



efdss

english folk dance
and song society



Essex Music



Education Hub

Essex Folk Song Discovery

Eleven song arrangements for Key Stage 2 & 3



Essex Folk Song Discovery performance, Saffron Hall: photographer; Rachel Elliott

English Folk Dance and Song Society

The English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS) is the national development organisation for folk music, dance and related arts, based at Cecil Sharp House, a dedicated folk arts centre and music venue, in Camden, North London. Cecil Sharp House is also home to EFDSS' Vaughan Williams Memorial Library (VWML), England's national folk music and dance archive, which provides free online access to thousands of searchable folk manuscripts and other materials.

EFDSS creates and delivers creative learning projects for children, young people, adults and families at Cecil Sharp House, across London and around the country; often in partnership with other organisations. Learning programmes draw on the diverse and vibrant traditional folk arts of England, the British Isles and beyond, focusing on song, music, dance and related art forms such as storytelling, drama, and arts and crafts.

Essex Music Education Hub

Essex Music Education Hub aims to provide high-quality, diverse, sustainable music education opportunities for all children and young people.

We strive to ensure that opportunities are available regardless of a child/young person's background or circumstances, and that those reaping the benefits represent the varied demographic of the county we serve.

EMEH offers a vast range of musical education – from whole-class First Access instrumental tuition, to ensembles, choirs and projects across the county, as well as instrumental tuition and hire. Working with partners including EFDSS, STOMP, Royal Opera House and Trinity College London, to name but a few, we seek to be at the forefront of music education and offer bursaries and grants to ensure that music is open to all – not just the privileged few.

We have recently launched our new website, www.essexmusichub.org.uk, where you can get in touch with us about opportunities available.

Follow us on Twitter: @essexmusichub and Facebook: EssexMusicEducationHub

Produced by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS) in collaboration with Essex Music Education Hub, November 2016

Songs compiled and arranged by: Aimée Leonard and Nick Hart

Edited by: Cassie Tait

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Introduction

In 2016, the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS) was commissioned to deliver the Essex Folk Song Discovery Project by Essex Music Education Hub in seven schools in the Uttlesford region of north west Essex. The project was developed to support the vocal strategy for school children in Key Stages 2 and 3 across the region, by sourcing and re-introducing some traditional local folk songs.

Professional folk artists, Aimée Leonard and Nick Hart, sourced appropriate songs, collected in Essex in the 19th and early 20th centuries, and arranged them for young voices. They visited each participating school for two sessions, teaching a different song in each setting, three hundred and fifty students came together at Saffron Hall to share their songs for a fantastic final performance.

This pack contains the arrangements of eleven folk songs collected from Essex. This resource, with accompanying audio tracks, is freely downloadable from the **EFDSS Resource Bank**: www.efdss.org/resourcebank.

In the pack there are hyperlinks starting with <http://www.vwml.org/record/> which link directly to the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library's online digital archive which holds digitised versions of original manuscripts and other archival material. Please note: material on the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library website is not censored or expurgated and may contain material considered offensive by modern standards.

We hope you enjoy using this pack!

The Herring Song

Based on a version collected from Lorna Tarran, in West Mersea in the 1970s.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S331515>

What shall we do with the herring's head?

Turn it into loaves of bread.

Herring's head, loaves of bread

And all such things

Of all the fish that are in the sea

The herring's the king of the fish for me

Bunky do dal I do, Bunky do dal i

What shall we do with a herring's _____? *(Make up your own verses!)*

trad. arr. Aimée Leonard / Nick Hart

Voice 1

Voice 2

6

11

What shall we do with the her- ring's head? Turn it in-to loaves of bread Her-ring's head

What shall we do with the her-ring's head? Turn it in-to loaves of bread Her-ring's head

loaves of bread and all such things_ Of all the fish that are in the sea the

loaves of bread and all such things_ Of all the fish that are in the sea the

her-ring's the king of the fish for me Bunk-y-do-dal - i - do Bunk-y-do-dal - i

her-rings the king of the fish for me Bunk-y-do-dal - i - do Bunk-y-do-dal - i

Ingatestone Hall

Based on the version collected from Mr Broomfield in 1903.

A localisation of the song "Broken down Gentleman" <http://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/5/14>

When I was young, in my youthful days,
Scarce four and twenty years old,
I spent my time in vanity,
Along with the ladies so bold (x2)

I wore the ruffles around my wrist,
And a cane all in my hand;
There is no Lord could me surpass
Not one in all the land

I kept a pack of good hounds, my boys,
And servants to wait upon me,
And I did intend my money to spend,
And that you can plainly see

I kept carriage and six light bays,
To range the world about,
A golden tassel on each horses head,
Just ready for me to drive out

I steered my coach to Ipswich town,
Horse racing for to see,
And there I spend a thousand pound
All in the light of one day

I steered my coach back home again,
My cups was getting small,
Now I am a broken- down gentleman,
And obliged to leave Ingatestone Hall

The landlord he came to my house,
And bailiffs he brought three,
He stole away my coach and six,
And swore he would have me

My children they came weeping around
My wife did likewise cry
To think that I in prison should lie,
Until the day I died.

Ingatestone Hall

trad. arr Aimée Leonard / Nick Hart

Voice 1

When I was young in my youth ful days scarce four and twen-ty years old I

Voice 2

When I was young in my youth ful days scarce four and twen-ty years old I

6

spent my ti - me in van - it - y a - long with the lad - ies so

9

bold a - long with the la - dies so bold

bold a - long with the la - dies so bold

Bold Turpin

Based on the version collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams from Mr Punt on the 21st April 1904.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/43>

Bold Turpin was riding one day on the moor
He saw a noble lawyer a-riding before
Turpin he rode and to him did say
How often did you see bold Turpin ride this way

O aye Turpin hero, I am your valiant Turpin bold.

Now say Turpin for to be artful
My money I have hid in my boot,
And now says the lawyer a man cannot find
I have hid my money in my cape behind

O aye Turpin hero, I am your valiant Turpin bold.

And they rode together and came to a mill,
Turpin bid the lawyer to stand still,
Take off your coat sir it must come off,
My horse is in want of a saddle cloth.

O aye Turpin hero, I am your valiant Turpin bold.

Now Turpin has robbed him of all his store,
And when that has gone he knows where to get more,
And the very first town that you come in,
Tell him you've been robbed by bold Turpin.

O aye Turpin hero, I am your valiant Turpin bold.

Bold Turpin

trad. arr Aimée Leonard

Music score for **Bold Turpin**, arranged by Aimée Leonard. The score is for two voices (Voice 1 and Voice 2) and includes lyrics. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three systems, each with four measures. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, C, F, F in the first system; C, C, F, F in the second system; and C, C, G, G, C, C, F, G, C in the third system.

System 1:

Voice 1: Bold Tur-pin was rid-ing one da-y on the Moor He saw a no-ble l-aw-yer a

Voice 2: Bold Tur-pin was rid-ing one da-y on the Moor He saw a no-ble l-aw-yer a

System 2:

5 ri-ding be-fore Tu-r - pin he rode and to H-im he did say How of-ten did you s-ee bo-ld

ri-ding be-fore Tu-r - pin he rode and to H-im he did say How of-ten did you s-ee bo-ld

System 3:

9 Tur-pin ride this w-a-y Oh aye Tur-pin He-ro I am your val-i-a-nt Tur-pin bold

Tur-pin ride this w-a-y Oh aye Tur-pin He-ro I am your Val-i-a-nt Tur-pin bold

Cambric Shirt

Based on the version collected from Mrs Humphry's in Ingrave, 25 April 1904 - RV Williams.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/77>

Come buy me Come buy me a Cambric shirt
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
Without any seam and good needle work
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Come wash it out in yonder well
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
Where spring never dropped nor drop ever fell
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Come hang it out on yonder thorn
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
That never blew blossom since Adam was
born
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

And now you have asked me questions three
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And now I will ask as many of thee
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Come buy me Come buy me an acre of land
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
Between the sea water and the sea sand
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Come plough it up with one ram's horn
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Come harrow it up with a bramble bush
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And cut it all down with one royal rush
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

And make me a wagon of hair and lime
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And cart it home with six jenny wrens
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Stack it all up in a mouses hole
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And thresh it all out with an old shoe sole
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

And fan it up with an oyster shell
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And stack it all up in a gooses quill
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

And then go to market my corn to sell
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And bring home the money as I may tell
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

And when you have done and finished your
work
Savoury sage rosemary and thyme
And then come to me for your cambric shirt
Then you shall be a true lover of mine

Cambric Shirt

trad. arr Aimée Leonard

Chords: C C F C C C F

Voice 1: Come buy me come buy me a Cam-bric shirt Sa-vour-ry sa-ge rose-mar-y and

Voice 2: Come buy me come buy me a Cam-bric shirt Sa-vour-ry sa-ge rose-mar-y and

Chords: C C F

thyme With out an - y se - am or good need - le

thyme out an - y se - am or good need - le

Chords: G C C F C

work Then you shall be a true lov - er of mine

work Then you shall be a true lov - er of mine

Henry Martin

Based on the version collected by Cecil Sharp from James Hills in Dunmow Essex on
15th September 1912. www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S147627

As I was a sailing one cold winters night.
One cold winters night before day
'Twas there I espied a lofty top ship
Top Ship, Top Ship
Come sailing and roaming so high

Now where are you going you lofty top ship
How dare you venture so nigh
I am a Rich merchant ship bound for old England's land
Old England's land
If you please for to let me pass by.

O no o no cried Henry Martin
There's no such thing as can be
For I am a scotch robber all on the high seas
High seas, high seas
To maintain my three brothers and me.

We won't take down our lofty tall sails
Nor bow ourselves under your lea
No you shan't take from us our rich merchants goods
Rich merchants goods
Nor point my bow guns to the sea

Then broadside to broadside they valiantly fought
And they fought for four hours or more
At length Henry Martin gave her a death wound
Death wound, death wound
And straight to the bottom went she

Bad news bad news to old England came
Bad news had then come to the town
That our lofty tall ship has got lost in the seas
Salt seas salt seas.
And most of our merry men drowned.

Henry Martin

trad. arr. Aimée Leonard

Chords: C F C C C F C C

Voice 1
As I was a sail-ing one cold win-ters night One cold wint-ers night be-fore day_____ Twas

Voice 2
As I was a sail-ing one cold win-ters night One cold wint-ers night be-fore day_____ Twas

Chords: C F C F C F C G C

there I e - spi-ed a lof-ty top sh-ip Top Ship T-op Ship Come Sai-ling and roa-ming so high

there I e - spi-ed a lof-ty top sh-ip Top Ship Top Ship Come sai-ling and roa-ming so high_____

John Barleycorn

Based on the version collected from Reg Bacon of Radwinter in 1959.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S274398>

There was three men come from the north,
Their skill all for to try.
They made a vow and a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn should die.

They put him in the earth so deep,
They scratched clods over his head.
They made a vow and a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn was dead.

There John lay musing under the clods,
'Til the rain from heaven did fall.
John Barleycorn sprung up apace,
He did amaze them all.

At Michaelmas time or a little before,
John began to turn yellow and thin,
John Barleycorn he had a long beard,
And so became a man.

And then they came with their scythes so sharp,
And they cut him below the knee.
They cut him right close to the ground my boys,
They treated him barbarously.

And then they came with pitchforks sharp,
They stabbed him to the heart,
And after they served him so my boys,
They bound him to a cart.

They wheeled him up and down the field,
And this they thought no harm,
They wheeled him up and down the field,
And wheeled him into the barn.

And then they came with their crab-stock staff,
And they thrashed him skin from bone.
But the miller he served him worse, my boys,
He ground him between two stones.

They put him in the tub so round,
And they scalded him almost blind.
And after they'd served him so, my boys,
They gave him to the swine.

Put brandy in a glass my boys.
Put cider into a can,
Put barley broth into a brown jug,
He'll become the bravest man.

John Barleycorn

trad. arr. Nick Hart / Aimée Leonard

Chords: F C F C

Voice 1
There was three men come from the North their skill all fo - r to try

Voice 2
There was three men come from the North their skill all fo - r to try

9 F C Dm C Bb C F

They made a vow and a sol - em vo - w John Ba - r - ley co - rn should die

The made a vow and a sol - em vo - w John Ba - r - ley co - rn should die

Ladies Won't you Marry

Based on the version collected from Harry Green of Tilty in 1967.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S181243>

I made up my mind the other day,
That I'd get married right away,
I knocked on a door, I began to grin,
I was pretty good looking so they let me in.

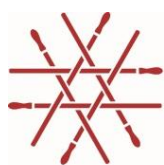
*Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
I'll tell you the reason why.*

As I was walking down the street,
I saw some ladies dressed up neat,
Look, oh ladies, look this way,
And unto them these words did say:

*Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
I'll tell you the reason why.*

Some were short, some were tall,
God bless their hearts I love them all,
One asked me home with her to dine,
She was pretty good looking so I didn't decline.

*Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
Oh Ladies won't you marry?
I'll tell you the reason why.*



Ladies Won't you Marry

trad. arr. Nick Hart / Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Voice 2

D A D D

I made up my mind the oth-er day that I'd get mar-ried right a - way I knocked on a

I made up my mind the oth-er day that I'd get mar-ried right a - way I knocked on the

11 A D D

door I be-gan to grin I was pret-ty good look-ing so they let me in Oh Lad-ies won't you

door I be-gan to grin I was pret-ty good look-ing so they let me in Oh Lad-ies won't you

20 A D D

mar - ry Lad - ies won't you mar - ry Lad - ies

mar - ry Lad - ies won't you mar - ry Lad - ies

27 G A D

won't you mar - ry I'll tell you the rea - son why

won't you mar - ry I'll tell you the rea - son why

Poor Rodger is Dead

Based on version collected by David Occomore and Peter Spratley from Mrs Drain of Wickford who sang it in her school days.

Sir Rodger is dead and he lies in his grave
Lies in his grave, lies in his grave
Sir Rodger is dead and he lies in his grave
I-ar, i-o, i-a

They planted an apple tree over his head
Over his head, over his head
They planted an apple tree over his head
I-ar, i-o, i-a

There came an old woman a picking them up
Picking them up, picking them up
There came an old woman a picking them up
I-ar, i-o, i-a

Old Rodger got up and he gave her a knock
He Gave her a knock, he gave her a knock
Old Rodger got up and he gave her a knock
I-ar, i-o, i-a

Which made the old woman go hippity-hop
Hippity-hop, oh hippity-hop
Which made the old woman go hippity-hop
I-ar, i-o, i-a

Poor Rodger is Dead

trad. arr. Nick Hart / Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Voice 2

5

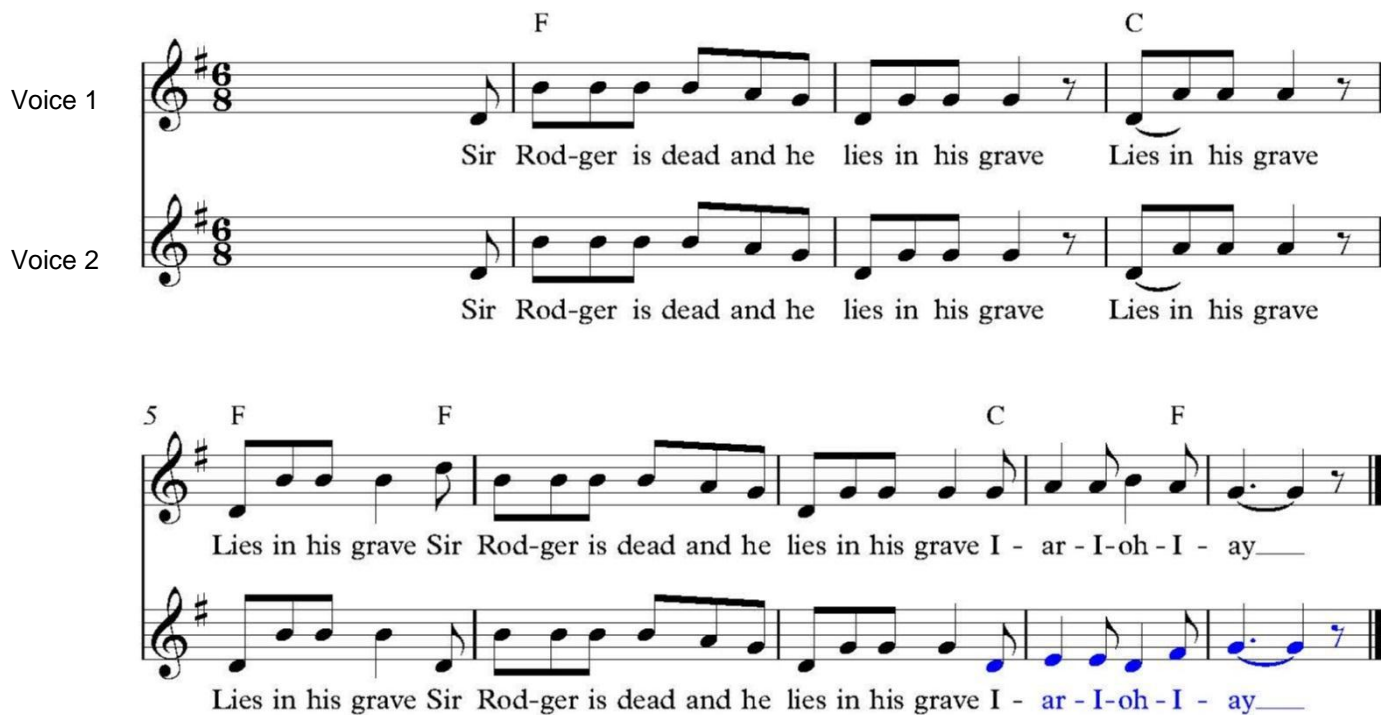
F C

Sir Rod-ger is dead and he lies in his grave Lies in his grave

Sir Rod-ger is dead and he lies in his grave Lies in his grave

Lies in his grave Sir Rod-ger is dead and he lies in his grave I - ar - I-oh - I - ay—

Lies in his grave Sir Rod-ger is dead and he lies in his grave I - ar - I-oh - I - ay—



Tarry Trousers

Based on the version collected from Mrs Humphries in Ingrave in 1904.

<http://www.vwml.org/record/R/VW2/2/69>

As I walked out one fine summers morning
The morning being both fine and clear
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.

Daughter Daughter, I'd have you to marry,
Live no longer a single life,
But she says Mother, I'd rather tarry
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold

Sailors they are given to roving
Into foreign lands they go
Then they will leave you broken hearted
Then they'll prove your overthrow.

Don't you hear the great guns rattle
and the small ones make a noise
When he's in the heat of battle
How can he attend to you my dear?

My mother wants me to marry a tailor
Not give me my hearts delight,
But give me the man with the tarry trousers
That shines to me like diamonds bright
That shines to me like diamonds bright

Tarry Trousers

trad. arr. Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Voice 2

As I walked out o-ne fine sum-mers mo-r-ning The mor-ning being bo-th

oooh oooh oooh

5

fine and clear There I heard a ten der mo ther Talk-ing to h-er dau-gh ter dear

oooh oooh oooh oooh oooh

10

daugh-ter daug-ter I-'d have you to ma r-ry_ Live no long-er a

Talk-ing to her daug-ter dear oooh oooh oooh

15

sing - le life But she says mo - ther I'd ra - ther tar_ ry

oooh oooh oooh

18

I'd rath-er wait for my sai - l - or bold

oooh oooh I'd Rath-er wait for my sai - lor bold

The Body Snatchers' Trade

Based on the version collected from Head Horseman Joe Tracey.
Reported in the Colchester Gazette as to have happened in 1820 in a village nearby.

Come listen a while to a story I will tell
Of two resurrections in Elmstead befell
On the fifth of November all in the dark days
They came down from London a corpse for to raise

To my fol de riddle I doh, Fol de rol de day
Fol de riddle I doh, Fol rol de day

They came to a church seein' no-one about
They opened the grave and the body they took out
Then they dressed the body up in the sojwers close so smart
And laid him face downwards in the bottom of the cart

Then up they got and for London did start
But feeling quite dry they wanted a quart
So they stopped at the Public House for to get some beer
Now a regiment of sowjers was quartered there

The ostler he iggunned up to the gun
Says he to the sojwer Will you have a piece of fun
So they took thebody out thinking no disgrace
And the sowjer got in and lay down in his place

Then off they went all on a gentle trot
Never thinking what a bargain they'd got
Says onto the other the job's well done
The sowjer rolled over and began to moan

The sowjer got up and sat upon his breech
These two high rogues they bundled in the ditch
They blundered through the hedge and they runned acrost the fild
The sowjer runned arter them and close to their heeld


The sowjer runned arter em but he soon got outerwind
For the farder he runned the farder he got behind
So the sowjer went back for the horse and the cart
Thinking that they would pay for the smart

The hoss and the cart they was taken to the towun
And cried in the market but no owner could be fowun
So the hoss and the cart they was sold at the sale
And given to the old women roast beef and ale

The Body Snatchers' Trade


trad. arr. Aimée Leonard

Voice 1




Come lis ten a while to a sto-ry I will tell of two res-urr-rec tions in

Voice 2

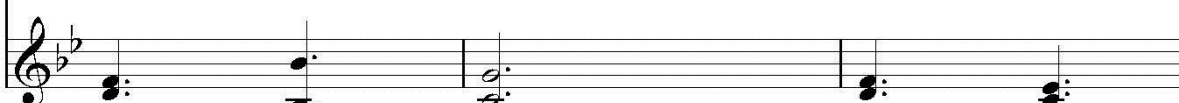


ooh ooh

5

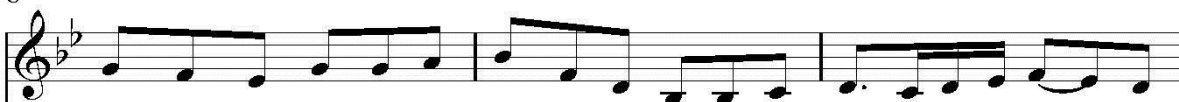


Elm-stead be - fell on the fifth of No vem-ber all in the dark days they

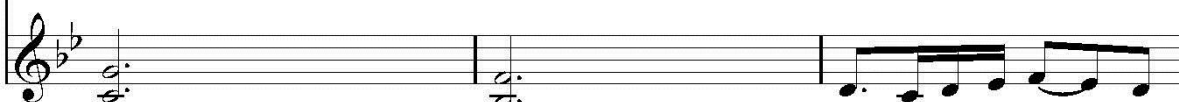


Ooh

8




came down from Lon-don a corpse for to raise To my fol de rid-dle I doh




Ooh To my fol de rid-dle I doh

11



Fol de rol de day Fol de rid-dle I doh Fol rol de day



Fol de rol de day Fol de rid-dle I doh Fol rol de day



Aimée Leonard - is a folk singer, bodhran player and music educator. Originally from Orkney, Aimée has been involved in folk music from childhood. Aimée has performed all over the world with the band 'Anam' and released several albums through the JVC label. She is an experienced workshop leader and also works as a singing teacher, musical director and song collector. She has a passion for ensemble singing and has led folk choirs since 2005 including the Dulwich Folk Choir in South East London. Aimée has extensive experience working with young people, which has been gained in both formal and informal learning environments. She has delivered a wide variety of classes and workshops with primary and secondary schools, and has worked with young people and adults with SEN/D.

Nick Hart - is a folk singer and multi-instrumentalist born and bred in Essex. He has a degree in Ethnomusicology for SOAS, University of London, and has played for various performance and ceilidh bands across London and East Anglia; he is the co-founder of the Marrowbone Theatre Company and featured in the West End Production of Shakespeare in Love. He is also a proficient East Anglian step dancer. Nick has taught in a variety of learning environments, both formal and informal, including school projects and EFDSS holiday courses for children and young people. He is also a private tutor and teaches the melodeon and concertina.

Resource Bank

Inspire learning with folk

Explore free online materials for using English traditional folk song, music, dance, drama and other arts in your teaching and leading.



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At the English Folk Dance and Song Society, we champion the folk arts at the heart of England's rich and diverse cultural landscape.

Our award-winning Resource Bank contains over 100 resources – incorporating hundreds of audio files, videos and supporting documents, all free to download. They offer endless practical ways to use folk song, music, dance, drama and more in all sorts of community settings, as well as in formal education.

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