum Country.) It relates a "love-transaction" between the schoolmaster and a farmer's daughter whose parents "looked higher for her." The girl, who lived in Coshmore, is supposed to have written every second verse of the song. Mr. Geary does not know the name of the schoolmaster. I think it possible that the author may be either the celebrated 'hedge-schoolmaster' poet Donogh Mac Con-Mara, (or Mac na Mara,) from Clare, or his friend Moran. Mac na Mara went to Co. Water-

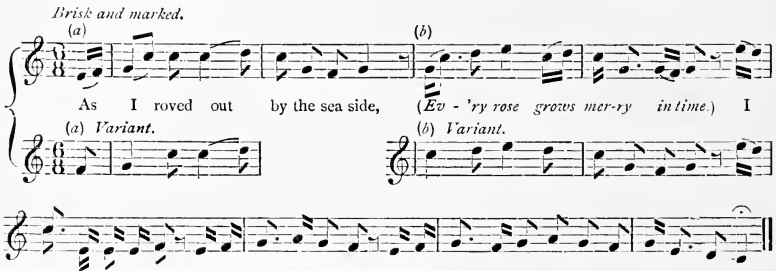
ford about the year 1738, and made friends there with William Moran who was celebrated as a bard amongst the Waterford peasantry. Moran kept a classical 'hedge-academy' at Knockbee in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, a large mountain district between Clonmel and Dungarvan in Co. Waterford. Donogh Mac na Mara and Moran taught together in this school. Later Mac na Mara started a 'hedge school' in the Barony of Middlethird in Co. Waterford. He died in 1814. Middlethird is actually next to the Barony of Decies to which part Michael Geary pointed. The foregoing account of Mac na Mara and Moran is taken from *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (*see* Introduction in this Journal, p 3). It has unfortunately been impossible to have the Irish words supplied in time for this Journal, but I have hopes of finding a transcriber later. Mrs. Clandillon pronounces the air to be very well-known in Co. Waterford.—L. E. B.

With the exception of one bar (the fourth of the second part of the tune) the whole of this melody is constructed on the notes of the chord of the fundamental Seventh, *c. e. g. b♭*, which is, of course, very characteristic of the Mixolydian mode.—C. J. S.

4.—THE SEA SIDE; OR THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

Sung by Miss Bridget Geary, at Camphire, Cappoquin, co. Waterford, Aug., 1906.



If you are to be a true lover of mine
(Every rose grows merry in time),
You must make me a shirt without needle or seam,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must wash it in a spring well,
(Every rose grows merry in time),
Where the water never ran or the rain never fell,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must dry it in a hawthorn tree,
(Every rose grows merry in time),
That never was blossomed since Adam was born,
And then you will be a true lover of mine."

"Now, Sir, you have questioned me three times three,
(Every rose grows merry in time),
But I might question as many as thee,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine:

You must get me a farm of the best land
(Every rose grows merry in time),
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must plough it with a goat's horn,
(Every rose grows merry in time),
And sow it all over with one grain of corn,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must thrash it in a sparrow's nest,
(Every rose grows merry in time),
And shake it all out with a cobbler's awl,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

And when you are done, and finished your work
(Every rose grows merry in time),
You can come back to me, and I'll give you your shirt,
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine!"

In this tune the leading note is absent. *See* Child's *Ballads* "Riddles wisely expounded," and "The Elfin Knight," for exhaustive history and variants of similar ballads. In the last volume of his great work Professor Child mentions a very important copy "from a book acquired by Walter Pollard, of Plymouth, in the 23rd year of Henry VI, 1444-5." The handwriting authorizes the conclusion that the verses were copied into the book not long after. The parties in the dialogue are the fiend and a maid. The fiend asks hard riddles, and says "But thou now, answery me, Thu schalt for sothe my leman be." The maiden answers the riddles, and escapes. Early broadsides, (*see* Pepys and Donce Collections, etc.), some British traditional* versions, and a negro *Cante-fable*, (see *Jamaican Story and Song*. Walter Jekyll, Folk Lore Society, 1907), preserve traces of the suitor, often a Knight, being the Devil in disguise. The Jamaican story "The Three Sisters," which deals of a monster outwitted by a maiden, contains the question and answer

* *See* "There was a Lady in the West" (Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*).

"What is roguer than a womankind?" "The Devil is roguer than a womankind." Compare this with Motherwell's MS. versions, quoted in Child's *Ballads*, "And what is worse than woman was?" answered by "And the Devil's worse than e'er woman was."

In ancient Oriental versions of this riddle-story the suitor is, of course, a "rakshas" or demon. There are parallels in Greek tales, and one form of the story is in *Gesta Romanorum*, but that copy, as it stands, is to be interpreted only by the English ballad, according to Child.

Motherwell's MS. and an American traditional version have the same oddly-corrupted burden as Bridget Geary's song. More often the burden is "Parsley, (or 'Savory') sage, rosemary and thyme;" "Juniper, rosemary," etc.; "Gennifer, (*i.e.*, 'juniper') gentle (*i.e.*, hawthorn) and rosemary;" "Lay the bent (*i.e.*, 'rush') to (or 'with') the bonny broom;" "Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy;" or "Sing ivy O!" On studying this type of riddle-ballads one cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary frequency with which "plant-burdens" occur in them. Both abroad and in the British Isles one meets still with so many instances of plants being used as charms against demons, that I venture to suggest that these "plant-burdens," otherwise so nonsensical, are the survival of an incantation* used against the demon-suitor. That *he* should have disappeared from many versions of the riddle-story (where the dialogue only survives), is most natural, seeing that to *mention* an evil spirit's name is to *summon* him, in the opinion of the superstitious† of all countries. Every one of the plants mentioned in the burdens above quoted is, as a matter of fact, known to folk-lorists and students of the mythology of plants, as "magical." That is to say, from earliest times they have been used both as spells by magicians, and as counter-spells against the evil powers who employ them. The following notes are of such interest that I make no apology for inserting them. Those who wish to go more fully into the matter should refer to *Flowers and Flower-lore* by H. Friend, who has compiled his work from all the most important European books on the subject. It is perhaps hardly neccessary to remind our readers that, from earliest times, the herbs or symbols efficacious against the evil eye, and spirits, are also invariably used on the graves of the dead, or during the laying of the dead to rest.

* In one form of this riddle-song we get burdens which seem to be a corruption of a Latin exorcism (*see* "My true love lives far from me" in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*.) "He sent me a goose, without a bone; *Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Domine*; He sent me a cherry, without a stone, *Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie, Perrie, Merrie*," *etc.* For other examples *see* "I had four brothers over the sea," etc., in various collections of traditional songs.

† Curiously enough, Mr. Michael Geary himself gave me a proof of this, last summer, when discussing the virtues of wormwood smoked in Midsummer Eve fires and hung up in cottages till the next year, as is done still in the neighbourhood of Camphire.

Parsley.—Was used by the ancient Greeks at funerals, and on graves. It was so much associated with death that a Greek army fled in a panic on meeting asses laden with it. It is used magically in Germany, and is in the British Isles and Europe generally ominous of something bad, especially if transplanted.

Sage.—Pepys mentions its use on graves near Southampton. It is used in England still for magical purposes on Midsummer's Eve, and is used against the evil eye in Spain, Portugal, etc.

Rosemary.—Is called in Spain and Portugal "Alicrum" or "Elfin Plant."* It is there worn against the evil eye. It is hung up still, and burnt against witches, in Devonshire. It is everywhere also associated with funerals and death.

Thyme.—Is also magical. It forms, mixed with the "marygold," the chief ingredient in a recipe (circa 1600) for an eye-salve or "unguent" for beholding "*without danger the most potent fairy or spirit you may encounter.*" Wild thyme is considered in England to bring death into the house with it. Thyme, rosemary and gilliflowers, are the favourite plants on Glamorganshire graves, where only strong-smelling herbs and plants are permitted.

Juniper.—Is sacred to the Virgin in Italy, France, etc., and has especial power to put to flight the spirits of evil, and charms of the magician.

The Gentle.—(Gentle-thorn or bush) is the name used all over Ireland for the large hawthorns considered so holy. They are sacred to the "gentry"—"gentle people," or fairies who inhabit them.

Holly and Ivy.—Have been used magically since the earliest heathen times. Holly is "especially abhorrent to witches" in England and other countries of Europe.

Broom.—Twelfth-night broom is held on the Continent, and elsewhere, to be most potent against witches and spirits. It is *per contra*, much used by witches in their charms. In Sussex and other parts it "brings death into a house with it" (as does hawthorn).

The Bent (or Rush).—Is widely used in charms against the evil eye. Combined with the broom it would be doubly powerful, therefore.

Since forming this theory concerning the plant-burdens I have fortunately met with the following note by Sir Walter Scott, which seems to strengthen it very much. He writes, on the subject of "The Demon Lover" (a ballad absolutely distinct from "The Elfin Knight," of course), in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*: "I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a

* Interesting, as occurring in the burden of this "Elfin Knight" ballad.

" beautiful maiden, but, *disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom*, " makes the following lines the burden of his courtship :

" Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
" Lay aside the St. John's-wort and the vervain."

" The heroine of the following tale (the " Demon-Lover ") was unfortunately with- " out any similar protection." Both St. John's-wort and vervain* are famous throughout Europe as magical plants.

Child shows how exceedingly ancient and universal the subject of the " Elfin Knight " ballad is. Kristensen has collected a Danish traditional version. The Danish tune has no likeness to any English air yet noted to the " Elfin Knight " or kindred ballads, as far as I can ascertain ; but it has a most *remarkable* likeness to the tune of " The Knight's Dream " noted in Scarborough (see *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 273).

In its modern traditional forms it is very popular with country-singers. *See* " There was a Lady in the West," and " Scarborough Fair," (*English County Songs* and *Traditional Tunes*), " Whittingham Fair," (*Songs of Northern England*) and " An Acre of Land," with many other references appended, in *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 212. *See* also " The Three Sisters " in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols* (Second Edition).

Bridget Geary's tune is a variant of another Co. Waterford tune with the title " Druim-Fhionn Donn Dílis " noted by Mrs. Clandillon, (*see* the " Introduction " to my Waterford Collection).—L. E. B.

* See also Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* on " The virtues of vervain."

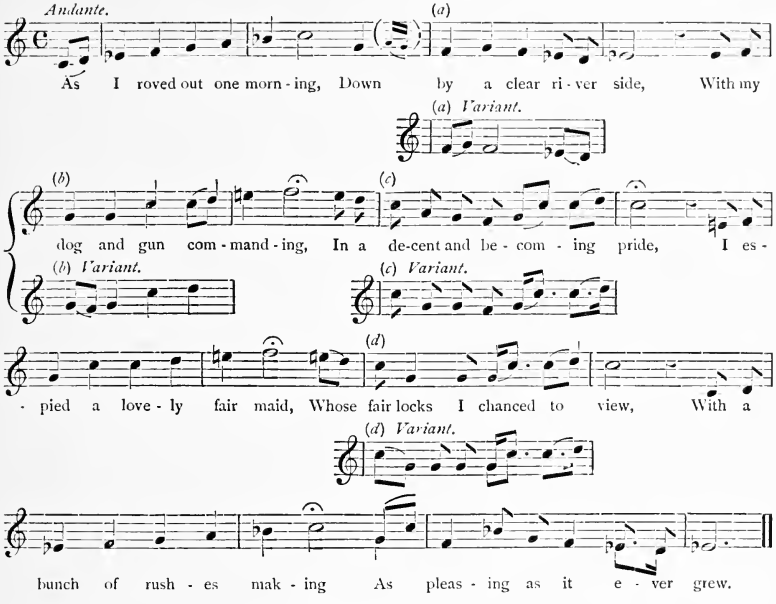
Since the foregoing was written a most interesting and suggestive lecture has been delivered in London by the learned musician and folk-lorist, Monsieur Combarieu, on " La Musique et la Magie." M. Combarieu traced instrumental and vocal music to its most primitive uses, *viz.*, magical, and, later, religious. He gave striking proofs to support his theory, drawn not only from the customs of primitive and savage peoples, but of the civilised, *from the earliest times till the present*. The study of " burdens," considered as possible " incantations," might prove most valuable.—L. E. B.

5.—THE BUNCH OF RUSHES.

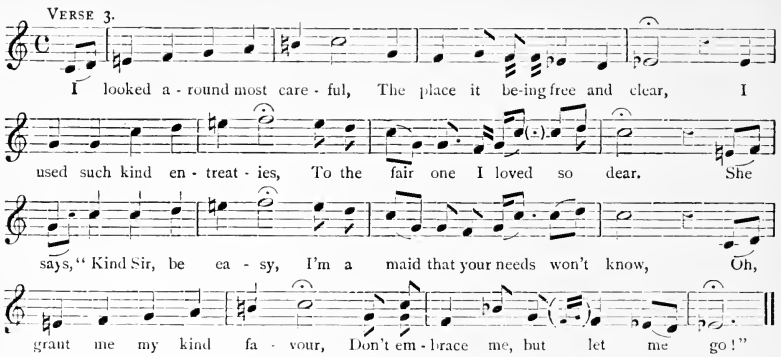
AN BEIRTIN LUACHRA.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY, AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.



2 Is ar maidin dam go h-uaigneach
(One morning lonely)
Ar buaic thar chúl na g-coillte,
(On the tops at the back of the woods)
Is mo ghadhar agam a'gluaise'acht,
(With my hound proceeding,)
Is mé 'g éisteacht le glór na n-éan,
(And I listening to the voice of the birds,)
S'é do dheareas fhéin, mo stóirín
(What I myself saw was my little treasure,)
Cúl } dualaigh, is i m-aice agam (?)
Folt }
([Of the] ringletted head of hair approaching;)
Is adhbhar } an bhinsinn bhuainte
uìrthe }
(And on her the cut bunch)
Do'n luachra ba glaise a d' fhás (?)
(Of rushes the greenest ever grew)



4 Agus dhearcas fhéin im' thimcheall
(And I glanced around me)
Insan áit úd . . . . . .
(In that place . . . . .)
Agus dh' iarr mé cúpla póigín,
(And I asked a couple of little kisses,)
O'm stóirin 'sí bhréoidh mo chroidhe
(From my little treasure, she is the flame of my heart;)
'Sé dubhairt an ainnir liomsa
('Tis what the maiden said to me:)
"Bi ceannsa, a's ná deun dam dith,
("Be kind, and do me no harm,)
Is ná scaip mo bhinsinn luachra.
(And do not scatter my bunch of rushes)
Th'réis do bhfuaireas de thriobhóide de."
(After what I had of trouble with it.)

(6, English verse forgotten.)

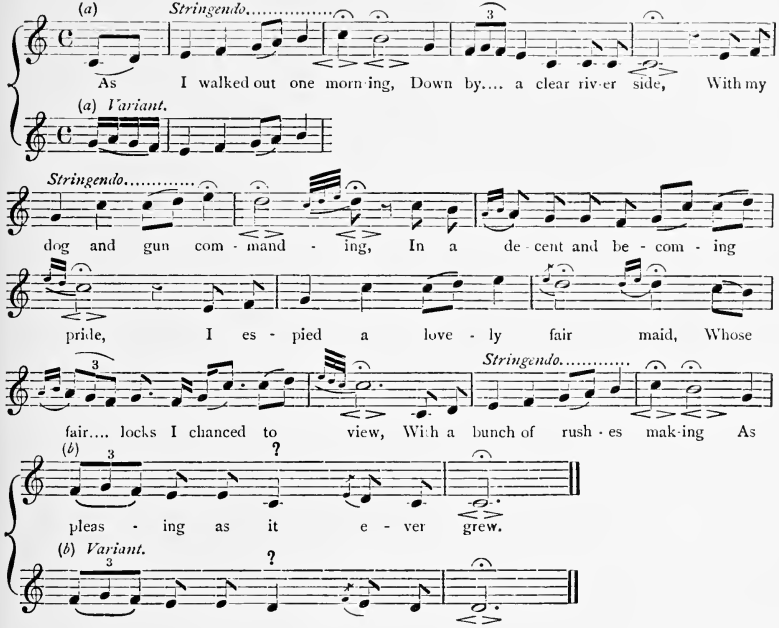
7 Buachaill deas a b' fhearr liom
(A handsome youth I would prefer,)
Mo chráidhte mór, thar a bh-faca riamh
(My great vexation! beyond what I ever saw!)
"Dhá pósfainn buachaill gránna
("If I should marry a hateful youth)
Mo lámh dhuit, ná mairfinn bliadhain."
(My hand to you, I should not live again!")
"Suidh ann súd sios lámh liom
("Sit down then, near by me,)
Is ar sáile [9] seadh a bhéas ár d-triall
(And over the sea will be our journey,)
Agus bainfeadh mé binsin bhréagh duit,
(And I will cut a bunch of rushes for you,)
Chomh h-aluinn is do chonnaic tù riamh."
(As beautiful as you ever saw.")

SECOND VERSION.

BEARTIN LUACHRA.

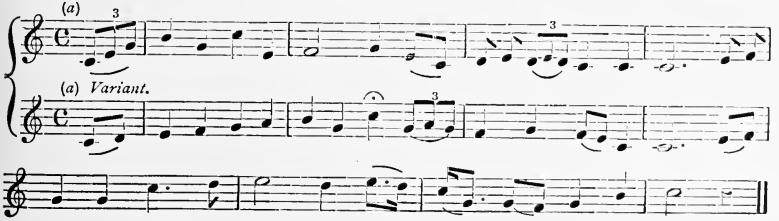
Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MR. MICHAEL GEARY, AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.



THIRD VERSION.

FRAGMENTARY VARIANTS. SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY.



This is a good example of a bilingual song. The verses are alternately English and Irish; the Irish being sung second, and having practically the same meaning as the English, in this case. Neither of the singers could remember more than two English stanzas, though they sang three in Irish. Bridget wrote the latter phonetically for me, and I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Rose Young of Galgorm Castle, Antrim, and, through her, also to Dr. Douglas Hyde, for as correct an Irish version with its literal meaning as they could contrive from Bridget's manuscript.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted a ballad in Dorsetshire called "The Bunch of Roses," the first line of which begins "Early one Summer morning, abroad as I did walk for sport," which is probably a translation from the Irish ballad, for the subject is the same, though the verse is different, when compared with Geary's English song. Mr. Hammond's ballad is sung to a major variant of "The Bonny Bunch of Roses O!" (see *Folk-Song Journal*, ix, and p. 56 of this Journal.) Dr. Douglas Hyde writes that the Irish words are "famous;" I have not found the ballad in any collection of English-Irish songs. Bunting gives a three-time tune to the title "The Bundle of Rushes" in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1809, but his tune is not at all like any of the airs here printed. Mrs. Clandillon tells me that she knows four different airs to the Irish ballad, but not any of my versions. She notices that the second and third phrases of Bridget Geary's complete tune are like parts of the tune "Billy Byrne" (see Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, etc.) as it is known in English, or "On Board of Paddy Lynche's Boat" as the Irish title would be translated. Mrs. Clandillon finds Michael Geary's tune still more like "Billy Byrne." His should be compared with tunes No. 8, 245, and 1353 in the complete *Petrie Collection*, and also with "My mind it is uneasy" in Joyce's little book of *Irish Peasant Songs* [Longmans, Green and Co., 1906, price 6d.]

Bridget sang E♭ and B♭ consistently in bars 3, 4, 14 and 15, for four or five repetitions. After that she sang E♮ and B♮ at those places. In all other respects her modal intervals never varied from those here noted, and were absolutely unmistakable. When I sang bars 3, 4, 14 and 15 in the two different ways to her, and asked her which she intended, she said, "Well, it doesn't much matter; one sings different ways at different times, with the changing of the words." Two days in succession she most often adhered to the E♮ and B♮. However, judging from other examples of Irish airs in "mixed" modes, I should say that Bridget's tune should begin in the Dorian manner. She always sings a tune which she learned from a very old native of Camphire, now dead, called Michael Whelan; much preferring his tune to her father's. I believe that she found some difficulty in not thinking of her father's version, and unconsciously altered her intervals because I mentioned his tune. When

I asked her to sing his, she tried, (see fragmentary variants,) but soon became confused and drifted back to her own.

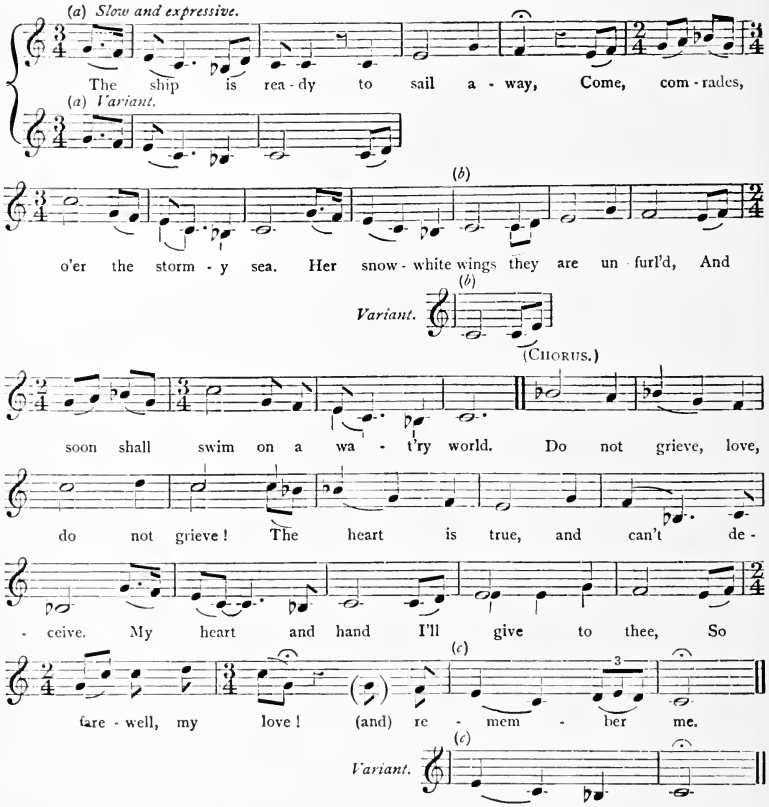
Michael Geary sang his tune with an extraordinary force, and as if it were a wild recitative much ornamented. His cadence puzzled me completely, for it was sung in a hoarse, uncertain intonation ; and when Bridget sang his tune she imitated her father's uncertainty at that place. I incline to think that the cadence ending on D is what was intended.

Mr. Kidson has kindly sent a ballad-sheet printed by Such, "The Bunch of Rushes," which is evidently a paraphrase of a common Irish original, but is distinct from the English ballad here printed.—L. E. B.

6.—THE SHIP IS READY TO SAIL AWAY.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.



Good-bye, my love, my own dear girl,
My lovely dark-haired, blue-eyed girl!
To leave you here my heart feels sore,
But if life remains we'll meet once more.

Chorus—Do not grieve, love, do not grieve!
The heart is true, and can't deceive.
My heart and hand I'll give to thee,
So good-bye, my love! (and) remember me.

Farewell to Dublin hills and bays,
To Kilkenny mountains, and silvery seas,
Where many a long, long summer's day
We've loitered many an hour away.
Do not grieve, etc.

Erin dear, it grieves my heart
To think from you I'll have to part,
Where friend, was ever so dear and kind,
In sorrow I must leave behind.
Do not grieve, etc.

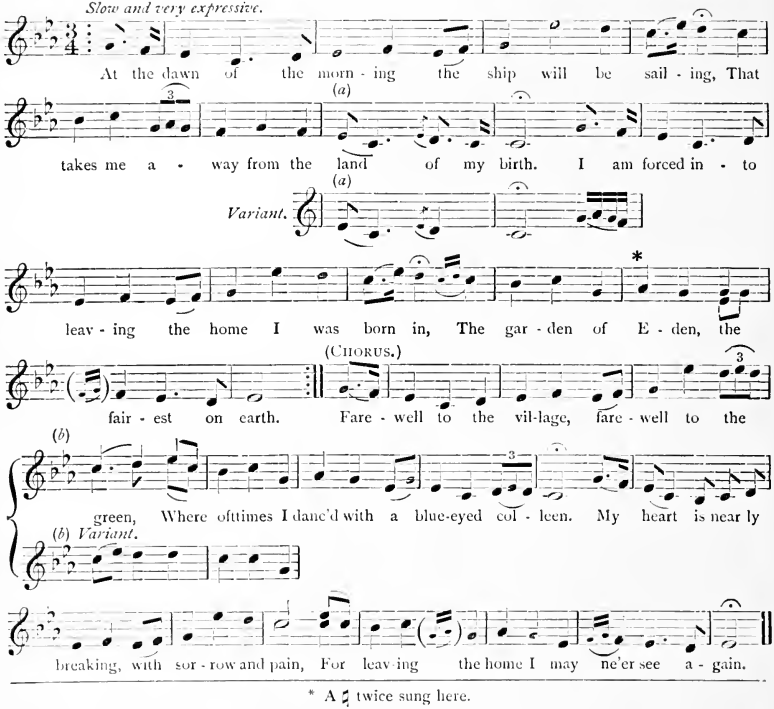
My own sweet dearest's heart will break
When I a farewell to him I take,
When I am in the land that's free
Good-bye, my love, remember me.
Do not grieve, etc.

The words of this song are obviously modern, but I have not been able to find them in any collection as yet. In August last I heard three very tipsy men shouting snatches of the chorus words, near Portrush, County Antrim; but they were unable to sing any recognisable tune. Dr. Joyce, who does not know the air, agrees with me that it must be an old folk-tune. Mrs. Clandillon says that the song, both words and tune, is known to almost everyone in County Waterford, though she believes that it has never been published. Bridget most often sang the cadence with the B♭.
—L. E. B.

7.—FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.



* A ♮ twice sung here.

At the dawn of the morning the ship will be sailing,
That takes me away from the land of my birth, !
I am forced into leaving the home I was born in,
The Garden of Eden, the fairest on earth.

It is not my wish I should part from old Erin,
Or leave that sweet cot at the foot of the hill,
'Tis nought but oppression now tears us asunder,
For the love of my country shall cling to me still.

Chorus—Farewell to the village, farewell to the green,
Where it's oftimes I danced with a blue-eyed Colleen,
My heart is nearly breaking with sorrow and pain,
For leaving the home I may ne'er see again.

The home of my fathers, his birthplace for ages,
Was torn from our grip by the governor's hand,
My people and me were nothing but strangers,
As Irishmen are, in their own native land.
It has broken the hearts of my father and mother,
Thank God ! they're at rest in their own native clay.
My heart is nearly breaking with sorrow and pain,
For leaving the home I may ne'er see again.

Farewell to the dance on the green every evening,
Farewell to the Colleen so beauteous and bright !
Farewell to the stories we've told to each other,
While around the turf fire on a cold winter's night.
They say, in the land far across the Atlantic
It is there that the Irishman happy can be,
Where the stars and the stripes shelter every stranger,
May Ireland be soon, like it, happy and free.

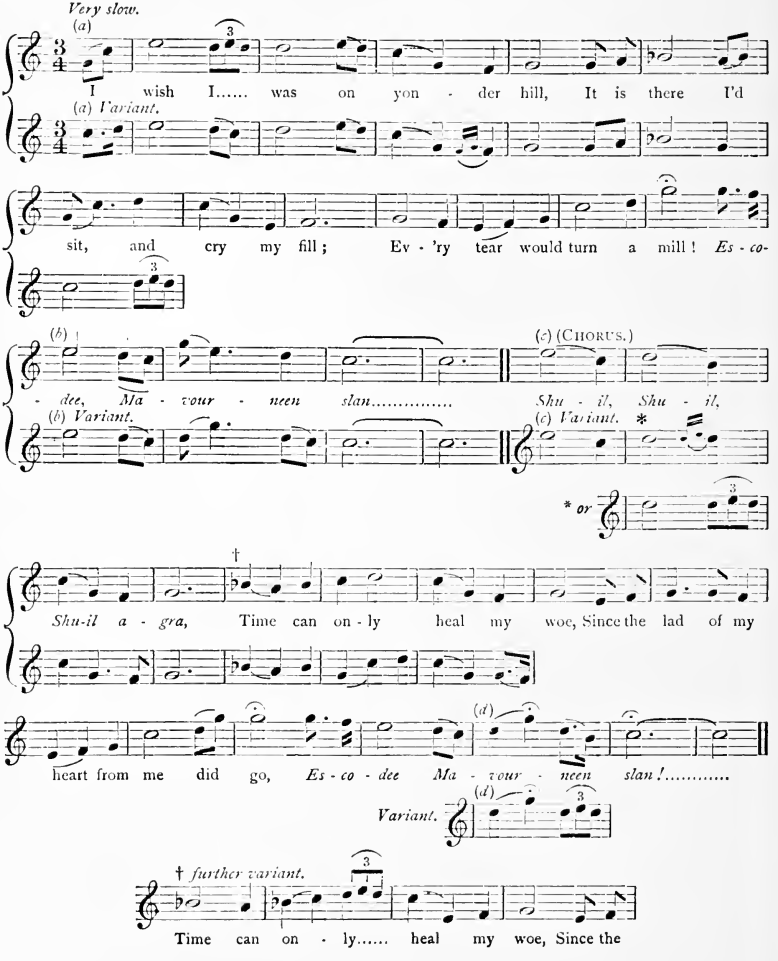
Bridget Geary took the words of this song from a ballad-sheet. Mrs. Clandillon writes that she and her husband know the ballad well, but only in Irish. She does not think that either words or air have been published. She adds that Mr. Patrick O'Shea sings a version of this tune to Irish words about "John the Smith."—L. E. B.

This tune has Æolian characteristics, but not the Æolian cadence.—R. V. W.

8.—SHULE AGRA.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY, AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.



'Tis often I sat on my true love's knee,
'Tis many false stories he told me,
He told me a thing that ne'er would be,
** Escodee, Mavourneen slan.*

Chorus—† *Shule, shule, shule, agra,*
Time can only ease my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
Escodee, Mavourneen slan.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,‡
'Tis round the world I'd beg my bread,
My parents wish I was dead and gone,
Escodee, Mavourneen slan.
Shule, shule, etc.

I wished, I wished, I wished in vain,
I wished I'd be a maid again,
But a maid again I ne'er can be
Till ash grows out through a holly tree.
Shule, shule, etc.

I have never elsewhere met with a major tune to the ballad "Shule Agra" (or "Shule Aroon"). Dr. Joyce, who knows only the many variants of the familiar minor air finds a major one "very abhorrent"! However, it sounds beautiful as Bridget sings it. It has some Mixolydian characteristics. In the complete *Petrie Collection* there is a variant of the usual minor tune, the cadence of which should be compared with Bridget's. Mrs. Clandillon writes that my version "is the only way I ever heard 'Shule Agra' sung in this county (Waterford), and it is the very same as I sing in Irish. I also know your version of the English words; in fact, almost everyone here does." For references to a few of the many versions of the minor tune, of which the late Joseph Robinson published an arrangement as "I wish I were on yonder hill," and variants of the words (in most cases obviously re-written and "adapted,") *see Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 253.

Mr. Moffat in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland* uses the version of "Shule Agra" from Horncastle's *Music of Ireland*, 1844, (*see* "I wish I were on yonder Hill," or "Shule Arun"), and gives the following Irish chorus:—

"Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Shule go succir agus, shule go cuin,
Shule go teir an durrus angus eligh glum,
Is go de movourneen slan."

He states that Gavan Duffy believes the verses to date from the early eighteenth century, but I suggest that the English traditional words must belong to some far

* Or "Is go de."

† Pronounced and written by the singer "Shu-il."

‡ According to a note in *Songs of Four Nations*, the sumptuary law at one time compelled beggar women to wear a red petticoat.

earlier ballad. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play "The two noble Kinsmen" (printed 1634), quote this fragment of a popular ballad, which has certainly a strong affinity with the varying traditional versions of "Shule Agra":—

"For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine ee,
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He'll buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

The following verse occurs in the old song "Rantin', roarin, laddie" from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, Vol. ii, 1776:—

"I'll sell my rock, my reel, and tow,
My gude grey mare, and hacket cow,
To buy my love a tartan plaid,
Because he is a roving blade."

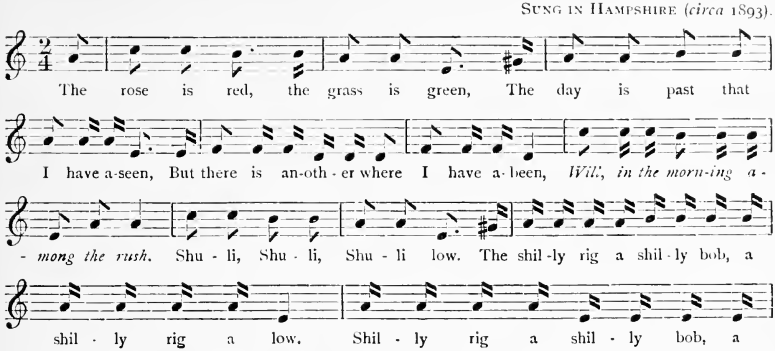
The second version here given, was noted and communicated to me about thirteen years ago by a Hampshire correspondent whose name I unfortunately mislaid. The singers were illiterate and English, as far as I could ascertain at the time. The words present interesting differences from those usually found, and should be compared with the following noted (without tune), by Miss C. Burne, from the singing of the children of a family of gipsies named Wharton, habitually travelling in Shropshire and Staffordshire, 1885; (*see Shropshire Folk Lore*).

"I'll have my petticoat bound wi' red,
And the lad I love, I'll beg his bread,
And then my parents 'll wish me dead.
Sweet William in the morning amongst the rushes!

And I'll go down to yanders mill,
And I'll lie down and cry my fill,
And every tear shall turn a mill.
Sweet William in the morning amongst the rushes!"

SECOND VERSION.

Sung in Hampshire (*circa* 1893).



And then I'll away to Portland Hill,
And there I'll sit and cry my fill,
Every tear shall drive a mill,
Will, in the morning, among the rush.

Shuli, shuli, shuli low.
The shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a low.
Shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a bob.
Will, in the morning, among the rush.

And then I'll dye my petticoat red,
For the chap I love I'll beg my bread,
And then my friends will wish me dead.
Will, in the morning, among the rush.

Shuli, shuli, shuli low.
The shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a low.
Shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a bob,
Will, in the morning, among the rush.

The Hampshire tune here given has extraordinarily interesting points of likeness to the tune "Of noble race was Shinkin" in Playford's *Dancing Master* (16th ed., 1716) which differs materially from the modern version of the tune. For further curious links with other songs *see* "My Johnny was a shoemaker," in this number of the Journal.

It may be added that "Shule Agra" ("Siúbhail a ghrádh") means "Come, my love," and "Godèthu, mavourneen slaun," a favourite form of the Irish burden, "That you may go safe, my darling." I have lately seen a Cork broadside with a great number of verses, several not occurring in any versions that I have hitherto seen. The chorus is almost as nonsensical as the Hampshire one.—L. E. B.

It has struck me as singular that, while the ballad is more or less well known in England, the Irish refrain must have been meaningless to the singer. The earliest notice of the ballad that I can find is in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Maria Edgeworth, dated 22nd Sept., 1823, (see Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837, Vol. v, p. 306). The younger sister, Sophia Edgeworth, had charmed Scott by singing "a fragment of an Irish ditty, the heroine of which was a sad damsel in a petticoat of red—the chorus something like

Shool, shool, Ochone, ochone
Thinking on the days that are long enough gone."

And he had been busying himself among his ballad-collections to see if he could recover any more of the words. Lockhart, after saying this, gives a letter from Scott to Miss Edgeworth, in which the following occurs:

"I have recovered by great accident another verse or two of Miss Sophia's beautiful Irish air; it is only curious as hinting at the cause of the poor damsel of the red petticoat's deep dolour:

I went to the mill, but the miller was gone;
I sate me down and cried, Ochone,
To think on the days that are past and gone,
Of Dickie Macphalion that's slain.
Shool, shool, etc.

I sold my rock, I sold my reel,
And sae hae I my spinning-wheel,
And all to buy a cap of steel
For Dickie Macphalion that's slain.
Shool, shool, etc."

But who was Dickie Macphalion for whom this lament was composed?"—F. K.

Not only is there a coincidence between the *words* of the traditional versions of "Shule Agra"* and those of the "Rantin', roarin' laddie" (or "The White Cockade," —as the version in Chambers' *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* is called—which version is probably a Jacobite adaptation of an earlier song), but, if the form of the "Shule Agra" tune printed in "*Songs of Four Nations*" be compared with the

* See Miss L. Broadwood's notes on "Shule Agra," first version of tune.

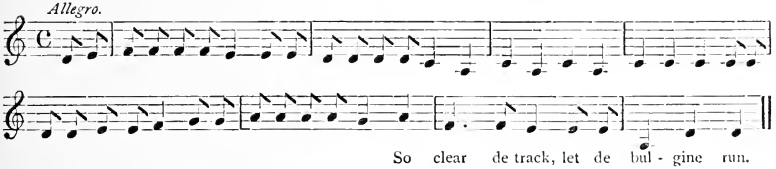
"White Cockade" tune in Chambers' book, a resemblance will be noted between the tunes also, including the characteristic leap upwards to a culminating note of the melody at the end of the third line of the verse.

The Hampshire version of the tune may be compared with a variant known as a sailors' chanty, printed in *The Yachting Monthly* for October, 1906:—

CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULGINE RUN.

CHANTY.

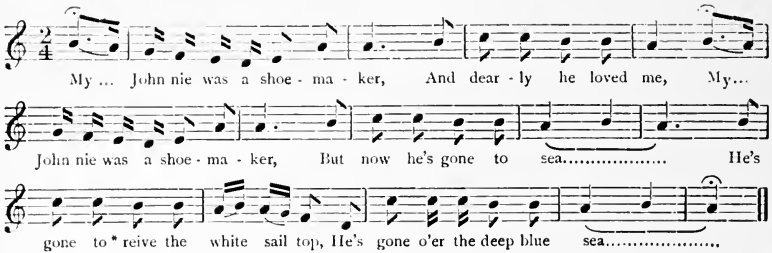
SUNG BY AN AMERICAN SEAMAN ON SHIP "ST. LAWRENCE," IN 1867.



This chanty is known variously as "Eliza Lee," "The Black Ball Line" and "Let the Bulgine run," and has a nonsense chorus in which "rig-a-jig" occurs. The bold phrase with which the melody ends is also attached to another chanty, "All on the Plains of Mexico," and, from other evidence, I should surmise that this form of the "Shule Agra" tune, which is also near akin to the version in Kerr's *Merry Melodies*, has been long in use at sea.—A. G. G.

8.—MY JOHNNIE WAS A SHOEMAKER.

Noted by J. Kirk Maconachie. SUNG MANY YEARS AGO BY HIS SCOTTISH NURSE,
ÆOLIAN W. ABERDEENSHIRE.



The Rev. J. Kirk Maconachie of Rusholme, Manchester, communicates this through Miss Gilchrist, together with a number of ballad-fragments and children's songs learnt in his boyhood, "at the back of Bennachie" thirty-five miles from Aberdeen, where he was a "son of the manse" in a very remote parish. Mr. Maconachie left the locality thirty-one years ago. He never heard more than one verse of the song.

Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland has already pointed out the curious relationship between "Shule Agra" as noted by Mr. Kidson (Journal Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 253) and "My Johnny was a shoemaker" noted in the South of England by Mr. Heywood Sumner, (see *The Besom Maker* and *English County Songs*.) In both those songs there is a marked likeness in tunes and words. "Sure an' he loves me; And when he comes back he'll marry me, Oh, my Johnny has gone for a soldier," in Mr. Kidson's "Shule Agra" is much the same as the last verse of Mr. Sumner's song. Miss Burne noted a version in Staffordshire (words only) from the singing of the same gypsies who sang her a variant of 'Shule Agra' (*see* this Journal, p. 28). They are as follows:—

"My chap's gone, a sailor for to be,
He's gone across the deep blue sea,
When he do return, how happy I shall be,
I'm going to marry a navy!

I'm going to marry a chap in blue,
He is a navy, and his eye dark blue,
(And oh! I know that he loves me true,)
I'm going to marry a navy

* Not the same word as "reef," a nautical friend tells me, but meaning to thread cord through eyelet-holes, etc. A new kind of sewing for the shoemaker seems implied.—A. G. G.

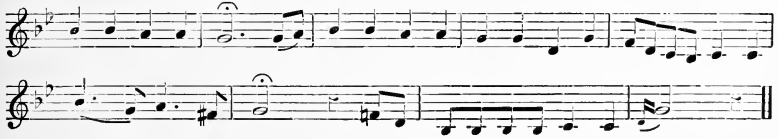
Mr. Maconachie's tune is exceedingly like Chappell's traditional air to "I sowed the seeds of love" (*Popular Music*); and Mr. Kidson's "Shule Agra" tune, and that noted in Hampshire, (see this Journal, p. 29) are like it also. The type of tune is a favourite one, and recent collectors have noted numerous variants in the south of England, sung to many different ballad-words. Now, in the *Complete Petrie Collection* there are three tunes, all variants of the interestingly linked airs under discussion: No. 443, "I'd cross the world over with you, Johnny Doyle," and No. 629, and 630 "I'd range the world over with my own Johnny Doyle." All these should be carefully compared with the different accessible versions of "My Johnny, etc." and "Shule Agra," and *these*, again, with variants of "I sowed the seeds of love." Note also that the first line of the Hampshire "Shule Agra" runs, "The rose is red, the grass is green."

These proofs of an old form of the song are of importance, as it has sometimes been suggested that, "My Johnny was a shoemaker," as given in *English County Songs* is merely a modern street-ballad popular in the 'sixties' of the last century. The reason for this idea has been explained by Dr. George B. Gardiner's correspondence with the secretary of the late comedian Mr. J. Toole. Mr. F. Arlton, writing on Feb. 9th, 1906, says "Mr. Toole sang 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker' in three or four different characters. He cannot remember the first time he sang it, or the source from which he obtained it. The last characters in which he sang it were as 'The Artful Dodger' in 'Oliver Twist' and (he sometimes sang it) as 'Simmonds' in the 'Spitalfield Weaver,' but not often. As far as my memory serves me, it was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, as 'the Dodger,' in about 1894, that he sang it last." Mr. Toole's illness prevented Dr. Gardiner from learning more.—L. E. B.

The earliest appearance in print of this that I have come across, is in an American publication, copyrighted in 1870, *The Comic Songster*, Boston, Oliver and Ditson. The words are the usual ones, and these are also found on modern broadsides.—F. K.

MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.

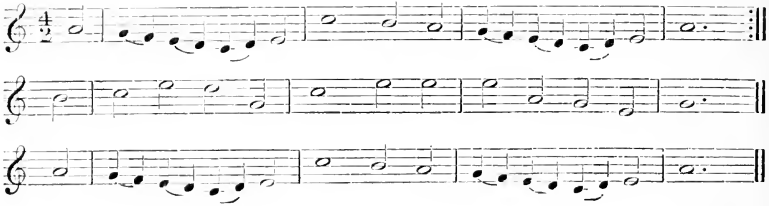
SECOND VERSION. FROM *The Comic Songster*.



My sailor friend, Mr. Bolton, says that "My Johnny was a Shoemaker" was a well-known forecastle song when he was at sea. The following variant is from the *Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn Book*, Carnarvon, 1897. The book contains a number of modal tunes, undoubtedly old, and probably obtained from traditional sources. These are marked "Welsh Melody."—A. G. G.

CAERLLEON.

AOLIAN. *Alaw Gymreig* = WELSH AIR.

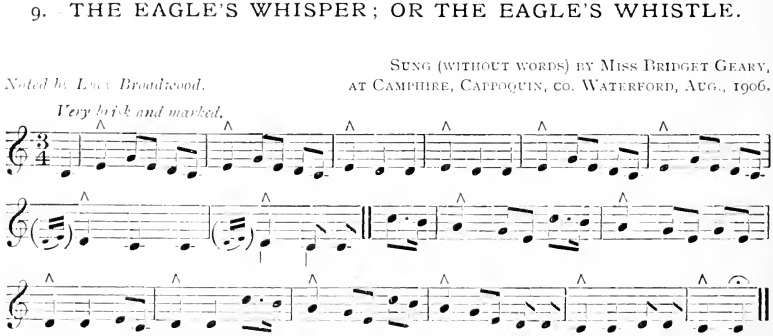


9. THE EAGLE'S WHISPER; OR THE EAGLE'S WHISTLE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

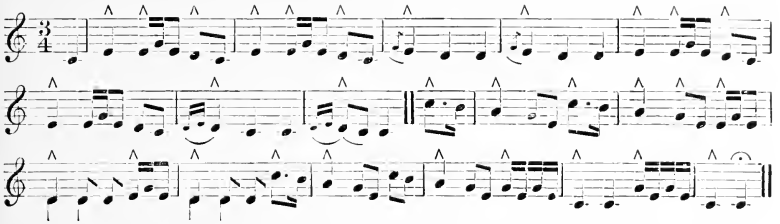
SUNG (WITHOUT WORDS) BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY, AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

Very brisk and marked.



THE EAGLE'S WHISPER.

Played on an Accordion by the same



In response to my questioning Bridget about lullabies she sang me this tune, which she said her mother used to "jig about the house" without any words. It represents "the mother-eagle putting the little eagles to bed." Mrs. Clandillon says "The Eagle's Whistle" is well-known throughout Ireland. Her mother always sang it as a lullaby, and Mrs. Clandillon sings her own children to sleep with it now, using Irish words which she believes her father himself composed to the tune. She says that it is "a single jig."

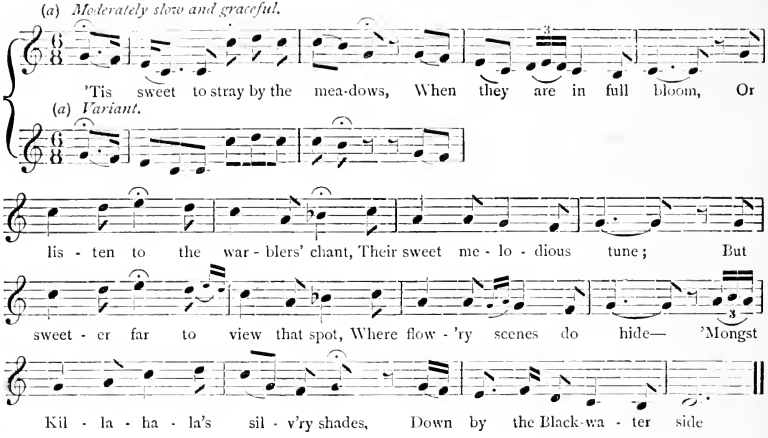
For variants *see The Complete Petrie Collection*, No. 305 and 306, "The Eagle's Whistle," and Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, "The Eagle's Whistle" or "Fead an Iolair." Dr. Joyce says it was the marching-tune of the family of the O'Donovans, anciently chiefs in the County of Limerick. These versions are all in three-four time, but Dr. Joyce tells me that he has just lately obtained one in two-four time which must have been that used in marching.

Bridget sang the lullaby quickly. She played the tune with excellent rhythm in the ornament.—L. E. B.

10.—THE BLACKWATER SIDE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

Sung by Miss Bridget Geary, at Camphire, Cappoquin, co. Watereord, Aug., 1906.

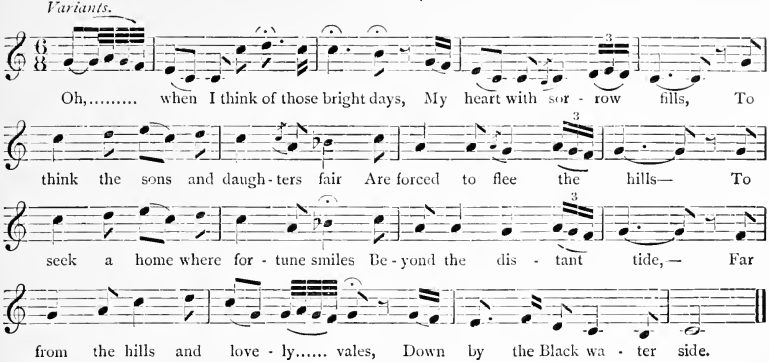


Sweet, smiling spot, I'll ne'er forget
Your scenery so grand,
Where in its woods, midst stately halls,
The lordly* castle stands,
Where flowers in profusion grow,
And circling streams do glide,
Midst flowery dells of silvery shade
Down by the Blackwater side.

Not far from there, sweet Cappoquin rears
Its desolated walls;
The harp is mute that often filled
With music sweet its halls.
The wild weeds grow, where lovers used
Through jig and reel to glide,
Where the green flag waved right on the quay
Down by the Blackwater side.

* Dromana.

VERSE 4



And may poor Erin shortly send
Her sweet voice o'er the main,
And tell her children o'er the seas
She will be free again!
When on the walls of College Green
Her flag is in its pride,
May Freedom's* Sunburst sound once more,
Down by the Blackwater side.

BRIDGET GEARY.

This song is included as a specimen of the way in which untaught country people still make their own ballads. Such compositions are usually very reminiscent, but so also are the older folk-songs; for stock phrases in tunes and verse are peculiar to what has long been communal and traditional.

Bridget offered timidly to sing me her "own song," made, words and tune, by herself. Her parents are extremely proud of her musical achievement, and she is constantly called upon to sing it at little gatherings in the neighbourhood. Thus it of course will spread amongst the purely rural population which loves singing, but hears no music save of its own making. Bridget, in answer to my questions, said "Well, I just took about two days over it. I thought of a bit here, and a bit there, and put them together." This was in the year 1904. The song was suggested by regret that a little steamer, flying a green flag, had ceased to ply from Youghal to

* "The Sunburst" is the English name given by the Irish to their ancient national standard, the "Gall grianach"—literally "rock of the sun." Moore and other Irish poets use the word.—L. E. B.

Cappoquin; for Bridget liked to watch it from the hilly ground where the Gearys' cabin stands. Jig-parties have also become fewer at Camphire; the fine warehouses at Cappoquin stand disused and ruined; and the terribly rapid depopulation which is taking place in County Waterford, owing to emigration, is depressing and unsettling. Bridget felt that she must express her feelings in song, and has done so, precisely as here noted. She describes the shrubbery walk belonging to Camphire House, where I was staying; and her expression "silvery shades" is really poetic and observant, for silver poplars, willows and abeles abound there. Another very sincere touch is that of the "wild weeds" which form a forest of most brilliant colouring in mid-stream, precisely at Cappoquin. The "lordly castle" of Dromana stands on the opposite side of the Blackwater to Camphire. It belonged for centuries to the Earls of Desmond; and here lived the famous old Countess of Desmond, who, according to popular tradition, was 140 years old when she climbed a cherry-tree, fell, broke her leg, and died, in the reign of James I.

Trained musicians plagiarize unwittingly, and untrained singers are even less able than they, perhaps, to distinguish between what they have unconsciously heard and what they have originated. But I have been unable to trace anything like Bridget's tune, which is constructed in the *a b b a* form of folk-song, has the flat seventh, and several Irish characteristics, and yet has almost an eighteenth century touch here and there.—L. E. B.

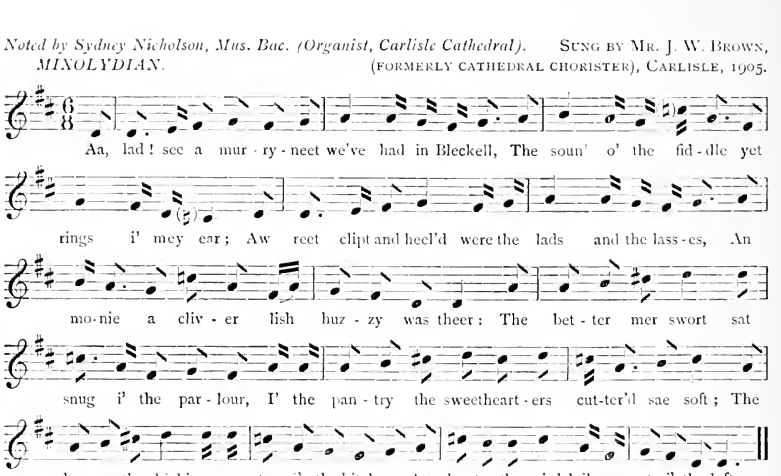
SONGS FROM CUMBERLAND & NORTHUMBERLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. J. W. Brown, from whom Mr. Sydney Nicholson has noted a number of tunes, is a great authority on Cumbrian dialect. He learnt most of his songs in boyhood from Mr. Robert Lattimer, of Carlisle, now dead. His songs here given are regularly sung by old Cumbrians. They used especially to be heard at the "Kern-suppers" which are now dying out. These took place after the last load of corn had been carried, lasted from 7 p.m. till 5 a.m., and were accompanied by much singing and dancing. The old words to the old tunes fell into disuse after Robert Anderson, the favourite Cumbrian poet, supplied the airs with verses of his own. Anderson wrote for Vauxhall Gardens, supplying James Hook, the composer, with words, in 1794 and later. Some of his songs were sung by Master Phelps in the Gardens. He issued a small volume of "Cumberland Ballads" in 1801, and a second edition a few years later. His poems were collected and published in two volumes in 1820. Later editions followed, and selections are printed now in penny booklets. All Anderson's ballads appear to have been written to popular Scottish or Irish airs, but these airs do not, in general, seem now to be used to their appointed songs. Only the first verses of Anderson's ballads are given with the tunes here printed.

11.—THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

Noted by Sydney Nicholson, Mus. Bac. (Organist, Carlisle Cathedral). SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN,
MIXOLYDIAN. (FORMERLY CATHEDRAL CHORISTER), CARLISLE, 1905.



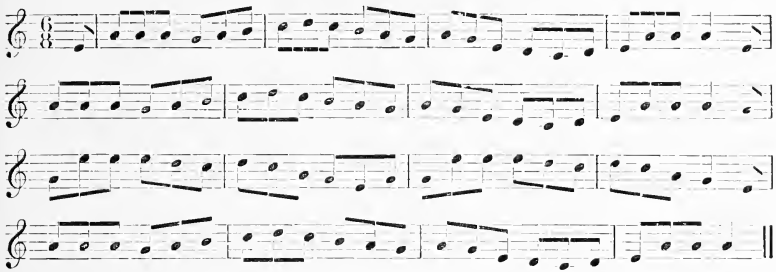
In the volume of poems by Robert Anderson the air to which the song was written is not named. It is dated July 24th, 1803. I noted the song with exactly the same air at the Kendal Festival of 1902. "Bleckell" is really Blickhall—a village about two miles from Carlisle.—F. K.

Another of Anderson's poems, "Elizabeth's Birthday," was sung to a variant of the above tune, by Mr. Brown, and was noted by Mr. Nicholson. Although more purely Mixolydian than the "Bleckell Murry-Neet," it is not in the main such a good form of air, and differs too slightly to necessitate its being printed also.—L.E.B.

12.—CANNY CUMMERLAN'.

Noted by Sydney Nicholson.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN,
CARLISLE, 1905.



In Anderson's poem the song is marked to be sung to the air "The Humours of Glen," a fine, and well-known Irish tune.

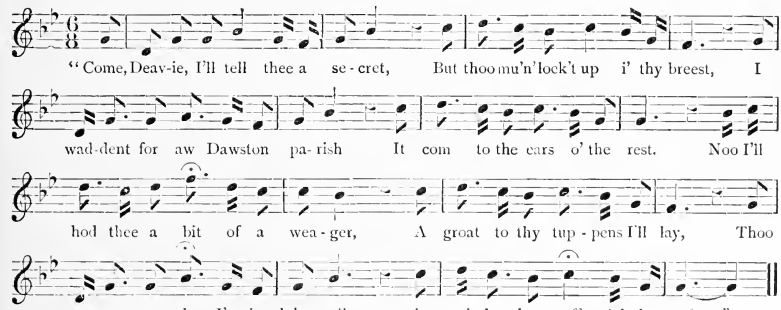
I have noted the song down to a version of the air used for "Bleckell Murry Night." Anderson dates his song, Aug. 12th, 1804.—F. K.

Cf. this tune with "The Seasons of the Year" in *English County Songs*.—L. E. B.

13.—SALLY GRAY.

SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN,
CARLISLE, 1905.

Noted by Sydney Nicholson.

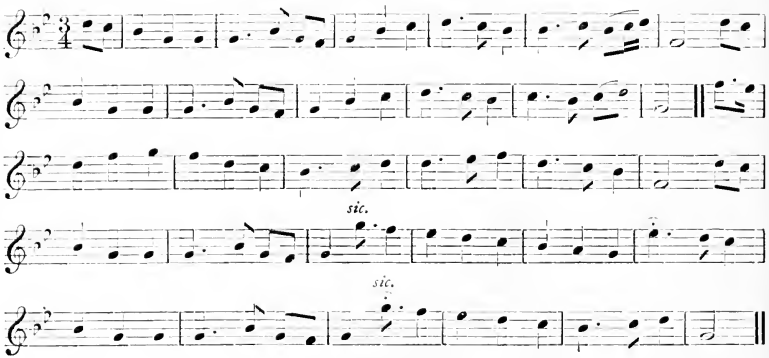


For another tune, and all Anderson's verses, see *English County Songs*. The air of "The Pitman's Courtship" in *Songs of Northern England* is a variant of this Cumberland tune, and a very early printed version appears as "My Dady's a delver of dykes" in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. All these airs, if put into common time, appear to be related to the tune "Lazarus" in *English County Songs*. For copious notes and references respecting the latter air *see* "Come all ye faithful Christians," "Maria Martin" "Gilderoy," etc., in *Journal*, Vol. ii., No. 7, p. 118, etc. Dr. Sweeting has noted a good variant of this six-eight tune from the singing of Capt. Robertson, a Lucknow veteran, who learnt it about 1847 from an old sergeant of the Black Watch, one Jimmy Peebles. He sang it to a ballad "Old Simey."—L. E. B.

This tune seems to be a variant of the old Scotch air "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre" to which Burns wrote the Song "Tam Glen." The following version of "Tam Glen" is taken from a volume, published about the beginning of the last century, called *The Miniature Museum of Scotch Songs*.—A. G. G.

TAM GLEN.

AIR—MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

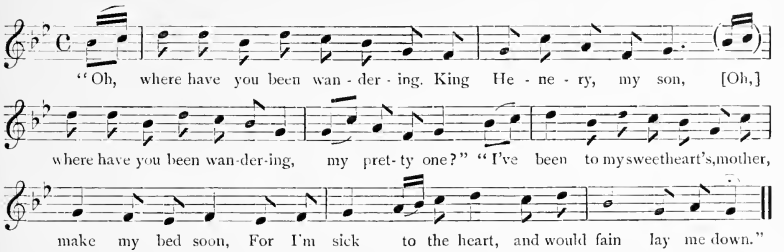


14. KING HENRY, MY SON.

[LORD RENDAL.]

Noted by Miss Lattimer, communicated by Sydney Nicholson. SUNG BY MR. LATTIMER, OF CARLISLE, LEARNT, VERY LONG SINCE, IN CUMBERLAND, WHEN A BOY.

ÆOLIAN.



"And what did your sweetheart give you, King Henry, my son,
What did your sweetheart give you, my pretty one?"
"She fried me some paddocks,* mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me down."

"And what will you leave your sweetheart, King Henry, my son?
What will you leave your sweetheart, my pretty one?"
"My garter to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me down!"

The occasional occurrence of the name "King Henry" in the ballad more commonly known as "Lord Rendal" is perhaps due to a reminiscence of Henry I's death from eating a dish of lampreys, on his return from a hunting expedition. It seems quite possible that a story arose that the dish had been tampered with, or that the "lampreys" were euphemistically named, and hence that the king died of poison, not simple gluttony. A somewhat similar poisoning circumstance in connection with the death of King John is recorded in the old chronicle which relates that a certain monk poisoned, with the venom from a toad, a wassail-cup, of which the king drank and thereafter swelled and died. *See* Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, note to "Lord Rendal." It is also imaginable that the "King Henry" referred to may have been the "Young King Henry" who was crowned in the lifetime of his father, Henry II, and died of "a violent fever and flix" while fighting against him, in France. There is a possibility that poison was suspected in his case, also; but it seems much more likely that the person who first introduced the name of Henry into the ballad had in mind the monarch who succumbed to the dish of lampreys.

* Toads (Old English).

While the poisoning story itself was probably current in Europe at an early period, the following suggestions may be offered as to the reason why the name "Lord Rendal" should be traditionally connected with the ballad in England and Scotland:

(1).—Randal III, sixth Earl of Chester, 1181, (died 1232) divorced his first wife, Constance, widow of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and married again, "for which sin, as many men suppose, this Ranulph [Randal] deserved to dye without issue and to relinquish his honors unto the sonne of his sister." [The quotation is taken from *The Catalogue of Honor*, 1610, an old peerage in the writer's possession].

(2).—He was succeeded by his nephew John, whose wife "was infamous for plotting to take away the life of her husband John by poison."—[Ibid.]

(*a*).—Following upon a contemporary belief that Randal left no heir because of his sin in divorcing his first wife and re-marrying, may there not have arisen the story that a young son and heir, child of the second wife, was poisoned by his "stepmother" (*i.e.* the divorced Constance) at her own house, returning to his mother to die? (This would explain the "Wee Croodlin' Doo" form of the story, with its conjunction of "stepmother" and "mammy," though, at the same time, the "mammy" of the nursery version may simply have been the child's foster-mother or nurse).

If, when the real circumstances had somewhat faded from memory, people wished to find a romantic reason for the fact of Randal III's leaving no heir and the earldom thus passing to his nephew, a divine judgment might be the explanation offered by the priest and the scholar, but the common folk would, I think, be much more likely to seek a human agent in the first wife, dishonoured, jealous, and revengeful, and thus to attach to Randal an already existing ballad-story. (It will be remembered that Constance's own son, Prince Arthur, had been done to death).

(*b*).—The fact, or story, that Randal's nephew and successor to the title was poisoned by his own wife may later have become attached to Randal himself by confusion with the (presumptive) poisoning legend about Randal's young son and heir.

These suggestions do not, of course, interfere with the circumstance of the Lord Randal *story* being current in Italy or other countries at a much earlier date. They merely aim at explaining why the hero should be called Lord Randal in the English form of the ballad.*—A. G. G.

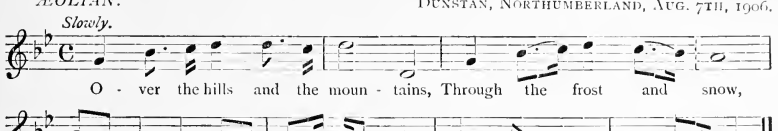
Cf. this beautiful tune with "The Trees they do grow high" noted in Sussex by Dr. Vaughan Williams. (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 206). For copious variants, and notes on the ancient ballad, see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*. Child gives two distinct tunes to 'Lord Rendal.' For other tunes and references see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, and *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 1st series.—L. E. B.

* See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 10, for an account of the services English minstrels rendered to Randal, when besieged in 1212. This (or another) Randal seems to have been early a popular hero, for Longland describes his Friar as much better acquainted with the "rimes of Robinhode and of Randal, erle of Chester," than with his Paternoster.—A. G. G.

15.—OVER THE HILLS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Mus. Doc.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMPSON,
DUNSTAN, NORTHUMBERLAND, AUG. 7TH, 1906.



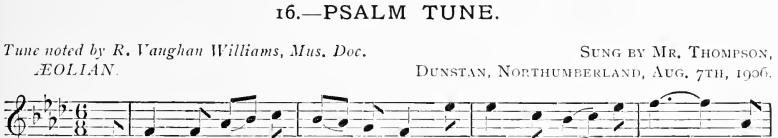
Mr. Thompson knew only the fragment of the words here given. This and the following song he learnt from his mother about fifty years ago.—R. V. W.

The last two bars recall the usual cadence to "Geordie."—C. J. S.

16.—PSALM TUNE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Mus. Doc.
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMPSON,
DUNSTAN, NORTHUMBERLAND, AUG. 7TH, 1906.

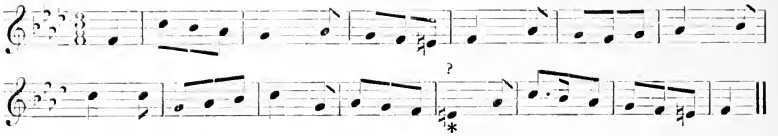


The above words are, of course, not traditional, but are very nearly the metrical version of the twenty-third Psalm of the Scottish psalter of 1635. The tune is, however, obviously a folk-tune, though described by its singer as a "Psalm-tune."—R. V. W.

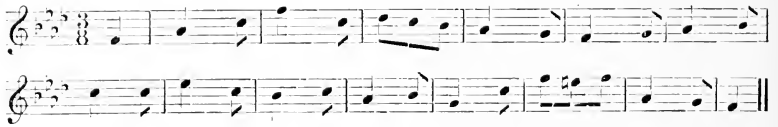
This beautiful pastoral melody may probably be assigned to the first half of the 18th century. It is so similar in style to two minor psalm-tunes by Dr. Maurice Greene (1696—1755) viz :—'Crowle' and 'St Nicholas,' that I think it possible that it also may be a tune of his, which has acquired northern characteristics during its traditional transmission. 'Crowle' and 'St Nicholas' used to be well-known in Scotland.

TWO PSALM TUNES.

Crowle" (transposed). By Dr. Maurice Greene (1696-1755)



"St. Nicholas" (transposed).



N B —The above tunes are noted in three-two time in Scottish psalm-books.

It is from the flowing character of the Northumberland tune that I date it as above. There are plenty of *modal* tunes in the early Psalters (unharmonized). And even in the first harmonized Scotch Psalter of 1635 (in which the air appears in the tenor,) there are numerous modal tunes, Dorians having the Dorian signature of B♮ (*i.e.* B♭). [Since modal psalm-times were first harmonized, the tendency has been to make them conform to the modern major and minor modes, hence many, originally modal, have lost this character in modern collections, *e.g.* "Windsor" (*alias* "Dundee") and "St. Michael."] But the modal tunes in the *early* psalters are much plainer in character than the Northumberland tune above, and I recollect only a solitary instance of triple time (Dr. Vaughan Williams' tune would be barred as such in a psalm-book,) in the Scotch Psalter of 1635, though there seems to be a feeling after it in the tune to Psalm lxxx.—A. G. G.

The similarity between "Crowle" and the Northumbrian tune is chiefly that of rhythm, and is shared by other well-known psalm-tunes, such as Purcell's "Burford" and others. On the other hand the Northumbrian tune has melodic features which point to its being a folk-song, and which it does not share with "Crowle" or "Burford." It must however be mentioned that "Crowle" appears in Davies Gilbert's collection of Christmas Carols (1822) under the title "Psalm-tune."—R. V. W.

* Probably altered, as in other cases I know.—A. G. G.

SONGS

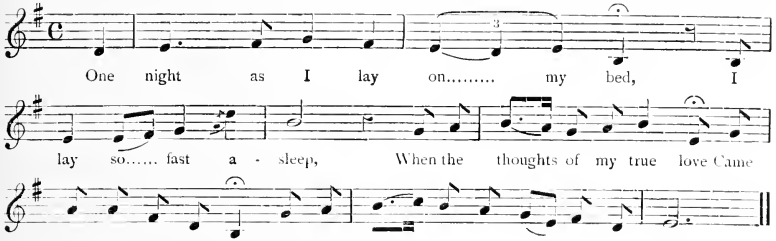
FROM THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND,

ETC.

17.—THE MERMAID.

SEA SONG.

Noted by E. T. Sweeting, Mus. Doc., Organist, Winchester Cathedral. SUNG BY MR. JAMES HERRIDGE,
ÆOLIAN. (LABOURER, AGED 67½, TWYFORD, HANTS, 1906.



As I sailed out one day, one day,
And being not far from shore (? land) :
And there I spied a mermaid
A sitting on a rock,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

The song she sang, she sang so sweet,
But no answer at all could us make :
Till at length our galliant ship
She tooked round about :
Which made all our poor hearts to ache.

Then up stepped the helmsman of our ship,
(? In his hand a lead and line),*
All for to sound the seas, my boys,
That is both wide and deep :
But no hard rock or sand could he find.

* The second line of the fourth verse was evidently forgotten by the singer: he was not aware of it, and simply dropped out the corresponding part of the tune.—E. T. S.

Then up stepped the captain of our ship,
And a well-speaking man is he:
He says, "I have a wife, my boys,
In fair Plymouth town,
But this night and a widow she will be.

Call the boat, call the boat, my fair Plymouth boys;
Don't you hear how the trumpets do sound?"
For the want of a longer boat,
In the ocean we were lost,
And the most of our merry men were drowned.

The ballad of the "Mermaid" is a particularly interesting survival, and these two tunes for it are very welcome.

It is now always associated with Chappell's fine air, but I find from a curious and very scarce publication, some years earlier than Chappell's *Popular Music* (1856-59), that another melody had already been noted from tradition. In *The Child's Own Singing Book*, edited and selected by Maria and William Hutchins Callcott, (London, Cramer, Addison and Beale, 1843. 8vo) is "The Cabin Boy," old ballad. It begins thus:—the first verse being evidently absent.

Thus he spoke, the Captain of the ship,
And a kind young man was he:
Oh, I have a wife in Bristol town
And a widow I fear she will be,
For the raging seas do roar
And the stormy winds do blow
And we four seamen are up to the top,
While the land lovers (*sic*) lie below.

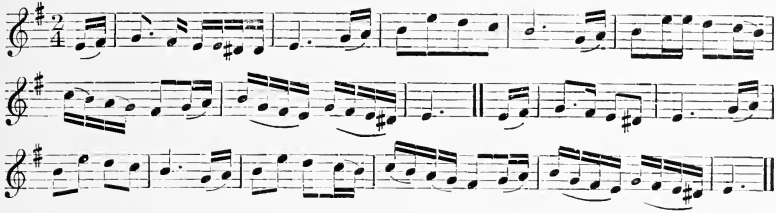
Thus he spoke, the mate of the ship,
And a good old man was he:
Oh, I have two sons in Bristol town,
And orphans I fear they will be.
For the raging etc.

Thus he spoke, the little cabin boy.
And a pretty boy was he
Oh I care most for my daddy, and my mammy
Whom never, never more I shall see.
For the raging etc.

[Two verses, certainly modern, follow.]

The tune, which I should say is traditional, runs thus :—

THE CABIN BOY.

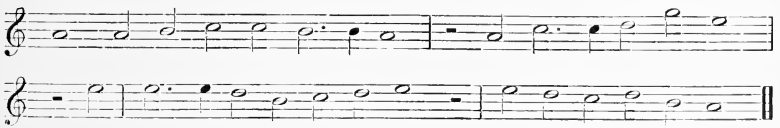


W. H. Callcott, it may be remembered, harmonised Chappell's first work *National English Airs*, (1838-40), but no copy of the "Mermaid" appears therein. Variants of the ballad words appear on broadsides, and in Garlands.—F. K.

The first half of Dr. Sweeting's tune has an odd likeness to the corresponding strain of the psalm-tune "Cheshire," which is found in Este's Psalter, 1592. This may be purely a coincidence At the same time it seems probable enough that folk-singers should have occasionally, perhaps unconsciously, borrowed phrases, when sufficiently pleasing, from the metrical psalm-tunes formerly sung in English as well as Scotch churches. There are, on the other hand, historic instances of the Church's having from the 16th century onwards borrowed the folk-songs of the people, for use in congregational singing.—A. G. G.

CHESSHIRE TUNE.

From *Este's Psalter.*



Is it not more probable that the psalm-tune "Cheshire" was derived from the folk-tune, than *vice versâ*? The tune in question, both in form and curve, is typical of many English folk-melodies.—C. J. S.

I think it most probable that the psalm-tune "Cheshire" is founded on this, or some similar folk song. Such adaptations were customary in Germany, as evidenced

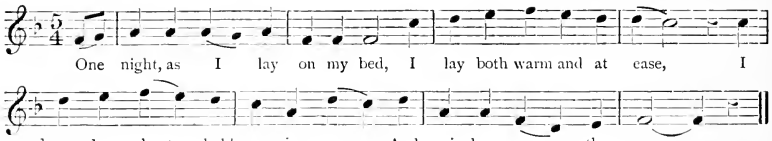
in the chorale "Innsbruck." Tiersot is of opinion that many of the Genevan psalm-tunes are adapted from folk-songs. The Scottish 18th century psalm-tunes "Martyrdom" and "Selma" are, I believe, avowedly derived from folk-songs.—R. V. W.

The borrowing of folk-songs by the Church, though the custom in Germany, was not, I believe, the custom in England, at the date of Este's Psalter.—J. A. F. M.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MR. BARTLETT, AT WIMBORNE, DORSET, 1905.



Now the weather be it hot or cold, and many a bitter blast
Which oftentime we're 'bliged to do, oh, to cut away our mast.

Then the plumber on the deck he stands, with a lead and line in his hands,
For to see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

Now the mermaid on the rocks she stands, with a comb and glass in her hand,
"Cheer up, cheer up, you lively lads, oh, you are far from land!

Now a token of good mariners, and a token for bold will,
And when you call this way again, oh, 'tis here you'll find me still!"*

The second version of words from Dorsetshire here given, was communicated also by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond. He noted it from the singing of Mr. Joseph Elliott of Todber, who sings the same tune as Mr. Bartlett.

THE MERMAID.

As I lay on my bed asleep, asleeping warm and at my ease,
I dreamed about poor mariners, poor sailors on the seas.

I do endure both hot and cold, many's a bitter blast,
And oftentimes obliged to cut away their mast

Then overboard their guns they throw, many's a cargo brave,
And in their long-boats 'bliged to jump, their precious lives to save

* "This means that the ship went on to the rocks on which the mermaid was, and was lost." So says Bartlett.—H. E. D. H.

Our captain at the wheel he stands, steering his course right well,
Looking all round with watery eyes, "Good Lord, the seas do swell!"

Our plumber on the quarter stands with lead and line in his hands,
To see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

The mermaid on the rock she stands with comb and glass in hand,
"Sheer off, sheer off, bold mariners, you are not far from land!

Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't perish in the deep,
For this I do for sailors' sake a-losing of my sleep!

Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't let your courage fail,
And if you ever sail this way, 'tis here you'll find me still!"

Mr. Hammond has noted yet another version of the same tune, which is also in five-four time, and varies only slightly from Mr. Bartlett's. The tune is practically the same as the version of "Barbara Ellen" noted by Mr. C. Sharp in Somersetshire (see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, p. 15).

Cf. a tune in common time "The Bonnie Mermaid," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, which has some likeness.

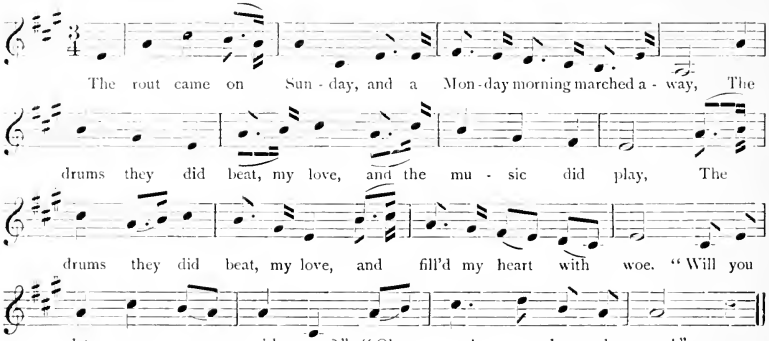
The two last stanzas sung by Mr. Bartlett are in a version called "The Sailor's Caution," in *The Sailing Trade*, Glasgow, 1801. Another version, with fourteen stanzas, is in *The Glasgow Lasses' Garland*, (? 1765).

W. Chappell noted a different tune and set of words on the same subject, from street-singers. This was printed, with a few alterations, in *Old English Ditties* (Oxenford and Macfarren). *See* Child's Ballads for variants of both "Mermaid" ballads.—L. E. B.

18. WILL YOU LET ME GO WITH YOU?

Noted by E. T. Sweeting.

Sung by Mr. Henry Godwin,
(Labourer, aged 79), Twyford, Hants, 1906.



For to see you stand sentry on a cold rimy day:
Your colour will go, my love, and your beauty decay;
Your colour will go, my love, and fill my heart with woe: "
"Will you let me go with you?" "Oh no, my love, oh no!"

"I'll go down to your captain, and fall upon my knee:
Ten guineas I'll surrender, if that'll set you free:
If that will not do, my love, I'll give twice as much too: –
Will you let me go with you?" "Oh no, my love, oh no!"

"I'll go down to some nunnery, and there I'll end my life:
I never will be married, nor make no man a wife.
Constant and true-hearted, I ever will remain,
I never will get married, till my soldier comes again."

Mr. Godwin heard this at plough, during his boyhood.—E. T. S.

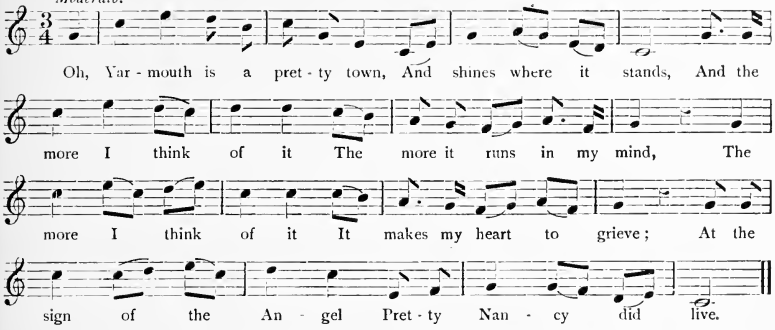
Cf. "Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty town" in this Journal, for a variant and notes on this song.—L. E. B.

19.—OH, YARMOUTH IS A PRETTY TOWN.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW (BELL-RINGER), HORSHAM, SUSSEX, JAN., 1893.

Moderato.



It was early one morning just by the break of day,
I went to my love's chamber, and thus to her did say.
I kissed her, and I courted her, and I bid her lay warm,
She replies, "You are the young man, you will do me no harm."

"For to do you any injury, love, I'll think it a scorn,
If I stay with you all night, I will marry you in the morn,
And before all my officers I will write you a bill."
She replied, "You are the young man, do just as you will."

The rout came on Sunday, and on Monday we marched away,
The drums they did beat, and the music did play,
Many hearts were rejoicing, but my heart was sad,
To part from my true love what a full heart I had!

"Will you go on board of ship, my love, will you try?
I will buy you as fine a sea-fare as money can buy
And while I am on sentry I'll guard you from all foe.
My dear, will you go with me?" but her answer was "No!"

The first line of this song, with different names for the town, is a favourite one on broadsides. There is a chap-book of 1795 which contains a song called "Bonny Paisley," beginning "Over hills and high mountains I have oftentimes been." Its second verse runs "O Paisley is a fine town, It shines where it stands, The more I think on it, The more my heart warms."

This "Bonny Paisley" ballad ends with a stanza that has much similarity to the

last verse of "As I walked through Bristol City" in *English County Songs*. It has also a good many lines in common with some in "Oh, the boys of Kilkenny" which was set in the beginning of the 19th century to the tune best known as "The Meeting of the Waters," on account of Thomas Moore's lyric being associated with it. "The Boys of Kilkenny" was printed as "*A favourite Irish Song. Inscribed to Col. Doyle by Mr. Kelly.*" Michael Kelly, the Irish composer (1762-1826) used traditional tunes in compiling the music for ballad-operas, etc. That he not only adapted an old air to, but also compiled the words for "The Boys of Kilkenny" from old broadsides, is pretty certain; for there seem almost numberless ballad-sheets and garlands in the British Museum collections and elsewhere, which, though differing greatly from each other, contain pieces of "Oh, Yarmouth," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Streams of Sweet Nancy," and kindred songs, patched in the most curious fashion. Possibly Moore was inspired by one of these broadsides, printed by Catnach under the title of "The Streams of Sweet Nancy." Catnach's text of this, which is obviously traditional and much corrupted, begins, "The streams of lovely Nancy divide in two parts, Where young men and maidens do meet their sweethearts." In the fifth verse occurs the line "At the sign of the Angel is the darling for me." The whole ballad is a curious one, for it has a strong likeness in parts to the vague song "Faithful Emma" (see *English County Songs*). It has seemed worth while to mention these facts by way of pointing out the extraordinary fluidity of a common ballad, and the impossibility of determining its original form or authorship.

The tune of "Oh, Yarmouth" is quite different from that of "The Boys of Kilkenny." In Petrie's *Ancient Irish Music* is a tune "The Roving Pedlar" to which Petrie has added a note: "The original of 'The Boys of Kilkenny.'" *Cf.* words and tunes of "The Streams of Nantsian" and "Plymouth Sound" (*Songs of West*, 1st. ed.), and "Will you let me go with you?" in this Journal.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted variants of a ballad in Dorsetshire, called "The Sailor and his Truelove." These, again, have a strange relationship to the songs above mentioned, both in subject, wording, and general structure of the $\frac{3}{4}$-time tune; at the same time all are distinctly different in important ways. Messrs. Boosey and Co. publish a harmonised arrangement of "Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty town," as Mr. Burstow sang it.—L. E. B.

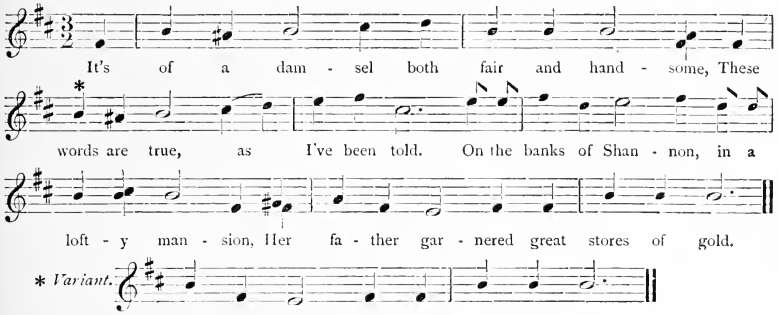
For an interesting note on the authorship of the text of "The Boys of Kilkenny, *see* Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, p. 206: "The Editor believes that this song, although unclaimed, is not incorrectly attributed to Mr. Thomas Moore." An opinion, which, in a foot-note, he afterwards withdraws.—C. J. S.

20.—THE YOUNG SERVANT-MAN; OR TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS.

[IT'S OF A DAMSEL BOTH FAIR AND HANDSOME.]

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES CLARK, ROPLEY, HANTS, 1905.



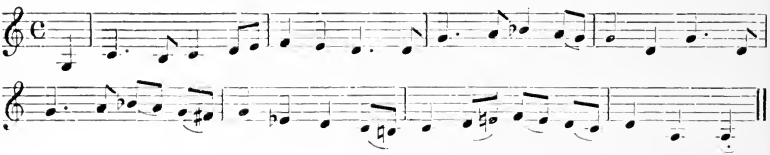
Dr. George B. Gardiner kindly contributes this from his collection, in which Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner helped him in Hampshire. The tune is of the type used so often for the ballad of "Lord Bateman" but is seldom met with the minor third. The cadence and general structure of the tune point to some connection with a class of ballad very popular amongst country-singers, the words of which turn upon the subject of "gathering flowers bright and gay," or "thrusting the hand into the rose-bush," and "finding," too late, "the thorn;" which usually causes the victim to exclaim "I little thought what love could do." For the complete words of "The Young Servant Man," and other tunes with full references, *see* "The two affectionate Lovers" *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 97, also Vol. i, No. 4, p. 220.—L. E. B.

This ballad seems to have appealed considerably to south-country singers, but I have never met with it in the north. I have many broadside copies of the Catnach period, by different printers, which vary in some slight degree.—F. K.

21.—THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, O.

Noted by Charles E. D Waring, Esq.

SUNG BY AN OLD NURSE,
AT LYME REGIS (ABOUT 1852 TO 1856).



This variant of the favourite tune, (of which one version is printed in *Journal* Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 276,) presents extraordinary peculiarities, especially in the last bar, where the singer consistently ended on A instead of G. Mr. C. A. Lidgey, through whom Mr. Waring has kindly communicated the tune, suggests that the final A's may possibly be signs of one of those continuous tunes which have no final cadence. The singer, an old nurse in Mr. Waring's family, was a native of North Devon, her home being in or near Barnstaple. Mr. Waring, whilst disclaiming all responsibility as to correctness or incorrectness of the singer's version, is certain of the accuracy of his transcription.—L. E. B.

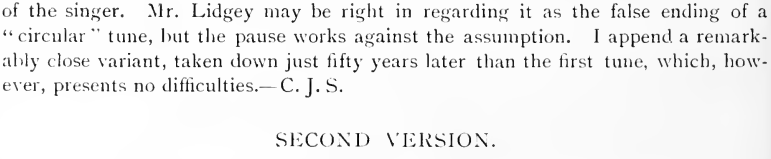
This bears general resemblance to the usual versions, but it is only the second part of the tune.—F. K.

The final A is so extraordinary that I am inclined to attribute it to the idiosyncrasy of the singer. Mr. Lidgey may be right in regarding it as the false ending of a "circular" tune, but the pause works against the assumption. I append a remarkably close variant, taken down just fifty years later than the first tune, which, however, presents no difficulties.—C. J. S.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by Cecil J. Sharp.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN CULLY,
AT FARRINGTON GURNEY, SOMERSET, AUG. 22ND, 1906.

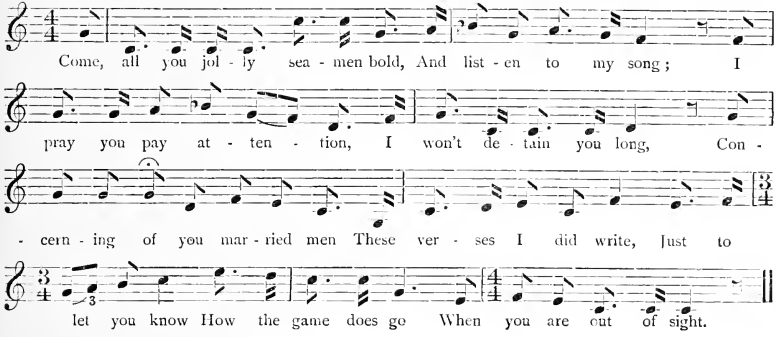


This version seems so extraordinary, especially in view of the normal version as collected, (*see* Mr. Sharp's tune above,) that one is inclined to attribute the E flat and the final A to some vocal failure, such as hoarseness, on the part of the singer. Accidents like this will, as collectors know, often make it difficult to note a tune correctly.—R. V. W.

22.—THE DOCKYARD GATE.

Noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

Sung by Mr. Bolton, at Southport, Jan. 4th, 1907.



[A portion missing, in which the husband sails from Spithead on a voyage, and on her way from bidding him good-bye the wife meets with a sailor of her acquaintance.]

* * * *

"Her husband's gone to sea," she cries,
"How hard it is my case,
But still on shore there are plenty more—
Some other must fill his place.
If you will wait at the dockyard gate
Until that I come out,
This very day we'll spend Jack's half-pay—
We'll drink both ale and stout."

The day being spent in sweet content,
Jack's half-pay was no more:
"Never mind!" my husband dear
Is working hard for more.
Perhaps he is at the mast-head,
A-shivering with the cold;
Or perhaps he's at the lee-gangway—*
Our joys he can't behold."

For another version, with incomplete words, see *Journal* Vol. ii, No. 9. Mr. Bolton's tune seems Irish.—L. E. B.

* The flogging-place.