



The Full English Singing Day

***with Caroline Price
and Stream of Sound***

The Met, Bury

8 March 2014



**Unlocking hidden treasures of
England's cultural heritage**
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The Full English: A ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project

"The Full English is possibly the most exciting and significant thing to happen to British folk music in at least a generation.

It is a hugely important moment and a massive gift to the nation."

Lee Hall, playwright and screenwriter (*Billy Elliot, Pitman Painters, War Horse*)

Inspiring a new generation of folk music and dance lovers

The Full English is... a national programme of workshops, lectures, training and community events in nine regions of England.

- Delivering creative projects with 18 schools – a mix of primary and secondary – demonstrating high quality practice in folk arts education with young people.
- Exploring the roots, development and social impact of English folk song and singers, with a focus on The Full English collections, through a series of Folk Song in England study days at venues across England.
- Engaging new people, particularly families, in folk activities through a series of free Family Days at venues across England.
- Encouraging community choirs, ensembles and groups to introduce folk related material into their repertoire through a series of free community performances at venues across England.
- Developing resources for teachers to use with their pupils, to ensure that they get the most from their involvement with the project, and to enable the activities to be disseminated to those who have not been directly involved.
- Delivering professional development training days for teachers, musicians, dancers and other educators to share expertise in engaging young people with folk arts through The Full English collections, at venues across England.
- Sharing The Full English ethos and its learnings through presentations and performances at a national conference on 25 June 2014 at Birmingham Town Hall. We will showcase the achievements of the participating schools.

The world's largest free digital archive of English folk songs, tunes, dances and customs

The Full English is... a digital archive containing more than 58,400 items from 12 of the country's most important folk music manuscript collections.

Browse and search online manuscripts of traditional song, music, dance, notebooks and letters, which could once only be accessed by visiting archives or in edited printed versions.

The Full English gives these remarkable materials back to the communities where they were originally collected.

Would you like to explore the traditional English folk songs, tunes and customs that were collected local to you, and around the world? Now you can; visit our online interactive map and let the search begin!

Delve into these rich collections as part of The Full English, wherever you are in the world:

Harry Albino | Lucy Broadwood | Clive Carey | Percy Grainger | Maud Karpeles | Frank Kidson | Thomas Fairman Ordish | Frank Sidgwick | Cecil Sharp | Ralph Vaughan Williams | Alfred Williams | Ella Mary Leather

They are accompanied by the collections from the following collectors made possible by earlier projects (Take 6) and partnerships (with Wren Music):

George Gardiner | Francis Collinson | Henry Hammond | Anne Gilchrist | Janet Blunt | George Butterworth | Sabine Baring Gould

www.vwml.org



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Two children's songs collected by Anne Gilchrist in Manchester c1900

Sally Walker

<http://www.vwml.org/record/AGG/1/2/13>

Roud No: 4509

Sally Walker

1. a. Rise, Sally Walker, Rise if you can, Rise up Sally and choose a young man Choose to the east
choose to the west Choose, choose the pretty girl that you love best
very one. (Alfrincham and Whitweek Trips in my childhood)

2. Now Sally's got married I hope shall enjoy
First a girl and then a boy
Seven years after and seven years to come
Pray young couple, kiss and have done.

Second verse, to same tune, from
May Anne Hartley. May 1st 1900

Lubin

<http://www.vwml.org/record/AGG/1/2/13>

Roud Number: 5032

Lubin.

1. Here we dance Lubin, Lubin, Here we dance Lubin light; Here we dance Lubin, Lubin, every Sactur. day night
Put your right hand in; Put your right hand out Shake it a little and shake it a little and then turn round a. bout.

2. Put your left hand in. 3 Put your right foot. 4 Left foot. 5 Right ear. 6. Left ear. 7 Noses.

(Remembered from Nursery days.)
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english folk dance
and song society



Sally Walker

Rise, Sally Walker, rise if you can.
Rise up Sally and choose a young man.
Choose to the East, choose to the West,
Choose, choose the very one that you love best.

Lubin

Here we dance lubin, lubin,
Here we dance lubin light.
Here we dance lubin, lubin
Every Saturday night.

Put your right hand in,
Put your right hand out.
Shake it a little and shake it a little
And then turn round about.

Jolly Waggoner

Collected by Cecil Sharp from John Thornber, Burnley in 1914

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

Roud number: 1088

3069

Jolly Waggoner

By John Thornber at Burnley
Lancr. Vol 10 - 1914

When first I went a waggoning a-waggoning did go /
 With my parents lands full of snow and of woe and
 Many are the hard ships that I did meet in go /
 No my tale / - Ho drink on my tale / Ho there's none can have
 Life like the jolly waggoner do /

2. It's a cold & stormy night and I'm wet to the skin
 I'll bear it with contentment till I get to the inn
 And then I'll sit a-drinking with the landlord & his friend -

3. Now Springtime is a coming to her plumes wet hall see
 The small birds are singing on every green tree
 The black birds & the thrushes are singing merrily

4. Now the summer is coming what plumes wet hall see
 We'll make the good & fly my boys like chaff before the wind
 The my tale shall take his tale market before his time -

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A-Waggoning

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.*

The Trees are So High

Collected by Anne Gilchrist From Mr Whitehead of Tunstall in 1909

<http://www.vwml.org/record/AGG/3/63b>

Roud number: 31

Duplicate of 6.222 notebook (rough copy) AGG/3/63 Whitehead, Bazil Pt August, 1909.

The Plough boy. p. 16

It's of a pret ty plough boy staid ga-zing on his plough, His ha-se-~~er~~ slaid on near the shade un-der

It was down in you-dens grove he went whistling to his plough And by chance he was to meet a pret-ty

maid, pret-ty maid, And by chance he was to meet a pret-ty maid.

The Trees are so high. (1st Version) Whitehead - as sung at Tunstall in his yard.

Oh, the trees they're so high and the leaves they're so green. The days are past and gone, my love, That you and I have seen,

Oh, the days are past and gone, my love, That you and I have seen, But my bon-my lad is young but he's grow-ing.

The Trees, They're So High

The trees, they're so high, and the leaves, they're so green.
The days are past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen.
It's a cold winter's night that you and I must lie alone,
For my bonnie lad is young, but he's growing.

O father, dear father you've done me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,
Then a lady you shall be while he's growing.

O, I'll send your love to college all for a year or two,
And then perhaps in time, my dear, the boy will do for you.
And we'll tie blue ribbons all around his bonnie waist,
All to let the ladies know that he's married.

One day when I was looking o'er my father's castle wall,
Four and twenty young men were playing bat and ball.
And my own true love amongst them was the flower of them all.
For my bonnie lad is young, but he's growing.

At the age of sixteen, well he was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen the father of a son.
And at the age of eighteen, the grass grew o'er him green:
For death had put an end to his growing.

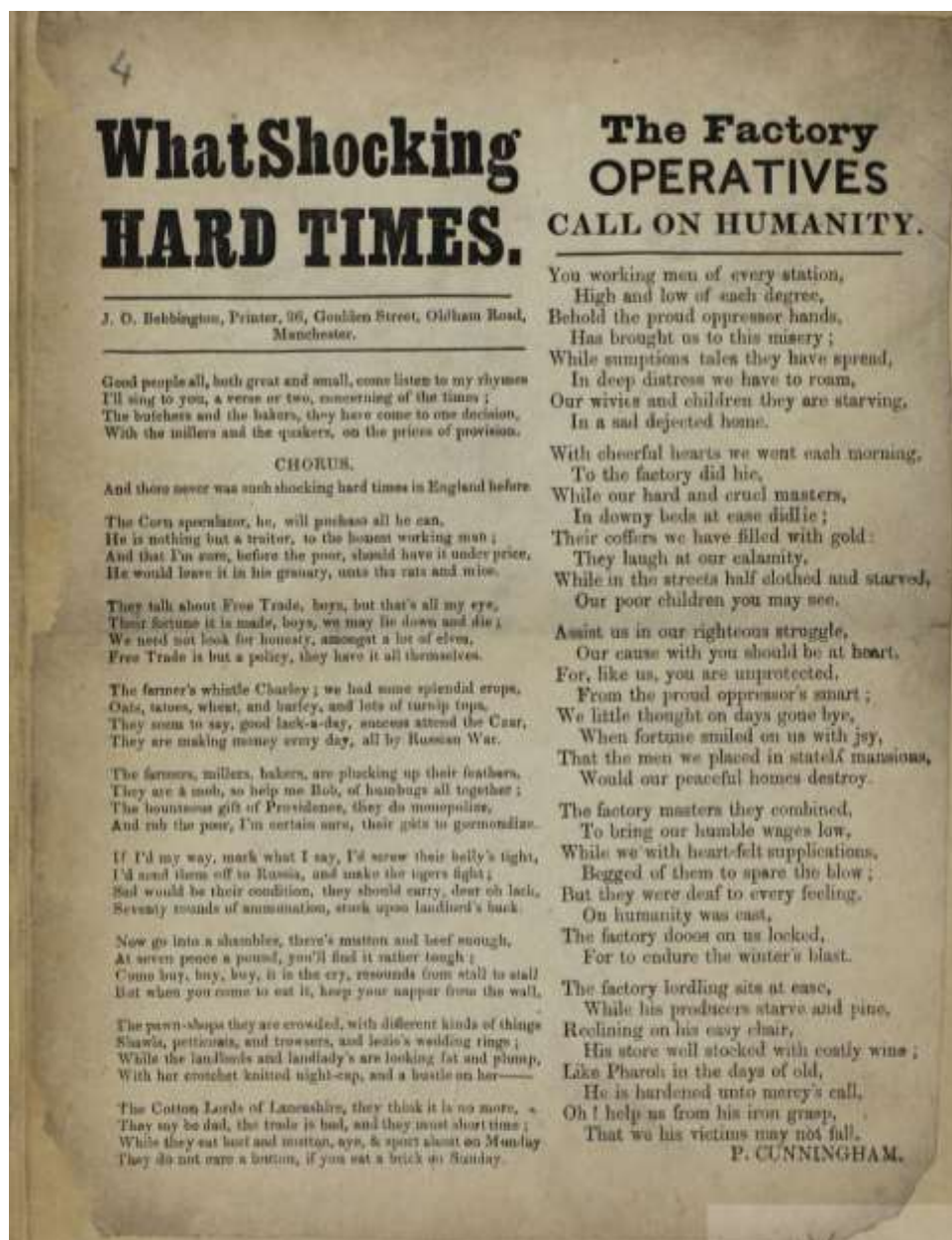
The trees, they're so high, and the leaves, they're so green.
The days are past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen.
It's a cold winter's night that you and I must lie alone,
For my bonnie son is young, but he's growing.

The Factory Operatives Call on Humanity

A broadside from the collection of Frank Kidson

<http://www.vwml.org/record/FK/18/82/2>

Roud number: v16539





The Factory Operatives Call on Humanity

1. You working men of every station,
High and low, of each degree,
Behold, the proud oppressor's hand
Has brought us to this misery.
While sumptuous tables they have spread,
In deep distress we have to roam.
Our wives and children, they are starving
In a sad dejected home.

2. With cheerful hearts we went each morning,
To the factory did hie,
The while, our hard and cruel masters
In their downy beds did lie.
Their coffers we have filled with gold,
They laugh at our calamity:
While in the streets, half clothed and starved,
Our little children you may see.

3. Assist us in our righteous struggle
Our cause should be close to your heart.
For like us, you are unprotected
From the proud oppressor's smart.
We little thought, in days gone by,
When fortune smiled on us with joy
That men we placed in stately mansions
Would our peaceful homes destroy.

4. The factory masters joined together
For to bring our wages low,
While we, with heart-felt supplications
Begged of them to spare the blow.
But they were deaf to every care
That on humanity was cast:
The factory doors were locked against us,
To endure the winters' blast.

5. The factory lordling sits so easy:
While us workers starve and pine:
Reclining on his easy chair,
His stores well-stocked with costly wine.
Like Pharaoh in the days of old,
He's hardened unto mercy's call.
O free us from his iron grasp,
That we his victims may not fall.

Brother Tradesmen

Collected by Francis Collinson from James Copper, Rottingdean in 1949

<http://www.vwml.org/record/COL/6/25>

Roud number: 1206

Brother Tradesmen. James Copper 1949
17 25

1. Come all broth-er Tradesmen that trav-el a- long, pray
come now and tell me where the trade is all gone. Long
time I have trav-elled and can-not find none, and its
oh the hard times of old Eng-land in old
Eng-el- and ve-ry hard times

2. Provision you buy at the shop it is true
But if you've no money, there's none there for you.
So what's a poor man and his family to do
And its oh the hard times of Old England
In Old England very hard times

3. If you go to a shop and you ask for a job
They will answer ~~to~~ you these with a shake and a nod,
So that's enough to make a man turn out to do
And its oh the hard times of Old England. etc.

4. You will see the poor tradesmen a walking the street,
From morning till night for employment to seek,
And so scarce they've got any shoes to their feet
And its oh the hard times etc.

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Hard Times of Old England

Roud no 1206

Collected by Peter Kennedy from the Copper Family of Rottingdean, Sussex in 1964

Come all brother tradesmen that travel alone,
Oh pray, come and tell me where the trade has all gone?
Long time I have travelled and cannot find none.
And it's oh, the hard times of old England,
In old Engerland very hard times.

Now provisions you buy at the shop it is true,
But if you've no money, there's none there for you.
So what's a poor man and his family to do?
And it's oh, the hard times of old England,
In old Engerland very hard times.

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,
They just answer you there with a shake and a nod.
'Twill make every poor man to turn out and rob!
And it's oh, the hard times of old England,
In old Engerland very hard times.

You see the poor tradesmen a-walking the street
From morning to night, some employment to seek.
And scarcely they have any shoes to their feet.
And it's oh, the hard times of old England,
In old Engerland very hard times.

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war,
They've fought for their King and their country for sure.
Come home to be starved, should have stayed where they were.
And it's oh, the hard times of old England,
In old Engerland very hard times.

So now to conclude and to finish our song,
Let's hope that these hard times they will not last long.
Then we'll have occasion to alter our song,
And sing, Oh, the good times of old England,
In old Engerland very good times!

The Weaver and the Factory Maid

Collected by A L Lloyd from William Oliver in Widnes, 1951

Roud no 1771

[Note: this song isn't in The Full English collection]

I am a hand-weaver to my trade,
I fell in love with a factory maid,
And if I could but her favour win,
I'd stand beside her and weave by steam.

My mother to me so scornful said:
How could you fancy a factory maid,
When you could have girls so fine and gay,
And all dressed up like the Queen of May?

As for your fine girls, oh, I don't care!
If I could only enjoy my dear
I'd stand in factory the lifelong day,
And she and I'd beat our shuttles in play.

I went up to my love's bedroom door,
Where I had oftentimes been before:
I couldn't speak, nor could yet get in
The pleasant bed that my love lay in.

How can you say it's a pleasant bed
When naught lies there but a factory maid?
A factory maiden although she be,
Blessed is the man that will enjoy she.

Where are the girls? I will tell you plain.
The girls have all gone to weave by steam,
And if you'd find them, then rise at dawn,
And trudge to mill in the early morn.

The Calico Printer's Clerk

From a broadside ballad: words by Harry Clifton, tune by Dave Mason

Roud no 13210 *[Note: this song isn't in The Full English collection]*

In Manchester, that city of cotton twist and twill,
Lived the subject of my song, the cause of all my ill.
She was handsome, young and twenty, her eyes were azure blue:
Admirers she had plenty, and her name was Dorothy Drew.

Chorus:

*She was very fond of dancing, but allow me to remark
That one fine day she danced away with the calico printer's clerk.*

At a private ball I met her in eighteen sixty-three;
I never will forget her, though she proved unkind to me.
I was dressed in the pink of fashion, my lavender gloves were new,
And I danced the Valse Circassian, with the charming Dorothy Drew.

We schottisched and we polkad to the strains the band did play;
We waltzed and we mazurkad till she waltzed my heart away.
I whispered in this manner, as around the room we flew
A-doing the Varsovianna: "Oh, I love you, Dorothy Drew."

For months and months, attention unto her I did pay
Till, with her condescension, she led me quite astray.
The money I expended, I'm ashamed to tell to you:
I'll inform you how it ended with myself and Dorothy Drew.

I received an intimation she a visit meant to pay
Unto some dear relation who lived some miles away.
In a month she'd be returning, I must bid a short adieu,
But love in me was burning for deceitful Dorothy Drew.

At nine o'clock next morning to breakfast I sat down -
The smile my face adorning, well, it soon changed to a frown.
For in the morning papers, a paragraph met my view
That Jones, the calico printer's clerk, had married Dorothy Drew!

Anne Geddes Gilchrist OBE FSA (1863-1954)

Anne Geddes Gilchrist dedicated much of her life to collecting and studying folk music in England, specialising in songs and tunes from her native county of Lancashire. Known mainly to folklorists of her time for her supporting role in England's Folk-Song Society, she was one of several independent-minded women active in folk music's so-called First Revival between 1880 and 1914.

Exposed to folk songs through her parents' singing, Gilchrist was also fond of church hymns and the singing games she learned as a child at her grandfather's house in Cheshire during Christmas visits. Between 1898 and 1909 she amassed a considerable number of ballads, carols, street cries, nursery songs, hymns, and dance tunes, among other types of folk music. She was especially proud of the shanties and sea songs she noted from an old sailor in Southport (the first published in the Folk-Song Society's *Journal*) and the seasonal Lancashire rush-cart and pace-egging songs.

Gilchrist received many awards and honours during her lifetime, in recognition of her selfless contributions to folk music. She received many commendations from the Society at annual meetings and the Editorial Board dedicated the 1951 issue of the *Journal* to her. Three honours of which she was especially proud were the Gold Badge of the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), a Fellowship in the Society of Antiquaries, and the Order of the British Empire (OBE).

After Gilchrist died, her executor sent her papers to the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library (VWML). The collection includes not only the songs and tunes she gathered, but also her correspondence, the texts of her lectures and articles, and miscellaneous items ranging from poems to an old valentine.

Cecil James Sharp (1859-1924)



Cecil James Sharp was born in November 1859 in Denmark Hill, South London, the son of James Sharp, a slate merchant.

On Boxing Day 1899, Sharp was staying with his mother-in-law in Oxford and happened to see the Headington Quarry Morris Men performing a set of five dances. He was fascinated and called back their musician, William Kimber, to notate the tunes and later arrange them, although at this point with seemingly little idea of what to do with them. However, by 1901 he had joined the Folk-Song Society (formed in 1898) and a year later had published *A Book of British Song*, which included many traditional songs and demonstrated his growing interest in folk music and the uses to which it could be put.

When in 1903 Sharp 'discovered' folk songs in Somerset, he saw its potential for educational use and general publication. Back in London he prepared lectures and attracted much coverage in newspaper articles. Indeed, by 1907 his seminal *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions* was published, thus establishing him the foremost expert in the field.

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. He noted down 4,977 tunes in all, including nearly 3,000 songs from England and over 1,500 on his four collecting trips to the Appalachian Mountains in the USA (1915-18).

Frank Kidson (1855-1926)



Writer and antiquary, Frank Kidson was born on 15 November 1855 in Leeds. From his mother's singing of traditional songs Kidson received an early introduction to a subject in which from the mid-1870s he took an increasing interest. As early as March 1886 he listed in his collection ballad operas, instrumental music, songsters, garlands, tune and song books, and a hefty batch of street ballads.

Primed by such materials and further research in other libraries, Kidson embarked on a series of articles for the *Leeds Mercury*, starting in 1886, dealing with the antecedents of a wide range of songs. These were the first of many such pieces, on both song and dance, traditional and composed, printed and oral, which he contributed to newspapers and periodicals. He supplied 365 more for *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (2nd edn, 1904-1910); and his formidable skill in unravelling a song's pedigree caused his friends to dub him 'the musical Sherlock Holmes'.

As well as working from printed and written sources Kidson realised the importance of oral tradition. He sought informants mainly among relatives, servants, workpeople, and street performers.

Kidson died on 7 November 1926 at his home in Chapeltown, Leeds. His native city turned down the opportunity of acquiring his enormous and priceless collection of books and manuscripts, scores and ballads, the bulk of it eventually going to the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. The Kidson folk song manuscripts reside at [Mitchell Library](#), Glasgow. They cover the period 1886 to 1920s and the principal geographical coverage is Yorkshire.

Francis James Montgomery Collinson (1898-1984)

A musical director and musicologist, Francis James Montgomery Collinson was born on 20 January 1898 at Coates House, Manor Place, Edinburgh, the third of five children of Thomas Henry Collinson (1858-1928), organist at St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh, and his wife, Annie Wyness Scott (d. 1939).

In 1941 Collinson took charge of the BBC's *Country Magazine* programmes. These programmes, many of them outside broadcasts, involved Collinson in the study, collection and arrangement of folk-songs throughout Britain, Bob and James Copper from Sussex and Harry Cox from Norfolk being three of his 'finds'. He not only published these arrangements in a series with Francis Dillon from 1946 onwards but also issued three unique 78 r.p.m. recordings of folk songs in the Gramophone Company's Plum Label series.

In 1951, Edinburgh University established the School of Scottish Studies and Collinson was invited back as the first musical research fellow, concentrating on the collection, study, and transcription of traditional song in both Scottish and Gaelic. In 1966 he made his name in the field of traditional music with his comprehensive and scholarly book *The Traditional and National Music of Scotland*. Thereafter, under the editorship of the great Gaelic folklorist John Lorne Campbell (1906-1996) he brought out three volumes of Hebridean Folksongs (1969, 1977, and 1981), presenting to the world genuine Gaelic traditional song. During this period he also produced *The Bagpipe: The History of a Musical Instrument* (1975).

Collinson died on 21 December 1984 in Peel Hospital, Galashiels, and was buried in Mortlach Church, Dufftown, Banffshire, on the 28 December. His manuscripts of music collected from English sources, principally in the southern counties, reside with the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library (VWML).



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**the
stables**
The Lains Daneworth Centre
WAVENDON, MELTON KINGS





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