



Green Grow the Laurels
Country Singers from the South

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Green Grow the Laurels is a representative anthology of songs from southern England. Some of these songs stem from long blackletter broadsides of the 16th and 17th centuries, whilst others are of very recent origin, reflecting the cosmopolitan taste of folksingers throughout the ages. Personal preference obviously plays its part in the transmission of folksongs, but other factors are also involved.

Harry Upton inherited a collection of song texts which his parents had written out during their lifetime. An example, *The Seeds of Love* as written by his father, is included with these notes. Harry was born in 1900, the son of a shepherd who lived on the South Downs above Brighton. He moved to Balcombe following his marriage and until recently was employed as a cowman in the village. He recalls that up to the outbreak of the Great War he could buy song sheets and booklets published by the Such family of South London, which contained not only songs such as *Genevieve* and *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* but also folksong standards such as *Barbara Allen*, *The Dark Eyed Sailor* and *Hey John Barleycorn*. Some of Harry's other songs are included on the Topic record **Sussex Harvest**.

The Sussex singer, George Spicer, told me of several pubs in the area around Dover where he had sung in his youth, and where I might possibly still find singers today. An exhaustive search revealed that **Jack Goodban** was the only one of George's former singing companions to be still musically active. Jack and his wife now live in a small windswept village a few miles from where he was born. Unlike some of the other singers on this record his repertoire is now rather small, although the songs that he knows do tend to be of great interest.

George 'Tom' Newman, originally from Faringdon, lived in Clanfield, near Bampton, towards the end of his life. He was in his 90th year when I recorded him, only six months prior to his death, but I found him to be a remarkable man. Occasionally he would turn up at the Bampton May Day ceremonies with his 'one-man band' and would proceed to 'accompany' the traditional morris team around the village. Tom can also be heard singing on the Topic record **When Sheepshearing's Done**.

Louise Fuller moved to Sussex many years ago from the East End of London. She has previously given songs to Tony Wales and Ken Stubbs, and a version of her song **Young Maria** is given in Ken's book 'The Life of a Man' (1970). A widow for many years, she has recently moved to Surrey to remarry hence the different surname in Ken's book.

Mary Ann Haynes is one of the most outstanding folksinging discoveries to be made in recent years, and several of her songs have previously appeared on the Topic records **Songs of the Open Road** and **Sussex Harvest**. A gypsy by birth, she now lives in retirement on the South Coast having brought up a large family single-handed following the premature death of her husband. To support her family she ran a flower stall for many years in Brighton. Nowadays her home always seems to be full of grandchildren and, in her 70th year, is still able to produce 'new' songs from the apparently bottomless recesses of her memory.

It is not always possible to publicly thank someone whose help and advice has been freely given over a period of time. However, Frank Purslow of Bampton has always been willing to break away from his own collecting and research work to help me in my own field. And so, as a token of thanks, this record is dedicated to him.

Mike Yates

Green Grow the Laurels

Ophelia, Shakespeare's tragic heroine, sings a number of song snatches in the play 'Hamlet'. Several of these deal with what some writers call 'the language of flowers', as does our present song. Of Green Grow the Laurels Peter Kennedy has this to say: 'As love symbolism, green laurels imply innocence and fickleness, whereas violets stand for truth and constancy.'

The song is often met with today in southern England and is especially popular with travellers and gypsies.

Green Grow the Laurels

1 I met a young damsel her age was sixteen,
She was as good looking as a young fairy queen.
I walked her, I talked her, I took her astray,
I changed the green laurels for the violets so gay.

Chorus:

Green grow the laurels, so does the dew,
Sorry I've been since I parted from you.
But when I return, love, my joys shall be new,
Then I'll change the green laurels for the violets so blue.

2 Now the next one I met he was a bold tar,
His eyes and his medals shone like the blue star.
I gave him the wink and I called him away,
Then I changed the green laurels for the violets so gay.

3 Now the next one I met he was a pageboy,
 I gave him my loving and all of my joy.
 Now he has left me and gone far away,
 But I'll change the green laurels for the violets so gay.

Bib: JFSS 5 p. 246. 18 p.70. Kennedy p.358. Sharp vol. 1 p. 637.

The Rich Lady Gay

Surprisingly no version of The Rich Lady Gay appears to have previously been collected. It is, however, clearly related to the song *Cupid the Ploughboy* which at one time was widespread throughout southern England. The following verse, collected in Dorset by Henry Hammond, does show this similarity.

As this young man was ploughing his furrows high and low,
 Raking his clods together, his barley for to sow,
 I wished this pretty ploughboy my eyes had never seen.
 'Tis Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

The Rich Lady Gay

1 It was of a rich lady she had gold in store,
 She was loved by the rich and was good to the poor.
 As she was a-riding in the ploughfields one day,
 Upon a young ploughboy she fixed her bright eye.

2 'I've a letter for someone, but I know not for who.)
 You're the likely young fellow, I think it's for you.') x 2

3 He took it and he read it and unto her he did say,
 'I think you're mistaken, my rich lady gay.
 It must be for some other much higher renowned,)
 But not for a young fellow that follows the plough.') x 2

4 As he was a-ploughing his furrow deep and low,
 Breaking clods to pieces for some barley to sow;
 She rode up to the young man and unto him she did say,
 'How are you this morning? Pray tell me I pray.'

5 'I've been raping and scraping all the days of my life)
 And I think you're too good for a poor man's wife.') x 2

6 'Do you think you could love me?' this lady did say.
 'Do you think you could love me a bride for to be?'
 'Oh yes, I could love you all the days of my life.')
 So the lady consented to be his young wife.) x 2

7 Now to the church they then went, was married the next day,
 With the ploughboy so trim and this lady so gay.
 Now into holpen house-keeping the rest of her life,)
 For she loved this young ploughboy as dear as her life.) x 2

Wexford Town

Wexford Town comes originally from a long 18th-century ballad *The Berkshire Tragedy*, or *The Wittam Miller* which is included in the Roxburgh collection. Later printers tightened the story and issued it as *The Cruel Miller*, which has been repeatedly collected not only in Britain but in North America as well, where it is known as *The Lexington (or Knoxville) Girl*.

Wexford Town

1 There was a pretty girl in Wexford Town,
 She fell in love with a miller boy.
 Oh, he asked her [to] go walking,
 Through fields so sweet and green,
 So they might walk and they might talk,
 For to plan their wedding day.

2 Oh he pulled a hedge-stake from the hedge,
 And he beat her to the ground.
 'John' says she 'have pity on me,
 I'm not fit enough to die.'

3 Now when he got to his mother's house,
 It was at the break of day,
 His mother woke and let him in,
 By the striking of a light.

4 He asked him, cross-questioned him,
 'Look at the blood-stains on your hands and clothes.'
 The answer John, oh, he thought fit;
 'Sir, it's a-bleeding from my nose.'

5 Just a few days after
 Oh, this poor girl she was found,
 A-floating by her mother's door
 Oh, that led to Wexford Town.

6 This young man was taken up,
 And he's bound down in irons strong.
 Oh, there he did lay patient there,
 For the murder he had done.

Bib: JFSS 26 p.23. 27 p. 44. Kennedy p. 713. Lawn p. 36. Roxburgh VIII p. 629. Sharp vol 1 p. 294.

The Aylesbury Girl

The Aylesbury Girl has been plying her wares for at least 250 years, certainly since Tom D' Urfey printed it in 1720 under the title *The Tottingham Frolick*. Recently James Reeves suggested that 'the sign of the Ups and Downs' represented the 69th Foot Regiment and so 'Johnny the Rover' was, at one time, a soldier. A long-shot perhaps, but an interesting one nevertheless.

The Aylesbury Girl

1 As I was going to Aylesbury Town 'twas on a market day,
I fell in love with an Aylesbury maid and by luck was going my way;
Her business being to market with butter, eggs and wine,
So we both jogged on together, my boy, wack-for-the-ar-riddle-i-ay.

2 Now as we were going along the road, this lassie by my side,
When looking down I noticed that her garter'd became untied,
And before she'd time to notice it I unto her did say:
'Oh, your garter is untied, my dear,' wack-for-the-ar-riddle-i-ay.

3 'Well,' said she 'You being so adventuresome, so anxious and so free,
But won't you be so kind, young man, as to tie it up for me.'
'Oh yes, oh yes, that I will do if you'll come to yon shady grove
with me.'
So we both walked on together my boys beyond yon shady tree.

4 Now when we reached yon shady grove, the grass being very high,
I gently sat the maiden down, oh, her garter for to tie,
And while tying up of her garter such sights you never did see,
Oh, 'For John' said she 'I thought I'd see the world go round and round.'

5 Now as we were coming from market, the eggs and wine she'd sold,
And passing by that very same spot, well, it made my blood run cold,
For my name is Johnny the Rover and from Dublin Town I came,
And I live all alone by the Ups-and-Downs, wack-for-the-ar-riddle-i-ay.

Bib: D'Urfey vol 4 p.179. Idiom 13.123, Kennedy p. 404. Muse - song 110
PMB D. 97. Sharp vol 1 p. 680.

The Tree in the Wood

The Tree in the Wood has often been collected from folksingers, not only in Britain, but in France, Denmark and Switzerland as well. The song is also called *The Everlasting Circle* and, in this form, after Tom's verse 7 ('Now on that bird there was a feather') the feather becomes a bed, a maiden lies on the bed, a youth sleeps with the maiden, a child is born who grows to plant an acorn which becomes a tree - thus completing the circle.

Other versions may be heard sung by John Casley of Cornwall and by Cyril Poacher of Suffolk.

The Tree in the Wood

1 Upon yon hill there is a wood,
And in that wood there is a tree,
The finest little tree that ever was seen;
For the tree was in the wood,
And the wood was on the hill,
And the green moss grewed all round, all round,
And the green moss grewed all round.

2 Now in that tree there was a hole,
The finest little hole, etc.,
For the hole was in the tree,
And the tree was in the wood, etc.

3 Now in that hole there was a nest,
The finest little nest, etc.,
For the nest was in the hole,
And the hole was in the tree, etc.

4 Now in that nest there was an egg,

5 Now in that egg there was a yolk,*

6 Now in that yolk there was a bird,

7 Now on that bird there was a feather,

8 Now on that feather there was a flea,*

9 Now on that flea there was a saddle,

10 Now on that saddle there was a fly,

11 Now on that fly there was a hat,

* Tom initially omits these verses, but as the song progresses he implies their presence.

Bib: Circle p. 211. JFSS 13 p. 276. Kennedy p. 226. Sharp vol 2 p. 417. Williams p.182.

I am a Donkey Driver

Albert Chevalier, the great Music Hall singer, popularised a song *Jerusalem's Dead* concerning the death of a costermonger's moke. The name, incidentally, derives from cockney rhyming slang (Jerusalem artichoke = moke). Harry's song belongs to the same tradition although I am unable to trace it to any printed source. For some reason the song appears to have best survived in Sussex, where Clive Carey found it at the turn of the century, and where it is also to be found in the repertoire of George Belton, now of Chichester.

I am a Donkey Driver

1 I am a donkey driver, I'm the best one on the line,
There is no other donkey that can come up to mine;
I've travelled all over England and other countries too,
But no donkey on the line can beat Jerusalem Cuckoo.

Chorus:

Then shout boys hurrah, for troubles are but few,
But no donkey on the line can beat Jerusalem Cuckoo.

2 I took my donkey to Brighton for a week at the Grand Hussar,
And there a fat lady came up to me, she wanted a tuppenny ride,
She started off quite easily till the German struck up,
Then the donkey threw the lady off and turned her the wrong way up.

3 I thought my donkey was good enough to go into a race.
I took him to the Derby and there I found a place.
The signal was given for starting and away me donkey flew,
And the first one at the winning post it was Jerusalem Cuckoo.

4 I'm always contented, not an angry word I say,
As long as I get a drop of beer, me donkey gets his hay.
And if he kicks the bucket, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll have a sealskin jacket made out of my Cuckoo.

The Molecatcher

Although The Molecatcher has seldom been printed by folksong collectors it is certainly commonplace with folksingers. In 1800 Robert Burns printed a collection of Scots bawdry *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* which contained a number of songs which he had collected in the countryside, including a song, *The Modiewark*, which begins:

The modiewark has done me ill,
And below my apron has biggit a hill.

For some reason I find the song to be especially popular today in Sussex.

The Molecatcher

1 Now, somewhere in Sussex not far from 'The Plough',
Then lived an old mole catcher, I couldn't tell you how.
A-molecatching he'd go from morning till night,
Till he caught the young farmer come and played with his wife.

2 Now upstairs they went, so fur'vely design,
The old mole catcher followed them closely behind.
Just as they got in the middle of the sport
The old molecatcher caught hold of the young farmer's coat.

3 He says, 'Eh, what have you got at?
I've caught you hard in my old moletrap.'
I looked at the farmer and grinned at his wife,
'He's the finest old mole I ever caught in my life.'

4 Now, so say the farmer for ploughing his ground,
'When I do plough it will cost him ten pounds.
When I do tell him she'll say it's not fine,
But I'm sure she won't come to about tuppence a time.'

5 Right fol the ri laddy, right fol the ri day,
Now all you young farmers that come down our way,
If you're not napping you're sure to be fine,
But I'm sure she won't come to about tuppence a time!

Bib: Copper p. 268. Kennedy p. 463

Hopping Down in Kent

The hopfields of Kent attract a great many itinerant labourers during the summer months. Although mechanisation has lately cut the number of jobs available, many families from London's East End continue to visit the fields for their annual working-holiday and it is believed locally that this song came to the fields with the East Enders. Whatever its origin, it is now firmly established throughout Kent and Sussex. Mary Ann Haynes sings a version to which she adds this additional verse, taken, I suspect, from another song:

My lovely hops, my lovely hops,
When the measurer he comes round:
'Pick 'em up, pick 'em up off the ground!
When he starts to measure 'em, he don't
know when to stop;
'Why don't you jump into the bin,
And take the bloomin' lot!

Hopping Down in Kent

1 Now some say hopping's lousy,
I don't believe it's true.
For we only go down hopping
To pick a hop or two.

Chorus:

With my tee-i-o, tee-i-o,
Tee-i-ee-i-o.

2 Now when I went a-hopping,
Hopping down in Kent,
I saw old mother Reilly
A-sweeping out her tent.

3 Every Monday morning
Just at six o'clock,
You'll hear the old hoppers calling:
'Get up and boil your pots!'

4 Now Sunday is our washing day,
Don't we wash it clean,
We boil it in our hopping pots
And hang it on the Green.

5 'Now, do you want any money?'
'Yes, sir, if you please,
To buy a hock of bacon

And a pound of mouldy cheese.'

6 Now here comes our old measurer,
With his long nose and chin,
With his ten gallon basket,
And don't he pop 'em in!

7 When our old polepuller
He does come around,
He says, 'Come on, you dirty old hop-pickers,
Pick 'em up all off the ground!'

8 Now hopping is all over,
All the money spent,
And don't I wished I'd never went
A-hopping down in Kent.

Bib: FMJ vol. 3 no. 1 p. 66 (Mrs Haynes' version).

See also: The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell,
Vol 1, p. 86 (1968, reprinted by Penguin 1970) where Orwell gives
a version of Mrs Haynes' song mentioned above, together with a
note on the song's significance to the hop-pickers.

'The Shannon' Frigate

G Malcolm Laws, an American scholar, describes the facts surrounding this ballad thus: 'On June 1, 1813, the American frigate Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, was challenged to single combat by the British frigate Shannon, Captain Broke. A large crowd gathered in Boston harbour to watch the engagement. Within a short time the Chesapeake was boarded and captured. Nearly 140 years later, the United States Government posthumously restored the commission of Third Lieutenant William S Cox, second in command of the Chesapeake. "It was Cox, during the War of 1812, who was blamed for the loss of the American vessel Chesapeake Cox left his post to carry below his mortally wounded commander, James Lawrence, who uttered the famous words 'Don't give up the ship', before he died ... Cox ... was court-martialed and cashiered out of the Navy for 'neglect of duty and conduct unbecoming an officer...'. The 82nd Congress passed a bill restoring Cox's honor and nullifying the 1814 court-martial decision." (The Phila. Inquirer, Sept. 9, 1952)

'The Shannon' Frigate

1 Whilst on board the Shannon frigate in the merry month of May,
Watching the bold Americans, off Boston Heights we lay;
Our ship she lay at anchor, a frigate stout and fine,
Four hundred and twenty men she had and her guns were
forty-nine.

2 Now there was Captain Broke commanding us, he challenged
them with light,
Threw a challenge to the Chesapeake to bring her out and fight,
'All hands on board,' cried Lawrence, 'This is not en-i-mity,
Though I'm going to prove to all the world that we still rule the
sea.'

3 Then the challenge was accepted; the Americans came round.
There never was a better ship beneath the British Crown.
We brought her into action, just as a warlike plan,
Nor fired one shot till within hail, and then the fight began.

4 It was from broadside to broadside with a tremendous roar,
Like thunder it re-echoed as it sounded from the shore.
That deadly fire it lasted but a quarter of one hour,
When the enemy ship we rammed into and her yards were locked
in ours.

5 Our Captain ran to the ship's side to see how she did lie,
'Twas there he spied the enemy men all from their guns did fly.
'All hands on deck,' cried Lawrence, 'Up to victory, boys, we're
sure,
Have courage, my lads, for now's the time and the prize we'll
soon secure.'

6 Then like lions, well, we rushed on board and fought them man
to man,
Although they over-numbered us they could not with us stand.
We killed their Captain, Chief Lieutenant, and seventy of their
crew,
Whilst in that sharp action we hundreds wounded too.

7 Then we towed their ship into Halifax, their Captain buried there,
And the remainder of that crew which his chief mourners were.

8 So now, come all you British seamen who've listened to my song,
Drink success to Captain Broke and pass the can along.

So here's to Captain Broke and all his gallant crew,
When he fought the bold Americans and brought their courage
low.

Bib: Laws J22

Young Maria

Young Maria is a version of the well-known song, *Jealousy*. Fred Jordan of Shropshire calls it *Down the Green Groves*, whilst Belle Stewart of Perthshire knows it as *In London's Fair City*. It turns up repeatedly in North America as *Poison In a Glass of Wine*, and many singers are certain it recalls an actual event, although scholars have been singularly unable to locate such a happening. Whatever its title, the song would appear to stem from a broadside issued by John Pitts of London in the early 1800s.

Young Maria

1 On yonder hill stood young Maria.
Her jealous young lover stood by her side.
When he asked her for to marry,
'Oh no, my true love, too young,' she cried.

2 Now, Maria was invited to a fancy dress ball.
That jealous young lover followed behind.
He saw her a-dancing with some other,
Then jealousy must have entered his mind.

3 Now, how to destroy his own true-love one
When jealousy it did enter his mind;
How he destroyed his own true-love one,
He gave her a glass of cold poison wine.

4 Now quickly she drank and quickly she altered,
'Pick me up my true-love,' cried she,
'That glass of wine that you've just gave me
Has made me as ill, as ill can be.'

5 'Now I will drink one of the same, love,
And make myself as ill as thee;
In each others arms we will die together,
And put an end to all jealousy.'

Bib: Kennedy p. 715. Laws p. 30. Sharp vol. 1 p. 310. Stubbs p. 59.

The Colour of Amber

Many lyrical folksongs are comprised of loose floating verses - ones which often show no direct relationship to one another, but which, when placed together, do form a meaningful and complete song.

The three verses given here by Mary Ann Haynes, an outstanding gypsy singer, stem from long Elizabethan ballads which, in their original form, have long since disappeared from tradition.

The Colour of Amber

1 Oh the colour of amber was my love's hair,
An' his two blue eyes they en-ti-ced me;
An' his ruby lips they bein' soft and fine
On many a time they've been pressed to mine.

Green Grow
the Laurels

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2 Oh I'll go a-fishing in yonders brook.
There I'll catch my love with a line and a hook,
And if he loves me, oh, like I love him,
No man on earth shall part us two.

3 Now I wish, I wish, now this is all in vain.
Oh, I wish to God I was a maiden again.
Oh, a maid again I shall never more be
Whilst apples grow on an orange tree.

Bib: Ashton 'The Sailor Boy' (no page number given).

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

'It is not down on any map, true places never are.'

Herman Melville *Moby Dick*

So many folksongs deal with 'true places'. *Claudy Banks*, *The Banks of the Sweet Dundee* and *The Banks of Sweet Primroses* carry about them a common charm of magic which makes them ever so real to both singer and audience alike. *The Banks of the Sweet Dundee* or *Undaunted Mary* as it is so often called, was widely circulated by 19th century broadside printers and, not surprisingly, it still turns up frequently today. The popularity was such that a 'follow-up' sheet, *The Answer to Undaunted Mary*, was also produced, although the latter does not appear to have lasted well in tradition. George Walker, a Durham printer, did without the *Answer* sheet by ending his version of the original ballad thus:

Young William he was sent for, and quickly did return,
As soon as he came back again, Young Mary ceased to mourn;
The day it was appointed, they joined their hands so free,
And now they live in splendour on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

Harry's tune is a distant relative of that which singers commonly employ for the song. It is obviously a favourite tune with Harry who also uses it for the songs *Canadee-I-O* and *Don't go Down the Mine, Daddy*.

The Banks of the Sweet Dundee

1 It was of a farmer's daughter so beautiful and fair.
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds a year.
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woes,)
And you will hear, this maiden fair did prove an overthrow.) x 2

2 Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved him well.
Out in her uncle's garden their tale of love could tell;
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,)
But still she loved her ploughboy on the Banks of the Sweet) x 2
Dundee.

3 It was on one summer's morning her uncle rode straightway,
He knocked at her bedroom door, and unto her did say:
'Come, arise, you pretty maiden, a lady you may be,)
For the squire is waiting for you on the Banks of the Sweet) x 2
Dundee.'

4 'A fig for all your squires, your Lords and Dukes likewise,
My William's hands appear to me like diamonds in my eyes.'
'Be ungone, you unruly female, you never shall happy be,)
For I mean to vanish (banish) William from the Banks of the) x 2

Sweet Dundee.'

- 5 Her uncle and the squire rode out one summers morn,
'Young William is in favour,' her uncle he did say,
'Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree;)
Or else to board the press gang on the Banks of the Sweet) x 2
Dundee.'
- 6 The press gang came to William when he was all alone.
He boldly fought for liberty, but there was six to one,
The blood it flowed in torments (torrents). 'Pray kill me now,'
said he,) x 2
'For I would rather die for Mary on the Banks of the Sweet)
Dundee.'
- 7 This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her own;
She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's ground.
He put her arms around her. 'Stand off, bad man,' said she,)
'You have sent the only lad I love from the Banks of the) x 2
Sweet Dundee.'
- 8 He clasped his arms around her, and tried to throw her down.
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.
Young Mary took the weapon, his sword he used so free,)
And she did fire, and shot the squire, on the Banks of the) x 2
Sweet Dundee.
- 9 Her uncle overheard the shot he hastened to the spot.
'Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound.'
'Stand off, stand off,' young Mary cried, 'Undaunted I won't be.')
She the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the Banks of the) x 2
Sweet Dundee.
- 10 A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill,
And likewise for a lawyer, for him to sign his will.
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so man-i-fully,)
And now she lives quite happy on the Banks of the) x 2
Sweet Dundee.

Bib: Laws M25. Sharp vol. 2 p. 58.

A Single Life

A Single Life is something of a rarity today. Clive Carey previously found it in Sussex (Sx286 in his manuscript collection) and the Hammond brothers had a solitary text from Dorset. John Ashton, a Victorian antiquary, reprinted a broadside text in his book *Real Sailor Songs* (1891) whilst an earlier set can be found in an Edinburgh chapbook of 1824 which is now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

A Single Life

- 1 A lady born at Bethlehem fate (fame?)*
To a Greenwich town for a pleasure came,
On a brisk young sailor she did behold)
He was neatly trimmed with carriage bold.) x 2
- 2 She stood and viewed his lovely eyes,
And unto him she made reply:
'Young man,' she said, 'You have no wife,)
Why do you lead a single life?') x 2
- 3 He said, 'Fair lady I'll tell you why,
The reason why I lead a single life.)
If I had a wife and family) x 2
P'raps all their wants I could not supply.
- 4 'Besides all this, there is one thing more,
I love to roam where loud cannons roar,
And if any mischance should be)
I'll leave none behind to mourn for me.) x 2
- 5 She took her coach and she rode away
And married was on that very day.
He took her down to the weal(d) of Kent)
And there they lived in full content.) x 2
- 6 'Now you have servants all at your call,
Likewise a mayor in a Town Hall.'
'Marry a rich lady for your wife)
Far better than a single life.') x 2

*The broadside text begins:- 'A lady born of birth and fame.'

Bib: Ashtown 'The Jolly Sailor' (no page number given.) PFD p. 84.

A Woman's Work is Never Done

Here is a Song for Maids to sing,
Both in the Winter and the Spring;
It is such a pretty conceited thing,
Which will much pleasure to them bring;
Maids may set still, go, or run,
But a Woman's work is never done.

This is the introduction to a long blackletter broadside which was licensed to John Andrews, 'printer at the White Lion in Pye Corner (London),' on June 1st 1629. In the 1850s Henry Parker Such produced a similar song on the same theme. He called it *The Labouring Woman* but, in common with Harry's song given here, it is distinct from the Andrews broadside.

Green Grow
the Laurels

11

A Woman's Work is Never Done

1 I'm a poor hard-working female ever since I've been a wife.
If you listen I will tell to you my woes.
For there's plenty more the same so I'll tell you jolly plain,
Just what a married woman undergoes.
It's very nice at first, you have no babes to nurse,
The days and nights so happy they seem;
But when the kiddies come, you can reckon you are done,
That's when a woman's trouble it begins.

Chorus:

Washing and scrubbing and mending up the clothes.
All the kiddies with their shirts out they will run.
I've already buried five and I have ten more alive,
So I find a woman's work is never done.

2 Each morning there's the kiddies to wash and bundle off to school,
And two or three are kicking up a row;
While the oldest gets a playin, the silly little fool,
And lets the baby fall upon the ground.
We've lately britched young Tommy, he's often in distress,
And, holding up his trousers, in he runs;
For there's a job to do, for he's been and made a mess,
So I find a woman's work is never done.

3 If you go up the street, five minutes for a treat,
You're bound to take the young 'uns out as well,
For you have no time to stop, just to have a little drop,
'Cause the old man might come home, you cannot tell.

If he comes home and finds you out, he's bound to rave and shout,
Or: 'Where the dickens is your mother gone?'
So you never ought to roam, but to always be at home,
So I find a woman's work is never done.

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Handwritten verses from booklet p. 7 here

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1 Verse
Come all young men and maidens
That glory in your prime
I would have you to weed your garden
And let no one steal your time.

2 Verse
My garden I weed well
I weed it both night and day.
But at length there did come a blooming
And it stole my time away, young blade.

3 Verse
Now my time is all gone
And I have got no new
The very best spot where my time is used
It is covered all over with blue, to grow.

4 Verse
Now rue it ruins all
Wherever it does take place
I have not a space in my garden yet
For to plant one bunch or two.

5 Verse
Now the gardener, standing by
I bade him to choose for me
He choose me the violet, the lily, and the
I did refuse all three, hunk.

6 Verse
Now the lily I did refuse
For because it fades so soon
The violet and the pink I quite over look
I resolved to tarry till June.

7 Verse
In June there's a red rose bud
And that is the flower for me
I often did catch for the red rose bud
But I gained the willow tree.

8 Verse
Now the green willow I were wear
Because it is stout and stonye
That all the world might plinky see
That I loved a false young man.

9 Verse
I will never love a young man again
Not if he was sitting at home
Nor if he was the top of a high gallows tree
And he said that he would soon come down.

10 Verse
Now it's very well drinking ale
Much better drinking wine
For better than sitting on a henry ladder
When he stole away the heart of mine.

