



Jolly Waggoner

Arranged by Caroline Price



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.

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Arranged by: Caroline Price

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Introduction

This song was collected from John Thornber by Cecil Sharp in Burnley on 20 November 1914.

Caroline Price chose to arrange this song, and several others, as part of The Full English community event held at The Met, Bury in on 8 March 2014. Over 50 singers came together to learn material that originated from the North West, led by Caroline and the *Stream of Sound* youth chorus from Stourbridge.

Scores of the other songs Caroline arranged are available for free download at www.efdss.org/resourcebank

Caroline Price and Stream of Sound

Caroline Price is a dynamic choir leader and prolific arranger of folk material! She researched and arranged a variety of songs and warm ups for The Full English community event in Bury.

Stream of Sound is a youth chorus, led by Caroline, who sing a-cappella harmony, and founded on a variety of musical traditions from around the world. They are known for their energetic and inspiring performances, and aim to share their love of harmony with as many people as possible.

Together, Caroline and Stream of Sound run a variety of workshops and events to encourage people to sing.



Photo: Caroline teaching at The Met, Bury (taken by Frances Watt)

Jolly Waggoner

Collected from John Thornber by Cecil Sharp, Burnley, 20 Nov 1914

<http://www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/3069>

Roud Number: 1088
Trad./Arr Caroline Price

When first I went a - wagg on - ing, a - wagg on - ing did go. I filled my par - ents'

Drive on, drive on, sing whoa, sing whoa, whoa, whoa, Drive on, drive

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hearts full of sor - row and of woe. And ma - ny were the hard - ships that I did un - der -

on, sing whoa, sing, whoa, Drive on. Drive on, drive on, sing,

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go, Sing - ing whoa, my lads, sing whoa. Drive on, my lads, i -

whoa, sing whoa, my lads, sing whoa. Drive

whoa, sing - ing whoa Sing whoa, my lads, sing whoa. Drive

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o, There's none can lead a life like the jol - ly wagg - on - ners do.

on, my lads, drive on a life like the jol - ly wagg - on - ners do.

on, my lads, drive on a live like the jol - ly wagg - on - ners do.

Jolly Waggoner

When first I went a-waggoning, a waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' hearts full of sorrow and of woe.
And many were the hardships that I did undergo,

*Singing whoa, my lads, sing whoa!
Drive on, my lads, i-o!
There's none can lead a life like the jolly wagoners do.*

It's a cold and stormy night, my lads, and I'm wet to the skin.
I'll bear it with contentment, till I get to the inn.
And there I'll sit a-drinking with the landlord and his kin,

*Singing whoa, my lads, sing whoa!
Drive on, my lads, i-o!
There's none can lead a life like the jolly wagoners do.*

Now springtime is a-coming, and what pleasures we shall see!
The small birds are a-singing on every greenwood tree.
The blackbirds and the thrushes are whistling merrily,

*Singing whoa, my lads, sing whoa!
Drive on, my lads, i-o!
There's none can lead a life like the jolly wagoners do.*

Now Michaelmas is coming on, what pleasures we shall find!
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind.
Then every lad shall take his lass and sit her on his knee,

*Singing whoa, my lads, sing whoa!
Drive on, my lads, i-o!
There's none can lead a life like the jolly wagoners do.*



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