



The Full English

The Full English was a unique nationwide project unlocking hidden treasures of England's cultural heritage by making over 58,000 original source documents from 12 major folk collectors available to the world via a ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project. The project was led by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and in partnership with other cultural partners across England.

The Full English digital archive (www.vwml.org) continues to provide access to thousands of records detailing traditional folk songs, music, dances, customs and traditions that were collected from across the country. Some of these are known widely, others have lain dormant in notebooks and files within archives for decades.

The Full English learning programme worked across the country in 19 different schools including primary, secondary and special educational needs settings. It also worked with a range of cultural partners across England, organising community, family and adult learning events.

Supported by the National Lottery through the Heritage Lottery Fund, the National Folk Music Fund and The Folklore Society.





Produced by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), June 2014 Compiled by: Frances Watt

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BBC Radio 2 Cecil Sharp Project



Photo: Cecil Sharp (left) collecting, from Vaughan Williams Memorial Library collection

At the 2014 Radio 2 Folk Awards, the first inductee in the new *Hall of Fame* was the folk collector Cecil Sharp. Sharp is a godfather of English traditional music, who helped to preserve much of the country's folk heritage.

BBC Radio 2 selected the three tunes and songs in this pack, and invited the public to upload their own performances of the material.

You can hear the results at: www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b03ldc63/profiles/cecil-sharp

Selected repertoire

- Banks of Claudy (song)
- Barbara Ellen (song)
- Bean Setting (tune)
- Country Gardens (tune)
- Laudnum Bunches (tune)
- Seeds of Love (song)



Cecil James Sharp (1859-1924)

Cecil Sharp is probably the best-known collector of British folk songs, often referred to as the "founding father" of the first folk revival. He was born in Denmark Hill, South London, to James and Jane Sharp, both keen music lovers. He attended Uppingham School before starting a mathematics degree at Clare College, Cambridge.

In October 1882, he left for Australia where he lived for nearly ten years, working as Associate to the Chief Justice of South Australia and then as a partner in a private venture, the Adelaide College of Music. There, despite his lack of formal musical training, he taught singing and music theory, in his spare time writing compositions of his own and conducting with the Adelaide Philharmonia Society.

In 1893, the year he married Constance Birch, Cecil was engaged as a music teacher by Ludgrove School, a preparatory school in North London. It was on Boxing Day 1899, when Cecil Sharp's lifelong involvement with folk music began. He was staying with his mother-in-law in Oxford and happened to see the Headington Quarry Morris Men performing a set of dances. He was fascinated and called back their musician, William Kimber, to notate the tunes and later arrange them. Within two years of this encounter he had joined the Folk-Song Society and a year later had published A Book of British Song, which demonstrated his interest in folk music

and the uses to which it could be put in the blossoming mass public education system. Back in London now, he prepared lectures and attracted much coverage in newspaper articles. By 1907 English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions was published, establishing him as an expert in the field. In 1911, Cecil founded the English Folk Dance Society, which together with the Folk-Song Society, forms the basis of the English Folk Dance and Song Society today.

Although a relative latecomer to the folk revival, Cecil Sharp became the most high profile and certainly most prolific folk music and dance collector of his contemporaries, yet personally he disliked being in the limelight. He noted down 4977 tunes in all, including nearly 3,000 songs from England and over 1,500 on his and Maud Karpeles' four collecting trips to America's Appalachian Mountains (1915-18). Much of this work was carried out at his own expense or with the help of meagre grants from benefactors.

Cecil Sharp died in 1924. Despite being a controversial figure, his collection of folk songs, tunes and dances is exceptional.

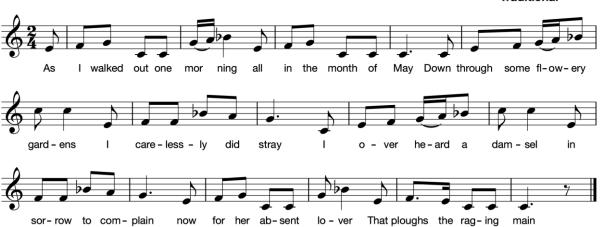
His manuscripts, notebooks, and artefacts reside in Clare College, University of Cambridge and the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. The Principal period covered is 1903-1924 and the geographical coverage is of England as well as the Appalachian states of USA.



Banks of Claudy

Collected from Mrs Joanne Slade by Cecil Sharp, 8 Aug 1904 www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/272

> Roud Number: 266 Traditional



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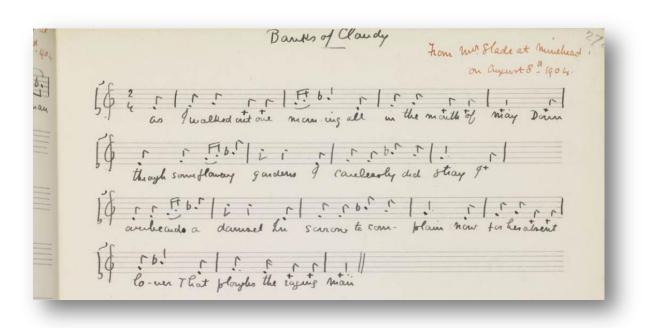


Photo: Original manuscript in The Full English digital archive



Banks of Claudy

Collected from Mrs. Slade on Aug. 8th 1904 by Cecil Sharp www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/9/378 - Roud Number: 266

As I walked out one morning
All in the month of May
Down through some flower-gardens
So I carelessly did stray
I overheard a damsel
In sorrow to complain
Now for her absent lover
That ploughs the raging main.

I stepped up to this fair maid I put her in surprise I own she did not know me I being dressed in disguise Says I my lovely maiden My joy & heart's delight How far have you to wander This dark and dreary night?

All the way kind sir to Cloddy
If you will please to show
Pity a poor girl distracted
It's there I have to go.
I'm in search of a faithless young man
And Johnny is his name,
And on the banks of Cloddy
I'm told he does remain.

If my Johnny he was here this night He'd keep me from all harm But he's in the field of battle All in his uniform He's in the field of battle, His foes he will destroy Like a roving king of honour He fought on the banks of Troy O 'tis 6 months and better Since your Johnny left the shore He's a-cruising the wide ocean Where foaming billows roar, He's a-crusing the wide ocean For honour and for gain The ship's been wrecked as I am told All on the coast of Spain.

As soon as she heard him say so She fell into deep despair By wringing of her milk-white hands And tearing of her hair If my Johnny he be drownded No man on earth I'll take But through lonesone groves & villages I will wander for his sake.

As soon as he heard her say so
He could no longer stand
But he fell into her arms
Saying Bessie I'm the man
I am that faithless young man
Whom you thought was slain
And once we've met on Cloddy banks
We'll never part again.

Barbara Ellen

Collected from Mr William Pittaway (66) by Cecil Sharp, May 19, 1923 www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/4937



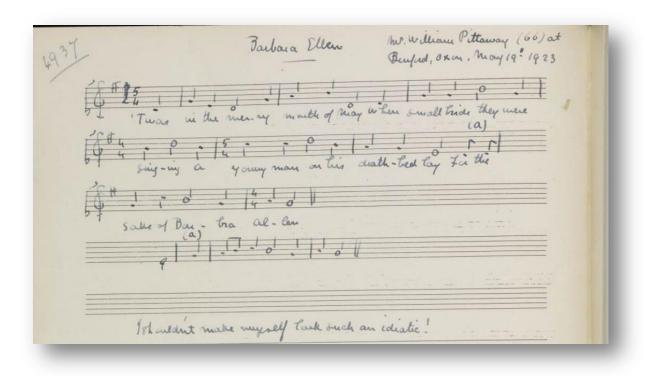


Photo: original manuscript from The Full English digital archive



Barbara Ellen

Collected from Mr. William Pittaway at Burford, Oxon, May 19th, 1923, by Cecil Sharp www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/9/3369

'Twas in the merry month of May The small birds they were singing. A young man on his death-bed lay For the sake of Barbara Ellen.

He sent one of his servants down To the house where she was dwelling, Saying: You must come to my master, If your name is Barbara Ellen.

Slowly she put on her clothes, And slowly she came to him, And when she came to his bedside, Says she: Young man you're dying.

I'm not a-dying now just yet. One kiss of thine will cure me. One kiss of mine you never shall have. So fare away, young Edwin,

Now you look over my bedside, You'll see my waistcoat hanging With my gold watch and silver chain. Give these to Barbara Ellen.

So she looked over his bedside And saw the waistcoat hanging. That shall be mine for I won't be thine, So fare away, young Edwin.

Now you look out to the region (raging) sea

You'll see my five ships sailing. They shall be yours, if you'll be mine, For I love you, Barbara Ellen.

Now she looked out to the region sea

And saw those five ships sailing.

They shan't be mine for I won't be thine,

And fare away, young Edwin.

As she was a-walking through the church-yard
She heard the big bell tolling
And every toll it seemed for to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

As she was a-walking up the street She saw the corpse a-coming. She cried: Put him down a little while That I might gaze upon him.

The more she gazed the more she smiled

And the nearer she came to him Until her friends cryed [sic] out for shame:

Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

Now he was buried in the tomb And the other in the church. And out of him there sprang a rose And growed from her sweetbriar.

It growed and growed till it reached the top

And it could grow no higher.
They tied it in a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.



Bean Setting

Collected from William Kimber by Cecil Sharp, Dec 1899 Headington, Oxfordshire www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/43B





Photo: original manuscript from The Full English digital archive



Country Gardens

Collected from William Kimber by Cecil Sharp, May 1906, London www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/946



A2, B2, C2, B2, A2, B2, C, B2

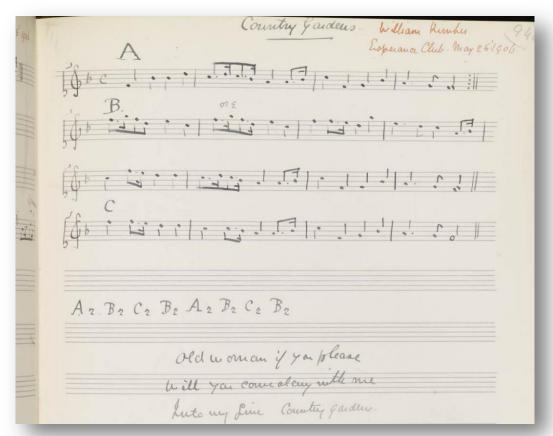


Photo: original manuscript from The Full English digital archive



Laudnum Bunches

Collected from William Kimber by Cecil Sharp, Dec 1899 Headington, Oxfordshire www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/43A



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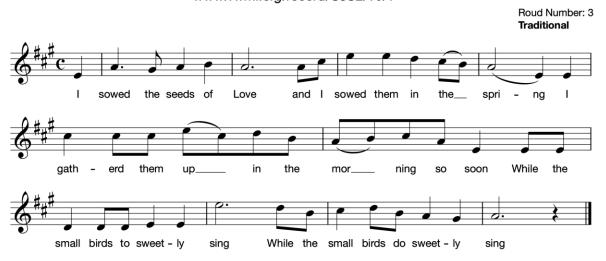


Photo: original manuscript from The Full English digital archive



The Seeds of Love

Collected from John England by Cecil Sharp, Sept 1903, Hambridge, Somerset www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/1



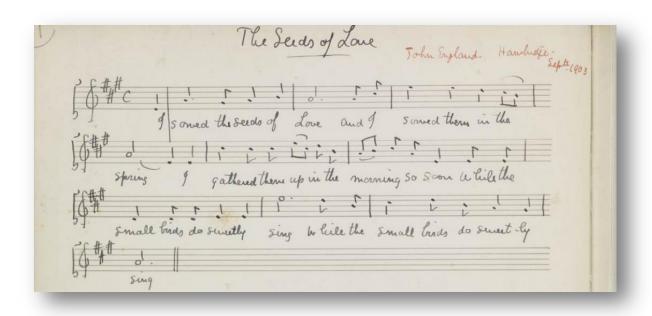


Photo: original manuscript from The Full English digital archive



The Seeds of Love

Collected from John England by Cecil Sharp, Sept 1903, , Hambridge, Somereset www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/1

Roud Number: 3

I sowed the seeds of love And I sowed them in the Spring I gathered them up in the morning so soon While the small birds do sweetly sing.

My garden was planted with flowers well With flowers everywhere But I had not the liberty to choose for myself Of the flowers that I love so dear.

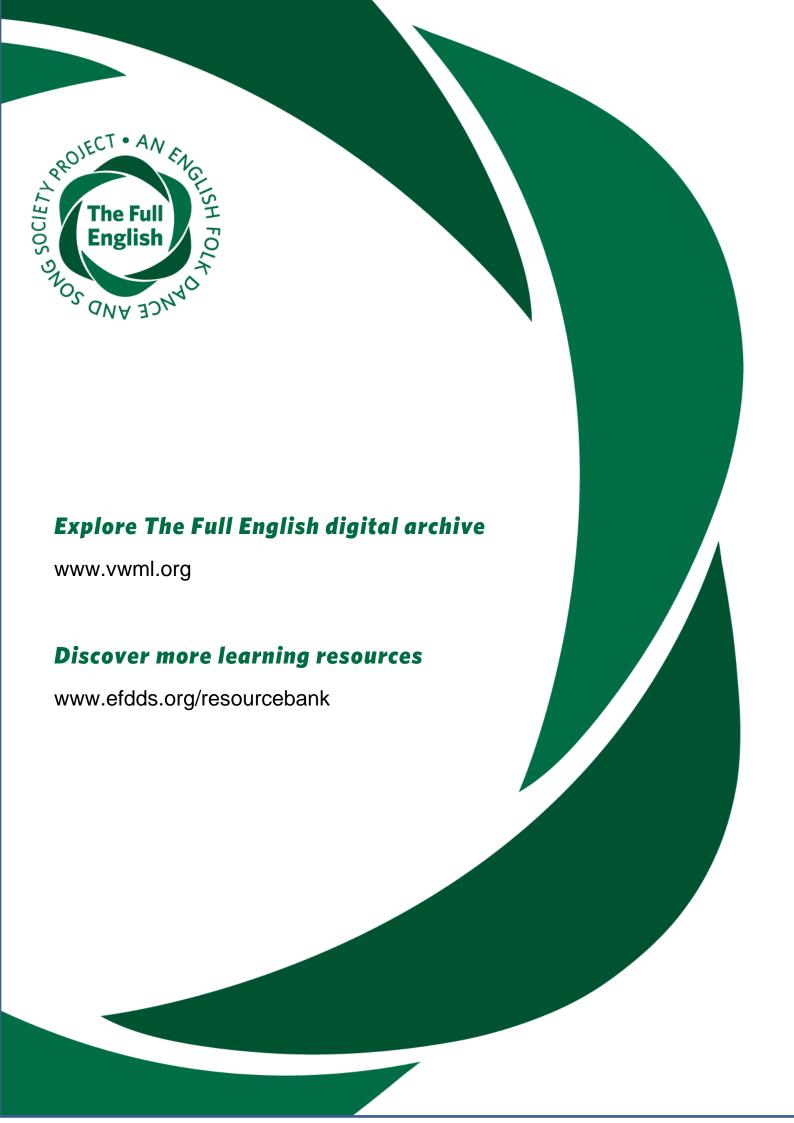
The gardener was standing by And I asked him to choose for me. He choosed for me the Violet the Lily & the Pink But those I refused all three.

The Violet I did not like
Because it bloomed so soon
The Lily & the Pink I really overthink
So I vowed that I'd stay till June.

In June there was a red rose bud, And that's the flower for me I oftentimes have plucked that red rose bud Till I gain the willow tree.

The willow tree will twist
And the willow tree will twine
I have oftentimes have wished I was in that young man's arms
That once had the heart of mine.

Come all you false young men, D'not leave me here to complain For the grass that have been oftentimes trampled under foot Give it time it will rise up again.





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.

efdss.org/resourcebank

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