

**VERNACULAR SONG FROM A NORTH YORKSHIRE HILL FARM:
CULTURE, CONTEXTS AND COMPARISONS**

Two volumes

Volume II

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The two CDs, 'The songs of Jack Beeforth', are located inside the back cover of Volume II.

THE SONGS OF JACK BEEFORTH

I: Method of song presentation

The model for setting out the Jack Beeforth repertoire in this chapter takes into account the problems in musical transcriptions discussed in the prefatory notes to this study, and is founded on the purpose of the transcriptions here: namely, to serve as a reference guide and illustration to accompany the compact disc recordings which supplement this thesis. The transcriptions are not meant to, indeed cannot, indicate all the nuances in pitch, rhythm, decoration, phrasing and dynamics in the performance, just as they cannot show qualities of voice tone, timbre, articulation and emotional input, and these subtleties are not indicated in the notation. A representation of what is heard in the first stanza of each song, with its wordsetting, is transcribed. Ethel Pearson's interventions are ignored except where they may serve to complete Jack's tune or text. The treble clef within a single staff line of music is used for each song. Key signatures reflect as closely as possible the keys heard to be used by the singer; it is possible that changes in pitch have been accidentally introduced through tape-transfer processes and through deterioration in the condition of the tapes themselves. Where pitching between notes of the diatonic scales occurs, transcription is made to the nearest note.

Because of the rubato inherent in this genre of singing, as well as on occasion, pauses and anomalies arising from Jack's state of health, time signatures here indicate only the basic rhythm of each song; where substantial changes occur during the song a new time signature is introduced. Tempo is assessed by timing sections of the song and calculating the pulse rate per minute and is indicated by a metronome mark placed over the initial time signature.

The complete song text as sung or spoken is given with frugal punctuation except where ambiguities arise. The title of the song as it was known to Jack Beeforth is given followed by the date of its recording. The identification number allocated to the song in the Roud Index May 2004 edition (the 'Roud Number') follows. (Steve Roud's Index is in two parts. The broadside ballad index is not limited merely to broadsides, since there are also songs from songbooks and chapbooks included there. The folk-song index lists songs from most English-speaking countries.)

Brief notes on the songs include comments on their possible sources, distribution and possible routes of transmission to Jack Beeforth's milieu. The repertoire is set out in the alphabetical sequence of Jack's own titles for the songs in which the leading articles 'A' and 'The' are ignored.

The two compact discs which contain the Beeforth repertoire are to be found at the end of this volume inside the back cover.

II: The collected repertoire

No	Song Title
1	All Jolly Fellows that Follows the Plough
2	The Banks of Sweet Dundee
3	Be Kind to Your Parents
4	The Bells Were Ringing
5	Bluebell My Heart Is Breaking
6	The Bonny Labouring Boy
7	A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
8	Bridal Song
9	The Brisk Young Butcher
10	A Certain Girl
11	Cold Stringy Pie
12	Creeping Jane
13	The Dark-Eyed Sailor
14	The Farmer's Boy
15	A Fine Hunting Day
16	The Fylingdale Fox-hunt (1811-1911)
17	The Fylingdale Fox-hunt (1942)
18	The German Clockwinder
19	Go and Leave Me
20	Good Luck to the Barleycorn
21	The Grass Grows Green
22	The Hat My Father Wore
23	I Once Was a Merry Ploughboy
24	It Was Early in the Spring
25	Kiss Me in the Dark
26	Last Valentine's Day
27	The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane
28	The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me
29	The Mistletoe Bough
30	My Love He Is a Sailor Boy
31	Nowt to Do with Me
32	The Oyster Girl
33	Poor Old Man of 60
34	The Rose of Tralee
35	The Saucy Sailor
36	Sedgefield Fair
37	Six Sweethearts
38	Stow Brow
39	Sweet Evalina
40	The Tailor's Britches
41	They Dare Not Do It Now
42	A Week's Matrimony
43	Welcome as the Flowers in May
44	Where the Bluebells Grow
45	The White Cockade
46	The Wild Rover
47	Willie Went to Westerdale
48	Will You Love Me when I'm Old
49	The Young Sailor Cut Down (Royal Albert)
50	Your Faithful Sailor Boy

III: The songs

1 All Jolly Fellows that Follows the Plough 22.06.74 Roud : 346

$\text{♩} = 60$

It was ear - ly one morn at the break of the day. The

cocks were a - crow - ing the farm - er did say Come a - rise me good fell - ows and

rise wi' good - will, For your hor - ses want some - thing their bell - ies to fill.

- 1 It was early one morn at the break of the day
The cocks were a-crowing the farmer did say
Come arise my good fellows and rise with good will
For your horses want something their bellies to fill.
- 2 And when four o'clock comes aye and up we did rise
And into the stables so merrily fly
With rubbing and scrubbing our horses we vow
And we are all jolly fellows that follows the plough.
- 3 Then when six o'clock comes the table we meet
We have beef, bacon, pork lads right hearty we eat
With a piece in our pockets I'll swear and I'll vow
We're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.
- 4 Then we harness our horses and away then we go
And we trip o'er the plain boys as nimbly as doe
And when we get there so merry and bold
To see which of us the straightest furrow can hold.
- 5 Then our master comes to us and this he did say
What have you been doing this dreary long day
For you a'n't ploughed an acre I'll swear and I'll vow
You're all lazy fellows that follows the plough.

6 But I stepped up to him and I made this reply
We have all ploughed an acre so you've told a lie
We have all ploughed an acre I'll swear and I'll vow
And we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

7 Then we unharness our horses and away then we go...

[Speaks] ... they had to unharness their horses and rub them down well ... 'and I'll bring you a jug of the very best ale'.

Notes on the song

Song collectors from Sabine Baring-Gould ('this song is very well known'), and Cecil Sharp ('I find that almost every singer knows it'),¹ have testified to this song's countrywide dissemination. Steve Gardham attributes its popularity to 'its simple, straightforward style and its availability on broadsides in the nineteenth century'.² If Jack Beeforth did not learn the song directly from a broadside he will have done so obliquely, for Gardham's perceptions are well-grounded. The London ballad printer James Catnach who published the piece between 1813 and 1838³ was only one of at least seven metropolitan publishing houses who put out the song during the nineteenth century: Birt, Disley, Fortey, Hodges, Pitts and Such are among the others,⁴ whilst northern publishers of this broadside included Forth (Hull),⁵ Bebbington (Manchester), Ross (Newcastle) and Harkness (Preston).⁶ The Beeforth tune is not the 'Villikins and His Dinah' variant usually attached to this text but that which he sings to 'The Fylingdale Fox-hunt', two verses of which Frank Kidson included in his *Traditional*

¹ S. Baring-Gould, *Songs of the West*, notes 18.

² Steve Gardham, *An East Riding Songster*, 57.

³ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads: The Allegro Catalogue of Ballads [Oxford]: Bodleian Library, 1999, <<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>> Homepage last updated 27 September 1999 [accessed 22.06.03].

⁴ Steve Roud, *Folk Song Index and Broadside Index* (Maresfield: Roud CD-ROM, 2004), 346.

⁵ Steve Gardham, *An East Riding Songster*, 87.

⁶ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads., Johnson Ballads 148 and others [accessed 22.06.03].

Tunes, with essentially the same words.⁷ Horsemen like Jack Beeforth would have been particularly drawn to singing ‘All Jolly Fellows’ detailing as it does:

the pride that horsemen have in their occupation. The historian, Alan Howkins, has pointed out that this was typical of the southern English workman with horses whose development from a farm lad into a ploughman or a carter came with adult maturity and family responsibility. In the north of England ... the practice was different; single young men, still adolescent emotionally and lacking status at the lower end of the farm-servant hierarchy, frequently worked with horses.⁸

This observation, if true, probably reflects average farm sizes in the south and north of England but would do nothing to undermine the pride of a man of any age in being able to sing with some authority ‘We’re All Jolly Fellows that Follows the Plough’.

Hartley and Ingilby noted the events at a ‘ploughing day’ around the moorlands of north-east Yorkshire when ‘to show good will neighbours joined together to help a newcomer ... races used to follow after the work was finished and someone always sang the chorus ‘I’ll swear and I’ll vow, that we’re all jolly fellows what follows the plough’.⁹ It was at social events such as this that Jack Beeforth – a ploughman, a runner and a singer – and his neighbours would exchange their songs, many of them, like this one, having probably been learned from an earlier broadside.

Aspects of the function, meaning and performance of ‘All Jolly Fellows’ are discussed in Chapter 11.

⁷ Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 137.

⁸ R. Hall (ed.), *Come all my lads that follow the plough* (London: Topic Records TSCD655, 1998), booklet, 12.

⁹ Hartley and Ingilby, *Life in the Moorlands of North-East Yorkshire*, 51.

2 The Banks of Sweet Dundee 10.05.74 Roud : 148

$\text{♩} = 140$



It's of a farm - er's daugh - ter so beau - ti - ful I'm told. Her
pa - rents died and left her five hun - dred pounds in gold. She
liv - èd with her u - n - cle the cause of all her woe. You
soon shall hear this maid - en fair did prove her o - ver - throw.

- 1 It's of a farmer's daughter so beautiful I'm told
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold
She livèd with her uncle the cause of all her woe
You soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove her overthrow.
- 2 Now her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell
There was a wealthy squire he oft came her to see
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 3 It was on one summer's morning her uncle went straightway
He rapped on her bedroom door and he this to her did say
Come rise up pretty Mary a lady you may be
For the squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 4 Why a fig for all your squires your lords and dukes likewise
Young William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes
Be gone unruly female you ne'er shall happy be
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 5 Now her uncle and that squire rode out one summer's morn
Young William he's in favour her uncle he did say
Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree
Or else I'll bribe the pressgang on the banks of sweet Dundee.

- 6 And the pressgang came to William when he was all alone
He boldly fought for liberty but they was three to one
The blood it flow in turrents come kill me now says he
I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 7 Next morn this maid was walking lamenting for her love
She met that wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove
He threw his arms around her stand back base man said she
You've sent the only man I love from the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 8 And he threw his arms around her waist and tried to throw her down
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown
Young Mary took the weapons the sword she used so free
And she did fire and shoot that squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 9 And her uncle he overheard the noise and he hastened to the ground
Since you have killed that squire I'll give you your death wound
Stand back then said young Mary undaunted I will be
The trigger she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.
- 10 Now the doctor he was sent for a man of noted skill
And likewise came a lawyer for him to make his will
He willed his gold to Mary who fought so manfully
And now she lives quite happy on the banks on sweet Dundee.

Notes on the song

This song was styled 'Undaunted Mary or The Banks of Sweet Dundee' on many nineteenth century broadsides. Thus emphasising the protagonist rather than the song's bland and make-believe setting, the printers offered a title hinting at melodrama in which an imperilled but resolute young and virginal girl ultimately prevailed. Publishers seemed to like this song for there were at least nine different imprints emanating from London whilst Walker (Newcastle and Durham), Fordyce (Newcastle and Hull) and Forth (Hull) also printed their own slips,¹⁰ and it became widely popular. Some weight should be given to the influence of the parochial printing houses over metropolitan ones in the mature broadside market of the nineteenth

¹⁰ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 148.

century, and one commentator has been confident enough to pick out Forth of Hull as a likely pre-eminent player in ‘Sweet Dundee’s’ success in Yorkshire:

Also variously known as ‘Undaunted Mary’ and ‘The Press Gang Song’. It appeared on broadsides from the printers Forth, which may partly account for its popularity. The ‘Dundee’ refers to the River Duddon [rising at Harter Fell and flowing out into Duddon Sands in Cumbria] which is often pronounced ‘Dundey’. The song must pre-date 1850 after which both impressment and transportation were abolished.¹¹

The claim that ‘Dundee’ is ‘Duddon’ appears fanciful; it is more likely that the name is the easily-rhymed confection of a nineteenth-century metropolitan hack writer.

Aspects of the function, meaning and performance of ‘The Banks of Sweet Dundee’ are discussed in Chapter 9.

¹¹ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings: The Yorkshire Musical Museum* (Scarborough: Pindar, 2001), 327.

3 Be Kind to Your Parents 20.04.74 Roud : 9420

$\text{♩} = 110$

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 110. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "I'm a gay old boy from Wrag - by, that was my na - tive home. I'm sor - ry I have to tell you from there I was forced to roam. For I had some ve - ry kind pa - rents and they loved their dar - ling dear. And sit - ting by the fire - side they whisp - ered in my ear. Be kind un - to your pa - rents when their hair is turn - ing grey. Re - mem - ber in your child - hood how they nurs - ed you with care, And treat - ed you so kind - ly for ma - ny and ma - ny a day. You'll nev - er know their val - ue 'til they're laid be - neath the clay."

I'm a gay old boy from Wrag - by, that was my na - tive home. I'm
sor - ry I have to tell you from there I was forced to roam. For I
had some ve - ry kind pa - rents and they loved their dar - ling dear. And
sit - ting by the fire - side they whisp - ered in my ear. Be kind un - to your
pa - rents when their hair is turn - ing grey. Re - mem - ber in your
child - hood how they nurs - ed you with care, And treat - ed you so
kind - ly for ma - ny and ma - ny a day. You'll nev - er know their
val - ue 'til they're laid be - neath the clay.

- 1 I'm a gay old boy from Wragby that was my native home
I'm sorry I have to tell you from there I was forced to roam
For I had some very kind parents and they loved their darling dear
And sitting by the fireside they whispered in my ear...

*Be kind unto your parents when their hair is turning grey
Remember in your childhood how they nursèd you with care
And treated you so kindly for many and many a day
You'll never know their value till they are laid beneath the clay.*

- 2 But of course I took no notice what my parents they did say
 I was always in some mischief no matter in what way
 But I wish I had them back again oh I wish that they were here
 To sit down by the fireside and whisper in my ear...
- 3 A few more years rolled over when I settled down in life
 I turned a new leaf over and I took to myself a wife
 I brought up a very large family as cosy as could be
 And sitting by the fireside I whispered in their ear...

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

The Roud number here is allocated to this song's alternative title 'I'm a Decent Boy from Ireland'. This piece has appeared rarely in popular song commentaries under either of its titles and only William Doerflinger, it seems, has taken the song down: from Charlie Chamberlin in Bathurst and St John, New Brunswick, Canada.¹² However, nearer to Jack Beeforth's domain in north-east Yorkshire, a more likely source for Jack's acquaintanceship with the song is here proposed. This broadside, a copy of which has been passed to the writer by Steve Gardham, carries no colophon, although through its serial number and the stylistic features of the printing it has been attributed by Gardham to the printer Forth of Hull with a date c1880-1910, 'probably later than earlier'. Jack Beeforth believed, however, 'it's an old song is that. Why I've known it ever since I was a little lad. Aye, I'se think I knew it before I was 10 year aud'.¹³ Jack was born in 1891.

The Irish references in the broadside and the themes of exile, nostalgia, loss and redemption would have been popular among the labourers who seasonally migrated from Ireland to work the large arable farms in Hull's hinterland. The song may have originated

¹² William Maine Doerflinger, *Songs of the sailor and lumberman* (New York: MacMillan, 1951; repr. 1972), 278-9.

¹³ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 20 April 1974.

from one of them, finding its way into print through one of Forth's penny-a-line writers. It is typical of Jack Beeforth's treatment of a song that he should in some way personalise it, and here he does so by merely changing 'Ireland' to 'Wragby', his first farm. Jack's text is closer to the Hull broadside (Fig. Songs.1) than it is to the version noted by Doerflinger, which in the last verse seems to become conflated with a song having the same metric form, 'The Hat My Father Wore' (also one of Jack's songs).

BE KIND
TO YOUR
PARENTS.

I'm a dear boy from Ireland,
That is my native home,
I'm sorry for to tell you,
I had from there to roam,
I had some very kind parents,
Who loved their Patsy dear,
And often round the fireside,
They'd whisper in my ear—

CHORUS.

Be kind to your parents,
Tho' flaxen be your hair,
Remember in your childhood,
How they nursed you with care,
They treated thee so kindly,
For many and many a day,
You'll never find their value,
Till they're laid beneath the clay.

Of course I took no notice,
But led a very fast life,
I was always in mischief,
Bother, trouble, and strife,
Till at length my dear old parents died,
Which made me feel so queer,
I wish I had them back again,
To whisper in my ear.

A few years after that,
I settled down in life,
I turned a new leaf over,
And soon took to myself a wife,
I reared a very large family,
As happy as could be,
And often round the fireside,
My children say to me.—

¹⁴ Wilberforce Library Hull, Broadside Series, No. 229.

4 The Bells were Ringing 22.06.74 Roud : 1749

$\text{♩} = 40$

It's ten wear - y years since I crossed Eng - land's shore. In a far dis - tant coun - try to roam. How I'd
long to re - tur - n to my own nat - ive land, To my friends and the old folks at home.— Last
night as I slum - bered I had a strange dream, One that seemed to bring dis - tant friends near I
dreamt of Old Eng - land the land of my birth, To the hearts of her sons ev - er dear. I
saw the old home - stead and fac - es I love. I saw Eng - land's vall - eyes and dells. I
list - ened with joy as I did when a boy, To the sound of the old vill - age bell. The
log was burn - ing bright - ly, 'Twas the light that should ban - ish all sin, And the
bells were ring - ing the Old Year out And the New Year in.

- 1 It's ten weary years since I left England's shore
In a far distant country to roam
How I'd long to return to my own native land
To my friends and the old folks at home
Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream
One that seemed to bring distant friends near
I dreamt of Old England the land of my birth
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

*I saw the old homestead and faces I love
I saw England's valleys and dells
I listened with joy as I did when a boy
To the sound of the old village bell
The log was burning brightly
'Twas the light that should banish all sin
And the bells were ringing the Old Year out
And the New Year in.*

- 2 As the joyous bells rung swift I wended my way
To that cot where I lived as a boy
I looked in the window and there by the fire
Sat my parents my heart filled with joy
The tears trickled fast down my bransified cheeks
As I gazed on my mother so dear
For I knew in my heart she was raising the prayer
For the lad that she dreamt was not near.
- 3 At the door of our cottage we met face to face
It was the first time for ten weary years
Soon the past was forgotten we stood hand in hand
Father mother and one there in tears
And once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright
As I promised never more would I roam
I sat in the old vacant chair by the fire
And I sang that dear song Home sweet Home.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

Written in 1891 (the year of Jack Beeforth's birth) by Leo Dryden and Will Godwin and published by Francis Day and Hunter¹⁵ as 'The Miner's Dream of Home', this song became a popular music hall number. Its early recording by Dryden himself, 'The Kipling of the Halls' (Berliner E – 2013, 1898), gave it a wider audience and the piece was embraced by many vernacular singers, among them Walter Pardon (who had it on a Regal Zonophone disc RZ

¹⁵ Michael R Turner (ed.) & Anthony Miall (music ed.), *The Parlour Song Book: A Casquet of Vocal Gems* (New York: The Viking Press, 1973), 125-8.

G6305 sung by Robert Howe),¹⁶ and the Irish singer Elizabeth Cronin who called it ‘’Tis Ten Weary Years’. The song was very popular in the 1914-18 war and its author Dryden was known as ‘a particularly patriotic song writer at the time of the Boer War and the First World War’.¹⁷ Jack Beeforth did not know this song as ‘The Miner’s Dream of Home’. Indeed, mining is not referred to in the song’s text, which dwells upon parting from family, friends and home, upon exile and yearning, themes which were beyond the experience of Jack, being as he was, a man who had never spent even one night away from home. Nevertheless, the song’s sentiments seem to touch emotions of nostalgia and regret which would have been universally recognised in the shared realm where Jack first learned and then sang this song.

¹⁶ Rod Stradling, *Put a Bit of Powder on it, Father*, booklet, 28.

¹⁷ Dáibhi Ó Cróinín (ed.), *The Songs of Elizabeth Cronin, Irish Traditional Singer* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2000), 287.

5 Bluebell the Dawn Is Waking 06.07.74 Roud : no number allocated

Jack Beeforth recited the text of this song and the tune is lacking.

- 1 Bluebell the dawn is waking sweetheart you must not sigh
Bluebell my heart is breaking I've come to say goodbye
Hear how the bugler's calling, calling to each brave heart
Sweetheart your tears are falling Bluebell we two must part.

*Goodbye my Bluebell farewell to you
One last fond look into your eyes so blue
Mid campfires gleaming mid shot and shell
For I shall be dreaming of my own Bluebell.*

- 2 Bluebell a wrong wants righting brave men must risk their lives
For men in arms are fighting each for their country's strife
There on the other side lying there mid the gun's loud roar
Bluebell your true love's dying calling for you once more.
- 3 Bluebell they are returning each greets a sweetheart true
Bluebell my heart is breaking and never a one greets you
Sadly they tell the story tell how he fought and fell
No thought of fame and glory but only of his Bluebell.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

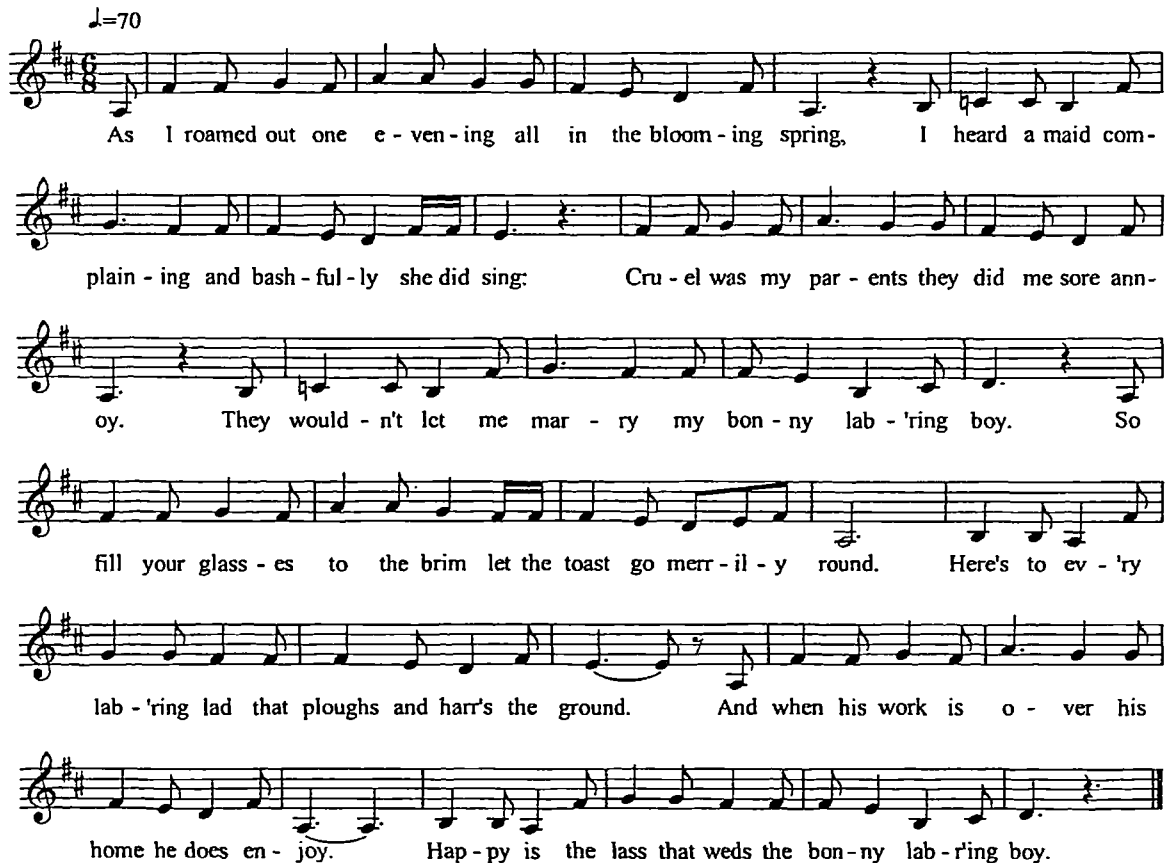
First published by Francis, Day and Hunter in 1904 with words by Edward Madden and music by Theodore F Morse,¹⁸ 'Bluebell the Dawn is Waking' does not seem to have been taken up by many singers of Jack Beeforth's genre: few other printed or recorded examples from vernacular singers are known. The commonplace military references are clearly not drawn from the author's personal experiences, nor do they reflect those of this singer, whose family had not been directly involved in the most recent imperial conflict, the Boer War,

¹⁸ Guthrie T Meade Jnr. with Dick Spottswood and Douglas S Meade (eds), *Country Music Sources: A Bibliography of Commercially Recorded Traditional Music* (Chapel Hill NC: University of North Carolina Press, 2002), 168.

when Jack learnt this song. Issues about the song's meaning to singers like Jack Beeforth are once again called into question here, and it may be that they are attracted, merely, by a singable tune, a text of simple imagery and a chorus with which to engage an audience. Shifts in a song's function and meaning can also occur over time. The melody of 'Bluebell's' refrain (and a greatly attenuated text) was passed down to generations of Boy Scouts for campfire chorus singing competitions where the phased entry of successive waves of singers would attempt to obliterate, confuse or exhaust the others. Jack's ill health did not allow him to sing this song, only to speak the words.

6 The Bonny Labouring Boy 22.06.74 Roud : 1162

$\text{♩} = 70$



As I roamed out one e - ven - ing all in the bloom - ing spring, I heard a maid com -
plain - ing and bash - ful - ly she did sing: Cru - el was my par - ents they did me sore annoy.
They would - n't let me mar - ry my bon - ny lab - 'ring boy. So
fill your glass - es to the brim let the toast go merr - il - y round. Here's to ev - 'ry
lab - 'ring lad that ploughs and harr's the ground. And when his work is o - ver his
home he does en - joy. Hap - py is the lass that weds the bon - ny lab - 'ring boy.

- 1 As I roamed out one evening all in the blooming spring
I heard a maid complaining and bashfully she did sing
Cruel was my parents they did me sore annoy
They wouldn't let me marry my bonny labouring boy.

*So fill your glasses to the brim let the toast go merrily round
Here's to every labouring boy that ploughs and harrows the ground
And when his work is over his home he does enjoy
Happy is the lass that weds the bonny labouring boy.*

- 2 Young Johnny was my own true love as you will quickly see
My parents they employed him their labouring boy to be
To harrow reap and sow the seed and plough my father's land
And soon I fell in love with him as you may understand.
- 3 They watched us close one evening all in the shady gloom
Talking of hours together on that constant burns of love
My father he stepped up to me and seized me by the hand
And he swore he would send young Johnny to some foreign land.

- 4 My mother came next morning and unto me did say
Your father he intends my girl to disappoint your wedding day
But I nobly will dance and I nobly will sing
But single still I will remain until Johnny does return.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

When Jack Beeforth was asked to sing this song for recording, he said ‘Aye, or Eth can, eh lass?’ calling to his daughter, Ethel, who was in attendance at his sick bed. She declined but after her father’s performance she added ‘That’s really for a woman to sing. I always sang that...Always in t’pubs, they always ask me to sing that’. Jack, though, was quite comfortable in performing songs with a female voicing and he probably would have learned it, like so many of his songs, from members of the farming community around the locality or from the Irish seasonal workers who passed through. Such an Irishman wrote down this same song for Harry Cox who incorporated it into his repertoire.¹⁹ The song had been recorded by the Irish singer Paddy Beades and issued on the Regal Zonophone label: IZ 1274 in 1946,²⁰ and before that ‘judging by the number of ballad sheets this song would appear to have enjoyed great popularity’.²¹ At least seven London printers and Forth of Hull²² had put out the song with the earliest known ‘being probably about 1820’.²³

¹⁹ Harry Cox, *Harry Cox: the bonny labouring boy* (London: Topic Records TSCD512D, 2000).

²⁰ R Hall (ed.), *Come all my lads that follow the plough: The life of rural working men & women*, (London: Topic Records TSCD655, 1998), booklet, 48.

²¹ Frank Purslow (ed.), *Marrow Bones: English Folk Songs from The Hammond and Gardiner Mss* (London: EFDS Publications, 1965), 104.

²² Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 1162.

²³ Harry Cox, *Harry Cox: the bonny labouring boy*.

7 A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother 22.06.74 Roud : 1756

$\text{♩} = 90$

Whilst plod- ding on our way in the toil - some road of life, How
 few the friends that dai - ly there we meet. Not ma - ny will stand
 by in trou - ble or in strife. With coun - sel and aff -
 ec - tion. ev - er sweet. But there is one whose smile will for -
 ev - er on us beam Her love it's pur - er far than an - y
 oth - er, And wher - ev - er we may turn this
 les - son we may learn: That a boy's best friend is his
 mo - ther. Then cher - ish her with care, aye, and soothe her sil - v'ry
 hair. When she's gone you will nev - er get an - oth - er. And wher -
 ev - er we may turn this les - son we may learn: That a
 boy's best fri - end is his moth - er.

- 1 Whilst plodding on our way in the toilsome road of life
How few the friends that daily there we meet.
Not many will stand by in trouble or in strife
With counsel and affection ever sweet.
But there is one whose smile will forever on us beam
Her love it's purer far than any other
And wherever we may turn this lesson we may learn
That a boy's best friend is his mother.

*Then cherish her with care and soothe her silv'ry hair
When she's gone you will never get another
And wherever we may turn this lesson we may learn
That a boy's best friend is his mother.*

- 2 Though all the world may frown and every friend departs
She never will forsake us in our need
Remember at her knee in childhood bright and dear
We heard her voice like angels from above

[incomplete]

(The chorus is in italics.)

Notes on song

Songs like this one and 'Bluebell the Dawn is Waking' seldom featured in the collections of the enthusiasts of the first Folk Song Revival for they exemplified the antithesis of the culture they wished to foster and promote. Attributed to J. P. Skelly who wrote the words and music in 1882²⁴ and elsewhere to Skelly and Henry Miller (who wrote the words) in 1883,²⁵ the song was performed by, among others, the famous music hall singer Nelly Wallace (1870-1948). An understanding of why this song was popular with pub singers and audiences in Jack Beeforth's locality should begin with the easily located sentimentality of the text; moreover, it is through the soaring and plunging intervals of the otherwise predictable

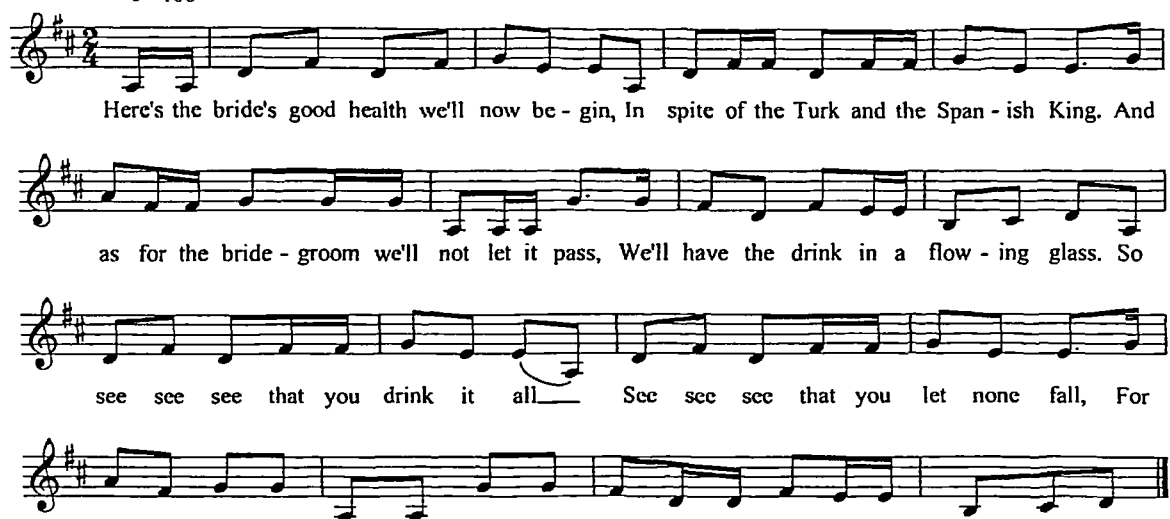
²⁴ Guthrie T Meade Jnr, *Country Music Sources*, 323.

²⁵ Michael Kilgarriff, *Sing Us One of the Old Songs: A Guide to Popular Music 1860-1920* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), 489.

musical phrases that singers would be able to wring out the heavily charged pathos of the piece. While Jack Beeforth did not use it here, the author has heard, in the 1970s, Richard Hoggart's 'big-dipper' style of singing being employed by the pub singers around Whitby in this type of song, with a singer's particular delight in sustaining the upper notes beyond their full time value.

8 Bridal Song 20.04.74 Roud: 310

$\text{♩} = 160$



Here's the bride's good health we'll now be - gin, In spite of the Turk and the Span - ish King. And
as for the bride - groom we'll not let it pass, We'll have the drink in a flow - ing glass. So
see see see that you drink it all — See see see that you let none fall, For
if you do you shall have two And so shall the rest of the comp - 'ny too.

- 1 Here's the bride's good health we'll now begin
In spite of the Turk and the Spanish king.
And as for the bridegroom we'll not let it pass
We'll have their drink in a flowing glass.
- 2 So see, see, see that you drink it all
See, see, see that you let none fall
For if you do you shall have two
And so shall the rest of the company too.

Notes on the song

'That's a rare one they used to sing at – if anybody got wed, you know. They got married there was always a do at t'pub you know. They got hankerchiefs to run for and sike like'.²⁶

Many examples of similar songs survive which accompany the drinking of health to a Master or Mistress at harvest (there are 39 such references in the Roud index alone) but few are attached to wedding celebrations. A near match for this Beeforth version comes from

²⁶ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 20 April 1974.

Goathland, eight kilometers west over Fylingdales Moor from Jack's Wragby farm. The accompanying notes suggest that the song 'is usually sung with "in spite of the Pope and the Spanish king ..."; however in Catholic Eskdale it became [as here] "in spite of the Turk and the Spanish king" '. The note continues: 'the song is probably from around the late 17th or early 18th century, but it could in fact refer to any Anglo-Spanish conflict from the Armada in 1558 to the war of Jenkin's Ear 1739-41'.²⁷ A 'Health' noted in 1891 by Lucy Broadwood bears many similarities to the Beeforth song:

Our mistresses health we'll now begin
 In spite of the Pope and the Spanish King
 For she has got gold and money in store
 And when it's gone she will have some more

So here's to thee my brother John
 'Tis almost time that we were gone
 We'll smoke we'll drink we'll stand our ground
 And so let our mistresses health go round.²⁸

Lucy Broadwood, in identifying 'The Mistress' as the Queen herself, claims that 'these "healths" are, no doubt, survivals from the time of Queen Elizabeth, Philip II, King of Spain, being an ardent champion of Pope Sixtus 5th'. However, Broadwood's conjectures have sometimes appeared to be improbable. She was particularly interested in ancient and pagan survivals and 'her writings exhibit a strong streak of antiquarianism, often vague, speculative, and uninformed'.²⁹

Jack Beeforth's tune, a major key variant of 'Over the Hills and Far Away' which appeared in 'The Beggar's Opera' (1728), is one of that work's '69 tunes ... mostly derived from popular ballads of the day'.³⁰ A little earlier, the melody served two songs: 'Jockey's Lamentation' and 'The Recruiting Officer' in Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth OR Pills to*

²⁷ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 319.

²⁸ Lucy Broadwood, *JFSS* 4:2 (1910), 138-9.

²⁹ Lewis Jones, 'Lucy Etheldred Broadwood', Ian Russell and David Atkinson (eds), *Folk Song: Tradition, Revival, and Re-Creation* (Aberdeen: The Elphinstone Institute, 2004), 244.

³⁰ Michael Kennedy (ed.), *The Oxford Dictionary of Music* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), 64.

Purge Melancholy (1719-20),³¹ and it is mentioned as early as 1704 in Farquhar's play 'The Recruiting Officer'.³² Both text and tune suggest eighteenth-century, or earlier, origins for this piece. If correct, this indicates a rare instance in Jack Beeforth's locality of a song's being disseminated and preserved through the 'oral tradition', rather than through print.

³¹ Thomas D'Urfey (ed.), *Wit and Mirth OR Pills to Purge Melancholy* (New York: Folklore Library Publishers, 1959), volume V, 316-319. Facsimile reproduction of the 1876 reprint of the original edition of 1719-1720.

³² Roy Palmer, *The Sound of History*, 283.

9 The Brisk Young Butcher 06.07.74 Roud : 167

♩=160



It's of a brisk young but - cher as I have heard them say. He start - ed out of
Lis - bon Town all on a mar - ket day. Says he a fro - lic I will have my
for - tunes for to try. I'll go down to Lei - ces - ter - shire some cat - tle for to buy.

- 1 It's of a brisk young butcher as I have heard them say
He started out of Lisbon Town all on a market day.
Says he a frolic I will have my fortune for to try
I'll go down to Leicestershire some cattle for to buy.
- 2 When he arrives in Leicestershire he called at an inn
He called for an ostler and so boldly walked in.
He called for liquors of the best and his reckoning left unpaid
But presently he fixed his eyes upon the chambermaid.
- 3 [two lines apparently missing]
He kissed her and he cuddled her to enjoy her charms
So this buxom chambermaid slept in the butcher's arms.
- 4 And he arose next morning and prepared to go away.
The landlord said your reck'ning sir you have forgot to pay.
Oh no, the butcher did reply pray do not think it strange
For I gave a sov'reign to your maid and she never brought the change.
- 5 He straight withdrew the chambermaid and he charged her with the same
The sov'reign then she did lie down fearing to get the blame
The butcher he rode off with glee well pleased with what was passed
But soon this buxom chambermaid grew thick below the waist.
- 6 And twelve months after he came to town again
And just as he had done before he called at the inn
It was there this young chambermaid she chanced him to see
She fetched the baby just three months old and planted it on his knee.

- 7 The butcher he was so amazed he at the child did stare
But when the joke he did find out how he did curse and swear.
She said kind sir this is your own pray do not think it strange
For the sov'reign that you gave to me I've now brought you the change.

Notes on the song

Jack's ill health allowed him to sing only the first verse here (to the tune 'The Banks of Sweet Dundee') and he spoke the rest of the song.

Under this title and its alternatives, 'The Chambermaid' or 'The Leicestershire Chambermaid', this song is 'an example of early 19th century broadside humour. The song may be older, for the printers frequently rewrote popular old country songs'.³³ That it was popular is manifested by the dozen London printers who published it and by the additional production emanating from Newcastle (Walker, Ross) and Durham (Walker).³⁴ Judging by their incidence in his known repertoire, Jack Beeforth liked to sing songs containing humorous stories or episodes which were sometimes unrefined and suggestive without passing too far into lubricity: songs like 'The German Clockwinder', 'Kiss Me in the Dark', 'Nowt to Do with Me', 'The Oyster Girl' and here 'The Brisk Young Butcher'. 'Turning the tables', wrote Roy Palmer, 'was a deeply satisfying theme, especially when the weaker party did the turning' and here the chambermaid 'is very much the heroine of the story'.³⁵ Jack liked and was comfortable with women as the obvious mutual love and respect between him and his wife, daughter and granddaughter testified, and it would have given him additional pleasure to recount this story of a woman's outwitting of a man.

³³ Frank Purslow (ed.), *Marrow Bones*, 104.

³⁴ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 167.

³⁵ Roy Palmer, *Everyman's Book of English Country Songs*, 75.

10 A Certain Girl Once Courted Me 06.07.74 Roud : no number allocated

This fragment was recited, not sung, and the tune is lacking.

- 1 A certain girl once courted me named Mary-Anne Maria
And all that she would talk about was love and matrimony.
She wanted me to marry her but marriage wouldn't suit me
She swore unless I named the day she'd have revenge and shoot me.
- 2 She points the pistol to my nose I danced just like a nigger
She said unless I named the day she'd pull the bloody trigger.
As I sat there oh dear, oh lor, I pictured my old mother
And I thought of the many times I'd swiped my little brother.

Notes on the song

This fragmentary piece might be regarded as little more than doggerel, and although it aims to be humorous it contains ideas and epithets inimical to current mainstream attitudes. It raises issues similar to those confronting and discomfiting Victorian and Edwardian song collectors when they recovered texts which flouted the conventions of their own era and class: should such material be left to lie unrecorded, be suppressed, be bowdlerised or accepted with a shrug as an ephemeral popular song of the day? The song was published by Francis, Bros. & Day, 195 Oxford Street West, under the title: 'She Stood behind the Parlour Door'. It appeared in a songbook, dated between 1877 and 1884, by R March & Co., 18 St. James' Walk, Clerkenwell, London (*March's Royalty Songs:109* – one of 78 songs on two sheets forming a song book). It was sung by Harry Freeman.³⁶

- 1 A certain girl once courted me, called Mary Ann Malony,
Who simply talked of nothing else but love and matrimony;
And tho' I often told her that to marry would not suit me,
She swore, unless I name the day, she'd have revenge and shoot me.

³⁶ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Firth b.28 (9a/b), 7 [accessed 22.06.03].

*She stood behind the parlour door, then began to lock it,
Glared at me, looked at the key, and placed it in her pocket,
Held a pistol near my nose, and jumped just like a nigger,
And swore, unless I married her, that she would pull the trigger.*

- 2 While she stood there with arms in hand, I pictured my poor mother,
And thought with grief the many times I'd whacked my little brother.
I closed my eyes, sank on my knee, oh, how I craved for pardon,
Expecting every moment to be blown into the garden.
- 3 "Marry me," said she, "or else this weapon I will use it."
I said, "My dear, if that's your love, I really must refuse it.
Fire away whene'er you like." But lor! I did shiver!
Said she, "Consent, or, in a trice, I'll pop it thro' your liver!"
- 4 I rushed and seized her tiny hand, but all my strength was needed.
I tried to grasp the weapon, and at last I just succeeded;
And oh, the joy I felt to think the thing had not exploded!
But when I came to look, I found the darn'd thing wasn't loaded.

Harry Freeman (1858-1922) is not so well known as some of his contemporaries 'because he never left a big song to be remembered by' but he was nevertheless 'a prolific and highly reputable entertainer who performed countless very popular comic songs during his years on the halls'.³⁷ In 1890, the year before Jack Beeforth was born, Freeman became the first King Rat of the Grand Order of Water Rats. The piece was spoken, not sung, by Jack Beeforth as it came near the end of the last recording session with him when his poor health made singing almost impossible. Eager to help, Jack's daughter Ethel sometimes interjected with parts of the text, indicating once again how Jack's songs were known and shared within the family. Jack's is the only instance of this song that has yet come to light in the vernacular genre.

³⁷Harry Freeman, <<http://www.gowr.net/Histoy/harryfreeman.html>> [accessed 13.02.04].

11 Cold Stringy Pie 20.04.74 Roud : 1408

$\text{♩} = 150$



Oh there was an old farm - er in Stain - ton - dale did dwell. They called him Dick - ie Ad - am - son you
all know him well. He gave to his ser - vants cold string - y pie, And with -
out an - y sweet - 'ning that's not a lie. Ti mi fol the did - dle i doh fol the did - dle dec.

- 1 Oh, there was an old farmer in Staintondale did dwell
They called him Dickie Adamson you all know him well.
He gave to his servants cold stringy pie
And without any sweetening that's not a lie.

To me fol the diddle I doh fol the diddle dee.

- 2 And as for his hosses they were all very thin
You could count every bane they had in their skin.
There was three lame in t' leg and fower swung in t' back
And he learned 'em to gan with a whistle and a crack.
- 3 There was threshing by steam and water for to lead
Took yan for to drive another for to feed
Two up aboon and three doon belaw
Some makking forkfuls others stacking straw.
- 4 Aye, and up comes sheppy and this he did say
We had an aud yow deed a week sin today
We browt her home and boiled her in t' pot
And fetched her onto t' table right smoking hot.
- 5 And down the street there stands a big safe
With mutton and beef for us poor lads to eat
And as for t' mokes why they're creeping thousands thick
Aud Stringy had a lad knocking off with a stick.

- 6 And we had an aud housekeeper kept our house
She thought she were a gaffer ower t' house
To be t' gaffer ower t' house and to be fit for a queen
But I'll tak me oath she wasn't fit to be seen.
- 7 Now we had a servant lass and she was a big feeal
She telled our missus sike funny teals
She said us lads wadn't let her alane
We wad keep tickling her funny bane.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

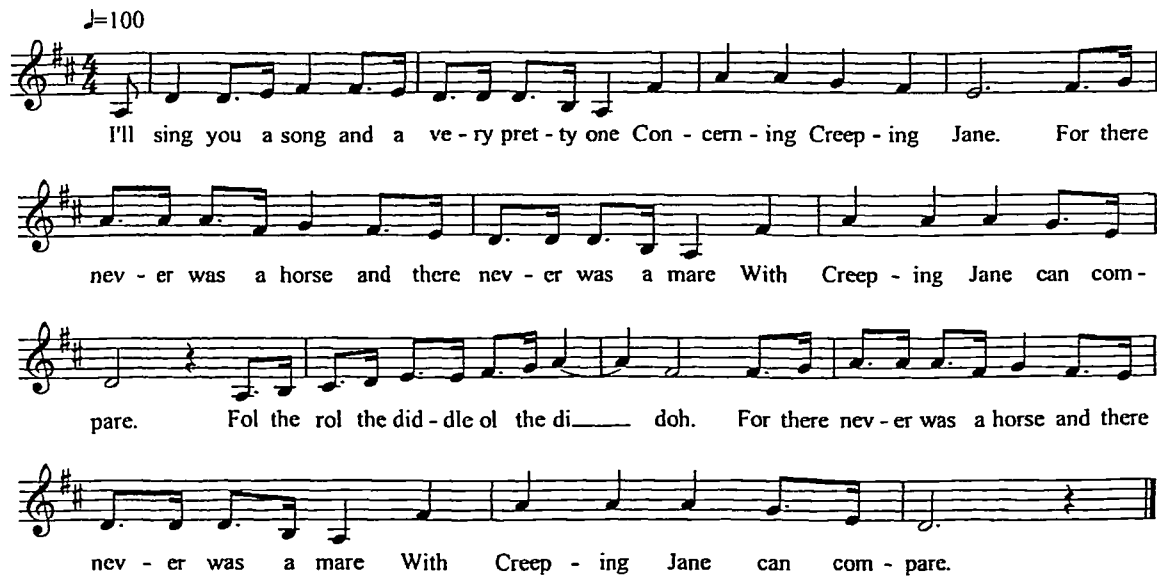
The seven known versions of this song under this title or its alternatives 'Rattle Mutton Pie', 'Mutton Pie' or 'T'Owd Sow', were all recovered in Yorkshire or Lincolnshire,³⁸ the present writer noting it from Ada Cade in York in 1965.³⁹ The parochial compass of the song's attribution is surprising for its themes may have played well in any singing pub in any part of rural England, and slight adaptation would allow the singer to personalize the text to identify the stingy farm practice of any farmer well known to an audience. The song, however, does not seem to have appeared on broadsides, or in chapbooks, and its narrow distribution may well be ascribed to the purely oral nature of its transmission. It was in humorous songs such as this that Jack Beeforth's use of north Yorkshire dialectal forms was most prominent.

³⁸ Steve Roud, *Folk Song Index*, Roud 1408.

³⁹ Roy Palmer, *A Touch on the Times*, 234.

12 Creeping Jane 20.04.74 Roud : 1012

$\text{♩} = 100$



I'll sing you a song and a ve-ry pret-ty one Con-cern-ing Creep-ing Jane. For there
nev-er was a horse and there nev-er was a mare With Creep-ing Jane can com-
pare. Fol the rol the did-dle ol the di____ doh. For there nev-er was a horse and there
nev-er was a mare With Creep-ing Jane can com- pare.

- 1 I'll sing you a song and a very pretty one
Concerning Creeping Jane
For there never was a horse and there never was a mare
With Creeping Jane can compare.

*Fol the rol the diddle ol the di doh
For there never was a horse and there never was a mare
With Creeping Jane could compare.*

- 2 For when they got to the first mile post
Creeping Jane was a little behind
But I stroked her little neck oh her lovely little neck
Crying come up my little darlin' never mind.

*Fol the rol the diddle ol the di doh
For I stroked her little neck oh her lovely little neck
Crying come up my little darlin' never mind.*

- 3 And when we got to the second mile post
Creeping Jane was a little behind
But she cockèd up her foot oh her lily-white foot
And I said come up my little darlin' never mind.

*Fol the rol the diddle ol the di doh
For she cockèd up her foot oh her lily-white foot
And I said come up my little darlin' never mind.*

- 4 But when we got to the third mile post
 Creeping Jane was still behind
 But I put my little whip round her slender little waist [hiatus in rest of verse]
 And she went past them all like a dart, fol the day.
- 5 When Creeping Jane had this big race run
 And she never turned one hair
 And she was able to gallop the course o'er again
 And the others wasn't able to trot, fol the day.

*Fol the rol the diddle ol the di doh
 She was able to gallop the course o'er again
 And the others wasn't able to trot, fol the day.*

(The chorus is in italics.)

Notes on the song

Jack Beeforth had a particular affection for this song for it was written, he believed, to celebrate the mare he bred, on whose back he had won so many local races and whose winnings had enabled him to open his first bank account.⁴⁰ The supposed author was a McNeil of Littlebeck, near Whitby, who would stand up in a cart at the winning post and cheer Creeping Jane and Jack home. The date was around 1917-1918.⁴¹ However, the song 'Creeping Jane' was already well established by the time Joseph Taylor had recorded it on disc in 1908⁴² and it had appeared on 19th century broadsides printed by among others, Harkness of Preston between 1840 and 1866,⁴³ Walker of Newcastle and Fordyce of Newcastle.⁴⁴ The form of Jack's version closely follows that of a Such broadside (Fig. Songs.2). Jack's song omits two verses and adds a refrain.

⁴⁰ Notes on conversation: Ethel Pearson, Burniston, 13 March 2001.

⁴¹ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 20 April 1974.

⁴² The Gramophone Company, publicity leaflet *Records of English Traditional Folk-Songs*. London: 31 July 1908.

⁴³ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, 2806 c.13 (228) [accessed 22.06.03].

⁴⁴ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 1012.



CREEPING JANE.



London:—H. SUCH, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Borough.—S. E.



I'll sing you a song, and a very pretty one,
Concerning Creeping Jane;
She never saw a mare, nor a gelding in her life,
That she e'er valued above half a pin.

When Creeping Jane came on the race course,
The gentlemen viewed her all round,
All they had to say concerning Creeping Jane,
She's not able to gallop o'er the ground.

It's when they came to the first mile post,
Creeping Jane was far behind,
The rider threw his whip round her bonny neck,
And he said my little lady never mind.

So when they came to the second mile post,
Creeping Jane was still behind,
The rider threw his whip round her bonny neck,
And he said my little lady never mind.

So when they came to the third mile post,
Creeping Jane looked blithe and smart,
O then she lifted up her lily white feet,
And passed them as I like a dart.

Now Creeping Jane his race she has won,
And scarcely sweats one drop,
She is able to gallop it over again,
While the others are not able far to trot.

Now Creeping Jane he's dead and gone,
And her body lies on the cold ground,
I'll go down to her master one far to beg,
Her precious little body from the bounds.

⁴⁵ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B11 (174) [accessed 22.06.03].

Following its inclusion in *English Folk-Songs for Schools* in 1906,⁴⁶ it might be expected that ‘Creeping Jane’ would have been carried into the public domain by successive waves of school children. Mr McNeil of Littlebeck did, however, write at least one song: ‘The German Prisoners’, ‘a story from World War I about an escape up the coast’.⁴⁷ McNeil’s inventiveness may have led him to put forward the deprecating (for a racehorse) and already existing name, Creeping Jane, for Jack’s mare.

⁴⁶ S. Baring-Gould, *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 40.

⁴⁷ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 324.

13 The Dark-Eyed Sailor 20.04.74 Roud : 265

$\text{♩} = 100$

It's of a come - ly young la - dy fair, She was walk - ing out for to take the
air. She met a sail - or all by the way, So I paid att -
en - tion, So I paid att - en - tion to hear what they did say.

- 1 It's of a comely young lady fair
She was walking out for to take the air
She met a sailor all by the way
So I paid attention,
So I paid attention to hear what they did say.
- 2 Said William, lady why roam alone
For the night is coming and the day near gone.
She cried while the tears from her eyes did fall
It's a dark-eyed sailor,
It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proved my downfall.
- 3 It's three long years since he left the land
And he took a gold ring from off my hand
We broke love's token, here's a part with me
And the other is rolling,
And the other is rolling at the bottom of the sea.
- 4 Said William, drive him all from your mind
For another sailor as good you'll find.
Genteel he was not a knave like you
To advise a maiden,
To advise a maiden to slip the jackets blue.
- 5 Then half of the ring did young William show
They seemed distracted midst joy and woe.
Love turned aside and soon cold doth grow
Like a winter's morning,
Like a winter's morning when the fields are white with snow.

- 6 And in a village down by the sea
They are joined in wedlock and will agree.
So maids be true when your love's away
For a cloudy morning,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a brighter day.

Notes on the song

A. L. Lloyd described this song as one which ‘has repeatedly turned up in tradition in more or less identical shape’, arguing that ‘Pretty surely it had a single author’ and musing that one day its author may be found ‘and it is not impossible, for all the collected versions derive from a Catnach broadside of the late 1830s’.⁴⁸ The song probably owed some of its success, Lloyd argued, ‘to its good tune, variants of which had been circulating for a good hundred years before Catnach’s unnamed pot poet scribbled his verses’.⁴⁹ That it is unwise to be peremptory about a song’s origins is shown by Sabine Baring-Gould’s suggestion that a song ‘the same as ours [The Broken Token or The Dark-Eyed Sailor] was noted down by Mr S. Reay about 1830-5 from a ballad singer at Durham’, a little earlier than Lloyd’s admittedly imprecise and speculative dating. However, Lloyd was correct in identifying the high number of printers who put out this item, at least a dozen from London and a similar number between Tyne and Humber,⁵⁰ copies of which would have undoubtedly found their way into Jack Beeforth’s locality. Lloyd’s description of the modest textual quality of this song is in contrast to the hyperbole of Nigel Hudleston who noted the piece from a man brought up seven kilometers from Jack Beeforth, in Littlebeck in Whitby: ‘This is in many respects the “star-turn” of the collection [Songs of the Ridings]; a song of flowing musical simplicity and

⁴⁸ A. L. Lloyd, *Folk Song in England*, 23.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, 183.

⁵⁰ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 265.

great lyrical beauty touched with hope, romance and great sadness ... Perhaps it is the song's quality which partly accounts for its wide spread dissemination and survival.⁵¹

⁵¹ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 308.

14 The Farmer's Boy 20.04.74 Roud : 408

♩=100



The sun had set be - hind yon hill a - cross yon drear - y moor, When wear - y and lame a
 poor boy came up to a farm - er's door. Can you tell me if an - y there be that
 will give me em - ploy For I can plough I can sow I can reap and mow, And I'll
 be a farm - er's boy and to be a farm - er's boy.

- 1 The sun had set behind yon hill across yon dreary moor
 When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door
 Can you tell me if any there be that will give me employ

*For I can plough or I can sow I can reap and mow
 And I'll be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.*

- 2 My father's dead and my mother's left with her five children small
 And what is worse for my mother still I'm the largest of them all
 Though little I be I fear no work if to me you'll give employ

*For to plough and sow to reap and mow
 To be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.*

- 3 And if you can't give me employ one favour my I ask
 Will you shelter me till the break of day from this cold winter's blast
 At the break of day I will trudge away elsewhere to seek employ

*For to plough and to sow to reap and to mow
 To be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.*

- 4 The farmer's wife says, try that lad let him no farther seek
 Oh yes dear father, the daughter cried while the tears ran down her cheek.
 For those who will work it is hard to want and to wander for employ

*For to plough and [hiatus caused by reel change] [sow to reap and mow
To be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.*

- 5 As time went on he grew a man, the good old couple died
They left the lad the] farm they had and the daughter for his bride
And the lad that was, now farmer is, aye, and he oft times sings with joy

*And he blessed the lucky day he went that way,
To be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.*

(The chorus is in italics)

The missing text, in square brackets, remembered by Ethel Pearson, Gail Agar and Michael Beeforth, Ravenscar, 6 September 2005.

Notes on the song

Derek Scott claimed that: 'The favourite drawing-room song in the early nineteenth century about farm life was the anonymous "To Be a Farmer's Boy", which scarcely seems to belong to the same world as that of the Tolpuddle Martyrs of 1834, and the farmers' boys who, throughout the land, were being forced to accept cuts in wages'.⁵² In his commentary on this song, Michael Pickering noted that:

Few so-called "folk" songs are as well known as "The Farmer's Boy". Not only has it appeared in various nineteenth and twentieth century song collections, but it stands as an archetypal example of exactly those elements of oral tradition selectively defined as "folk" song by collectors associated with the Folk Song Society in the early years of this [the twentieth] century.⁵³

Roy Palmer, in refuting a suggested early eighteenth-century origin for the song, believed that it had 'a strong whiff of enclosure about it. The farm which is providentially inherited lock, stock and barrel suggests an early nineteenth century mentality – and landscape',⁵⁴ and Palmer gives a Catnach ballad catalogue of 1832 as the song's earliest appearance. Like

⁵² Derek B. Scott, *The Singing Bourgeois: Songs of the Victorian Drawing Room and Parlour* (Milton Keynes: Open University Press, 1989), 190.

⁵³ Michael Pickering, 'The Farm Worker and "The Farmer's Boy"', *Lore and Language*. 3:9 (1983), 44.

⁵⁴ Roy Palmer, *Everyman's Book of English Country Songs*, 43.

many of Jack Beeforth's songs, this one has been widely published by at least nine London printers⁵⁵ and in the north east, inter alia, by Kendrew (York), Dalton (York), Oliver (Darlington), Forth (Hull) and Fordyce (Newcastle and Hull),⁵⁶ this last example appearing between 1838 and 1865.⁵⁷ It is illuminating to note that the four versions of the melody for 'The Farmer's Boy' published in Frank Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*⁵⁸ and collected in Alderhill, the East Riding, Leeds and Goathland respectively differ from each other and from that of Jack Beeforth, Jack's being the tune which has now become the standard.

⁵⁵ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 408.

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*

⁵⁷ Michael Pickering, *Lore and Language*, 61.

⁵⁸ Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 63, 65, 174.

15 A Fine Hunting Day 20.04.74 Roud : 1172

$\text{♩} = 50$

What a fine hunt-ing day it's as balm-y as May, When the hounds to our vill-age did come. Ev-ery
 friend will be there and all trou-ble and care Will be left far be-hind them at home. See
 ser-vants on steeds on their way— And sports-men in scar-let dis-play, Let us
 join the glad throng that goes laugh-ing a-long, And we'll all go a-hunt-ing to-day. So we'll
 all go a-hunt-ing to-day— All nat-ure looks smil-ing and gay. Let us
 join the glad throng that goes laugh-ing a-long, And we'll all go a-hunt-ing to-day.

- 1 What a fine hunting day it's as balmy as May
 When the hounds to our village did come.
 Every friend will be there and all trouble and care
 Will be left far behind them at home.
 See servants on steeds on their way
 And sportsmen in scarlet display.
 Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along
 And we'll all go a-hunting today.

*So we'll all go a-hunting today
 All nature looks smiling and gay
 Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along
 And we'll all go a-hunting today.*

- 2 Farmer Hodge to his dame says I'm sixty and lame
Times are hard yet my rent I must pay
But I don't care a jot whether I raise it or not
For I must go a-hunting today.
There's a fox in the spinney they say
We'll find him and have him away.
I'll be first in the rush and I'll ride for his brush
For I must go a-hunting today.
- 3 As the judge sits in court he gets wind of the sport
And he calls the court to adjourn.
As no witness had come and there's none left at home
They have gone with the hounds and the horn.
Says he heavy fines you must pay
If you will not your summons obey.
But it's very fine sport so we'll wind up the court
And we'll all go a-hunting to day.
- 4 And the village bells chime there's a wedding at nine
When the parson unites the fond pair.
When he heard the sweet sound of the hounds and the horn
And he knew it was time to be there.
Says he for your welfare I pray.
I regret I no longer can stay.
You've been safely made one, we must quickly be gone
For we must go a-hunting today.
- 5 None were left in the lurch for all friends were at church
With beadle and clerk, aye, and all
All determined to go and to shout 'Tally-ho'
And the ringers all joined in the rear
With bride and bridegroom in array
They one to the other did say
Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along
And we'll all go a-hunting today.
- 6 There's the doctor in boots to a breakfast that suits
Of home-brewed ale and good beef.
To his patients in pain says I've come once again
To consult you in hope of relief.
To the poor his advice he gave way
And the rich he prescribed them to pay.
But to each one he said you will quickly be dead
If you don't go a-hunting today.

7 And there's only one cure for melody [sic] sure
Which reaches the heart to adjourn [sic]
It's the sound of that horn on a fine hunting morn
And where is the heart wishing more.
For it turneth the grave into gay
Makes pain into pleasure give way
Makes the old become young and the weak become strong
If they'll all go a-hunting today.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

'A Fine Hunting Day' or 'We'll All Go a-Hunting' was written in 1860 by the then honorary secretary of the North Warwickshire Hunt, William Williams, for the entertainment of his friends.⁵⁹ Although the song does not appear to be published on broadside it was, according to Roy Palmer, printed in Birmingham and it circulated widely,⁶⁰ probably through the overlapping networks of hunting folk. This 'splendid celebration of the pleasures of fox-hunting'⁶¹ focuses on a perceived harmony and fellowship between the classes on a shared day out (the fox appears fleetingly only in verse two) and the song is likely to have been well received wherever hunting people met.

⁵⁹ Roy Palmer, *The Sound of History*, 187-8.

⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 188.

⁶¹ Roy Palmer, *Everyman's Book of English Country Songs*, 213.

16 The Fylingdale Fox-hunt (1911) 10.05.74 Roud : 1109

$\text{♩} = 150$

You loy - al fox hunt - ers come list to my song. If you'll pay good att - en - tion I'll not keep you
 long. On the four - teenth of Feb - ru - ar - y as it doth app - ear, Nine - teen hund - red and el -
 ev - en was the date of the year. When the hills and the vall - eys did sweet - ly ech -
 o. And they go by the sound hark aw - ay tall - y ho.

- 1 You loyal fox-hunters come list to my song
 If you'll pay good attention I'll not keep you long
 On the fourteenth of February as it doth appear
 Nineteen hundred and eleven was the date of the year.

*When the hills and the valleys did sweetly echo
 And they go by the sound hark away tallyho.*

- 2 In Fylingdale Forest nigh to Ramsdale Mill
 Bold Rennie was earthèd all in a steep hill
 Many men were employed in cutting the rocks
 Come cheer up my brave sportsmen I've reined in the fox.
- 3 We sought him nine hours it's true what I say
 So we must confine him to another day.
 The day was appointed it proved dull and warm
 And mounted and ready sweet sounded the horn.
- 4 Our hounds they were all of the very best blood
 And as for our horses you couldn't find such a stud
 Three hundred brave sportsmen hounds horses and men
 All gathered together to follow bold Ren.

- 5 Bold Rennie proved crafty in making his bolt
The hounds they ran counter which caused the default
Five miles or more we'll hunt him in vain
When old Dancer gave mouth and I seen him again.
- 6 Oh harken to Dancer and to him I say
Both Fearless and Ruler they soon did obey
At a slow hunting pace they run him five mile
And the footmen kept up with hounds all the while.
- 7 On the borders of Maybeck bold Rennie was found
And the moors they were marshy he led 'em around
And to Lilla Cross then they did him pursue
And when they got there well Ren was in view.
- 8 'Twas a glorious sight I vow and protest
To see all the horses and hounds all abreast
Bold Rennie did head them with such a fine air
He led the whole trail through Saltersgate Bar.
- 9 Up Saltersgate brow then he hastened and then
He no sooner got up then he turned back again
Hark forward tantivy hoozay was the cry
Near Saltersgate Bar bold Rennie did die.
- 10 In jokes and in catches and singing of songs
And also such natures fox hunting belong
In a bumper of brandy his health shall go round
And let fox hunting flourish ten thousand times round.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

'The Fylingdale Fox-hunt' was, Frank Kidson wrote, popular in the moorland parish of Fylingdales to the south of Whitby, Jack Beeforth's domain. 'It is sung with great gusto and loud voice in little publichouses [sic] by sporting farmers',⁶² sung to a version of the air of the old favourite, 'The Yorkshire Horsedealers', which was popularised by Emery, a nineteenth century performer; he sang it 'with great success circa 1850 and it became one of

⁶² Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 137.

the “ditties” of the day, being sold at fairs and “feasts” as a broadsheet by itinerant ballad mongers’.⁶³ The words of ‘The Fylingdale Fox-hunt’ were composed by a Fylingdales farmer, ‘John Jillson, it is said, while he threshed corn with a flail and wrote [them] down on his barn door’.⁶⁴ Kidson gives only two verses, setting the song’s action in 1811, and though Jack Beeforth’s ten-verse version is set a hundred years later in 1911, his first two verses closely resemble Kidson’s:

Ye loyal fox hunters, attend to my song
If you’ll give your attention I’ll not keep you long;
In eighteen eleven, the date of the year,
The fourteenth of Feb’ry, as soon doth appear
When the hills and the valleys did oft times echo,
And respond to the sound of a loud “Tally-ho!”

In Fylingdale parish, near to Ramsdale Mill,
Bold reynard was headed all up a steep hill;
There were many employed in cutting the rocks,
But they threw down their tools and they followed the fox
While the hills and the valleys did oft times echo,
And respond to “Hark, forward! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!”

⁶³ J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, *Yorkshire Days and Yorkshire Ways*, 47.

⁶⁴ V Banks et al., *Fylingdales’ Two Jubilees 1935-1977* (Fylingdales: Fylingdales Local History Group Pamphlet, 1977), 23.

The tune is lacking.

- 1 Come all you brave sportsmen, I pray you give ear,
Come, listen to me and your spirits I'll cheer.
If a day of foxhunting you'd like to enjoy,
It's with Fylingdales parish I'd have you to go.

*The hills and the valleys with a sweet echo,
Resound the sweet sound of a loud Tally-Ho.*

- 2 There's Readman, the huntsman, on his horse he does go,
And he's not far behind, when he hears Tally-Ho.
He climbs the steep hills like a wild mountain goat,
In his black velvet cap and his bright scarlet coat.
- 3 There's his son Will, the whip, a very good man,
He rides to the hounds as fast as he can;
He always remembers to give a good shout,
To let followers know bold Renny is about.
- 4 There is John from the Laithes, a right hunting sort.
Likewise Will Beeforth, an excellent sport.
There is Leslie, and Francis and Uncle Reg,
They gallop along taking stone wall and hedge.
- 5 There's Knightley, the grocer, he hunts when he can;
Likewise Matt Welburn, a real hunting man,
But to keep these hounds going, money has to be found,
Subscriptions are useful if you don't keep a hound.
- 6 There's Granger and Mennell, to the meets they both go,
They like to be there and to shout Tally-Ho.
After a hard days hunting, how hungry they feel,
So they toddle off home, where they are sure of a meal.
- 7 There is one brave sportsman we must not leave out,
A sound foxhunter without a doubt;
He sails the wide ocean by night and by day,
His name is Will Martin, from Robin Hood's Bay.

⁶⁵ Personal communication from Gail Agar to David Hillery 29 October 2001.

- 8 There is also 'Reveller', 'Volter', 'Pleasure' also,
 There is 'Faithful', and 'Handmaid', their valour do show,
 There is 'Chorister' and 'Cobweb', they stick to the line,
 There is 'Cowslip' and 'Sepia' and 'Valentine'.
- 9 Now I have finished my song, so pass the bowl round,
 And drink to the health of hound-keepers and hounds.
 It's through a few local sportsmen this Hunt does survive,
 And it serves as a tonic to keep us alive.

Notes on the song

Among the personal effects of Jack Beeforth's son Francis after his death, Francis's daughter, Gail Agar, found three foolscap sheets (later passing copies to the present writer) on which were typed a thirteen-verse version of 'The 1811 Hunt Song made by John Jillson' with notes, and a nine-verse song 'Hunting in Fylingdales, 1942'. This latter song is described below the title as 'Fylingdales song, composed by Mr. Wm. Collinson, who has hunted with the Staintondale Hunt for seventy-four seasons without a break and sung to the tune of a well-known hunting song'. Because of the similarities in metre and chorus, we may take it that the tune is that of Jack Beeforth's 'Fylingdale Fox-hunt 1911'. To establish whether this textually very different version of the song was in Jack Beeforth's repertoire, the writer asked if Jack knew the song. 'Know it?' replied Gail Agar, 'He used to sing it!'⁶⁶ John Jillson, writer of the 1811 Hunt, is described in the notes referred to above as 'Farmer, of Fylingdales, who followed the hounds on that occasion [in 1811 he would have been twenty two years of age] and kept one of those [hounds] mentioned in the song ...He died at the age of 79 in 1868'.

⁶⁶ Notes on conversation: Ethel Pearson, Ravenscar, 29 October 2001.

18 The German Clockwinder 10.05.74 Roud : 241

$\text{♩} = 140$

Now a Ger-man clock-wind-er up to Lon-don once came. Her-man or Fritz was that
proud Ger-man's name. All round the town on his jour-ney he went, Shout-ing out
an - y old clocks for - to mend. With his too ral i ay.
Too ral i ay. Too ral i too ral i oo ral i ay.

- 1 Now a German clockwinder up to London once came
Hermann or Fritz was this proud German's name
All round the town on his journey he went
Shouting out any old clocks for to mend.

*With his tooral i ay, tooral i ay
Tooral i, tooral i, ooral i ay.*

- 2 Now the ladies in London to the German's delight
Most of them wanted their clocks putting right
Some went too fast, the others too slow
But nine out of ten he could make their clocks go.
- 3 Now a certain young lady from Queensbury Square
She said that her clock was in need of repair
She invited him round that very same night
Aye, in less than ten minutes he'd put her clock right.
- 4 Now just at that moment there came a loud knock
Aye, and in popped her husband and oh, what a shock
[line apparently missing]
When he found that the German was winding the clock.

- 5 Now up spoke the husband saying now Mary Ann
How is it that you always engage a strange man
To wind up the clock leaving me on the shelf
When our clock wants winding I'll wind it myself.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

The tune seems to be derived from 'Little Brown Jug', which was a 'top hit song' [sic] as early as 1869.⁶⁷ Although this song has not often appeared in print, the piece, under a near-title, 'The German Clockmaker', has been frequently recorded by song collectors from the middle of the twentieth century onwards including versions from:

Charlie Wills (Dorset 1950) *Up to the rigs* Folk tracks FSA 097.
George Spicer (Sussex 1974) *Blackberry Fold* Topic 12T235.
Dick Parsons (Gloucester 1975) Gwilym Davies Collection.⁶⁸
David Gardner (Gloucester 2002) Gwilym Davies Collection.

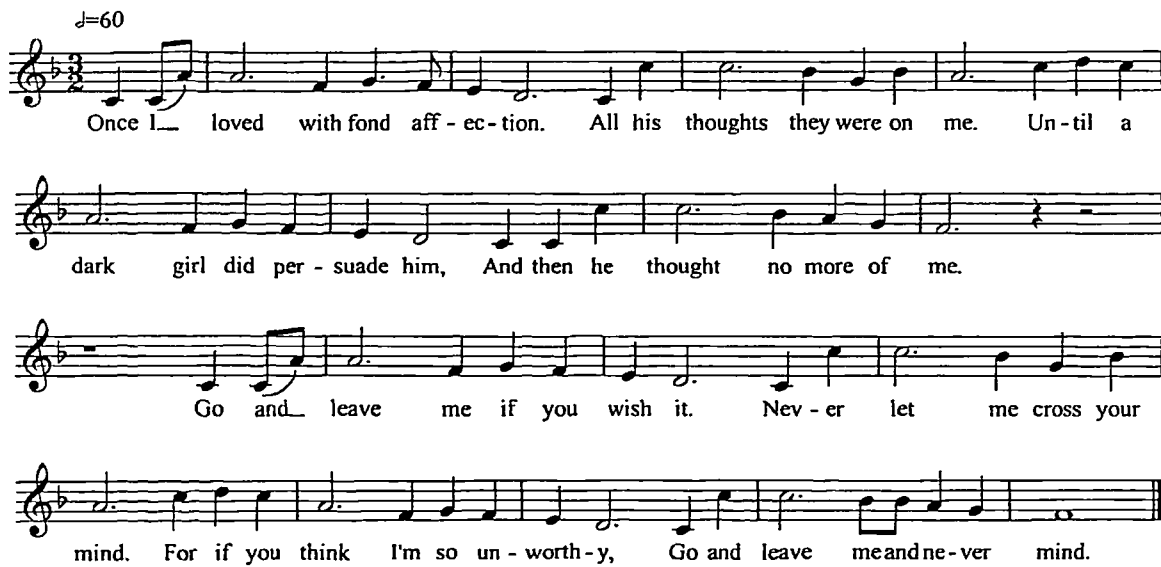
The present writer remembers the 'The German Clockwinder' being firmly embedded in the communal repertoire of rugby club bawdry in after-match club-house singing in the 1950s, and the networks in which individual clubs operated ensured that such songs were able to be informally but widely disseminated. Jack Beeforth's sporting interests included quoiting, hunting and semi-professional horse racing where the social matrices provided similar opportunities for exchanging songs, including this one, which probably originated in the music hall.

⁶⁷ Roger Lax and Frederick Smith, *The Great Song Thesaurus* [1984] (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), 19.

⁶⁸ Private collection deposited in the National Sound Archive, London.

19 Go and Leave Me 22.06.74 Roud : 459

$\text{♩} = 60$



Once I loved with fond aff - ec - tion. All his thoughts they were on me. Un - til a
dark girl did per - suade him, And then he thought no more of me.
Go and leave me if you wish it. Nev - er let me cross your
mind. For if you think I'm so un - worth - y, Go and leave me and ne - ver mind.

- 1 Once I loved with fond affection
All his thoughts they were on me
Until a dark girl did persuade him
And then he thought no more of me.
- 2 And now he's happy with another
One that has bright gold in store
'Twas him that made my fond heart ponder
And I'm left alone because I'm poor.

*Go and leave me if you wish it
Never let me cross your mind
For if you think I'm so unworthy
Go and leave me and never mind.*
- 3 Many a night with him I've rambled
Many hours together we've spent
I thought his heart was mine forever
But that I find was only lent.
- 4 My heart has failed and you know it
The heart that fondly beats for thee
However could I tell another
The tales of love I've told to thee.

- 5 Many a night when you are sleeping
Thinking of your sweet repose
While I poor girl laid here heartbroken
Listening to the winds that blows.
- 6 Farewell friends and kind relations
Farewell to you my false young man
It's you that caused me pain and sorrow
And never more will I return.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after verse 2 and subsequent verses.)

Notes on the song

In the 169th of 180 articles contributed to the *Buchan Observer* between December 1907 and June 1911, Gavin Greig commented:

this song ['Go and Leave Me'], judging from the number of requests one sees for it in the public prints, must be pretty popular throughout the country. We have got three local records of it. They vary a good deal, showing that the song has been traditional for a while, although it cannot be very old ...⁶⁹

The song was well known enough for the collier-balladeer Thomas Armstrong to attach the tune to 'The Trimdon Grange Explosion' which he wrote 'within a few days'⁷⁰ of the disaster in 1882. 'Armstrong intended the song, which was published in his *Song Book* (1930), to be sung to the tune "Go and leave me if you wish it"⁷¹. A rare example survives of the song being offered on broadside in the late nineteenth century (by Forth of Hull),⁷² but it has featured in many twentieth century collections in North America and Britain as well as appearing on several commercial recordings. One of the earliest of these was the 1925 issue from Sid Harkreader: "Many Days with You I Wandered" (Vocalion 15100). The song has

⁶⁹ Gavin Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East* (Hatboro. Pa: Folklore Associates, 1963), CLXIX, 1-2.

⁷⁰ A. L. Lloyd, *Folk Song in England*, 338.

⁷¹ Roy Palmer, 'A. L. Lloyd and Industrial Song', Ian Russell (ed.), *Singer, Song and Scholar* (Sheffield: Sheffield Academic Press, 1986), 135.

⁷² Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 459.

been carried forward into the latter part of the twentieth century in the repertoires of such English traditional singers as Walter Pardon and Fred Jordan.⁷³

⁷³ Notes on conversation: Mike Yates, Berwick-upon-Tweed, 25 November 2003.

20 Good Luck to the Barleycorn 10.05.74 Roud : 944

Reference was made to this song by Jack Beeforth, but he did not sing it on that occasion.

The tune and text are lacking.

Notes on the song

Under an alternative title, 'The Barley Mow', 'versions of this song', Roy Palmer notes, 'turned up in various parts of the country in the first half of the nineteenth century, but may have an ancestor in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia* of 1609',⁷⁴ where 'singers ... request in turn the black bowl, the pint pot, quart pot, pottle (four pints), gallon ... and finally tun'. Jack Beeforth clearly had not much liking for cumulative songs of the 'Ten Green Bottles' type. When he was asked if he knew the song, he replied: 'here's good luck to the half pint, good luck to the barleycorn? Why, we had it, aye, but like, it isn't much is't? It's just one thing after t'other',⁷⁵ and he declined, on this occasion, to sing it, judging perhaps that other songs were more worthy of his failing powers. In this, he was at one with another, unnamed, singer in this genre: 'It is interesting to note that whilst he can produce them, this singer also considers "The Prickle-Holly Bush" and "The Jolly Shilling" both to be poor songs, because you alter only the odd word in each verse!'⁷⁶

⁷⁴ Roy Palmer, *A Taste of Ale* (Lechlade: Green Branch Press, 2000), 52.

⁷⁵ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 10 May 1974.

⁷⁶ John R. Baldwin, 'Song in the Upper Thames Valley: 1966-1969', *FMJ* 1:5 (1969), 321.

21 The Grass Grows Green (Date of recording unknown) Roud : 8213

Poor Jack 'es of - ten [...] with a rag - ged coat and
hat. He's hard on hos - pit - al - i - ty, 'as much a - do with
that. Let's [...] wind sure they can - not call 'em
men, for there's feel - ing hearts in [Liv - er] where the grass grows green.

Poor Jack 'es often [...] with a ragged coat and hat
He's hard on hospitality has much ado with that
Let's [...] wind, sure they cannot call 'em men
For there's feeling hearts in [Liver] where the grass grows green.

Notes on the song

This transcription is by M. and N. Hudleston who attributed this bizarrely corrupted fragment to 'Mr Beeforth, Burniston' but added no further notes about singer or song.⁷⁷ Jack Beeforth lived in Folly Cottage, Burniston, in 1960 after he gave up farming at Cook House Farm, until early 1974 when his daughter Ethel began to look after him at Red Roof, Sleights.⁷⁸ This fragment is verse two of a five verse song of Irish migration, 'I Can't Forget Old Erin where the Grass Grows Green' or 'Danny (or Denny) Blake (or Black) from County Clare':

Poor Pat is often painted with a ragged coat and hat.
His heart and hospitality has much to do with that.
Let slanderers say what they will, they cannot call him mean.
Sure a stranger's always welcome where the grass grows green.⁷⁹

⁷⁷ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 93.

⁷⁸ Notes on conversation: Ethel Pearson, Burniston, 9 May 2000.

⁷⁹ Library of Congress, <<http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin>> America Singing: Nineteenth-Century Song Sheets (n.p.) (n.d.) [accessed 22.02.02].

The song was written and sung by the music hall performer Harry Clifton (1824-72). Harkness of Preston and Hapwood and Crew of London printed the song around 1840-46 (see Fig. Songs.3), which suggests that Clifton was a precocious talent, being aged between sixteen and twenty-two when it was written. This is likely to be another of those songs brought in by the seasonal Irish agricultural workers who came into the area in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; such a man may have felt some discomfort in performing the stage-Irishisms with which the song's text is loaded, reinforcing images of the Irishman as a good humoured, generous halfwit, too fond of a drink.

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

Written and Sang by HARRY CLIFTON.

*Words and Music published by Hopwood & Crew
42, New Bond Street, London.*

St. 28.

I'm Denny Blake from County Clare,
And here at your command,
To sing a song in praise of home
And my own native land.
I've sailed to foreign countries,
And in many climes I've been,
But my heart is still with Erin,
Where the grass grows green.

I love my native country,
And I'm loyal to my queen,
But I can't forget "Ould Ireland,"
Where the grass grows green.

Poor Pat is often painted
With a ragged coat and hat;
His heart and hospitality
Has much to do with that.
Let slanderers say what they will,
They cannot call him mean;
Sure, a stranger's always welcome,
Where the grass grows green.

I love, &c.

He's foolish, but not vicious,
His faults I won't defend;
His purse to help the orphan,
His life to serve a friend,
He'll give without a murmur,
So his follies try and screen,
For there's noble hearts in Erin,
Where the grass grows green.

I love, &c.

'Tis true he has a weakness,
For a drop of something pure,
But that's a slight debility
That many more endure;
He's fond of fun, he's witty,
Though his wit 'tis not too keen,
For there's feeling hearts in Erin,
Where the grass grows green.

I love, &c.

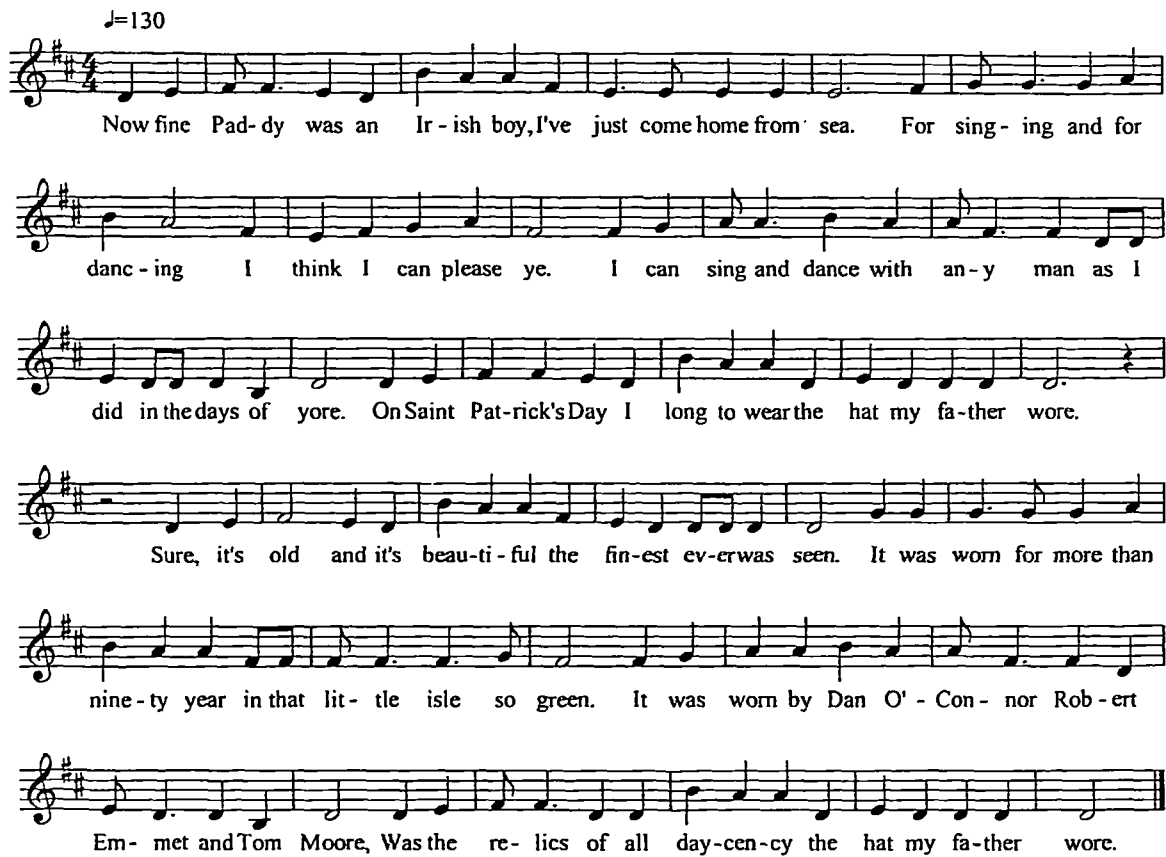
There's not a true-born Irishman,
Wherever they may be,
But loves the little emerald
That sparkles by the sea.
May the sun of bright prosperity
Shine peaceful and serene,
And bring better days to Erin,
Where the grass grows green.

I love, &c.

⁸⁰ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B11 (4145) [22.06.03].

22 The Hat My Father Wore 10.05.74 Roud : 4796

♩=130



Now fine Pad-dy was an Ir-ish boy, I've just come home from sea. For sing-ing and for
danc-ing I think I can please ye. I can sing and dance with an-y man as I
did in the days of yore. On Saint Pat-rick's Day I long to wear the hat my fa-ther wore.
Sure, it's old and it's beau-ti-ful the fin-est ev-er was seen. It was worn for more than
nine-ty year in that lit-tle isle so green. It was worn by Dan O'-Con-nor Rob-ert
Em-met and Tom Moore, Was the re-lics of all day-cen-cy the hat my fa-ther wore.

- 1 Now fine Paddy was an Irish boy I've just come home from sea
For singing and for dancing I think I can please ye
I can sing and dance with any man as I did in the days of yore
On St Patrick's Day I long to wear the hat my father wore.

*Sure it's old and it's beautiful the finest ever was seen
It was worn for more than ninety year in that little isle so green
It was worn by Dan O'Connor, Robert Emmet and Tom Moore
Was the relics of all daycency the hat my father wore.*

- 2 Now I bid you all good morning and good luck to you I'll say
For when I'm on the ocean I hope for me you'll pray
For I'm going back to my native land that place called Baltimore
To be welcomed back to Erin's Isle the hat my father wore.

- 3 Aye, and when I do return again the boys and girls to see
I hope from dear old Erin's Isle they'll kindly welcome me
For to see their smiling faces and to look them more and more
Why it makes my Irish heart feel glad with the hat my father wore.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

Some of the issues raised by Jack Beeforth's learning and performing this song have been discussed earlier in this thesis. It seems clear that Jack learned the song, directly or indirectly, from one or more of the Irish farm workers who were taken on by him or other farmers in the area. The authorship of the piece is attributed to an Irishman, Johnny Patterson,⁸¹ 'The Hibernian Clown from Clare', though 'Patterson failed to publish or copyright his songs, resulting in appropriation by others. He died in May 1889 as the result of injuries caused during a riot which was the consequence of a song intended to unite Irishmen during the Parnell crisis'.⁸² Patterson's chorus had been refashioned by Jack Beeforth's informant, loading it with political and cultural references absent in the Patterson original which ran:

*It's old but it's beautiful the best was ever seen
'Twas worn for more than ninety years in that little isle so green
From my father's great ancestors it's descended with galore
'Tis the relic of old decency the hat my father wore.*⁸³

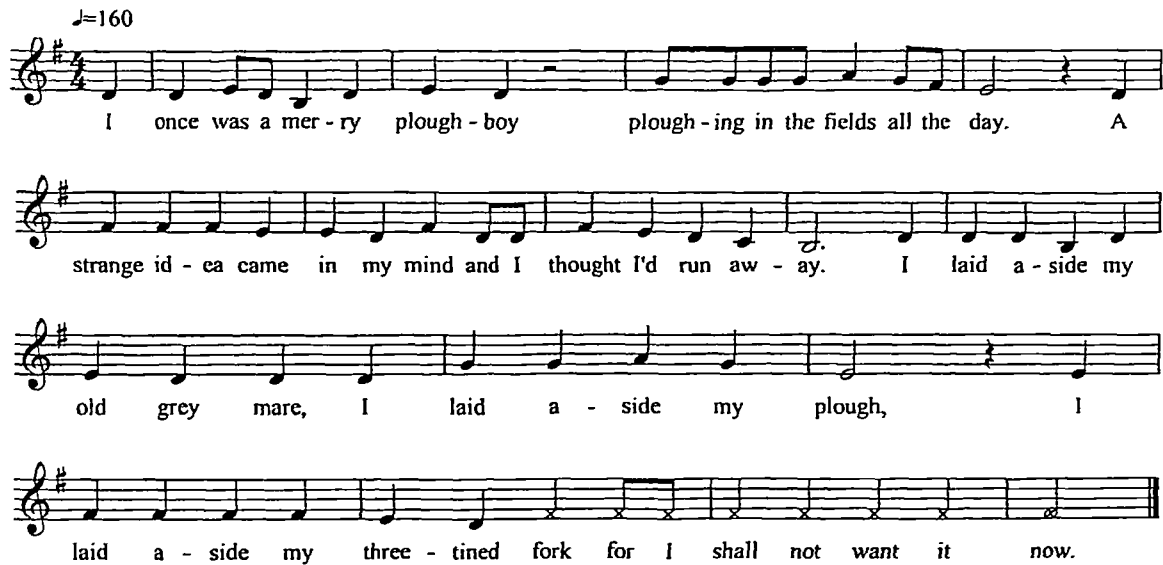
⁸¹ Martin A. Walton (ed.), *Walton's Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads*, 105.

⁸² David Cooper, 'On the Twelfth of July in the Morning', *FMJ* 8:1 (2001), 72.

⁸³ Martin A. Walton (ed.), *Walton's Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads*, 105.

23 I Once Was a Merry Ploughboy 06.07.74 Roud : 163

$\text{♩} = 160$



I once was a mer - ry plough - boy plough - ing in the fields all the day. A
 strange id - ea came in my mind and I thought I'd run aw - ay. I laid a - side my
 old grey mare, I laid a - side my plough, I
 laid a - side my three - tined fork for I shall not want it now.

- 1 I once was a merry ploughboy ploughing the fields all day
 A strange idea came in my mind and I thought I'd run away
 I laid aside my old grey mare and I laid aside my plough
 I laid aside my three-tined fork for I shall not want it now.
- 2 [two lines apparently missing]
 For no more will I go harvesting the fields of golden corn
 For I've taken the good King's shilling and I'm off tomorrow morn.

*Hurrah for the scarlet and the blue see the helmets glistening in the sun
 [some text apparently missing] to the beating of the military drum
 There's a flag in dear Old Ireland proudly waving in the sky
 And the watchword of Old England are we'll conquer or we'll die.*

Notes on the song

John Baldwin has noted that 'The popularity of [this] song ... almost certainly dates back to the Boer and First World Wars when it seems to have been used as a combination of

recruiting, drinking and morale-boosting song’,⁸⁴ and Baldwin concluded that the reference in the song to ‘scarlet and blue’ clearly pre-dates the changeover to khaki for general purposes in the British Army which was in 1902. The reference to ‘dear Old Ireland’ in the chorus suggests that this song may have been yet another item introduced by Irish migrant workers who had re-worked John J. Blockley’s 1870 original, ‘Hooray for dear Old England and her flag that’s waving in the sky’.⁸⁵ Here Jack was helped in recollecting the words by his daughter Ethel, an intervention which once again shows how his songs were shared within the family. Nevertheless, the text here is somewhat garbled and incoherent and the tune incomplete.

⁸⁴ John R. Baldwin, ‘Song in the Upper Thames Valley: 1966-1969’, 345.

⁸⁵ Roy Palmer, *Sounds of History*, 284.

24 It Was Early in the Spring 10.05.74 Roud : no number allocated

♩ = 100

The musical score is written on ten staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 100. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: "It was ear - ly in the spring, when the birds be - gan to sing. That was the time that I tried to win the heart of a dam - sel fair. Her cheeks were as red as the ber - ries that grow Would you sup - pose each morn - ing she rose Trip - ping a - long on her neat lit - tle toes, Gath - ring wild flow - ers to sell - o. Trip - ping a - long the green, each morn - ing she was seen, With a bask - et on her arm filled with ros - - - es. And if you feel in - clined to ask her where she's been, She'll tell you she's been gath - 'ring wild ros - - - es."

It was ear - ly in the spring, when the birds be - gan to
sing. That was the time that I tried to win the
heart of a dam - sel fair. Her cheeks were as red as the
ber - ries that grow Would you sup - pose each morn - ing she rose
Trip - ping a - long on her neat lit - tle toes, Gath - ring wild flow - ers to
sell - o. Trip - ping a - long the green, each
morn - ing she was seen, With a bask - et on her
arm filled with ros - - - es. And
if you feel in - clined to ask her where she's
been, She'll tell you she's been
gath - 'ring wild ros - - - es.

- 1 It was early in the spring when the birds began to sing
 That was the time that I tried to win the heart of a damsel fair
 Her cheeks were as red as the berries that grows
 Would you suppose each morning she rose
 Tripping along on her neat little toes
 Gathering wild flowers to sell – o.
- Tripping along the green each morning she was seen
 With a basket on her arm filled with roses
 And if you feel inclined to ask her where she's been
 She'll tell you she's been gathering wild roses.*
- 2 Now one morn as this maid passed by she heaved her eye and made a sigh
 Then she asked me if I would buy a bunch of wild flowers
 I gave her a penny she in-a-return
 Gave me a rose bound up in a fern
 I looked up in her face and at once did discern
 That she was a charming young girl – o.
- 3 Now when Cupid pierced his dart through my heart I tried to start
 But soon I found it hard to part with such a charming girl
 I looked in her face and at once did confess
 That I was in love and would like her address
 She gave it to me she could do nothing less
 And that night I went to her house – o.
- 4 Now then her history to me did tell that her father in battle fell
 To earn her living she had to sell those bunches of wild flowers
 I told her I'd make her right happy for life
 If she would consent to be my little wife
 And since that day we've known neither care nor strife
 Since I married that girl with the rose – o.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

The first line of this song is usually attached to another piece, 'The Croppy Boy',⁸⁶ a song about the 1798 Irish rebellion and whose sentiments are far removed from those of this apparently Victorian sentimental ballad. No written or recorded examples of the Jack

⁸⁶ James Reeves (ed.), *The Everlasting Circle*, 77.

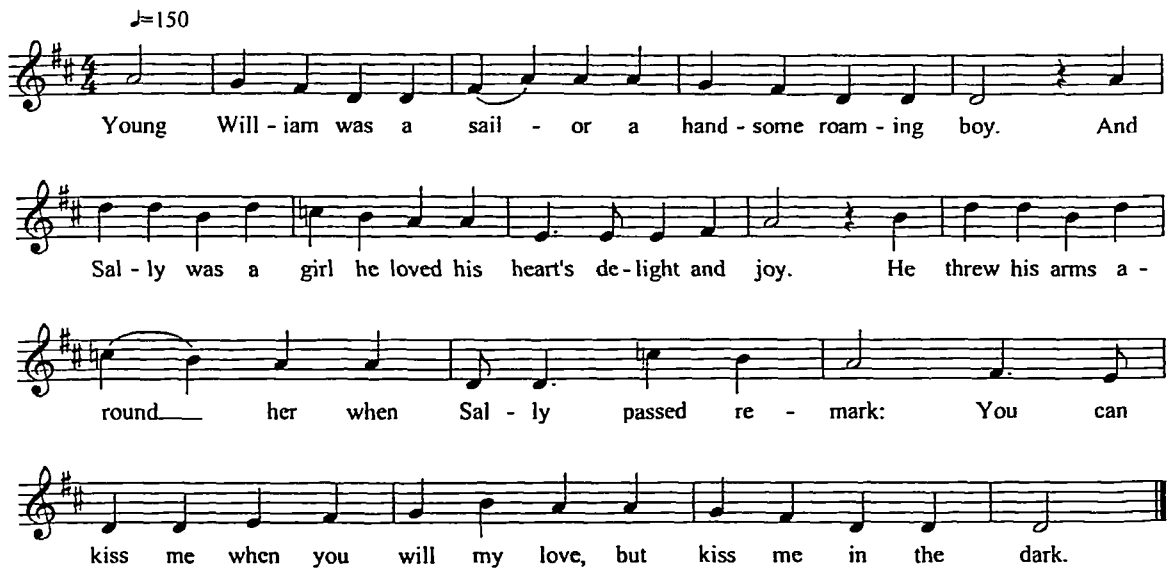
Beeforth song have so far emerged. The 'battle' reference in 4.1 does not help to identify a provenance for the song since imperial Britain was engaged in many military enterprises in the late nineteenth century. Jack claimed that he had sung the song as a nine-year old at Flask Sports⁸⁷ and if Jack's family lore is accepted this locates its origins earlier than 1900.

The lack of coherence in Jack's tune, springing perhaps from his failing memory, or from an inadequate internalising of the song, impairs the presentation of a wholly coherent notation here. The reader is referred to 'Problems in transcription' in Volume I p.xviii, to 'Method of song presentation' in Volume II pp.1-2, and to the appropriate song track on the accompanying CD.

⁸⁷ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 10 May 1974.

25 Kiss Me in the Dark 06.07.74 Roud :2535

$\text{♩} = 150$



Young Will - iam was a sail - or a hand - some roam - ing boy. And

Sal - ly was a girl he loved his heart's de - light and joy. He threw his arms a -

round her when Sal - ly passed re - mark: You can

kiss me when you will my love, but kiss me in the dark.

- 1 Young William was a sailor a handsome roaming boy
And Sally was a girl he loved his heart's delight and joy
He threw his arms around her when Sally passed remark
You can kiss me when you will my love but kiss me in the dark.
- 2 It's not being kissed by you that makes me afraid
But proudness and modesty is looked for in a maid
And as young couples kisses the neighbours pass remark
So until we get married you must kiss me in the dark.
- 3 Oh the Captain overhearing this lovers' discourse
He thought that he might kiss that girl and she'd be none the worse
He heard young William name the day for to meet her in the park
I will go-a in his place says he and kiss her in the dark.
- 4 Now three months after to William she got wed
And six months after that she safely got her bed
Young William was surprised how it came within the mark
For he little thought the Captain he had kissed her in the dark.
- 5 But the Captain stood godfather for that noble boy
And he threw him down five hundred pound which now he does enjoy
And Sally smiles within herself while thinking of the park
Where the Captain rolled her on the grass and he kissed her in the dark.

Notes on the song

Sometimes known as ‘Young William’, this song appeared on nineteenth century broadsides from Walker of Newcastle and from London printers including Birt, Paul and Ryle,⁸⁸ while Such of London published it as ‘Kiss Me in the Dark’ sometime between 1863 and 1885.⁸⁹ The song was in at least one local North Yorkshire repertoire around the time of Jack Beeforth’s birth in 1891 for, on 13th July 1904, Ralph Vaughan Williams noted the song (as ‘Young William’) from Mr Knaggs who ‘was sexton of Westerdale and played the “bass fiddle”’.⁹⁰ Vaughan Williams ‘found it difficult to take down the words as they were “broad Yorkshire”’, and he filled out the text from a broadside ‘Kiss me in the Dark’, No.150, printed by Harkness, Preston (Madden 18/680).⁹¹ This collecting expedition to Westerdale (a few kilometres from Jack Beeforth’s farm) and Robin Hood’s Bay (Jack’s nearest township) almost resulted in the 32 year-old Vaughan Williams’ death: ‘he was nearly drowned one afternoon bathing on a deserted and rocky beach: the sea was rougher than he thought and, after swimming, he found he could not scramble back on to the rocks, he had almost decided to give up and let himself drown when a wave washed him on to the shore’.⁹²

Jack Beeforth’s text is close to this Harkness version, and it almost persuades that it is Jack’s source. However, a Russell of Birmingham broadside (Fig. Songs.4) provides a convincing alternative, allowing that Jack, or his informant, may have conflated two verses and omitted another.

See Volume I p.74 for Jack’s other uses for this tune.

⁸⁸ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 2535.

⁸⁹ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Firth c 12 (272) [accessed 22.06.03].

⁹⁰ Roy Palmer, *Bushes and Briars*, xviii.

⁹¹ *Ibid.*, 201.

⁹² Ursula Vaughan Williams, *R. V. W.: A Biography of Ralph Vaughan Williams*, 68.



KISS ME In the Dark

Samuel Russell, Printer, 24, Old Meeting-street, Nephew
to the late J. Russell, Moor-street, Birmingham: The
only cheap Song and Little Book Warehouse in the
Kingdom.

Tune — Irish Molly.

Young William was a sailor a handsome raving boy,
And Sally was the girl he loved, his heart's delight & joy
He threw his arms around her neck, she made him this
remark,
You may kiss me if you will my love, but kiss me in the
dark.

CHORUS.

It's not for being kissed by you that makes me afraid,
But wasters' a gem you know they look for in a maid,
And prudence teaches simple girls to keep the world blind
And seem to be saucy when they fain would be kind

O Sally my charmer young William he did cry, (dearly,
I'd fight the stoutest man on earth, should he your fame
But as lovers' kisses are a thing which people all remark,
Until that we be married love I'll kiss you in the dark.

Now the captain overhearing these lovers discourse,
He thought that he might kiss the girl and she'd be ne'er
the worse, (in the park.
He heard young William name the time to meet her
I will go in his place said he and kiss her in the dark.

Now the third night after just at the close of day,
The captain he found out a plan to keep her love away,
With William's dress upon his back he got into the park
He coiled her on the grass and kissed her in the dark.

Now three months after to William she was wed,
And in six months after she safely got her bed,
Her husband he did wonder how it came within the mark
But he little thought the captain had kissed her in the dark

The captain he stood godfather onto this lovely boy,
And thro' him down five hundred pounds which he does
now enjoy.

And Sally smites unto herself when thinking of the park
When the captain rolled her in the grass and kissed her
the dark.

⁹³ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Firth c.12 (271) [accessed 22.06.03].

26 Last Valentine's Day 10.05.74 Roud : 6475

$\text{♩} = 105$

Last Val-en-tine's Day when bright Phoe-be shone clear, Oh we had not been hunt-ing for
 more than one year. When I mount-ed Black's Lov-ing but the roan let me fall. I
 heard the horn sound and the hunts-man did call: Tall-y ho - o - o - o - o.
 With hark for-ward, Ooz-ay tall-y ho.

- 1 Last Valentine's Day when bright Phoebe shone clear
 Oh, we had not been hunting for more than one year
 When I mounted Black's Loving but the roan let me fall
 I heard the horn sound and the huntsman did call

Tally ho—— with hark forward—oozay tally ho.

- 2 Hark hark into cover Lord Hampton he cried
 He no sooner spoke than a fox they espied
 It being a signal he crackèd his whip
 Tally ho was the words and then hounds they let slip
- 3 Then up rode Dick Dawson who cared not a fig
 Made a bolt at a ditch when t'aud mare tumbled in
 Aye and as he was a-creeping he spièd bold Ren
 With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his den
- 4 Lord Hampton he plighted and he cursed and he swore
 That his hounds they had run forty miles aye and more
 Bold Rennie's run hard but he surely must die
 Hark forward to Towler Dick Dawson did cry

- 5 Our hounds and our horses they all are as good
Aye as ever broke cover or dashed in a wood
Bold Rennie's run hard but he's given up the chase
We'll have something to drink when we come to Flask Inn

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

'There are songs by local composers in every area', wrote J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, that industrious chronicler of life in Jack Beeforth's area of North Yorkshire, 'which have a strong appeal insomuch as many of the farms in the district are mentioned, together with local places, and sly hints at men living and dead. In the case of hunting songs every hound, every follower, and it would seem, every field and fence they crossed is particularised.'⁹⁴ Jack Beeforth's clutch of hunting songs invites local names and places to be inserted and Fairfax-Blakeborough testifies to this one being sung around Jack's locality: 'If nobbut Isaac gits another pint he'll give us that ditty of his about t'hounds on Valentine's morning.'⁹⁵ This song, though localised by Jack Beeforth, was imported into his domain probably during the mingling of hunt members who had visited or settled in the place, and possibly through printed material. The song seems first to have been published c1770/1 as "Black Sloven" (cf Jack's 'Black's Loving' in verse one) in *The Universal Magazine*.⁹⁶ The London broadside printer, Pitts, when operating from 6 Great Andrew Street between 1819 and 1844 published the song in *The Royal Sportsman's Delight. Being a Choice Collection of Hunting Songs* – an eight page chapbook.⁹⁷

⁹⁴ J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, *Yorkshire Days and Yorkshire Ways*, 64.

⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, 62.

⁹⁶ British Library Integrated Catalogue, <<http://catalogue.bl.uk>> Desc.8 Shelfmark P.P.5439 notes *The Universal Magazine* vol.xlviii, p. 95 [accessed 12.10.04].

⁹⁷ Leslie Shepard, *John Pitts: Ballad Printer of Seven Dials, London 1765-1844* (London: Private Libraries Association, 1969), 141-2.

27 The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane 22.03.74 Roud : 2473

$\text{♩} = 140$



I'm grow-ing old and fee-ble and I can not work no more. My rus-ty bla-ded
hoe I've laid to rest. My mas-ter and my miss-us they are laid side by
side, And their spi-rits. they are ming-led with the rest. And the
hing-es they are rus-ty and the door it's brok-en down. The roof lets in the
sun-shine and the rain. And the on-ly one that's left me is that
lit-tle girl of mine, In that lit-tle old log cab-in down the lane.

- 1 I'm growing old and feeble and I cannot work no more
My rusty bladed hoe I've laid to rest
My master and my missus they are laid side by side
And their spirits they are mingled with the rest.

*And the hinges they are rusty and the door it's broken down
The roof lets in the sunshine and the rain
And the only one that's left me is that little girl of mine
In that little old log cabin down the lane.*

- 2 Oh father dear don't be so sad and melancholy too
For you know there's plenty of gold for you in store
Although you're old and feeble sure your girl she's well and strong
I will love and cherish you for evermore.
- 3 Dear child I am contented for the day will quickly come
When I shall leave this world of earthly pain
And the angels they will take me from this little room of mine
That little old log cabin down the lane.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

Professional troupes of ‘minstrel’ entertainers were already playing to Whitby holiday makers in the 1880s⁹⁸ and it is likely that this song was first heard in the town and its environs about that time. In America:

Almost every white troupe had its own imitation of the Jubilees or the Hampton Singers who parodied the true songs or sang religious material provided by professional songwriters ... The most successful was Will S Hays, whose full-time occupation was “river editor” for the Louisville Courier-Journal but who wrote ...minstrel favourites and his most famous tear-jerker, which lived to become an early country-music favourite, “Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane”.⁹⁹

Sheet music became an important motor in the commodification of these songs: ‘ “Little Old Log Cabin” was written by Will Hays (1837-1907) in 1871. Hays is believed to have written over 300 songs, the combined sheet music of which apparently exceeded 20 million copies’.¹⁰⁰ Jack’s daughter Ethel once again showed her knowledge of her father’s texts here by taking a verse and joining in the choruses, though in this song she seemed less confident with the tune. It may be that Ethel had learned this song from country music sources, which would account for her American accent here and her attempts at harmony. She herself, however, said that she had learned it from her father.

⁹⁸ *Whitby Gazette*, 19 March 1887. See also Chapter 5 for the music hall in Scarborough.

⁹⁹ Russell Sanjek, *American Popular Music and Its Business: The first four hundred years II From 1790-1909* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1988), 274-7.

¹⁰⁰ Michael Pickering, ‘Bartholemew Callow – Village Musician’, *Musical Traditions* MT066 No5 (6) 1986, 12.

28 The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me 20.04.74 Roud : 10437

$\text{♩} = 90$



I can't for-get the day when I was born. It was on a cold and fros-ty win-ter's morn, And the
doc-tor said I was a chub-by chap And when the nurse she took me on her lap, Oh she
washed me all ov-er I re-mem-ber. And aft-er pow-der puff-ing me you see, She
laid me in the cra-dle near the fen-der, In that lit-tle shirt my moth-er gave to me.

- 1 I can't forget the day when I was born
It was on a cold and frosty winter's morn
And the doctor said I was a chubby chap
And when the nurse she took me on her lap
Oh she washed me all over I remember
And after powder-puffing me you see
She laid me in the cradle near the fender
In that little shirt my mother made for me.
- 2 Now the first time I got into knickerbocks
I did feel funny after wearing frocks
They said I looked a picture neat and gay
And opened the door for me to go and play
But I didn't like the britches I was wearing
So in the street I shoved them off you see
And I started walking better brave and daring
In that little shirt my mother made for me.
- 3 Last summer when I was on my holidays
Across the briny ocean it was gay
The water looked so warm I thought I'd go
And have a swim all in the briny sea
But the girls on the beach at me were staring
Some were taking [snapshots I could see
It was a lucky job for me that I was wearing
That little shirt my mother made for me.]

The missing text, in square brackets, remembered by Ethel Pearson, Gail Agar and Michael Beeforth. Ravenscar, 6 September 2005.

Notes on the song

Under the title ‘The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me’, the words and music of this song are attributed to Harry Wincott, 1909,¹⁰¹ although, under another title, ‘I’ll Never Forget the Day’, which clearly refers to the same song, it was ‘composed by Harry Wincott and published in London by Francis, Day and Hunter [1903]’.¹⁰² Although there may be some doubt about the song’s date, it would have been circulating as a new number when Jack Beeforth was in his early teen years and introduced into the Whitby/Scarborough area by a variety of agencies: by visiting artists, by holiday makers, as sheet music and on gramophone recordings. The earliest recordings were by the music hall artiste Tom Woottwell (1865-1941) who released the song on an Edison cylinder (1907) and on a single-sided disc (July 1908).¹⁰³

¹⁰¹ Guthrie T. Meade, *Country Music Sources*, 356.

¹⁰² British Library Integrated Catalogue. Shelfmark H3988.cc.(3.)[accessed 30.07.04].

¹⁰³ The Digital Tradition, <<http://www.mudcat.org/>> [accessed 25.06.04].

29 The Mistletoe Bough 22.06.74 Roud : 2336

Reference was made to this song but Jack did not sing it.

The tune and text are lacking.

Notes on the song

According to Michael Kilgarriff, 'The Mistletoe Bough' was written by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1795-1839), the music arranged by Henry Bishop;¹⁰⁴ Kilgarriff confusingly adds that 'the words and music [are] from tradition.' The song was in fact written in 1835¹⁰⁵ and thereafter became a valuable item for the broadside trade, a dozen metropolitan printers offering it. Nothing 'excelled the sentimental excesses of Thomas Haynes Bayly ... whose compositions were aptly named "Boudoir Ballads" and had a great vogue among genteel young ladies'¹⁰⁶ and among, it seems, humbler young men like Jack Beeforth and Walter Pardon. They may all have been attracted by the song's gruesome drama and by 'the element of pastiche in the song (trying hard to seem an older song than it actually is)'.¹⁰⁷ Here, once again, Jack's daughter Ethel showed her knowledge of his repertoire by reciting the first line of the song: 'The mistletoe in the castle hall, the holly branch shown on the old oak wall', when Jack asked us 'Did you ever hear "T'Mistletoe Bough?" ... I used to sing it at Christmas'.¹⁰⁸ Michael Beeforth, Jack's grandson, commented that his grandfather 'had to stand to deliver this song, so it wouldn't have been right for him to perform it to people when he was lying on his sick bed', as he was when recorded on these tapes.¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁴ Michael Kilgarriff, *Sing Us One of the Old Songs*, 397.

¹⁰⁵ Derek B. Scott, *The Singing Bourgeois*, 231.

¹⁰⁶ Leslie Shepard, *The Broadside Ballad*, 88.

¹⁰⁷ Rod Stradling (ed.), *Put a Bit of Powder on it, Father*, booklet, 21.

¹⁰⁸ Taped conversation: Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 22 June 1974.

¹⁰⁹ Notes on conversation: Ethel Pearson, Gail Agar and Michael Beeforth, Ravenscar, 6 September 2005.

30 My Love He Is a Sailor Boy 10.05.74 Roud : 1569

$\text{♩} = 100$

My love he is a sail-or boy and ploughs the rag-ing sea. I know he will be
true to me wher-ev-er he may be. He says when the rob-ins nest a-gain love
I'll be true to thee. And as we stood in fond em-brace these words he said to me:
Do not for-get me when I'm far a-way, Do not for-get your sail-or
boy up-on the sea. Though seas may div-ide us, faith-ful I will
be, So in your prayers love re-mem-ber me.

- 1 My love he is a sailor boy and ploughs the raging sea
I know he will be true to me wherever he may be
He says when the robins nest again love I'll be true to thee
And as we stood in fond embrace these words he said to me.

*Do not forget me when I'm far away
Do not forget your sailor boy upon the sea
Though seas may divide us faithful I will be
So in your prayer love remember me.*

- 2 Last night I dreamt my sailor boy was standing by my side
He says I have returned to claim you as my bride
Although I knew it was but a dream it filled my heart with joy
For I knew I very soon would see my bonny sailor boy.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse)

Notes on the song

This song was performed by the nineteenth-century actress, singer and dancer Miss Julia Daly who also wrote several songs including, perhaps, this one.¹¹⁰ Julia Daly featured at the Adelphi Theatre in London in the 1859, 1860 and 1870 seasons, writing and/or performing such songs as ‘My Johnny Was a Shoemaker’ and ‘My Happy Home Far O’er the Sea’.¹¹¹ Although the song appears to be an ideal one for transferring to or from broadsides, no instances of this have yet been recorded, leaving song sheets and the oral route as the likely means of the piece reaching Jack Beeforth’s North Yorkshire.

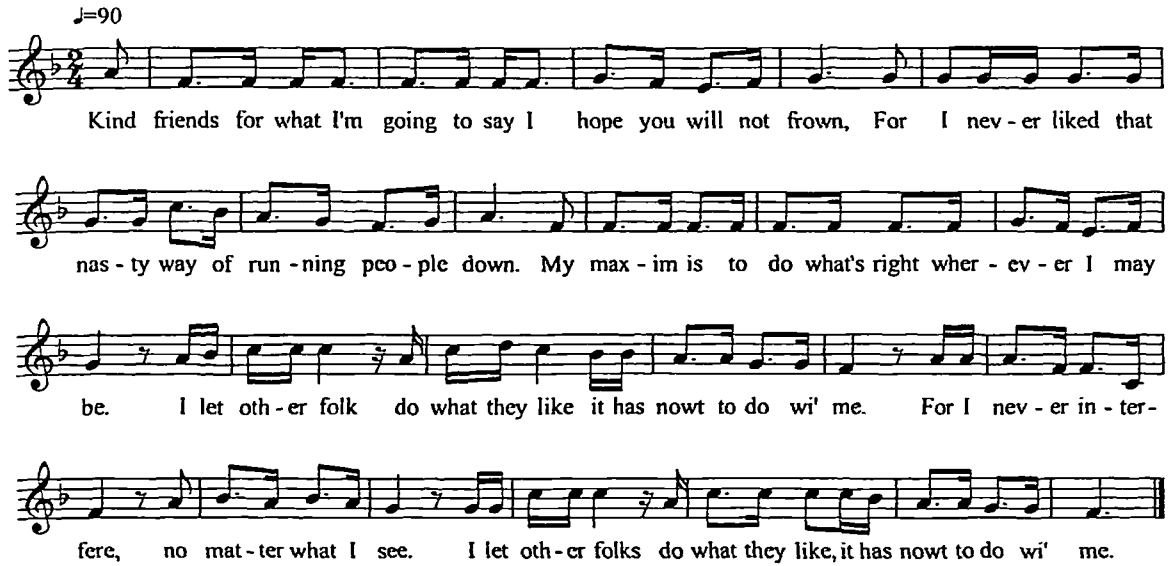
This song is a second example of uncertainty in Jack’s holding of a tune, as though he had difficulty in recalling it, or had never truly learned it. Problems in presenting a wholly coherent notation, encountered in song 24, are repeated here, and the reader is referred to the appropriate song track on the accompanying CD.

¹¹⁰ Michael Kilgarriff, ‘Sing Us One of the Old Songs’, <<http://freespace.virgin.net/m.killy/sing-m.htm>> [accessed 21.01.05].

¹¹¹ Adelphi Theatre, <<http://www.emich.edu/public/english/adelphi>> [accessed 16.07.01].

31 Nowt to Do with Me 22.06.74 Roud : 5315

♩=90



Kind friends for what I'm going to say I hope you will not frown, For I nev - er liked that
nas - ty way of run - ning peo - ple down. My max - im is to do what's right wher - ev - er I may
be. I let oth - er folk do what they like it has nowt to do wi' me. For I nev - er in - ter -
fere, no mat - ter what I see. I let oth - er folks do what they like, it has nowt to do wi' me.

- 1 Kind friends for what I'm going to say I hope you will not frown
For I never liked that nasty way of running people down
My maxim it's to do what's right wherever I may be
I let other folks do what they like it has nowt to deea wi' me.

*For I nivver interfere no matter what I see
I let other folks do what they like for it has nowt to deea wi' me.*

- 2 And there's aud Mrs Jones my next-door neighbour she has lodgers four or five
And to make a tidy job of them I'm sure she does contrive
For the lodgers they complain and say they lose their sugar and tea
But whether she gets it or not it has nowt to deea wi' me.

- 3 And I know a nice young lady at the age of twenty-four
She married a rich old gentleman he was eighty-five or more
And of late they've been blessed with a baby and the old man was filled wi' glee
But I can't say it's owt like him at all but it has nowt to deea wi' me.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

Scandal-mongering, whilst claiming indifference, is an enduring theme for singers in popular culture – an antecedent of Jack Beeforth's 'Nowt to Do with Me' may be seen in the seventeenth century black-letter broadside 'Few Words Are Best':¹¹²

It is an old saying, that few words are best
And he that says little, shall live most at rest,
And I by experience doe find it right so,
Therefore Ile spare speech *but I know what I know.*

Two centuries later the theme was still alive in 'I never says nothing to nobody':¹¹³

What a shocking world this is for scandal
The people get worse every day,
Every thing serves for a handle
To take folk's good name away.
In backbiting vile, each so labours,
The sad fruits of others to show body;
I could tell enough of my neighbours,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

Nineteenth-century broadside printers, however, did not seem to be attracted by the possibilities offered in this way of lampooning well known figures, for there are no examples of this particular piece in the printed ephemera of that period. The song has the stamp of the music hall about it and occasionally it has later emerged in the repertoires of such vernacular singers as George Fradley (1910-1985),¹¹⁴ Martin Gorman,¹¹⁵ and of course Jack Beeforth.

¹¹² *The Euing Collection of English broadside ballads in the Library of University of Glasgow with an introduction by John Holloway* (Glasgow: University of Glasgow Publications, 1971), 187-8.

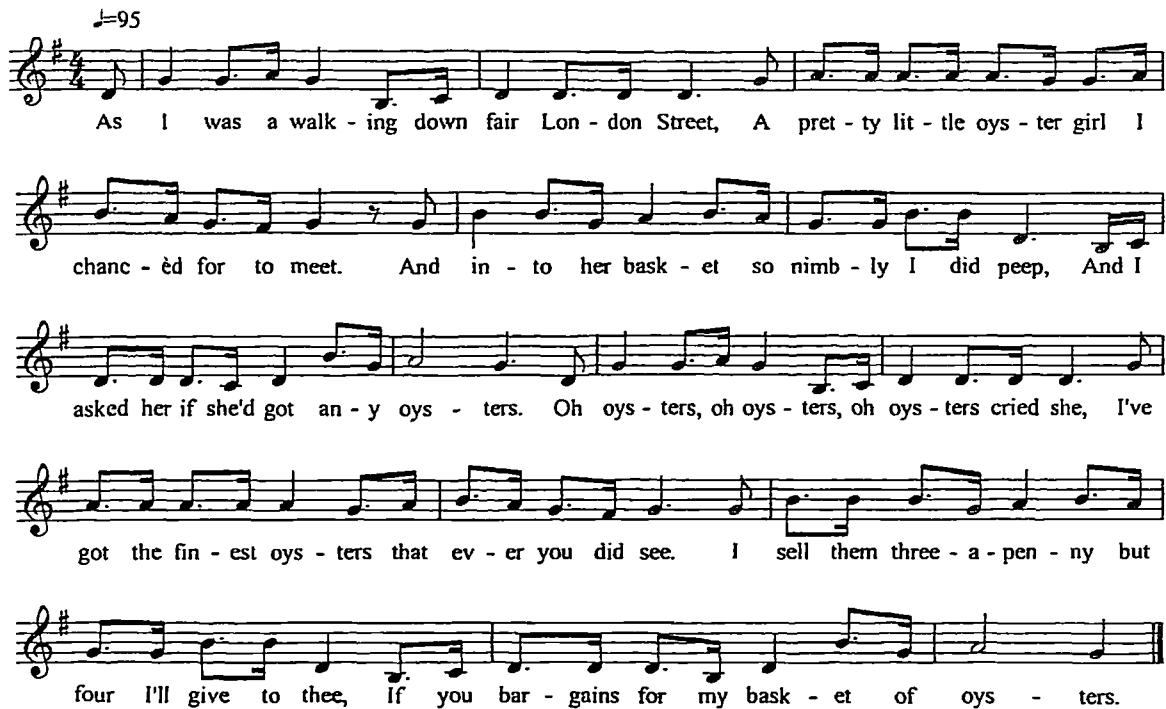
¹¹³ *The Quaver 1000 Songs Toasts and Recitations* (London: Charles Jones, 1850), 214.

¹¹⁴ George Fradley, *One of the best* (Stowmarket: Veteran VT114, 1988).

¹¹⁵ Martin Gorman, *Troubles they are few* (London: Topic Records TSCD664, 1998).

32 The Oyster Girl 10.05.74 Roud : 875

$\text{♩} = 95$



As I was a walk - ing down fair Lon - don Street, A pret - ty lit - tle oys - ter girl I
 chanc - èd for to meet. And in - to her bask - et so nimb - ly I did peep, And I
 asked her if she'd got an - y oys - ters. Oh oys - ters, oh oys - ters, oh oys - ters cried she, I've
 got the fin - est oys - ters that ev - er you did see. I sell them three - a - pen - ny but
 four I'll give to thee, If you bar - gains for my bask - et of oys - ters.

- 1 As I was a-walking down fair London Street
 A pretty little oyster girl I chancèd for to meet
 And into her basket so nimbly I did peep
 And I asked her if she'd got any oysters.

*Oh oysters oh oysters oh oysters cried she
 I've got the finest oysters that ever you did see
 I sell them three-a-penny but four I'll give to thee
 If you bargains for my basket of oysters.*

- 2 Oh landlord oh landlord oh landlord said he
 Have you got a private room for the oyster girl and me
 So that we can sit down and so happy happy be
 Till I bargains for her basket of oysters.

- 3 Now we hadn't been there for above an hour or so
 When out of my pocket some fifty pounds she drew
 And out of the window so nimbly she did skip
 And she left me with her basket of oysters.

- 4 Now I've travelled through England through Scotland and France
And never in my life went in for such a dance
For the French girl she took the Englishman in at last
And she left him with a basket of oysters.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

This song emerges from nineteenth-century broadsides, for example, by Bebbington of Manchester & Beaumont of Leeds, between 1855 and 1858 (see Fig. Songs.5). Thematically resembling Jack's 'The Brisk Young Butcher', it describes the outwitting of a man in search of sexual adventure by a resourceful and inventive woman. Jack Beeforth appeared to be happy to sing this type of song since its theme also occurs in his 'The Tailor's Britches'. Moreover, in the sentimental song which is clearly written with a first person female voicing, 'Go and Leave Me', he sings with sincerity and sensitivity as though he can truly comprehend the desolation of a betrayed woman. Jack's portrayal of women in the songs he chooses and the way he sings them probably has much to do with the high regard he had for the real women in his life – his wife Hannah, his mother Emma and his daughter and granddaughter Ethel and Gail.



OYSTER GIRL.

Bebbington, Printer, 26, Golden-street, Oldham Road, Man-
chester: sold by John Beaumont, 176, York-street, Leeds

As I was walking in London Street,
A pretty little Oyster Girl I chanced to meet.
And into her basket so nimbly did I step,
To see if she had got any Oysters.

Oysters. Oysters. Oysters, said she.
If you want any Oysters come buy them of me?
They are the finest Oysters that ever you did see,
Will you please to buy any Oysters?

O landlord, landlord, landlord, says he,
Have you got any room for a friend and me.
That we may sit down and merry, merry be.
Till we bargain for a basket of Oysters.

We had not been above an hour in the room,
Before she pocketed my pocket of full fifty pounds.
And gave me the slip and out of the room crept,
And left me with her basket of Oysters.

O landlord, landlord, landlord, says he,
Did you see the little Oyster Girl that came in with
She has pocketed my pocket of all my money
And left me with her basket of Oysters.

As I have travelled England, Scotland, and France,
And never in my life did I meet with such a dance,
The English girl has tricked the Frenchman at last,
And left him with her basket of Oysters.

¹¹⁶ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads: Firth c.26 (18) [accessed 22.06.03].

33 A Poor Old Man of Sixty 30.10 01 Roud : 13679

This fragment was recited, not sung, and therefore the tune is lacking.

There was a poor old man of sixty and his wife was sixty too
They were going down the street the other day
Thoo's quite forgot thy poor old mother too
Thoo thinks thyself above us now thoo's young and got some gold
But you little know what time might bring thee to
So we'll be off to the workhouse so farewell for evermore
Remember every dog will have his day.

Notes on the song

This song title, and a fragment of the text, was remembered by Ethel Pearson, Jack Beeforth's daughter, at Ravenscar on 27th May 2003, as being part of his repertoire. The origins of the piece are unclear but its text displays some of the deep sentimentality often featured in Victorian and Edwardian music hall ballads, and it has appeared rarely in the repertoires of vernacular singers. The song was among the 800 also noted by the folk song collector Alfred Williams (1877-1930) in Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire and Berkshire as 'Hobbling off to the Workhouse Door', with only the first line given: 'It's a Poor Old Man of Sixty and His Wife of Sixty-Two'.¹¹⁷ More recently, it is heard as a sound recording fragment by the vernacular singer Wiggy Smith:

There's a dear old man of seventy
Dear old woman of seventy-two
And they're hobbling off to the workhouse door
Because they're low and poor.

"Now you think yourself above we, son
Because you have some gold
But you'll never know what time
Will always bring to you".¹¹⁸

¹¹⁷ Bathe/Clissold Index, Alfred Williams manuscript: No. Mi.674.

¹¹⁸ Wiggy Smith, *Band of Gold* (Stroud: Musical Traditions MTCD307, 2000).

The comparison of the Beeforth and Smith fragments shows that they are essentially the same song, which was probably brought into the Whitby area by entertainers, holidaymakers or migrant workers.

34 The Rose of Tralee 20.04.74 Roud : 1978

Reference was made to this song by Jack Beeforth but he did not sing it on that occasion.

The tune and text are lacking.

Notes on the song

This apparently quintessentially Irish ballad is in fact an English parlour song of the mid-nineteenth-century, attributed to Charles William Glover (1806-63) and appearing in *The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir*, published in London by C. Jefferys c.1850.¹¹⁹ It has remained a favourite of many vernacular singers to the present day and, although not recorded by him, it was in Walter Pardon's collection of 78 rpm gramophone records: Regal Zonophone R2 MR 2493 Jack Daly, Rose of Tralee/The Mountains of Mourne.¹²⁰ The song is likely to have reached Whitby as sheet music long before the availability of sound recordings and would have featured in the repertoires of visiting artistes.

¹¹⁹ British Library Integrated Catalogue. Shelfmark H1654.yy. (11.). [accessed 21.07.04]

¹²⁰ Mike Yates, *Put a Bit of Powder on it, Father*, booklet, 28.

35 The Saucy Sailor 06.07.74 Roud : 531

This fragment was recited, not sung, and the tune is lacking.

Come my own one come my fond one
Come my dearest unto me
Will you wed with a poor sailor
Who just returned from sea

Oh indeed I'll have no sailor
[incomplete]

Notes on the song

This is the only certain example in Jack Beeforth's repertoire of his taking a song from one of his children, a song Ethel Pearson née Beeforth had learned at school and part of which she recited here. 'We did that at a concert, me and me brother didn't we ...we did it at school, Danby School that we went to'. It has been shown throughout this study that, within his family, Jack was not proprietorial with his songs, for there is abundant evidence that Ethel knew, and could perform in her own way, much of his repertoire. It is clear that a song like 'The Saucy Sailor' which came to the Beeforths by a route other than through Jack would be shared by all in this singing family. The song was included in *English Folk Songs for Schools*¹²¹ which Cecil Sharp and Sabine Baring-Gould had shrewdly marketed to the Board of Education in 1906,¹²² and by the time Ethel (born in 1920) was at school the *Curwen Edition* had been securely adopted. The idea of a vernacular singer learning songs through the agency of the state may seem curious, but to Sharp and Baring-Gould such an outcome would have seemed to fulfil their hopes and intentions.

¹²¹ S. Baring-Gould, *English Folk Songs for Schools*, 76-7.

¹²² Georgina Boyes, *The Imagined Village: Culture Ideology and the English Folk Revival* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1993), 67.

36 Sedgefield Fair 22.06.74 Roud : 294

$\text{♩} = 60$

Aud Dick - ie Thomp - son he had a grey mare. He took her a - way to Sedg - field Fair. He
 browt her back, oh yes he did, Be - cause he had - n't a far - thing bid. Sing - ing
 ti ti fol - er - y, fire - up Ma - ry I've the jigs of Sedg - field Fair.

- 1 Aud Dickie Thompson he had a grey mare
 He took her away to Sedgefield Fair
 He browt her back oh yes he did
 Because he hadn't a farthing bid.

*Singing titi follery fire up Mary
 I've the jigs of Sedgefield Fair.*

- 2 Now he turned her away into Wragby Wood
 He thowt his aud mare might deea some good
 But she ran her aud heed right intiv a tree
 Gor dang says Dick t'aud mare'll dee.
- 3 Now he browt some hay all in a scuttle
 Her poor aud belly began to ruttle
 He browt her some corn all in a sieve
 Gor dang says Dick t'aud mare'll live.
- 4 Now he took her away into t'field to ploo
 To see what good is aud mare could do
 But at ivvery end she let a great fart
 Gor dang says Dick we'll ploo till dark.
- 5 Now all his sheep got intiv his fog
 And he sent away home for t' black and white dog
 And at ivvery end he gave a great shout
 Was get away by 'em and fetch 'em out.

- 6 Then all his hens got intiv his corn
And he swore he would shoot 'em as sure he was born
He got his aud gun and he squinted and squared
But he missed t'aud and shot his grey mare.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

Roy Palmer has linked this song to 'perhaps the best known of all fair songs – "Widdecombe Fair" which can be dated to ... 1794'.¹²³ The song's essential feature, argues Palmer, 'is neither the fair, nor Tom Cobleigh and all, but the death of a mare.' Palmer continues: 'I believe that this death has a deeper significance as a sort of fertility sacrifice ... Such meaning has long since been lost at the conscious level, and almost all that remains is boisterous broad humour.' This metaphysical interpretation may not have found favour with Jack Beeforth. Jack's 'Sedgefield Fair' bears some likeness to 'Old John Blythe' in J Horsfall Turner's *Yorkshire Anthology*:

It's old John Blythe, he had a grey mare
He took her up to Sheffield Fair,
He brought her back, aye that he did,
'Cos nobody would a farthing bid.

*Ri-fol-de-rol-Larol! Fol-de-lol-Lerol!
Fol-de-rol-Larol-aye!*¹²⁴

'This crude composition', wrote Horsfall Turner, 'has many variations and dates back to last century [the eighteenth century], at least in some form. One version, sung to the tune of "Old Hundred", gives "Old Peter Walker etc."' It is possible that Jack or his informant had taken the song from this source and moulded it to his purpose. In personalising the song Jack has introduced local personalities and places: Dickie Thompson and Wragby, and has used local

¹²³ Roy Palmer, *Everyman's Book of English Country Songs*, 187.

¹²⁴ J. Horsfall Turner (ed.), *A Yorkshire Anthology: ballads & songs, ancient & modern (with several hundred real epitaphs) covering a period of a thousand years of Yorkshire history in verse; with notes* (Bingley: J. Horsfall Turner, 1901), 396.

dialectal forms in its performance. Jack's interest in horse racing will account for the corruption of 'Sheffield' into 'Sedgefield'; racing has been held at Sedgefield since 1732, with the present day course staging its first meeting in 1846.¹²⁵

Vic Gammon has drawn attention to the tune's 'workhorse' value for such songs as 'Richard of Taunton Dene' and 'Three Cripples'. The tune was also noted by the present writer from Ada Cade in York in 1965, attached to the song 'Old Peter Walker'.

¹²⁵ History of Sedgefield Racecourse, <<http://www.greyhoundderby.com/Brief>> [accessed 20.03.05].

37 Six Sweethearts 22.03.74 Roud : 2704

♩=80 (Verse 1)

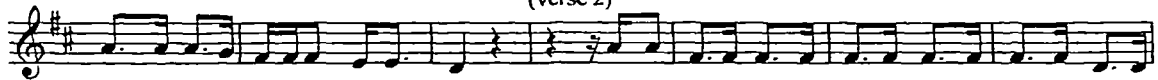


I used to be a lad-ies' man but I'm un-hap py now. It's through court-ings six girls all at once who



served me an-y - how. Oh my ma said it was wick-ed but I laughed at her ad-vice. She said that it was

(verse 2)



naugh-ty, but I said it was ve-ry nice. For I fell in love with Ma-ry Anne and then with Ma-ry



Jane, And then with pret-ty Miss Mc-Cann and like-wise Kit-ty Paine. And then with Bet-ty



Hop-kins and al-so Nell-ie Small. And this is how I found a way to hug and bless them all.

Chorus



On Mon-day I met Ma-ry Anne, on Tues-day Ma-ry Jane. On Wednes-day I met Miss Mc-Cann on



Thurs-day Kit-ty Paine. On Fri-day Bet-ty Hop-kins and on Sat-ur-day Nell-ie



Small. I stayed at home on Sun-day night for fear I'd meet 'em all.

- 1 I used to be a ladies' man but I'm unhappy now
It's through courting six girls all at once who served me anyhow.
Oh my Ma said it was wicked but I laughed at her advice
She said that it was naughty but I said it was very nice.
- 2 For I fell in love with Mary Anne and then with Mary Jane
And then with pretty Miss McCann and likewise Kitty Paine
And then with Betty Hopkins and also Nelly Small
And this is how I found a way to hug and bless them all.
- On Monday I met Mary Anne on Tuesday Mary Jane
On Wednesday I met Miss McCann on Thursday Kitty Paine
On Friday Betty Hopkins and on Saturday Nelly Small
I stayed at home on Sunday night for fear I'd meet 'em all.*
- 3 This lasted for a week or two and it was perfect bliss
For every time I went away I had fresh lips to kiss.
I thought it would last forever and I never should be sold
Because I was so clever in the crammers that I told.
- 4 But oh dear me I mixed the names up at the garden gate
I said goodnight to Betty but I called her darling Kate.
I wrote a note to Nelly and I called her Mary Jane
And then to make the matters worse well I addressed it Kitty Paine.
- 5 But soon I lost my peace of mind through my love jealousy
For it worried me both day and night to think they suspected me.
I tossed about in bed at night I had such awful dreams
I dreamt they were pursuing me with horrid shrieks and screams.
- 6 I dreamt they pinched me black and blue and they stuck me full of pins
I dreamt they put on hob-nailed boots and kicked me on the shins.
I dreamt they roasted me alive and what was quite as hot
I dreamt that I'd become a Turk and married the blooming lot.
- 7 I never shall forget the day when I met the blessed six
The darlings says now Jack me lad thoo'll pay for thi nasty tricks.
And Mary Anne she pulled me hair and Mary Jane me coat
And Miss McCann brought her young man and he took me by the throat.
- 8 [two lines apparently missing]
And then to make that job complete that lovely Nelly Small
She banged me hat till it was flat against the garden wall.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after verses 2,4,6 and 8.)

Notes on the song

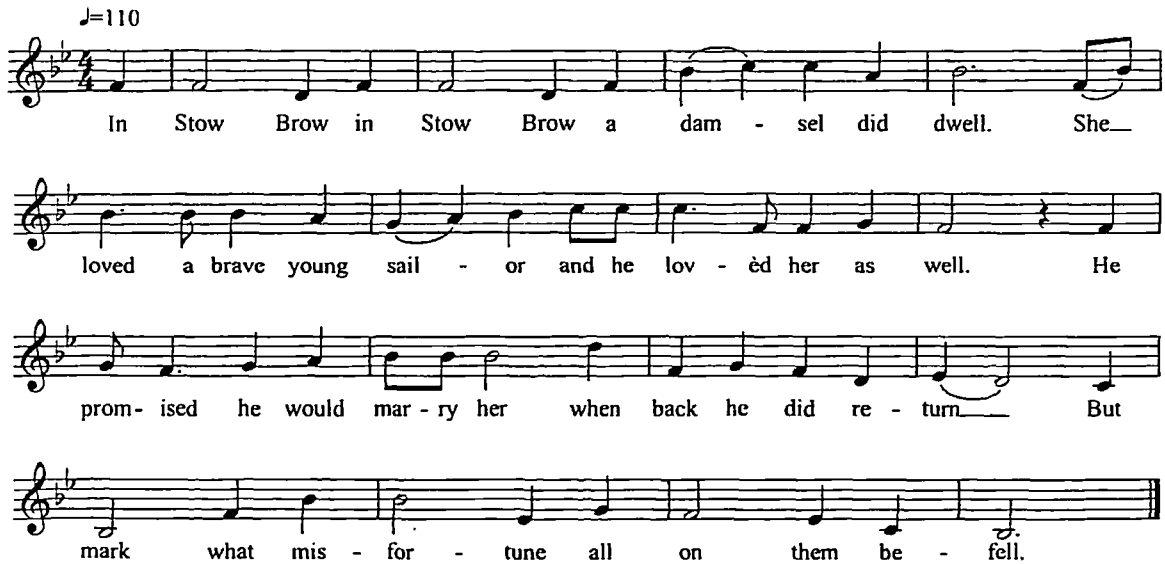
Only one printed example of this song has so far been traced¹²⁶ and no sound recordings in the vernacular or music hall genres have yet emerged. Jack Beeforth's text closely matches that in *Sam Henry* where the melody is a variant of 'The Banks of Sweet Dundee' and where no sources are given. Jack's text is more coherent and has additional verses. His tune is simple and repetitive and the oft-repeated chorus strongly suggests that the song would need a participating audience for it to function well, indicating a music hall origin for the piece. The names of some of the girls featured in the song: Nelly, Kitty, Mary Anne, Mary Jane were common in Victorian and Edwardian England and 'crammers' in verse three was in 1894 a colloquial synonym for 'untruths'.¹²⁷ How this song came to Jack's notice is unclear since he himself gave no indication, but in the absence of printed and recorded sources it may have been taken from the singing of one or more professional entertainers or lay visitors to the area. It is one more example of Jack's choosing to sing of a roué who is finally outdone by a woman – or in this case six of them.

¹²⁶ Gale Huntington & Lani Herrmann (eds), *Sam Henry's Songs of the People* (Athens GA: University of Georgia Press, 1990), 340.

¹²⁷ Alix Gudefin (ed.), *Brewer – The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* (New York: Avenel Books, 1978), 303.

38 Stow Brow 20.04.74 Roud : 185

$\text{♩} = 110$



In Stow Brow in Stow Brow a dam - sel did dwell. She_

loved a brave young sail - or and he lov - ed her as well. He

prom - ised he would mar - ry her when back he did re - turn. But

mark what mis - for - tune all on them be - fell.

- 1 In Stow Brow in Stow Brow a damsel did dwell
She loved a brave young sailor and he loved her as well.
He promised he would marry her when back he did return
But mark what misfortunes all on them befell.
- 2 For as they were a-sailing a storm did arise
The moon was over shaded and dismal was the skies.
The wind it blew an hurricane which made the billows roar
And it cast all these poor sailor lads upon the seashore.
- 3 Now some of them were single men and some of them had wives
And some of these poor sailors were swimming for their lives.
This dear unfortunate young man he happened to be there
And instead of getting married he got a watery grave.
- 4 From the top of Stow Brow she came down to the sand
With the tearing of her hair and the wringing of her hands
Crying oh you cruel billows come throw my love on shore
So that I might be beholding his features once more.
- 5 As she was a-walking from Stow Brow to Bay
She spied a drowned sailor all on the sands he lay.
She boldly stepped up to him and amazingly she did stand
For she knew that it was her own true love by the mark on his right hand.
- 6 She kissed him and she blessed him ten thousand times o'er
Crying oh you cruel billows you have thrown my love on shore.
How happy and contented I could lay down by his side
Aye and in a few more moments this pretty fair maid died.

- 7 In Robin Hood's Bay churchyard this couple they doth lay
And for a memorandum there's a headstone at their heads.
And all you loving couples who passed by this way
Will you kindly shed a tear for the couple that's laid there.

Notes on the song

Writing of an analogue to this song, 'The Drowned Sailor', Roy Palmer asserts that 'The suggestion can be discounted that it is derived from a clutch of seventeenth-century pieces [which] lament a lover's departure to sea or his death in battle, not by drowning and the lady ... lives on'.¹²⁸ Nevertheless, another corresponding song, 'The Drowned Lover', has a related antecedent, according to Sabine Baring-Gould, which can be dated to 1671 and which was burlesqued by Sam Cowell, the Victorian entertainer, 'corrupt[ing] the current versions of the old song printed on Broad-sides by Catnach, Harkness, and others'.¹²⁹ It seems that Stow Brow and Robin Hood's Bay (and sometimes Scarborough) became attached to the song during its life as a broadside, the recondite allusion to the first of these places (properly 'Stoupe Brow') suggesting the hand of someone with local knowledge of this area. Jack's text is extraordinarily close to that shown on a broadside from the Preston printer Harkness (Fig. Songs.6). Jack Beeforth's Wragby and Cook House farms lay a few hundred metres up the incline from Stoupe Brow and this gave Jack a profound sense of ownership of the song and a belief in its essential truth. After Jack finished singing the song, his daughter Ethel commented 'They reckon that's a true story'. 'Yes, yes', Jack replied, echoing Frank Kidson's belief that 'no doubt the circumstance of a girl finding her drowned lover may have occurred, and hence the ballad'.¹³⁰

¹²⁸ Roy Palmer, *Bushes and Briars*, 61.

¹²⁹ S. Baring-Gould, *Songs of the West*, notes on the songs, 10.

¹³⁰ Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 112.



Stow Brow.

John Harkness, Printer, 121, & 122, Church Street,
Office,—North Road, Preston.

In Stow Brow, in Stow Brow, a damsel did dwell,
She loved a young sailor, he loved her as well,
He promised for to marry her when back he did return,
But mark what hard fortune all on them did run.

As they were a sailing a storm did arise,
The moon was overshadowed and dismal was the skies,
The wind it blew a hurricane, the billows loud did roar,
Which toss'd these poor sailors all on a lee shore.

Some of them were single & some of them had wives,
And some of these poor sailors were swimming for their lives,
This poor unfortunate young man happen'd to be there,
And instead of getting married he got a watery grave.

From the top of Stow Brow she went on the sand,
A tearing of her hair, and wringing of her hands,
Crying, oh, you cruel billows come take my love on shore,
That I may behold his sweet features once more.

As she was going to Robin Hood's Bay,
She espied a drowned sailor all on the sand did lay,
She stepped up to him sad amazed she did stand,
She saw it was her own true love by the mark on his hand.

She kiss'd him she bless'd him ten thousand times o'er,
Crying, oh, you cruel billows you've tak'd my love on shore
Oh, happy and content could I lay down by thy side,
In a few moments after this fair maid she died.

In Robin Hood's Bay church yard, this couple they do lay
And for a memorandum a stone at their head is laid,
That all you true lovers that pass by this way,
I would have you to drop a tear for this couple that is dead.

¹³¹ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B11 (3208) [accessed 22.06.03].

39 Sweet Evalina 23.03.74 Roud : 7437

$\text{♩} = 90$

Way down in that green holl - ow where the lill - ies grass grows, And the wind from the
 moun - tain rough - ly blows, There lives Ev - a - lin - a, sweet lit - tle cher - ry, The
 pride of my home, the girl that I love. Sweet Ev - a - lin - a,
 dear Ev - a - lin - a, my love for thee shall nev - er nev - er die. Sweet Ev - a -
 lin - a, dear Ev - a - lin - a, my love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

- 1 Way down in that green hollow where the lilies grass grows
 And the wind from the mountain roughly blows
 There lives Evalina sweet little cherry
 The pride of my home the girl that I love.

*Sweet Evalina dear Evalina my love for thee shall never never die
 Sweet Evalina dear Evalina my love for thee shall never never die.*

- 2 She is clear as a rose like a lamb she is meek
 She was never known to put paint on her cheeks
 In most graceful girls and has raven black hair
 And she never needs no perfumery there.
- 3 Evalina and I one fine evening in June
 Took a walk all around by the light of the moon
 The planets shone brightly the heavens were clear
 I felt that my heart most awfully queer.

- 4 Three years have gone by and I haven't got a dollar
Evalina's so pure lives in that green shady hollow
Although I have courted her I'll marry her never
Our love it will last us for ever and ever.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

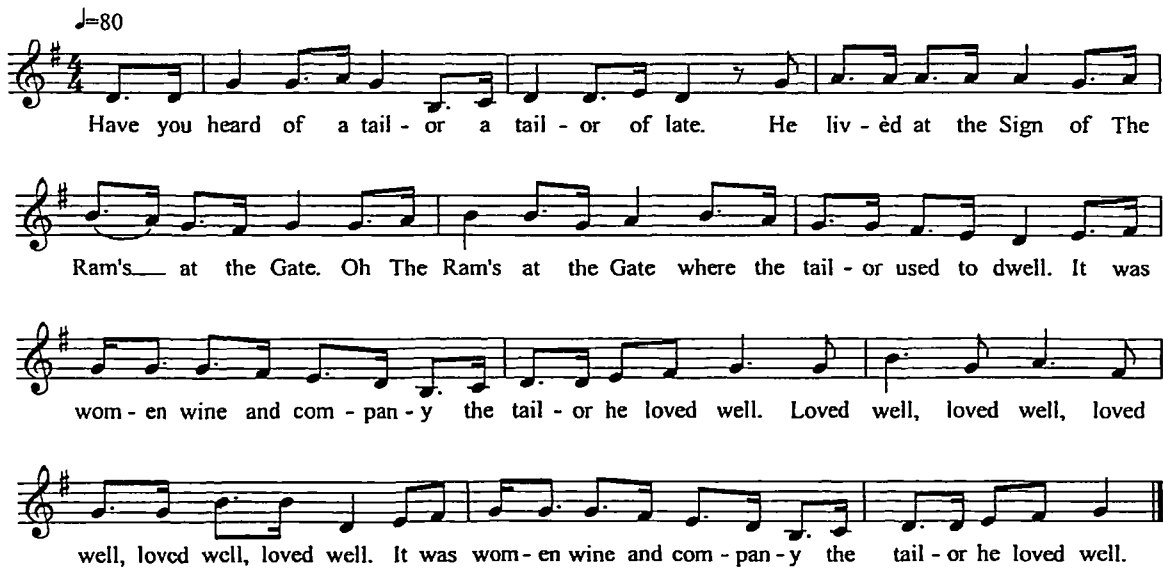
In introducing this song before performing it, Jack Beeforth recalled how he learned it from within his family. Asked if it was a local song, Jack replied 'Yes. My father used to sing it. And my uncle afore'. Sweet Evalina, though, has an American provenance, being issued in sheet music form in 1863 by Mrs Parkhurst Publication, New York with the words ascribed to 'M', music to 'T'.¹³² Another source gives the same shadowy authorship but gives the earlier date of 1860.¹³³ The song was, announced Mrs Parkhurst's lithographed music sheet, 'Sung by all the minstrel bands' and it was most likely through the medium of such entertainers that it found its way to the North Yorkshire coast.

¹³² Lester S. Levy Sheet Music Collection, <<http://levysheetmusic.mse.jhu.edu>> [accessed 04.04.00].

¹³³ Guthrie T. Meade Jnr, *Country Music Sources*, 224.

40 The Tailor's Britches 22.06.74 Roud : 1610

$\text{♩} = 80$



Have you heard of a tail - or a tail - or of late. He liv - èd at the Sign of The
 Ram's at the Gate. Oh The Ram's at the Gate where the tail - or used to dwell. It was
 wom - en wine and com - pan - y the tail - or he loved well. Loved well, loved well, loved
 well, loved well, loved well. It was wom - en wine and com - pan - y the tail - or he loved well.

- 1 Have you heard of a tailor a tailor of late
 He livèd at the Sign at The Ram's at the Gate
 Oh The Ram's at the Gate where the tailor used to dwell
 It was women wine and company the tailor he loved well.

*Loved well, loved well, loved well, loved well, loved well
 It was women wine and company the tailor he loved well.*

- 2 Now the tailor being out a-drinking a glass or two of wine
 And not being used to taking it, it caused his nose to shine
 Oh it caused his nose to shine like the rising of the sun
 But he swore he'd have a pretty maid before he went home.

*Went home, went home, went home, went home, went home
 And he swore he'd have a pretty maid before he went home.*

- 3 Now the hot-pot being over he callèd for his honey
 And all the time that little maid was feeling for his money
 She was feeling for his money when the tailor smiled and said
 If thoo'll lend to me thi petticoats I'll dance like a maid.

*A maid, a maid, a maid, a maid, a maid
 If you lend to me your petticoats I'll dance like a maid.*

- 4 Now the petticoats was put off and the britches was put on
The tailor danced a dance and the lady sung a song
Oh the lady sung a song of a very pretty tune
And she danced the tailor's britches right out of the room.

*The room, the room, the room, the room, the room
And she danced the tailor's britches right out of the room.*

- 5 Was there ever a poor tailor so fairly done as I
She's gone and she's robbed me of all my money
She's gone and she's robbed me of all my gold in store
And if ever I get my britches back I'll dance there no more.

*No more, no more, no more, no more, no more
And if I ever I get my britches back I'll dance there no more.*

Notes on the song

Although 'The Tailor's Britches' would appear to be the type of song, like 'The Brisk Young Butcher', to have been put out by broadside printers, no examples have so far emerged from these sources. The first noting of it was by Henry Hammond who heard it on two occasions in 1905, from Jacob Baker in Bere Regis and from Robert Barrett in Piddletown, Dorset.¹³⁴ Well before that, Thomas Hardy used this song in wishing to evoke a pastoralism already disappearing when he wrote in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, first published in 1871: 'to induce the cows to let down their milk, Clare had seemed to like "Cupid's Gardens", "I have parks, I have hounds" and "The break o' the day"; and had seemed not to care for "The Tailor's Breeches", and "Such a beauty I did grow", excellent ditties though they were'.¹³⁵ In his notes for this song, Frank Purslow points out that another version is 'concerned with a sailor's adventures in Covent Garden, London and is probably a broadside publisher's

¹³⁴ Frank Purslow, *Marrow Bones*, 87.

¹³⁵ Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* [1871] (London: Macmillan, 1974), 294.

attempt to make an older country song acceptable to an urban audience'.¹³⁶ Authorship has been claimed by Arthur Wood¹³⁷ formerly of Littlebeck near Whitby (the Littlebeck where there also lived Mr McNeil who claimed to have written Jack Beeforth's 'Creeping Jane'). Wood's 'Tailor's Britches', though inventively adapted and localised, is only a variation of the widely known version. Vic Gammon points out that the tune is that which is sometimes attached to the song 'As I Was Going to Aylesbury'.

The absence of early printed sources for this song suggests that it got to Jack Beeforth's locality through oral agencies not connected with the professional entertainment business in Whitby and Scarborough.

¹³⁶ Frank Purslow, *Marrow Bones*, 111.

¹³⁷ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 261.

41 They Dare Not Do It Now 22.03.74 and 20.04.74 Roud : 1401

$\text{♩} = 80$

I was born in Tip - per - ar - y when I was qui - et young. Aye and that's the reas - on
 I sup - pose there's blar - ney on me tongue. I was the pic - ture of me dad - dy all the
 neigh - bours did al - low. And the girls all ran to kiss me but they dare - sn't do that
 now. Oh they dare not do it now, oh they dare not do it now. Oh the
 girls all ran to kiss me and I wish they would do that now.

- 1 I was born in Tipperary when I was quiet [sic] young
 Aye and that's the reason I suppose there's blarney on me tongue
 I was the picture of me daddy all the neighbours did allow
 And the girls all ran to kiss me but they daresn't do that now.

*Oh they dare not do it now. Oh they dare not do it now
 Oh the girls all ran to kiss me and I wish they would do that now.*

- 2 As I grew older the girls all smiled at me with glee
 They would press me to their bosom and they would nurse me on their knee
 They would rock me in the cradle aye and if I made a row
 They would tickle me so funny but they daresn't do that now.

*Oh they dare not do it now. Oh they dare not do it now
 They would tickle me so funny and they dare not do that now*

- 3 At three years old a finer boy I'm sure there never was seen
 For the girls would take me out to play upon the village green
 They would pick me all the buttercups to deck my boyish brow
 And they would roll with me upon the grass but they daresn't do that now.

*Oh they dare not do it now. Oh they dare not do it now
 They would roll with me upon the grass but they dare not do that now.*

- 4 They would take me out a-bathing when the weather it was fine
And how we used to play about like little shrimps that's wild
They would splash the water till it shone like pearls upon me brow
And they would wash me nice all over but they daresn't do that now.

*Oh they dare not do it now. Oh they dare not do it now
They would wash me nice all over but they dare not do that now.*

- 5 My daddy sent me away to school to learn my ABCs
But all the girls in my class they couldn't let me be
They would stick pins in me britches that wasn't fair you know
And the gaffer he used to twank me but he couldn't do that now.

*Oh he couldn't do it now. No he daresn't do it now
Oh the gaffer he would twank me but he couldn't do that now.*

- 6 I'm sure it's lonely for a boy to lead a single life
Tonight I have made up my mind that I will have a wife
My fortune is six thumping pigs likewise the good old sow
And there's plenty of ham and bacon for the lass that loves me now.

*Oh the girl that loves me now oh the girl that loves me now
And there's plenty of ham and bacon for the lass that loves me now.*

Notes on the song

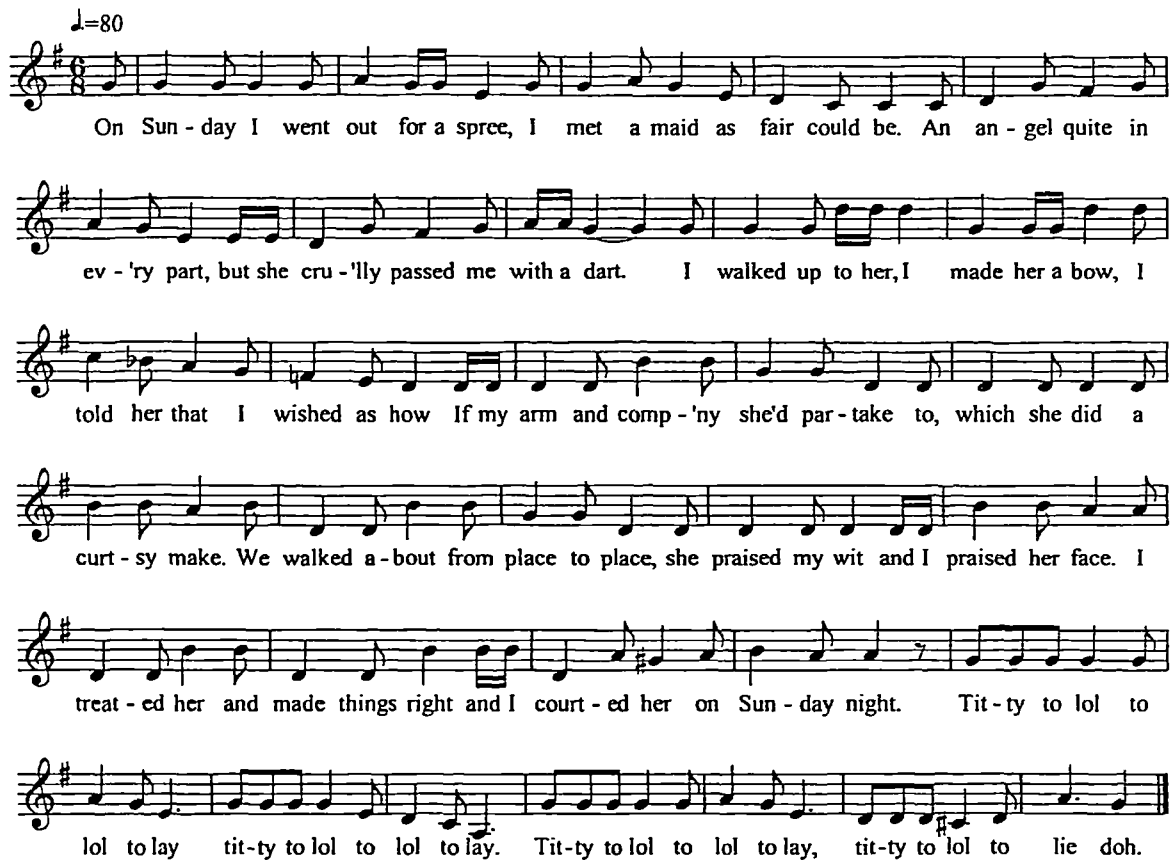
Commenting on a song of which this one is a close variant, 'I Wish They'd Do It Now', Steve Gardham considered that it had been 'most likely brought over to the East Riding by the seasonal agricultural labourers from Ireland'¹³⁸ and it is probable that this Jack Beeforth song came to North Yorkshire by a similar route. Gardham recognised the Irish flavour that some similarly introduced songs had retained, though some had been to a greater or lesser extent localised. Jack's version still carries an Irish essence in 1.1, 1.2 and 6.3 though he introduces a solitary local word: 'twank' (to administer a sharp smack, to whip).¹³⁹

¹³⁸ Steve Gardham, *An East Riding Songster*, 59.

¹³⁹ Richard Blakeborough, *Wit, Character, Folklore and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire*, 484.

42 A Week's Matrimony 22.03.74 and 20.04.74 Roud :1692

$\text{♩} = 80$



On Sun - day I went out for a spree, I met a maid as fair could be. An an - gel quite in
 ev - 'ry part, but she cru - 'lly passed me with a dart. I walked up to her, I made her a bow, I
 told her that I wished as how If my arm and comp - 'ny she'd par - take to, which she did a
 curt - sy make. We walked a - bout from place to place, she praised my wit and I praised her face. I
 treat - ed her and made things right and I court - ed her on Sun - day night. Tit - ty to lol to
 lol to lay tit - ty to lol to lol to lay. Tit - ty to lol to lol to lay, tit - ty to lol to lie doh.

- 1 On Sunday I went out for a spree I met a maid as fair could be
 An angel quite in every part but she cruelly passed me with a dart.
 I walked up to her I made her a bow I told her as I wished as how
 If my arm and company she'd partake to which she did a curtsy make.
 We walked about from place to place she praised my wit and I praised her face.
 I treated her and made things right and I courted her on Sunday night.

*Titty to lol to lol to lay titty to lol to lol to lay,
 Titty to lol to lo to lay titty to lol to lie doh.*

- 2 On Monday morning I met her again I think the place was Wragby Lane
 We spent an hour in harmless chat talking of wedlock and all that.
 She vowed she for a husband sighed. Says I, I sadly want a bride
 How blessed I'd be if you I had . Why dear she said thoo's just the lad.
 We both agreed as quick as thought so I the ring and licence bought
 We both got dressed up right and tight and married I were by Monday night.

- 3 On Tuesday morning I got up wi' glee no man could feel more joy nor me.
 A party we had so blithe and gay and cheerfully we passed the day
 Till a man at home the table sat with my wife cut it rather fat
 He tipped her on the sly a kiss she seemed to think it not amiss
 At this my eyes soon caught alarm but he declared he meant no harm
 And then she winked at him out of spite and jealous I was by Tuesday night.
- 4 On Wednesday morning I got out to take the air and walk about.
 Without my plague I wished to roam and I left her warm in bed at home.
 To drown my care and hide my sorrow I took at every pub a dram
 Until I'd swallowed a decent stock I went staggering home by ten o'clock.
 And going upstairs I do declare that other man was happy there
 In bed with her soon caught my sight so cockit I was by Wednesday night.
- 5 On Thursday morning I looked blue my wife looked cross and snappish too.
 I soon found out she'd got a tongue so we went at it ding-dong.
 Vexation on vexation rose words came first and then came blows.
 She tore my hair and scratched my face and in return I smashed the place
 We both went at it left and right and we walloped each other by Thursday night.
- 6 On Friday morn we agreed to part so I went and I hired a donk' and cart
 Packed up my goods without delay and bore them every one away.
 At this my wife began to grieve and said without me she couldn't live
 But I made answer with a frown and then I politely knocked her down.
 I soon found out she hadn't laid long before round her neck her garter slung
 And to a nail she'd fixed it tight and she hanged herself by Friday night.
- 7 On Saturday morning I hired the ground and I bought her a coffin tight and sound
 And then with onions greased my eyes to gammon a lot of tears and sighs
 To drown my cares and have a drop I hastened to a Daffy's shop
 Ten drops of max put out of sight and I got drunk for joy on Saturday night.
- 8 On Sunday now came the day on which to bear the corpse away.
 The undertaker he bore her out friends relations flocked about.
 They cried themselves till nearly blind but I hid my face and I laughed behind.
 The parson read the funeral prayer I gave a few more tears and sighs
 I saw her in the ground all right and I made love to another on Sunday night.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse. Jack's parlando singing in parts of this song accommodates and disguises the line irregularities in verses 5,7 and 8. The text is a conflation of the two separate Beeforth recordings referred to above.)

Notes on the song

'A Week's Matrimony' survives on broadsides published throughout the nineteenth century (for example Catnach, London (1813-38); Harkness, Preston (1840-66); Such, London (1863-85))¹⁴⁰ although Jack Beeforth's version is one of the few examples recovered from oral sources in the twentieth century. Jack's song has, like that communicated by Harry Cox of Catford, Norfolk,¹⁴¹ a refrain between the verses, a feature absent in most of the broadside settings. The text of Jack Beeforth's 'A Week's Matrimony' shows a remarkable similarity to one of the earlier broadsides: an item put out by Pitts of London between 1819-44¹⁴² which is illustrated by an early woodcut, and in which the long 's' is used throughout, both suggesting an eighteenth-century provenance for the print. This broadside is shown in Fig. Songs.7. It is true that in Jack's 1.4 the broadside's 'Cupid pierced me with his dart', becomes his 'cruelly passed me with a dart'; in 2.4 'Drury Lane' emerges as 'Dreary Lane' (in Jack's second recording it becomes 'Wragby Lane'); and in 4.6 'cuckold' becomes 'cockit'. However, in verse seven Jack uses terms which were obsolescent in common speech when he was learning this song and which to him may have been meaningless: 'gammon': to feign or cheat;¹⁴³ 'Daffy's shop': place selling an 'elixir of health' invented by Thomas Daffy (died 1680),¹⁴⁴ no doubt used here euphemistically; 'a drog of max': a drop of gin.¹⁴⁵ Jack learned this song not directly from a printed source but from his father's brother William.¹⁴⁶ However, as is argued in Chapter 5, the north-east coast of Yorkshire had been within the

¹⁴⁰ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B11 (4081a) [accessed 22.06.03].

¹⁴¹ *Harry Cox: the bonny labouring boy*.

¹⁴² Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding b.11 (4081) [accessed 22.06.03].

¹⁴³ *The Chambers Dictionary* (Edinburgh: Chambers Harrap, 1995), 684.

¹⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, 425.

¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, 1034.

¹⁴⁶ Taped conversation, Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 20 April 1974.

influence of the broadside ballad trade from the early eighteenth century, and since the song had not found its way into the music hall the broadside route is the most likely one for its arrival in this area.

Finally, we may consider why Jack Beeforth, a happy and loving husband, father and grandfather would want to learn and perform such a song as this, delivered, as it is, in the first person. It is not carried by a light lilting melody suggesting humour such as is Harry Cox's interpretation, but is sung more seriously in an almost parlando manner. It may be that Jack had internalised the song unconsciously from family singing occasions and it had been drawn into his own repertoire for later display as, in a sense, a family heirloom. After his second recording of the song he added 'That was a rum week, wasn't it?'

A Week's MATRIMONY,



Tune the Devil in search of a Wife,

ON Sunday morning I went out for a spree
And met a maid as fair could be,
An angel quite in every part,
And Cupid pierced me with his dart.
I walked up to her and made a bow,
And told her that I loved as now,
My arm and company she'd partake,
To which she did a curtsy make
We walked about from place to place,
The praised my wit and I praised her face
& treated her, made all things right,
And courted her on Sunday night.

On Monday morning I met her again,
I think the place was Drury Lane,
We passed an hour in harmless chat,
Talking of marriage and all that,
She vowed she for a husband fighed,
Said I, I sadly want a bride.
How blest I'd be if you I had.
"Oh dear, said she, you're just the lad.
We both agreed as quick as thought,
That hour the ring and licence bought,
And then got faith and all right and tight,
So married I was by Monday night.

On Tuesday I got up with glee,
No one could feel more joy than me,
A party had so fine and gay,
And cheerfully we pass'd the day.
A man who at the table sat,
With my wife cut it rather fat,
He tipped her on the sly a kiss,
She seemed to think it not amiss,
My mind at that soon caught alarm,
But he declared he meant no harm.
While she winked at him out of spite,
So jealous I was by Tuesday night,

On Wednesday morning I looked blue,
My wife was cross and snappish too,
I soon found out she had a tongue,
And we went at it both ding dong,
Vexation on vexation rose,
Abuse came first and then came blows
she tore my hair and scratched my face
And in return I smashed the place,
'she'd quickly conquer me,' she said
Then with the stones she broke my head
so I went at her left and right
And we milled each other by Wednesday

On Thursday morning I went out, (a gas
To take the air and walk about,
Without my plague I withed to roam,
So left my wife in bed at home,
To soothe my cares and drown my pain,
I took at every shop a drain,
Till I had swigged a decent drain
But staggered home at ten o'clock
Then when to bed I did repair
Another man quite happy there
In bed with her soon caught my sight
so a cuckold I was on Thursday night.

On Friday we agreed to part,
To I went and hired a horse and cart,
Packed up my goods without delay,
And bore them every one away,
My wife at this began to grieve,
And said without me she'd not live,
But I made answer with a frown,
And then politely knocked her down,
I soon found out she had no head,
Her neck she in sergates tied,
Then to a nail she fixed them tight
And scragged herself by Saturday night.

On Saturday morning I hired the ground,
I then bought her coffin tight and sound,
I sent with onions rubbed my eyes,
And gossamer'd a lot of tears and sighs,
I took a stroll about the town—
When home she had her fastened down—
Thank'd God that she was now at peace
And own'd it was a happy release.
To blow my clay and take a drop,
I hasten'd to a Daily shop,
Ten paces of wax put out of sight,
And got drunk for joy on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning I looked sad,
Although in secret were more glad,
The mourner came in dark array
With men to bear the corpse away,
The undertakers took her out—
Relations and friends all flock'd about,
They cried themselves till nearly blind
I hid my face and laughed behind,
The parson read the funeral prayers,
I gave a few more sighs and tears,
Then saw in the grave, all right,
and made love to another on Sunday night.
Pica Printer, Toy and Marble Ware
Louse, Great St Andrew Street

¹⁴⁷ Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B11 (4081) [accessed 25.06.03].

43 Welcome as the Flowers in May (Recording date unknown) Roud : 4347

Now I live as the mill at the foot of the hill, Where the stream goes rip-pl-ing by, And for
ten miles a-round there can-not be found A ha-ppi-cr fel-low than I. For I laugh and I sing and I
drive a-way care I've e-nough for me once and a lit-tle to spare. If a poor old friend should
pass my way, I would make him as wel-come as the flow-ers in May.

Now I live at the mill at the foot of the hill
Where the streams go rippling by
And for ten miles around there cannot be found
A happier fellow than I.
For I laugh and I sing and I drive away care
I've enough for me once [wants?] and a little to spare
If a poor old friend should pass my way
I would make him as welcome as the flowers in May.

Notes on the song

This song is one of three collected by M. and N. Hudleston from 'Mr Beeforth, Burniston.'¹⁴⁸

No accompanying notes about singer, song or recording date were attached. Several authors have written songs with a similar title to this one, inspired as they may have been by the commonplace extravagant greeting often associated with stage-Irishness. The song that interests us here is 'As Welcome as the Flowers in May, or The Jolly Miller' which was written by the music hall artist Harry Clifton (1824-72) and published by Metzler & Co. in

¹⁴⁸ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 98.

London a few years after Clifton's death around 1880.¹⁴⁹ It is curious that two of the three songs these collectors noted from Jack Beeforth were two fragments from the pen of the same metropolitan music hall entertainer (this song, as well as no 21 'The Grass Grows Green'), and it may be that one of Jack's acquaintances had learned them from the A and B sides of a recording made of Clifton's songs, which is so far untraced. Jack himself did not have a gramophone.

¹⁴⁹ British Library Integrated Catalogue. Hirsch M.1313. (3.) [accessed 25.06.03].

44 Where the Bluebells Grow 22.06.74 Roud : number not allocated

$\text{♩}=70$

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 70. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'I'm like ma-ny more young chaps, I love a pret-ty girl. With eyes so bright she steps so light her teeth arc like the pearl. Her hair it's hung in ring - lets and her cheeks are like the rose. I met her in the mead-ows where the blue - bells grow. Go down in the mead - ows where the blue - bells grow, That's where I first met my darl - ing pret - ty flower. And when the moon was shin - ing to - geth - er we would go Down in the mead - ows where the blue - bells grow.'

I'm like ma-ny more young chaps, I love a pret-ty girl. With eyes so bright she steps so light her
teeth arc like the pearl. Her hair it's hung in ring - lets and her
cheeks are like the rose. I met her in the mead-ows where the blue - bells grow. Go
down in the mead - ows where the blue - bells grow, That's where I first met my
darl - ing pret - ty flower. And when the moon was shin - ing to - geth - er we would go
Down in the mead - ows where the blue - bells grow.

- 1 I'm like many more young chaps I love a pretty girl.
With eyes so bright she stepped so light her teeth are like the pearl.
Her hair it's hung in ringlets and her cheeks are like the rose
I met her in the meadows where the bluebells grows.

*Go down in the meadows where the bluebells grow
That's where I first met my darling pretty flower.
And when the moon was shining together we would go
Down in the meadows where the bluebells grow.*

- 2 Now the first time I met this girl I don't mind telling you
It was on one summer's evening in that merry month of June.
She was sitting by that little brook that leisurely did flow
Down in the meadows where the bluebells grow.
- 3 Now I spoke to her and she spoke to me and we talked of love divine.
I boldly stepped up to her I asked her to be mine
She hung her head and she smiled a while and then to me did say
You must acquaint my parents and ask them if I may.

- 4 Her father and her mother they consent[ed her for life
To live in peace and harmony devoid of care and strife
We've got a lovely daughter her name we've christened Flo
To remind me of the meadows where the bluebells grow].

The missing text, in square brackets, remembered by Ethel Pearson, Gail Agar and Michael Beeforth, Ravenscar, 6 September 2005.

Notes on the song

The provenance of this song is obscure since no early printed examples of it have yet come to light; nevertheless it is useful to examine the similarities between it and the nineteenth-century Irish song 'The Garden where the Praties Grow'. Both pieces display a similar prosodic structure and strophic arrangement: iambic heptameter; aabb rhyming; four stanzas with repeated chorus; similarities in melodic contour. The narrative of each song closely follows that of the other with successive verses giving an account of a man's meeting, courting, proposing to and gaining parental consent to marry, his sweetheart. The Irishman Johnny Patterson (1840-1889) is credited with the authorship of 'The Garden where the Praties Grow',¹⁵⁰ which he wrote in 1869,¹⁵¹ and his failure to publish or copyright his songs (see Jack Beeforth, song 22 'The Hat my Father Wore') may have encouraged the plagiarising and paraphrasing of his song to produce 'Where the Bluebells Grow'. The last verse of 'Praties' beginning 'Now the parents they consented' was added in 1875 to celebrate the birth of Patterson's son and the Beeforth version is likely to have been pirated after that date.

¹⁵⁰ Martin A. Walton, *Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads*, 4.

¹⁵¹ Johnny Patterson, <<http://www.clarelibrary.ie/eolas/coclare/people/johnny-patterson.htm/>> [accessed 15.09.04].

45 The White Cockade 06.07.74 Roud : 191

This song was referred to, not sung, and the tune and text are lacking.

Notes on the song

Frank Kidson wrote that “‘The Summer Morning’ or, as it is frequently called, ‘The White Cockade’”, has been well-known in all parts of Yorkshire [...] I originally noted it down from the singing of my mother, who heard it sung in Leeds about the year 1820’.¹⁵² The output of the broadside trade was an important factor in the wide diffusion of ‘The White Cockade’ for the song was put out by, among others, the London printers Disley, Fortey, Lindsay and Quick, and Forth (Hull) Kendrew (York) and Walker (Durham).¹⁵³ Jack Beeforth had learned the song from ‘Joss Cockerill, down Harwood Dale’ where Jack ran some of his sheep on a rented stray adjacent to this tiny neighbouring hamlet, birthplace of his wife Hannah. Jack could now remember only a fragment of the song: “‘It’s true my love has listed and he wears a white cockade.” Summat about “the very ground he stands upon may the grass refuse to grow since I’ve been” summat, I’ve forgotten it all.’¹⁵⁴

¹⁵² Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 113.

¹⁵³ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 191.

¹⁵⁴ Taped conversation, Jack Beeforth, Sleights, 6 July 1974.

46 The Wild Rover 22.03.74 and 20.04.74 Roud : 1173

$\text{♩} = 120$

[verse 1] I've been a wild ro-ver ——— for this last twen-ty year ———. And spent all my mon ey ———
 — on bac-ca and beer ———. But nev-er, no nev-er nev-er no
 more, I nev-er will play the wild ro-ver no more.

[verse 2 etc.] For I called at a beer house ——— as I oft times have done ———. And I asked the proud
 land lord ——— but my mon-ey had gone ——— I asked for a pint when he ans-wered me
 nay, For I meet with damn'd ras-cals like you ev-'ry day. Nay no
 nev-er, nev-er no more. I nev-er will play the wild ro-ver no more.

1 I've been a wild rover for this last twenty year
 And spent all my money on bacca and beer
 But never, no never, never no more
 I never will play the wild rover no more.

2 For I called at a beerhouse as I oft times have done
 And I asked the proud landlord but my money had gone
 I asked for a pint when he answered me nay
 For I meet with damned rascals like you every day.

*Nay, no never, never no more
 I never will play the wild rover no more.*

3 I put my hand in my pocket and from it I drew
 A handful of silver on the table I threw
 Saying take that my proud landlord and nevermore say
 That you meet with a damned rascal like me every day.

- 4 I'll go back to my parents if they'll me forgive.
I'll never go a-roaming as long as I live
I'll save up my money till I have plenty in store
But I never will go a-roaming no more.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after verse two and subsequent verses.)

Notes on the song

The song, 'The Good Fellow's Resolution' (and its near match 'The Good Fellow's Consideration'), now better known as 'The Wild Rover', was 'written by Thomas Lanfiere of Watchet in Somerset between 1678 and 1680'.¹⁵⁵ Robert Thomson has found that, although there was little circulation of the song in its earlier manifestation in the eighteenth century, it was produced in a shortened form in the nineteenth century by John Pitts and James Catnach and from 'most of the London printers of consequence and by country printers like Harkness of Preston, Pearson of Manchester and Collard of Bristol.'¹⁵⁶ In addition, and nearer to Jack Beeforth's sphere of operation, Forth (Hull) Buchan (Leeds) and Walker (Durham)¹⁵⁷ also put out the song and it became 'commonly known among country singers.'¹⁵⁸ The song was recorded in the 1960s by The Dubliners folk group who had taken it from the Norfolk singer Sam Lerner (his version had appeared in *The Singing Island* in 1960). After this 'The Wild Rover' has seemed ineluctably Irish. Jack Beeforth's contemplative rendering of the song compared with the rollicking treatment by The Dubliners and his somewhat different tune argues against his having learned it from this source.

¹⁵⁵ R. S. Thomson, *The Development of the Broadside Ballad Trade*, 232.

¹⁵⁶ Ibid.

¹⁵⁷ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 1173.

¹⁵⁸ Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl, *The Singing Island*, 48.

47 Willie Went to Westerdale 10.05.74 and 22.06.74 Roud : 117

$\text{♩} = 100$ [first verse only. . . .]

Will - ie went to West - er - dale, hi do a dand - y. Will - ie went to
]

West - er - dale, clish clash ma clan - dy. He went to West - 'dale 'ntook a wife. He'd

bct - ter by half have ta'en his life. Sing - er - ler - o mote, tack - er - a - man - ya.

- 1 Willie went to Westerdale *hi do a dandy*
 Willie went to Westerdale, *clish clash ma clandy*
 He went to Westerdale and took a wife
 He'd better by half had ta'en his life
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.
- 2 He bought her twenty good milk kie, *hi do a dandy*
 He bought her twenty good milk kie
 Nineteen of them she let gan dry
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.
- 3 She never kernald but yance a year, *hi do a dandy*
 She never kernald but yance a year
 And that's what made her butter so dear
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.
- 4 And when she kernald she kernald in her beeat, *hi do a dandy*
 And when she kernald she kernald in her beeat
 And for t' creamstick she shoved in her feat
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.
- 5 And she made the cheese and put it o't'shelf, *hi do a dandy*
 She made the cheese and put it o't'shelf
 She never turned t'cheese till t'cheese turned self
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.
- 6 And she roasted chicken both heead and feeat, *hi do a dandy*
 She roasted chicken both heead and feeat
 Feathers and guts and all complete
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.

7 And she did a far worse trick than that, *hi do a dandy*
 She did a far worse trick than that
 She let t' bairn shit in t' father's neetcap
Singerlera mote tackeramanya.

(The song text is a conflation of the two separate Beeforth recordings referred to above.)

Notes on the song

Westerdale lies 25 kilometers to the west of Jack Beeforth's Wragby farm, and this song's precisely located and alliterative title together with the rich local dialectal flavour in the text suggests a local origin. It has been confidently asserted, though, that 'this song is Scottish in origin and was probably called "Willy Went to West awa" (ie "Westaway" – the Scottish Highlands.) Perhaps in this light, the song may relate to the less energetic life-style of the Western Highlands as compared to the East, or lowlands.'¹⁵⁹ However, in a note on this song A. L. Lloyd commented that 'comedies of shiftless wives have been popular since the Middle Ages, particularly in the North of England [...] Sometimes the wives were so helpless that it was thought that they were devil-possessed, and so they were ritually thrashed',¹⁶⁰ hinting that the piece may be related to 'The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin' ballad family. Often a song's pedigree is difficult to determine and 'Willie Went to Westerdale' may have literary origins from seventeenth-century broadsides, for example, 'Seldom Cleanely [...] The trick of a Huswife,' where some vivid accounts of household mismanagement are described:¹⁶¹

The smallest candles end	and	If otherwise she had,
My Aunt would never loose		but of a dishclout faile,
It would help to make her puddings fat		She would set them to the Dog to lick,
With the droppings of her nose		and wipe them with his tayle.

¹⁵⁹ M. & N. Hudleston, *Songs of the Ridings*, 161.

¹⁶⁰ The Watsons, *A Yorkshire Garland* (London: Topic 12T167, 1966), sleeve notes.

¹⁶¹ *The Euing Collection of English broadside ballads in the University of Glasgow*, 546-7.

The thematic persistence of ‘Seldom Cleanely’ through the eighteenth century, can be seen in verses from broadsides such as ‘The Tidy Hussey’ (Crome, Sheffield, no date)¹⁶² in which the language and sentiments would fit well into Jack’s ‘Willie Went to Westerdale’:

<p>My wife she would to market go For to sell her Butter and Eggs She sucked all the yolks And Shit in the Shells So I hope she’ll prove a tidy One.</p>	<p>and</p>	<p>My wife she would go make a cheese A tidy hussey, a tidy one But she never turn’d the Cheese As the Cheese it turn’d itself And I hope she’ll prove a tidy one.</p>
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The memorable refrain in Jack Beeforth’s version does not appear in any of these English sources. However, in examining the ‘Wife Wrapped in Wether’s Skin’ connection noted in the USA, variants of this burden frequently occur. Moreover, one Virginian version’s first stanza convincingly argues that it and Jack’s are close variants of the same song:¹⁶³

<p>Jack Beeforth, Sleights</p> <p>22.06.1974</p> <p>Willie went to Westerdale <i>Hi do a dandy</i> Willie went to Westerdale <i>Clish clash ma clandy</i> He went to Westerdale and took a wife He better by half had ta’en his life <i>Singerlero mote tackeramanya.</i></p>	<p>Martha C Throckmorton Bluemont. Va. Loudoun County</p> <p>23.09.1922</p> <p>There was an old man lived in the West <i>Dandoo, Dandoo</i> There was an old man lived in the West <i>Clish- clash- a- ma- clingo</i> There was an old man lived in the West He married a wife she was not of the best <i>Lie-claro-cling-the-baro-cling-clash-and- ma-clingo.</i></p>
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The possibility may be admitted, then, that both these versions are confections drawing elements from both oral tradition and broadside, and that migrants from Britain may have

¹⁶² Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads, Harding B 28 (247) [accessed 25.06.03].

¹⁶³ Arthur Kyle Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Cambridge Mass: University Press of Virginia, 1929), 500.

carried over to Virginia the versions which have been recorded there. The immigrant inhabitants of the mountain region of Virginia were, according to Maud Karpeles, 'of British descent (English, Lowland-Scots and Scots Irish)'.¹⁶⁴ The localising of the song, through parochial references and dialectal components, would have given it a deeper meaning to the singers around Jack Beeforth's North Yorkshire, relating it closely to their own world.

¹⁶⁴ Cecil J. Sharp (revised by Maud Karpeles): *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions* (London: Methuen, 1954), viii.

48 Will You Love Me when I'm Old? 22.03.74 Roud : 4334

♩=80

I should ask of you my dar-ling one ques-tion soft and low. It has caused me ma-ny a
heart-ache as the mom-ents come and go. But I beg of you a prom-ise worth to
me a wealth of gold, And it's on-ly this I will ask you: will you love me when I'm
old? Life's road will soon be wan-ing and when eve-ning bells will toll. But my
heart will know no sorr-ows if you love me when I'm old.

- 1 I should ask of you my darling one question soft and low
It has caused me many a heartache as the moments come and go
But I beg of you a promise worth to me a wealth of gold
And it's only this I will ask you, will you love me when I'm old?

*Life's road will soon be waning and when evening bells will toll
But my heart will know no sorrows, if you love me when I'm old.*

- 2 Down the stream of life together we are sailing side by side
Oh, in some bright day we shall answer safe beyond the surging tide
But tonight the sky looks cloudy and to-morn the clouds might flow
But my heart will know no sorrows, if you love me when I'm old.
- 3 When your hair shall show the snowflake and your eyes they dimmer *grow*
Shall I lean all on some loved one through the valley as I go?
But I know your love is true yet the truest love it might run cold
But my heart will know no sorrow, if you love me when I'm old.

(The chorus, in italics, comes after each verse.)

Notes on the song

The words and music for this song are attributed to J. Ford (1872),¹⁶⁵ its popularity marked by its inclusion in many American 'songsters' such as *The Old Log Cabin in the Dell Songster* (1876) and *James O'Neill's Candidate for Alderman Songster* (1876).¹⁶⁶ The song's subsequent circulation in England is intimated by its publication by Howard & Co of London in 1882,¹⁶⁷ and its penetration into North Yorkshire, judging by its apparent absence from broadsides would, most likely, have been through professional entertainers and visitors.

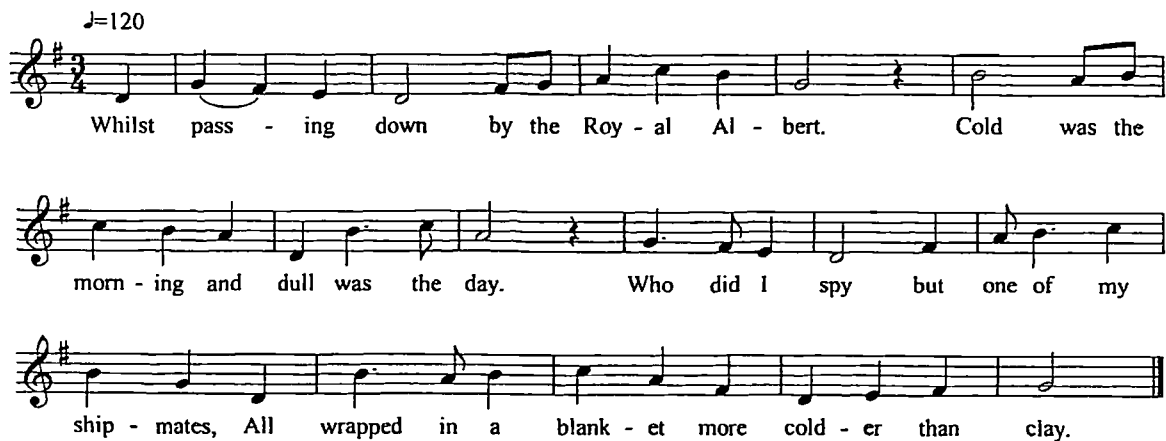
¹⁶⁵ Guthrie T. Meade Jnr, *Country Music Sources*, 228.

¹⁶⁶ Ibid.

¹⁶⁷ British Library Integrated Catalogue. Shelfmark: H.1795.d.(21.). [accessed 08.07.04].

49 The Young Sailor Cut Down in His Prime 06.07.74 Roud : 2
(The Royal Albert)

$\text{♩} = 120$



Whilst pass - ing down by the Roy - al Al - bert. Cold was the
morn - ing and dull was the day. Who did I spy but one of my
ship - mates, All wrapped in a blank - et more cold - er than clay.

- 1 Whilst passing down by the Royal Albert
Cold was the morning and dull was the day
Who did I spy but one of my shipmates
He was wrapped in a blanket more colder than clay.
- 2 He asked for a candle to light him to bed with
Likewise for a blanket to wrap round his head
For his head it was aching and his heart was a-breaking
For the thoughts of two flash girls who'd taken his delight.
- 3 For his poor aged father and his heart-broken mother
Oft times they had warned him in the days of their life
Never to go a-courting the girls in the city
As the girls in the city they would ruin his life.
- 4 And now he is dead and laid in his coffin
And six jolly sailors will walk by his side
Each of them carrying a bunch of red roses
So that no one could see him as we passed along.
- 5 At the corner of the street you'll see two girls standing
Said one to the other as we passed along
There goes the young sailor whose money we've squandered
There goes the young sailor cut down in his prime.
- 6 On the corner of his tombstone you'll see these words written
All jolly sailors take a warning from me
Never go a-courting the girls in the city
For the girls in the city they ruined poor me.

Notes on the song

Jack's ill health did not allow him to sing this song, only to recite the words. Later during the visit he sang the first verse.

The wide popularity of this song and its variants in English-speaking countries owes much to its potential for adaptation across many occupations involving itinerancy or low life. 'It would', wrote A. L. Lloyd, 'be hard to find a ballad more supple in its adaptation to social and geographic changes'.¹⁶⁸ As a former major port Whitby, would long have experienced real-life incidences of the venereal disease implied in the song, and the farmers and agricultural workers of the locality were as vulnerable to the condition as any in more exotic locations, when they visited the pubs on the waterside. Those men not frequenting sailors' pubs would in any case experience vicariously the essence of the song as they learned and sang it. A. L. Lloyd comments that the song 'was heard in Dublin in the 1790s [...] but the first full text of it appeared on a Such broadside of the 1860s, the piece was probably a good century old by then'.¹⁶⁹ This song has found favour with the broadside trade in the north east of England for it was put out by among others Forth (Hull), Walker (Newcastle) and Ross (Newcastle).¹⁷⁰

¹⁶⁸ A. L. Lloyd, *Folk Song in England*, 207.

¹⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, 206.

¹⁷⁰ Steve Roud, *Broadside Index*, Roud 2.

50 Your Faithful Sailor Boy 10.05.74 Roud : 376

$\text{♩} = 50$

One dark and storm - y win - ter's night, the snow lay on the ground. A sail - or boy stood
on the quay for's ship was out - ward bound. His true love stand - ing by his side shed
ma - ny a bit - ter tear. But when he pressed her to his breast, he whisk - ered in her
ear: Fare - well my own true love, this part - ing gives me pain. You'll be my own true
guid - ing star 'til I re - turn a - gain. My thoughts shall be of you my love, whilst the
storms are rag - ing high. So, fare - well love, re - mem - ber me, your faith - ful sail - or boy.

- 1 One dark and stormy winter's night the snow lay on the ground
A sailor boy stood on the quay for his ship was outward bound
His true love standing by his side shed many a bitter tear
But when he pressed her to his breast he whispered in her ear

*Farewell my own true love this parting gives me pain
You'll be my own true guiding star till I return again
My thoughts shall be of you my love whilst the storms are raging high
So farewell love remember me your faithful sailor boy.*

- 2 Now in that gale that ship set sail that lass was standing by
She watched the vessel out of sight while the tears bedimmed her eye
She prayed for him in heaven above to guide him on his way
Two lovers' parting words that day re-echoed down the bay
- 3 But sad to say that ship returned without that sailor boy
For he had died while out at sea the flags was half-mast high
And when his comrades came on shore they told her that he was dead
A letter which they gave to her the last line sadly read

*Goodbye, goodbye my own true love on earth we'll meet no more
But I hope to meet you once again on that eternal shore
I hope to meet you in that land, that land beyond the sky
Where you'll never more be parted from your faithful sailor boy.*

(The first chorus, in italics, is also sung after verse two.)

Notes on the song

The wide distribution of this song in England and Scotland is attested by commentators in the first and second Folk Revivals. Gavin Greig, in his articles for the *Buchan Observer* between December 1907 and June 1911, wrote 'This is a very popular song. Both the language and the sentiment show it to be quite modern. The tune appears to be modern, although it may be older than it looks';¹⁷¹ it was a product, he inferred, of 'the smooth and sentimental versifiers of the present day.' Gavin Greig's discernment in speculating about the song's origins is supported by more recent scholarship; the song 'was written by G. W. Persley towards the end of the nineteenth century. Few songs have achieved such widespread popularity among country singers and their audiences. It turns up again and again in pub sing-songs throughout Britain, even through into the 1990s.'¹⁷² The present writer recorded the song from two singers other than Jack Beeforth in Whitby in the 1970s, and this suggests that it was well known in Jack's locality.

¹⁷¹ Gavin Greig, *Folk Song of the North East LXIV*, 2.

¹⁷² Rod Stradling, *Put a Bit of Powder on it, Father*, booklet, 2.

IV: Songs on the two accompanying compact discs

Square brackets indicate a song not included on the CD; however, blank tracks have been allocated to preserve song numbering.

Table Songs. 1: Songs on Disc 1

track	song no	song title	running time
1	1	All Jolly Fellows that Follows the Plough	2.39
2	2	The Banks of Sweet Dundee	4.58
3	3	Be Kind to Your Parents	3.55
4	4	The Bells Were Ringing	5.14
5	5	Bluebell My Heart Is Breaking	1.46
6	6	The Bonny Labouring Boy	5.30
7	7	A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother	3.07
8	8	Bridal Song	0.28
9	9	The Brisk Young Butcher	2.59
10	10	A Certain Girl	0.33
11	11	Cold Stringy Pie	2.26
12	12	Creeping Jane	3.01
13	13	The Dark-Eyed Sailor	3.44
14	14	The Farmer's Boy	3.33
15	15	A Fine Hunting Day	6.50
16	16	The Fylingdale Fox-hunt (1811-1911)	5.46
17	17	[The Fylingdale Fox-hunt (1942)]	0.11
18	18	The German Clockwinder	2.43
19	19	Go and Leave Me	4.07
20	20	[Good Luck to the Barleycorn]	0.11
21	21	[The Grass Grows Green]	0.11
22	22	The Hat My Father Wore	3.19
23	23	I Once Was a Merry Ploughboy	0.30
24	24	It Was Early in the Spring	4.38

Table Songs. 2: Songs on Disc 2

track	song no	song title	running time
1	25	Kiss Me in the Dark	2.20
2	26	Last Valentine's Day	3.40
3	27	The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane	2.32
4	28	The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me	1.42
5	29	[The Mistletoe Bough]	0.11
6	30	My Love He Is a Sailor Boy	2.46
7	31	Nowt to Do with Me	1.55
8	32	The Oyster Girl	3.21
9	33	[Poor Old Man of 60]	0.11
10	34	[The Rose of Tralee]	0.11
11	35	[The Saucy Sailor]	0.11
12	36	Sedgefield Fair	2.16
13	37	Six Sweethearts	4.23
14	38	Stow Brow	4.22
15	39	Sweet Evalina	3.58
16	40	The Tailor's Britches	3.22
17	41	They Dare Not Do It Now	4.02
18	42	A Week's Matrimony	6.49
19	43	[Welcome as the Flowers in May]	0.11
20	44	Where the Bluebells Grow	3.13
21	45	[The White Cockade]	0.11
22	46	The Wild Rover	3.09
23	47	Willy Went to Westerdale	3.46
24	48	Will You Love Me when I'm Old	4.04
25	49	The Young Sailor Cut Down (The Royal Albert)	2.05
26	50	Your Faithful Sailor Boy	4.20

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