# JUNE TABOR
# AT THE WOOD'S HEART

JUNE TABOR voice
HUW WARREN piano
MARTIN SIMPSON guitar
ANDY CUTTING diatonic accordion
MARK EMERSON viola & violin
MARK LOCKHEART tenor & soprano saxophones
TIM HARRIES double bass
IAIN BALLAMY tenor saxophone on tracks 10 & 12

june tabor
at the wood's heart

I think I must have learned this classic of the Southern English repertoire from the singing of the Copper family. In his notes to the version in the Gardiner mss., Frank Purslow, in *The Constant Lovers* (1972), suggests that it may be an incomplete broken token ballad, with the final verse being a spurious addition by an early C19th broadside printer. For me, the charm of this song is in its very mystery and incompleteness, with the last verse a glorious affirmation of love and hope.

The English traditional tune *Monks Gate* which follows the song is best known in its setting of John Bunyan's *To Be a Pilgrim*.

## The Banks of the Sweet Primroses

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson; pub. Topic Records Ltd

As I walked out on a midsummer's morning
To view the fields and to take the air
Down by the banks of the sweet primeroses
'Twas there I beheld a most lovely fair

I said fair maid and why do you wander
And what's the occasion of all your grief
I'll make you as happy as any lady
If you will grant me one small relief

Stand off stand off for you are deceitful
You're a false deceiving young man 'tis plain
'Tis you that has caused my poor heart to wander
And to give me comfort lies all in vain

Oh I'll go down to some lonesome valley
Where no man on earth there shall me find
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices
And every moment blows blustrous wind

So come all young men with a mind for courting
Won't you pay attention to what I say
For there's many a dark and a cloudy morning
Turns out to be a bright sunshiny day

## The Broomfield Wager

Traditional arr. Tabor, Simpson, Cutting; pub. Topic Records Ltd

A wager a wager a wager I will lay
Here's five hundred guineas to your ten
A maiden you will go to the merry green broom
But a maiden you'll never return

A my thinke that i se hur yett
As wolde to Gode that I myght
There wolde no joye compare with hyt
Unto my heart to make hyt lyght

## Now Welcome Summer

words Geoffrey Chaucer (circa 1340-1400), music traditional arr. Tabor, Emerson, Warren pub. Topic Records Ltd

Now welcome summer with thy sunne soft
Now welcome summer with thy sunne soft
That hast this winter's weather overshake
And driven away the longe nightes black

Saint Valentine that art full high on loft
Thus singen smalle fowles for thy sake
Now welcome summer with thy sunne soft
That hast this winter's weather overshake

Well have they cause for to gladden oft
Well have they cause for to gladden oft
Since each of them recovered hath his make
Full blissful may they singen when they wake

Now welcome summer with thy sunne soft
Now welcome summer with thy sunne soft
That hast this winter's weather overshake
And driven away the longe nightes black

This roundel comes at the end of the *Parlement of Foules*. Martin Shaw set it to 'an old Irish carol tune' in the 1928 edition of *The Oxford Book of Carols*.

*'For this was on Saint Valentines Day, when every fowl cometh to choose her make.'*

This superstition has continued into the folklore of the C19th and C20th. St. Valentine was an early martyr clubbed to death around AD 270 for aiding persecuted Christians. He was assigned the 14th of February as his Saint's Day.

The second tune used here, *Jack a lent*, comes from John Playford's *The English Dancing Master* of 1651. A Jack a lent was an effigy, often of straw, set up to be pelted and burned to symbolize the death of Winter.

## Heart Like a Wheel

Anna McGarrigle; pub Bug Music Ltd

## Johnny Johnny

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson, Lockheart, Simpson, Cutting, Harries; pub Topic Records Ltd

O Johnny Johnny but love is bonny
A little while when first it's new
Ah but love grows old and waxes cold
Fades fades away like morning dew

O Johnny Johnny but you are nice love
In keeping company with me so long
For you were the first boy that ere I had love
So kiss me Johnny before you go

One kiss from me you will never get love
For you have caused me so sore to sigh
Nor will I grant you that sweet request love
That ofttime you did me deny

If I should grant you that sweet request love
My heart on you I might then bestow
But as good a lover as you will come love
So I'll not hinder you to go

For I have stepped the steps of love, love
And I have stepped a step too low
Were it to be done that I have done love
It would never be done by me I know

It's o'er the moss that you need not cross love
It's o'er the moor that you need not ride
For I have gotten a new sweetheart love
And you may go get yourself a bride

From Sam Henry's collection, first published in his *Songs of the People* column in The Northern Constitution, a provincial newspaper published in Coleraine, N. Ireland. This appeared on 1st March 1924. He comments 'a song of disappointed love'. And how!

The tune that precedes the song, *On Christmas Day*, was collected by R. Vaughan Williams from Mrs. Esther Smith, The Homme, Dilwyn, Herefordshire, 1912.

C'est quand la nuit m'échappe et que je ne peux pas dormir
Et c'est quand tu es lasse bien avant moi

*And then I think about the simple things we said*
*The things we promised never to forget*
*The simple things we said never to forget.*

*When the night is slipping away and I can't sleep*
*When my longing for you returns well before you do*
*When I spend my days trying to forget the nights*
*When I call your name and you don't hear*
*Then I think about the simple things…*

*I have to walk for hours to rid myself of this terrible longing*
*I have to close my eyes and pretend I'm somewhere else*
*The seasons pass so slowly between Paris and the Atlantic*
*And my longing becomes a symphony*
*Then I think about the simple things…*

*When the night is slipping away and I can't sleep*
*And when you are tired long before I am*
*Then I think about the simple things…*

## She's Like the Swallow

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Harries, Ballamy; pub. Topic Records Ltd

She's like the Swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine all on the lee shore
She loves her love but she'll love no more

First noted by Maud Karpeles in 1930, this Newfoundland song of unhappy love was collected by Kenneth Peacock in the 1960s. The swallow verse seems to be unique to the Maritimes.

All down in the meadow this young girl bent
To gather primroses all as she went
The more she picked and the more she pulled
Until she gathered her apron full

She climbed on yonder hill above
To give a rose to her true love
She gave him one rose she gave him three
She gave her heart for company

But as they sat on yonder hill
His heart grew hard so harder still
He has two hearts instead of one
She cried young man what have you done

How foolish foolish you must be
To think I love no one but thee
The world's not made for one alone
I take delight in everyone

She took her roses and made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She laid her down no more to say
But let her roses fade away

She's like the Swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine all on the lee shore
She loved her love but she'll love no more

*Lady Lie Near Me*, or *Green Garter*, John Playford *The English Dancing Master 1651*. The first version of the original song to this tune *The Longing Shepherdess* or *Lady [Laddy] lie near me*, in the Pepys Collection, ends, *'I heard a voice to sing, sweetheart come cheer me, thou hast been long away, lady lie near me'*.

*Lassie Lie Near Me*, from *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1787-1803, largely contributed by Robert Burns.

## Lie Near Me

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson, Lockheart, Ballamy, Simpson, Cutting, Harries; pub. Topic Records Ltd

Lang have we parted been
Lassie my dearie
Now we are met again
Lassie lie near me

Near me near me
Lassie lie near me
Lang hast thou lain thy lane
Lassie lie near me

All that I have endured
Lassie my dearie
Here in thy arms is cured
Lassie lie near me

Say you'll ay be true
Never deceive me
And I'll love none but you
Lassie lie near me

If in love's bower we meet
Lassie my dearie
My joy would be complete
Lassie lie near me

Special thanks to:-
Mark Emerson and Charlie Beresford
Paul Sparrow, Dylan Fowler, Alan Crumpler,
Grey Bachelor, Genevieve Tudor
and BBC Radio Shropshire
Polly Bolton, Yvonne & George Baker,
Rosie Green, Steve Ross, R.S. Thomas
and Carla Walters

Recorded in May 2005
by Charlie Beresford - et mobile recording -
at Oak Barn, Clee St. Margaret, Shropshire
www.brightfieldproductions.co.uk/et/et.htm
www.oak-barn.co.uk

Mixed by Charlie Beresford with Mark Emerson
Mastered by Ben Turner at Finesplice
www.finesplice.co.uk
Photographs taken at Oak Barn
and in South Shropshire woodland, July 2005

Photography & design by John Haxby
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Make-up by Jan Winter
www.elegantimages.co.uk

Steam belched from the great cooling towers of the power station. "Well!" said Katherine, "so that's where clouds come from!" How many children have learned and cherished this myth of the modern industrial landscape?

## The Cloud Factory

Bill Caddick, pub Rough Music
Lyrics c/r Bill Caddick printed by permission

My father worked in the cloud factory
He'd come home wreathed in dreams each day
My mother took his cloudy clothes
To wash the smell of dreams away

She'd scold and say you and your dreams
Are just for kids and fools like you
Father he'd just wink his eye
Smile and say are you sure that's true

My mother thought him fanciful
She used to chide him all the while
But me I thought him wonderful
I'd do anything to see him smile

I used to hear him singing low
His words are with me to this day
You have to hold on to your dreams
Or else they simply slip away

My father taught me how to sing
He sang that dreams are everything
Can't be bought and can't be sold
More than silver more than gold

The last time i saw him, ill and dying
Was the only time I saw him cry
Too late for dreams to come true now
As he watched his last cloud rolling by

Back home she opened windows wide
And out the dreams flew strand by strand
'til all but one had flown away
I caught and kept it in my hand

My mother doesn't do much lately
No more clouds to clean away
And since they closed the factory down
No dreams seem to drift this way

I caught her sitting alone and still
At first I thought her fast asleep
But fathers coat lay in her lap
Around her feet the dreams lay deep

She said he taught me how to sing
To sing that dreams are everything
Can't be bought and can't be sold
More than silver more than gold

Sometimes I walk by the disused factory
And gaze into the empty sky
And if I let the fancy lead me
A dream or two comes drifting by

I'll teach my children how to sing
To sing that dreams are everything
Can't be bought and can't be sold
More than silver more than gold

My father taught me how to sing
To sing that dreams are everything
Can't be bought and can't be sold
More than silver more than gold

Child No.43 *The Broomfield Hill*: words largely from Alfred Williams *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* (1923), tune collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams from Mrs Ellen Powell of Westhope, near Canon Pyon, Herefordshire, 1910.

One of the great landscape plants and, as it flowers in May and June, of major romantic and erotic significance in European poetry, broom has many virtues, amorous, magical, scenic, medicinal and practical. It was one of those plants used by witches and powerful against witches, liked by other-world beings and useful to keep them away. (Geoffrey Grigson, *The Englishman's Flora*, 1958).

A wager I'll wager with you kind sir
It's five hundred guineas to my ten
That a maiden I will go to the merry green broom
And a maiden again I'll return

And when that she came to the merry broom field
Her true love lay there fast asleep
With his horse at his head and a knife all in his hand
And his greyhound it lay there at his feet

It's three times she's walked round the crown of his head
And three times she's walked round his feet
And three times she's kissed his rosy red lips
As he lay on the ground fast asleep

She's taken from her left hand a golden ring
And placed it all on his right hand
For to be a token when he did awake
That his true love had been there at his command

Oh where were you my good greyhound
That once I bought so dear
Oh did you not wake me out of my sleep
When my true love she was here

Three times I patted with my foot master
Three times I made my bells to ring
And three times I cried awake awake master
For now is the hour and the time

Sleep more in the night master
Wake you more in the day
And then you will know when your true love she does come
And when she goes away

From the reign of King Henry VIII, (b.1491, King of England 1509-47) appendix to the King's mss. No.58.

If I'd been awake when my true love was here
And had not gained my will
Then all these wild birds on the merry broom field
This night they should all have had their fill

Her blood should have been their drink for them
Her flesh should have been their meat
Her bones should have been their pillow by night
When they lay them down to sleep

A wager I've wagered with you kind sir
Your five hundred guineas to my ten
A maiden I have gone to the merry green broom
And a maiden I've returned back again

## Ah! The Sighs

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren; pub. Topic Records Ltd

A the sighs that come from my heart
They grieve me passing sore
Syth I must from my love depart
Farewell my joye for evermore

Oft to me wyth her goodly face
She was wont to cast an eye
And now absent to me in place
Alas for woe I dye I dye

I was wont hur to beholde
And takyn in armys twayne
And now wyth syghes many folde
Farewell my joye and welcome payne

Words from the *Roxburgh Collection* (original mss. 1540-1790), tune *Hide Park* from John Playford's *The English Dancing Master*, 1651.

For love may come and love may go love
Like a little small bird unto its nest
Were I to tell you all that I know love
They're far away that I love best

## Oh! Alas I Am in Love

Traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson; pub. Topic Records Ltd

Oh! Alas I am in Love
And cannot speak it
My mind I dare not move
Nor ne'er can break it
She doth so far excell
All and each other
My mind I cannot tell
When we are together

But I'll take heart to me
I will reveal it
I'll try her constancy
I'll not conceal it
But alas, but alas
I do discover
I cannot break my mind
When we are together

The more I strive to hide
The more it flameth
These pains I cannot bide
My wits it lameth
And if it hidden be
Will burn forever
Unless I speak my mind
When we are together

I think 'twere well I tried
And went to prove her
I'll lay all fear aside
Stoutly to move her
But when I am going to speak
My tongue doth quiver
And will not break my mind
When we are together

## Do Nothing 'Til You Hear from Me

Duke Ellington; pub EMI United Partnership Ltd

## Les Choses Les Plus Simples

Gabriel Yacoub pub. Kevin Editions
Lyrics c/r 1990 Gabriel Yacoub printed by permission

C'est quand la nuit m'échappe et que je ne peux pas dormir
Que mes désirs reviennent bien avant toi

Quand je passe mes jours à oublier ces nuits
Et c'est quand je t'appelle et tu n'entends pas

Alors je me souviens des choses les plus simples
Les choses qu'on a dit ne jamais oublier
Les choses les plus simples jamais oublier

Il faut marcher longtemps pour en finir de ces longueurs
Il faut fermer les yeux partir ailleurs

Et les saisons qui traînent entre Paris et l'Océan
Et cet ennui qui grandit en symphonie

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | THE BANKS OF THE SWEET PRIMROSES | 5.31 |
| 2 | THE BROOMFIELD WAGER | 4.21 |
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| 4 | NOW WELCOME SUMMER | 2.46 |
| 5 | HEART LIKE A WHEEL | 5.00 |
| 6 | JOHNNY JOHNNY | 7.15 |
| 7 | OH! ALAS. I AM IN LOVE | 4.04 |
| 8 | DO NOTHING 'TIL YOU HEAR FROM ME | 5.243 |
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| 10 | SHE'S LIKE THE SWALLOW | 5.03 |
| 11 | THE CLOUD FACTORY | 6.20 |
| 12 | LIE NEAR ME | 7.17 |

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| JUNE TABOR | VOICE |
| HUW WARREN | PIANO |
| MARTIN SIMPSON | GUITAR |
| ANDY CUTTING | DIATONIC ACCORDION |
| MARK EMERSON | VIOLA & VIOLIN |
| MARK LOCKHEART | TENOR & SOPRANO SAXOPHONES |
| TIM HARRIES | DOUBLE BASS |
| IAIN BALLAMY | TENOR SAXOPHONE ON TRACKS 10 & 12 |

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