Essex Folk Song Discovery:
Coastal Songs

Songs mainly for Key Stages 2 & 3
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 Britain 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, September 2018

Songs compiled and arranged by: Aimée Leonard, Nick Hart, Dave Delarre and Maz O’Connor.

Edited by: Cassie Tait

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## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction: About this resource</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vocal warm ups</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Herring Song</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Shoes are Made of Spanish</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Admiral Benbow</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brisk Young Sailor</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Codbanging Song</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark Eyed Sailor</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heave Away on the Trawl Warp</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacky Robinson</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy of Yarmouth</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Sail No More</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver Cromwell</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Smugglers Boy</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fisherman</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lakes of Cold Finn</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Saucy Sailor Boy</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward the Pirate</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William and Mary</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Taylor</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Introduction: About this resource

Due to the great success of the Essex Folk Song Discovery project, delivered in 2016 in seven schools in the Uttlesford region of North West Essex, Essex Music Education Hub further commissioned EFDSS to deliver and extend the project in 2017/18 to three more areas of Essex: Maldon, Clacton and Rayleigh. EFDSS tutors sourced and arranged local coastal themed songs in these areas which were developed to support the Vocal Strategy for school children in Key Stages 2 and 3 across these areas.

Professional folk artists Aimée Leonard, Dave Delarre, Nick Hart and Maz O’Connor sourced songs, collected in Essex in the 19th and early 20th centuries, and arranged them for young voices. They visited each participating school for two days of workshops, teaching a different song in each setting. Performances between schools have taken place in Clacton, Maldon and Rayleigh, with our final school cluster coming together in Canvey Island in March 2018.

Throughout the resource there is reference to the Roud Folk Song Index. This is a comprehensive online database with over 200,000 references to traditional songs found in both published and unpublished sources in the English language. Songs can be found by title, singer, place, etc., and variants of the same song can be identified using a unique numbering system. You will see references to the ‘Roud number’ next to the songs. For more information visit www.vwml.org

This pack contains the arrangements of nineteen folk songs collected from Essex. This resource, with the accompanying audio tracks, is freely downloadable from the EFDSS Resource Bank: wwwefdss.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!
Vocal Warm-Ups

Below are some of Aimée’s ideas for warming up young voices ready for singing:

1. Gently hold the tip of the tongue in the teeth and yawn with a low sigh - do this three times.

2. On the word *Si-ˈŋɑː* - make the quietest sirening sound you can, sliding from your lowest up to highest note and back several times. Make sure it is quiet (you are stretching the vocal fold like a Yoga stretch!)

3. Make a quiet hissing (*Hi-ˈss*) sound like a snake, then the snake turns into a bee! Make a buzzing sound like a Bee (*Bu-ˈzz*). Alternate between the two sounds so that they blend together.


5. March feet quietly in time and say the phonetic sounds below, everyone repeats in time within four beats (* şi = 120*)

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
\hline
B & B & B & B & B & - \\
BDG & BDG & BDG & BDG & BDG & BDG \\
Ma & Ma & Ma & Ma & Ma & Ma \\
Moo & Moo & Moo & Moo & Moo & Moo \\
Me & Me & Me & Me & Me & Me \\
Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & EEEE & EEEE & EEEE \\
Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & OOO & OOO & OOO \\
Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & AAAH & AAAH & AAAH \\
Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & Umm-Unn-Ning & AAAY & AAAY & AAAY \\
T & D & T & D & T & D \\
C & G & C & G & C & G \\
Na & Na & Na & Na & Na & Na \\
\end{array}
\]

Lip trills up and down x 2

Repeat all the above three times - getting faster...!

6. Sing the Scottish folk song ‘My Bonny Lies over the Ocean’ (or any other simple song - Happy Birthday works well too!) using different pretend voices:

- As a Shy, Quiet Child (wispy breath and quiet)
- As a Bored Child (not very tuneful)
- As Aunty Mabel the Opera Singer (best opera voice)
- As your favourite American Cousin (very twangy and nasal)
- As a Market Trader (loud and fun)
- As yourself!

Voices should now be warm and ready for singing.
The Herring Song
Based on a version collected from Lorna Tarran, in West Mersea in the 1970s
http://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S331515

1. 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

   Bunkydodalido bunkydodali

2. What shall we do with the herring’s tail, turn it into pots and pales
   Herring’s tail, pots and pails
   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

   Bunkydodalido bunkydodali

3. What shall we do with the herring’s eyes, turn them into puddings and pies
   Herring’s eyes, puddings and pies
   Herring’s tail, pots and pails
   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

   Bunkydodalido bunkydodali

4. What shall we do with the herring’s belly, turn it into cakes and jelly

5. What shall we do with the herring’s fins, turn them into baking tins

6. What shall we do with the herring’s smell, it’s impossible to tell… (END!)
The Herring Song

Trad. arr. Aimée Leonard / Nick Hart

Voice 1

What shall we do with the herring's head? Turn it into... (music notation)

Voice 2

What shall we do with the herring's head? Turn it into... (music notation)

Teachers' notes

- A great cumulative warm up song with a simple harmony. For the extra lines you repeat in the subsequent verses, e.g. ‘Herrings head loaves of bread, herrings tail, pots and pails, herring's eyes, puddings and pies – continue singing on the same ‘A’ note with the same rhythm.

- What shall we do with the herring's ____________? Make up your own verses!
My Shoes Are Made of Spanish

Collected by Ralph Vaughan-Williams from school children in Ingrave, Essex in 1903
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/5/12

1. My shoes are made of Spanish
   My stockings are made of silk
   My petticoats of calico
   And that’s as white as milk

   **Chorus**
   Here we go, round and round and round
   Till our frocks touch the ground
   Here we go, round and round and round
   Till our frocks touch the ground

   Roud No. 13171
   Trad arr. Aimée Leonard

   My shoes are made of Spanish
   My stockings are made of silk
   My petticoats of calico
   And that’s as white as milk

   Here we go, round and round and round
   Till our frocks touch the ground
   Here we go, round and round and round
   Till our frocks touch the ground
Teacher’s notes

- This little song was collected by Vaughan-Williams from school children in Ingrave, Essex over one hundred years ago. Above is the original manuscript. What would your class sing to Vaughan-Williams if he came into their playground today?
- Spanish is short hand for ‘Spanish Leather’.

Collected by Ralph Vaughan-Williams from school children in Ingrave, Essex in 1903

https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/5/12
Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy
Sung by Mrs Humphrey's of Ingrave, from a list of songs recorded by Miss Heatly
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW1/1/131

1. Here's adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
   I'm a-going across the ocean, love, to seek for something new.
   Come change your ring with me, dear girl, come change your ring with me,
   For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea.

2. When I'm far upon the sea you know not where I am.
   Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land.
   The secrets of your heart, dear girl, are the best of my good will,
   So let my body be where it might, my heart shall be with you still.

3. There's a heavy storm a-rising, see how it gathers round,
   While we poor souls on the ocean wide are fighting for the crown.
   There's nothing to protect us, love, or to keep us from the cold,
   On the ocean wide, where we must bide like jolly seamen bold.

4. There's tinkers, tailors, shoemakers, lie snoring fast asleep,
   While we poor souls on the ocean wide are ploughing through the deep.
   Our officers commanding us and them we must obey,
   Expecting every moment for to get cast away.

5. But when the wars are all over there'll be peace on every shore,
   We'll return to our wives and our families and the girls that we adore.
   We'll will call for liquor merrily, we will spend our money free,
   And when the money it is all gone we'll boldly go to sea.

Teachers’ notes
- Listen to the song, discuss what the children heard. What is the story?
- Does the sailor love his sweetheart? Do you think she waited for him?
- We find out in the 3rd verse he was in the Navy - do you think the Sailor might have been "press ganged"? Explain Press Gangs.
- In groups write a short story: What was his name? What was the name of his sweetheart? What was the name of the ship he sailed on? Who was the Captain? Did the Sailor return home?
Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy

Roud Number: 165
Trad.arr. Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Here's Adieu sweet Love-ly Nan-cy ten-thousand times Adieu I am

Voice 2

Here's Adieu sweet Love-ly Nan-cy ten-thousand times Adieu I am

going a-cross the o-cean love to se ek for some-thing new

Come change your ring with me dear girl come change your ri- ing with me For it

might be a to-ken of true love while I am on the sea
Admiral Benbow

Based on a version collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams in East Hordon, 1904
sung by James Punt

1. Come all ye seamen brave, lend an ear, lend an ear.
   Come all ye seamen brave lend an ear.
   It’s of an Admiral famed
   Called Benbow by his name
   And he fought the raging main
   You shall hear you shall hear.

2. Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight, for to fight
   Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight.
   Brave Benbow he set sail,
   With a fine and pleasant gale
   But his captains they turn’d tail
   In a fright, in a fright.

3. Says Kirby unto Wade, "We will run, we will run."
   Says Kirby unto Wade, "We will run.
   For I value no disgrace
   Or the losing of my place
   But the enemy I won’t face
   Nor his guns, nor his guns."

4. Then Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
   Then Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
   They fought them up and down
   'Til the blood came trickling down
   'Til the blood came trickling down
   Where they lay, where they lay.

5. Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,
   Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
   Brave Benbow lost his legs
   And all on his stumps he begs
   Fight on, my English lads
   'Tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

6. The surgeon dress’d his wounds, cries Benbow, cries Benbow,
   The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Benbow.
   "Let a cradle now in haste
   On the quarterdeck be placed,
   That the enemy I may face
   'Til I die, 'till I die.
Admiral Benbow

Roud no. 227
Trad Maz O'Connor

Teachers’ notes Depending on Class size break up the song between groups each group taking one or two verses each. All of the groups can join on the last lines of each verse.

- Think about the dynamics - quiet, loud, raucous, sad!
- Try and move with it…Can they sing it and march on the spot at the same time keeping a steady tempo to sing to.
- Admiral John Benbow, 1653 - 1702, became a popular hero for his courageous battles against the French in the West Indies, losing his leg in action and eventually dying of his wounds.
Brisk Young Sailor
Sung by Mr Denny, 25 April 1904, Billericay Workhouse
Collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams
https://www.vwml.org/record/GB/6a/43

1 A brisk young sailor courted me,
   He stole away my liberty,
   He won my heart with a free good will,
   He’s false I know but I love him still.

2 Where love is hot where love is cold
   Where loved is conquered by young and old
   Love is such a silly thing,
   Love will to the grave me bring.

3 When first I wore my apron low,
   My love followed me through frost and snow,
   But now my apron is up to my chin,
   My love passes by and says nothing.

4 On yonder hill there stands an inn,
   Where my love goes and sits him down,
   He takes another girl on his knee,
   He’ll smile at her and frown on me.

5 The reason of this I’ll tell you why,
   It’s because she has more gold than I,
   Her gold will waste, her beauty blast,
   And she’ll become like me at last.

6 I wish my baby it was born,
   Set smiling on his daddy’s knee,
   And me myself wrapped in cold clay,
   And green grass growing over me.

7 On yonder hill there is a house,
   Where my love goes, where he does dwell,
   He has two hearts instead of one,
   He’ll be a rogue when I am gone.

8 Dig my grave both wide and deep
   And place two stones at the head and feet
   In the middle place a turtle dove
   To let them know I died for love
Brisk Young Sailor

Trad. Arr. Aimée Leonard
Roud number: 30

Voice 1

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Voice 2

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**Teachers’ notes**

- Suitable for an older choir. Simple parts, the verses can be split up between different sections of the choir while the rest of the singers maintain the Ooh refrain.
- Discussion of story and relationships.
- Musically the refrain is very sweet but the story has a very dark theme.
- Could be used as a spring board for story writing, re-writing the themes in a more contemporary style.
The Codbanging Song

Collected in Harwich, Essex by Ralph Vaughan Williams, as sung by Charles Benham, April 1904
Additional verses from Bob Hart of Suffolk. https://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S231479

1. Come, come my lads and listen here
   A fisherman’s song you soon shall hear
   What I did and undergo
   When first I went a cod-banging O

   **Chorus**
   To my lal fol the day
   Riddle all day
   This is the smacksman’s life at sea

2. How well I remember the fourteenth of May
   A big barque ship she came our way
   She came our way and she did let fly
   And the topsail halyards they flew sky high

   **Chorus**

3. And now we draw near Harwich pier
   The young and the old folks they both draw near
   To see us get our fish on deck
   And crack their skulls with a little short stick

   **Chorus**

4. And now my song it is nearly done
   And I hope that I’ve offended none
   But I don’t think I’ve got it complete
   ’Cos I’ve only been in the trade about a week

   **Chorus**

**Teaching Note**
- The name and content of this song makes this song fun for younger year groups. It also has a catchy nonsense chorus.
- This is a great song to add some actions to!
The Codbanging Song

Roud no. 1747
Trad. arr. D. Delarre

Come, come my lads and listen here A fisherman’s song you soon shall hear What I did and under go When first I went a cod-banging O To my lal fol the day Riddle all the day This is the smack-sman's life at sea
The Dark Eyed Sailor

Tune (a) collected from Miss Horsnell of Ingrave, Essex
by Ralph Vaughan-Williams, 1903

Words (b) collected from John Burton of Clacton-on-Sea, by Francis Collinson, 1953

(a) https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/5/6
(b) https://www.vwml.org/record/COL/3/49B

1. Twas of a comely young maiden fair
   Was walking out to take the air;
   She met a sailor all on the way
   So I paid attention, so I paid attention to hear what they did say.

2. Said William “Lady why roam alone
   The night is coming and the day near gone?”
   She said while tears from her eyes did flow,
   “‘Tis the dark eyed sailor, ‘tis the dark eyed sailor has proved my overthrow”

3. Said William “Drive him from your mind,
   Some other sailor lad as good you’ll find.
   Love turns aside and soon cold does grow
   “Like a winter’s morning, like a winter’s morning when lands are clothed in snow.”

4. These words did Phoebe’s mind least inflame,
   She said, “On me you shall throw no blame.”
   She drew a dagger and then did cry,
   “For my dark eyed sailor, for my dark eyed sailor a maid I'll live or die.”

5. It's two long years since he left this land
   I took a gold ring from off my hand.
   We broke the token here's a part with me,
   And the other's rolling, and the other's rolling at the bottom of the sea.

6. Then half a ring did young William show
   She seemed distracted mid joy and woe.
   “Oh welcome William I've lands and gold
   For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor so manly brave and bold”

7. ‘Twas in a cottage down by the sea
   They joined in wedlock, and we'll agree
   All maids be true while your love's away,
   For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning brings forth a sunny day.
The Dark Eyed Sailor

Twas of a comely young maiden fair was walking out for to take the air she met a sailor all on the way so I paid attention so I paid attention to hear what they did say

Roud number: 265
Trad. Arr. Nick Hart

wwwefdssorg Essex Folk Song Discovery: Coastal Songs, EFDSS 2018
Heave Away on the Trawl Warp

Words from 'Bushes and Briars, an Anthology of Essex Folk Songs, D. Occomore and P. Spratley, 1979, attributed to Mr. Leather.

Tune from Sam Larner of Winterton, Norfolk
recorded by Ewan McColl and Peggy Seeger, 1958-60

1. Oh once I was a schoolboy and lived at home at ease
   But now I am a fishing lad who sails the raging seas.
   I thought I'd like sea-faring life but very soon I found
   It was not all plain sailing when we reached the fishing ground.

2. Heave away on the trawl warp boys and let's heave up our trawl,
   For when we get our fish on deck we'll have another haul.
   So heave away on the trawl warp boys and merrily heave away,
   For it's just as bright on a moonlit night as it is at the break of day.

3. Every night in winter as regular as the clock,
   On goes your sou'wester, sea boots and oil skin smock.
   Then straight away to the capstan boys and merrily heave away,
   For it's just as bright on a moonlit night as it is at the break of day.

4. Oh when eight weeks are over hard up the tiller goes,
   Sou'west by west for Yarmouth Roads with the big jib on her nose.
   And when we reach the pier head all the lasses they will say,
   Here comes our jolly fishing lads that's been so long away.
Heave Away on the Trawl Warp

Roud number: 1788
Trad. Arr. Nick Hart

Once I was a school boy and lived at home at ease

now I am a fishing lad who sails the raging seas

thought I'd like sea faring life but very soon I found it

was not all plain sailing when we reached the fishing ground
Jacky Robinson
Collected in East Horndon, Essex by Ralph Vaughn Williams
As sung by James Punt, 23 April 1904
Additional verses taken from ‘Comic Songs’ by Thomas Hudson circa. 1818

1. All the perils and dangers of the waves is past the
   Ship at Maldon has arrived at last,
   The sails all furled and the anchor is all cast
   And the happiest of the crew is Jacky Robinson.

2. Jack met with a man and said ‘I say per-haps
   You may know one Polly Grey?
   She’s somewhere here about’ the man did say
   ‘I do not in-deed’ to Jacky Robinson.

3. Says Jack to him ‘I’ve left my ship
   And all my shipmates have given-me-the-slip,
   Perhaps you’ll partake in a drink or two?
   For you’re a kind fellow!’ says Jack Robinson.

4. To a public house, then they both set down
   And talk of admirals of high renown,
   And drink as much that can come to half a crown
   This very strange man and Jacky Robinson.

5. Then Jack called out - he was reckoning to pay
   The landlady came in - in fine array
   ‘My eyes and limbs why here’s Polly Grey!
   Who’d think of meeting here?’ say Jacky Robinson.

6. Says the lady, says she, ‘I've changed my state!’
   ‘Why, you don't mean, (says Jack) that you've got a new mate?
   You know you promised me’ — says she – ‘I couldn't wait,
   For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson’.

7. And somebody, one day, came to me, and said
   That somebody else, had somewhere read,
   In some newspaper, as how you was dead.
   I've not been dead at all, says Jacky Robinson.

8. But to fret and stew about it, much is all in vain,
   I'll get a ship, and go to Holland, France and Spain.
   No matters where, to Maldon, I won't come back again:
   And he was off before she said, Jack Robinson.
Jacky Robinson

G C G/B A G
All the perils and the dangers of the waves is past the

D/F# D E-
ship at Maldon has arrived at last, the sails all furled and the

Am7(5) C D G
anchor is all cast and the happiest of the crew is Jacky Robinson.
Nancy of Yarmouth
Words (a) collected from John Burton of Clacton-on-Sea, by Frances Collinson, 1953.
Tune from an audio recording of Cyril Poacher of Blaxhall, Suffolk recorded by Keith Summers, 1977.
https://www.vwml.org/record/COL/3/44B

1. It was of a sea-captain in Yarmouth did dwell
   He had a fine daughter, a comely young girl.
   Because she was beautiful with her rolling black eyes
   Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth the world did surprise.

2. One day as she was walking by a shady green grove
   She was gaily a-singing her sweet songs of love.
   Her voice charmed those small birds, young Edward was near
   And to Nancy of Yarmouth young Edward did steer.

3. Good morning pretty Nancy young Edward did say
   I've just received orders from London straight-way.
   So be true to your Edward, I'll be constant said he
   If we safely reach London united we'll be.

4. They arrived at fair London at her friend's the next day
   These words to pretty Nancy young Edward did say.
   These jewels to entice thee I've garments so fine
   But the honour of Nancy more brilliant did shine.

5. Then a cup of strong poison on the table did stand
   And a bright pair of pistols he held in his hands.
   You'll either drink poison he loudly did say
   Or with these two pistols I will cause you to die.

6. That instant pretty Nancy she turned with a frown
   She seized both the pistols and knocked Edward down.
   Lay there you cruel creature Pretty Nancy she said
   You can drink your own poison while Nancy's a maid.

7. Then she packed up her clothing and to her parents did go
   And told them how young Edward had served her so.
   She gained their forgiveness and love as before
   So it's best to be virtuous although you be poor.
Nancy of Yarmouth

Roud number: 21884/407

Trad. Arr. Nick Hart

It was of a sea captain in Yarmouth did dwell
He had a fine daughter a comely young girl
Because she was beautiful with her rolling black eyes pretty

Nancy of Yarmouth the world did surprise

Teachers’ notes

- What a story! This could be extended by acting the story out in class, or using it as inspiration for their own stories.
Never Sail No More
Collected from Mr. Broomfield of Herongate, Essex by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1904
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/5

1. In London lived the daughter of a rich old gentleman
   And all her father's care it was to wed her to a man
   This farmer's son being handsome gained this young lady's heart
   He was so close engaged no reason could them part.

2. And when her father came to know his daughter's foolish mind
   He says unto his daughter “Be otherways inclined”
   The springtime that is coming and the press gang's coming on
   And all the father's care it was to press the farmer's son.

3. And when his daughter came to know her father's cruelty
   She says unto her own dear self “I soon will follow thee
   I'll dress myself in man's attire and after him I'll go
   I'll boldly plough the ocean where the stormy winds do blow”.

4. Twas on the 1st of August the battle then begun
   In the first rank of the battle they placed the farmer's son
   A bullet then it pierced his side “I am undone cried he”
   And there he lay a-bleeding he was wounded dreadfully.

5. Soon as the sergeant he did see they had this lad conveyed
   The lady she rushed to his side as on the ground he laid
   She dressed his wounds so tenderly, so bitterly they did smart
   Says he “She is like one who was the mistress of my heart”.

6. She took some coins from out her purse they were both round and large
   Here's fifty guineas in bright gold to pay for your discharge”
   She went before the captain and fell upon her knees
   She brought her love safe back again over the radiant seas.

7. When she got to her father's gate she kneeled there a while
   Her father said unto himself “I see my own dear child
   My child as I've been waiting for these seven long years or more
   Likewise her love the farmer's son returned from the war.

8. She said unto her father “I am returned again”
   And brought with me the farmer's lad I love above all men
   Yes now we have returned again unto fair England's shore
   We'll live at home in peace and we shall never sail no more.
Never Sail No More

Roud Number:2930
Trad. Arr. Nick Hart

In London lived the daughter of a rich old gentleman and

all her father's care it was to wed her to a man this

farmer's son being handsome gained this young lady's heart he

was so close engaged no reason could them part
Oliver Cromwell

Sung by the children of Leigh-on-Sea, ref "Cunning Murrell" by Arthur Morrison (p. 1900)

https://www.vwml.org/record/RoudFS/S156887

1. Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead
   Heigh Ho buried and dead!

2. There grew a green apple tree over his head
   Heigh Ho over his head!

3. The apples were ripe and ready to drop
   Heigh Ho ready to drop

4. Then came an old woman to gather the crop
   Heigh Ho gather the crop!

5. Oliver rose and gave her a crack
   Heigh Ho gave her a crack!

6. That knocked the old woman flat down on her back
   Heigh Ho down on her back!

7. The apples are dried and they lie on the shelf
   Heigh Ho lie on the shelf!

8. If you want e'er a one you must get it yourself
   Heigh Ho get it yourself!
**Teachers' notes**

- Listen to the song, what is the story?
- Split the class into 8 groups and give each group a verse of the song to sing
- Ask the group to make up actions for their words. Sing it through slowly so they can fit in the actions!
- Sing through the song with each group performing their verse.
- Some of the groups can sing Heigh Ho Harmony as the rest of the groups are singing their verses.
Poor Smugglers Boy
Collected in East Horndon, Essex by Ralph Vaughn Williams
As sung by John Denny, 25th April 1904
Additional verses taken from 'Modern Street Ballads' by John Ashton circa 1888

1. One cold, cloudy morning alone I did steer
   By the wondering ocean that runs swift and clear.
   I heard some poor creature, in sorrow did weep,
   Crying 'Oh, my poor father got lost in the deep'

   **Chorus**
   'Some pity I crave,
   Oh! Give me employ
   For alone I must wonder' cried the poor smuggling boy.

2. My father and mother quite happy did dwell,
   In a neat little cottage, they reared me up well.
   Till father he ventured, all on the salt sea,
   With a keg of good brandy, to the land of the free.

   **Chorus**

3. It's to Holland we steer'd with our topsails cast high
   Till the thunderbolt flung us quite far from the tide.
   Our ship, mast, and rigging, was blown by the wave,
   Leaving poor, poor father, to a watery grave.

   **Chorus**

4. I jumped overboard, I jumped in the main!
   To save my poor father—but it was all in vain,
   I clasped his cold body, but lifeless was he,
   I was forced for to leave him, so deep in the sea.

   **Chorus**

5. I clung to a plank, and I made for the shore,
   Bad news for my mother, cos fathers no more,
   For mother poor soul, broken hearted she died,
   Leaving me to wander—so pity poor I

   **Chorus**
Poor Smugglers Boy

One cold, cloudy morning alone I did steer, by the

wondering ocean that runs swift and clear. I

heard some poor creature, in sorrow did weep, crying

‘Oh, my poor father got lost in the deep’ Some

pity I crave, Oh! Give me employ for a-

lone I must wonder’ cried the poor smuggling boy.
The Fisherman
Collected from James Punt, East Horndon, Essex by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1904.
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/59

1. As I walked out one May morning
   Down by the riverside
   And there I saw a fisherman
   Come rowing down the tide.

2. Morning to you bold fisherman
   How came you fishing here
   I come a fishing for your sweet sake
   All on this river clear.

3. Then he rowed his boat unto the shore
   And tied it to a stake
   And stepped up to this gay lady
   And hold of her did take

4. And he pulled off his morning gown
   And spread it on the ground
   And there she saw three chains of gold
   All from his neck hung down

5. Down on her bended knees did fall
   Oh pardon sir on me
   For calling you a fisherman
   Come rowing on the sea.

6. Rise up rise up my pretty maid
   And come along with me
   There’s not one word that you have said
   The least offended me.

7. I’ll take you to my father’s house
   And married we will be
   And you shall have a fisherman
   To row you on the sea.
The Fisherman

Roud number: 291
Trad. arr. Nick Hart

As I walked out one May morning down by the river side it's

there I spied a fisherman come rowing on the tide
The Lakes of Cold Finn

Words (a) collected from John Burton of Clacton-on-Sea, by Frances Collinson, 1953.
Tune from an audio recording of George Ling of Blaxhall, Suffolk
Recorded by Keith Summers in 1975
https://www.vwml.org/record/COL/3/49A

1. It was early one morning young William arose
   And straight to his comrades bed chamber he goes.
   Saying comrade royal comrade let nobody know
   It is a fine morning and a-bathing we'll go.

2. So they walked and they talked till they came to long lane
   And the first that they met was a keeper of game
   Who advised them for sorrow to turn back again
   For their doom was to die in the watery main.

3. Young William stepped off and he swam the lake round
   He swam round the island but could not find ground
   Saying comrade royal comrade don't you venture in
   For there's death in the waters of the lakes of Cold Finn.

4. God bless his poor mother for the trouble she bore
   And likewise his sweetheart for I'm sure she's got more
   For it was every other morning he did her salute
   With pinks and red roses and choice garden fruit.

5. On the day of his funeral there'll be a fine sight
   There'll be four and twenty young men all dressed in milk white
   They'll carry him along, lay his body in cold clay
   Bid adieu to young William then they'll march away.
The Lakes of Cold Finn

Roud number: 189
Trad. Arr. Nick Hart

It was early one morning young William arose
And straight to his comrade's bed chamber he goes
Saying comrade royal comrade let nobody know
It is a fine morning and a-bathing we'll go
The Saucy Sailor Boy
Sung by Mrs Humphry's, Ingrave, 25 April 1904
Collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/74

1. Come my own one, come my fond one
   Come my dearest unto me
   Will you wed with a poor sailor lad
   Just returned from sea

2. You are ragged love and you're dirty love
   And your clothes smell much of tar
   So begone you saucy sailor lad
   So begone you Jack Tar

3. If I'm ragged love and I'm dirty love
   And my clothes smell much of tar
   I've silver in my pockets love,
   And gold in great store

4. As soon as she heard him say so
   Down on her bended knee she fell
   I will wed with my dear Henry,
   For I love a sailor lad so well

5. Do you think that I am foolish love
   Do you think that I am mad
   To marry a poor country girl
   Where no fortune's to be had

6. I will cross the briny ocean,
   Where the meadows are so green
   And since you've refused the offer love
   Some other girl shall wear the ring

7. I am frolicsome and I am easy,
   Good tempered and free
   And I don't give a single pin me boys
   What the world thinks of me
The Saucy Sailor Boy

Roud no. 531
Trad. arr. Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Voice 2

Teachers’ notes
- The story could be performed as a comedy drama piece.
- Discuss where the phrase Jolly Jack Tar comes from - Sailor's painted their clothes in tar to water-proof them.
Ward the Pirate
Melody from Mr Carter, 9 January 1905, Essex.
Collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams
https://www.vwml.org/record/GB/6a/173

1. Come all you gallant seamen bold,
   All you that march to drum,
   Let’s go and look for Captain Ward,
   Far on the sea he roams;
   He is the biggest robber found
   That ever you did hear,
   There's not been such a robber found
   For above this hundred year.

2. A ship was sailing from the east
   And going to the west,
   Loaded with silks and satins
   And velvets of the best,
   But meeting there with Captain Ward,
   It proved a bad meeting;
   He robbed them of all their wealth
   And bid them tell their king.

3. Then the king provided a ship of noble fame,
   She's call'd the "Royal Rainbow,"
   If you would know her name;
   She was as well provided for
   As any ship could be,
   Full thirteen hundred men on board
   To bear her company.

4. 'Twas eight o’ clock in the morning
   When they began to fight,
   And so they did continue there
   Till nine o’ clock at night.
   "Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward,
   "This sport well pleases me,
   For if you fight this month or more,
   Your master I will be."

5. The gallant "Rainbow"
   She fired, she fired in vain,
   Till six and thirty of her men
   All on the deck were slain.
   "Go home, go home," says Captain Ward,
   "And tell your king from me,
   If he reigns king on all the land,
   Ward will reign king on sea!"

Teachers’ notes
- Listen to the song, what is the story? What is the name of the ship? How many men were on board the ship? Who won the battle?
- Draw a picture of Captain Ward’s ship and the ship he robbed.
- Split the verses up between two groups each taking a verse in turn and then both groups singing the last verse.
Ward the Pirate

Roud no. 224
Trad. Arr. Aimée Leonard

Voice 1

Voice 2

Come all you gall-ant sea-men bold all you that march to drum. Let's

go and look for Cap-tain Ward far on the sea he roams. He is the big-gest

rob-ber found that e-ver you did hear. There's not been such a

There's not been such a

rob-ber found for a-bove this h-un-dred year.

rob-ber found for a-bove this h-un-dred year.
William and Mary
Sung by Mr Bell. Collected 16 February 1906 by Ralph Vaughn Williams
https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/1/246

1. As William and Mary sat by the seaside
   Their last farewell for to take
   Said Mary to William oh will you return
   Or I'm sure that my heart it will break

2. Three years passed away without news when at last
   As she sat by her own cottage door
   A beggar he came by with a patch on his eye
   Quite lame and did pity implore

3. If your charity, you'll bestow, said he
   I will tell your fortune beside
   The lad that you mourn may never return
   To make little Mary his bride

4. Mary she started and trembling, she cried
   All the money I've got I will give
   That what I ask of you, you will tell me true
   Only say that my William does live.

5. In poverty he lives said he
   And shipwrecked he has been beside
   And ne'er return more because he is poor
   To make little Mary his bride.

6. That he lives heaven knows the joy I feel
   Yet still his misfortunes I mourn
   For he's welcome to me in poverty
   In his jacket so ragged and torn

7. The patch from his eye the beggar then threw
   His old coat and his crutch too beside
   With cheeks like a rose and in Jacket of blue
   Young William stood by sweet Mary's side

8. You love me dear maid, young William he said
   Your love t'was only I tried
   To the church lets away for e'er the sun sets
   I will make little Mary my bride.

Teachers' notes
- The story is simple enough to be grasped by Year 4 and can be sung straight through without harmonies.
- This is a great springboard for story/telling or writing…where has her sweetheart been? Who has he met on his travels, how did he end up in rags?
William and Mary

Roud no: 348
Trad. Arr. Aimée Leonard

As William and Mary sat by the seaside their last fare-well for to
take Said Mary to William Oh will you return for my heart it will surely break.

If you charity you'll bestow said he I will tell your fortune bestow the lad that you mourn may never re

d Turn to make little Mary his bride.
William Taylor

Words (a) collected from John Burton of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, by Francis Collinson, 1953
Tune (b) collected from Mr. J. Punt or East Horndon, Essex by Ralph Vaughan-Williams, 1903.
(a) https://www.vwml.org/record/COL/3/50
(b) https://www.vwml.org/record/RVW2/2/169

1. Come ye subjects of England and listen a while
   I'll tell you a tale that will cause you to smile
   Concerning some keepers and poachers you know
   How they fought in those coverts some winters ago

2. Then as we go in boys good luck to us all
   Our guns they go off and the pheasants do fall
   But in less than ten minutes twelve keepers we spied
   Saying be off you bold poachers how dare you come nigh

3. Says one to the other what shall we do now
   Says one to the other we must all prove true
   But says young William Taylor let us all prove as one
   So they fought those bold keepers till the battle was done

4. They fought those bold keepers till they all ran away
   Five of these bold keepers young Taylor did slay
   Young Taylor being tired had sat down to rest
   But young Taylor was counted as he was the best

5. Now the judge and the jury to young Taylor did say
   If you will confess your sweet life we will save
   But says young William Taylor that I won't do at all
   And before I will split I will die for them all

6. So there's none like young Taylor, no there never was yet
   He'd sooner be hanged before he would split
   There's none like young Taylor you people all know
   Who fought in those coverts some winters ago
Teachers’ notes
- Burton’s song is one of a large number of ballads that celebrate the deeds of poachers. The existence of these songs suggests a great amount of popular sympathy for the plight of the poacher, with much being made of the harsh punishments inflicted on those convicted of the crime. Between 1788 and 1868 in England, around 300 men were transported to Australia for offences relating to poaching.
Tutor Biographies

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 from 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.

David Delarre - is a musician, composer and teacher. Through his work with 3 times BBC Radio 2 Folk Award nominees Mawkin, David has toured the UK and Europe, performed for BBC Radio 2, 3 and 4 and also recorded a live session for Jools Holland for BBC 2. His work as an arts practitioner has led him to teach Folk Roots Enrichment at Hills Road College, Cambridge and as part of the Shooting Roots programme of workshops at folk festivals across the country. David also teaches guitar, mandolin and banjo and currently plays for Eliza Carthy.

Maz O'Connor - is a singer songwriter with a background in traditional folk. She grew up in Cumbria and was introduced to folk music through her Irish family on her dad's side. Maz is passionate about singing, and sharing that joy with others. As well as recording and touring as a solo artist, and singing and composing for theatre (including for The RSC), Maz has been on the Live Music Now scheme since 2014, delivering concerts and workshops in community settings, including care homes and SEND schools. She also leads choirs and smaller singing groups around London.