

## Act 2

### The Adolescent Years

The late 1400's to 1760AD

*Treble.* 21. 4. *Voc.*

Here were three Rauens fat on a tree, Downe a downe, lay down, lay  
downe. There were three Rauens fat on a tree, with a downe. There were three  
Rauens fat on a tree, they were as blacke as they might be, with a downe derrie,  
derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

## Act 2 : The Adolescent Years

**From Sayers Creek to St Andrews Dock;**

**An alternative history of folk music & England**

To catch up.

By the 15<sup>th</sup> century, England was largely agricultural and I guess you might be able to detect a faint aroma of farmyard wafting around the room!

The printing press had greatly sped up both the transmission of songs and gradually the business of selling new songs as broadsheet ballads started to spring up.

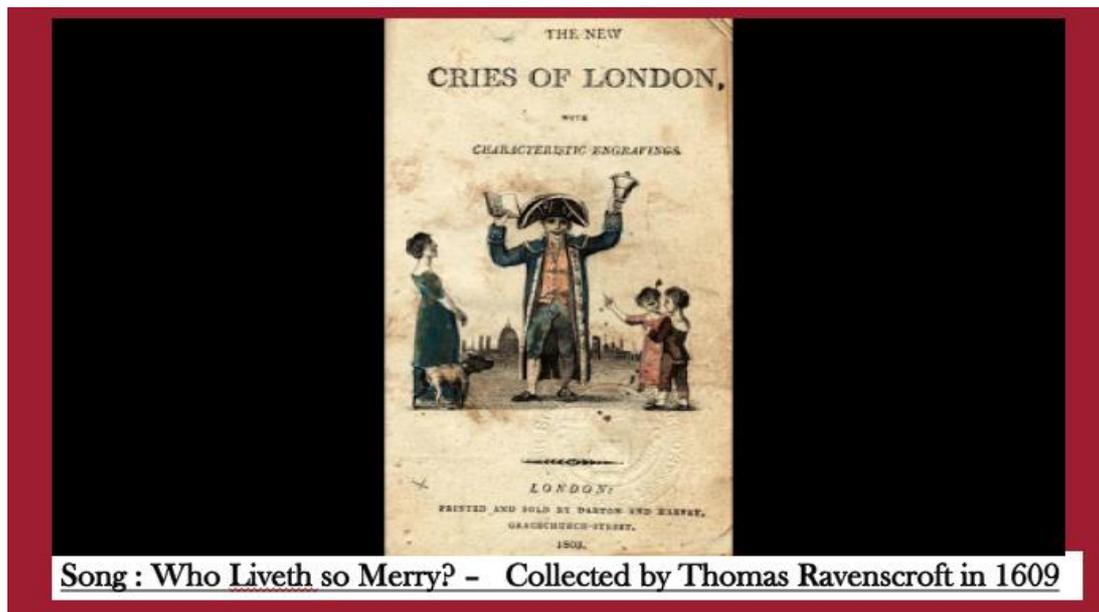
Our first real description of folk music, or certainly English country music comes in the book *The Complaynt of Scotland* which was written in 1547 by that prolific and well known author Anon!

Extract from the Complaynt of Scotland written in 1547 by that prolific author Anon. It describes Morris dancing and folk song in England.



Thomas Ravenscroft was one of the earliest collectors of folk songs and the next song comes from his book Deuteromelia published in 1609.

**Song: Who Liveth so Merry - Psaltery and HFC**



## Who Liveth So Merry

### **Intro: psaltery**

Who liveth so merry in all this land  
As doth the poor widow who selleth the sand  
And ever she sings as I can guess  
Will you buy any sand, any sand mistress  
**Will you buy any sand, any sand mistress**

The broomsman he maketh his living most sweet  
With selling his brooms from street to street  
Who could imagine a pleasanter thing  
Than all the day long doing nothing but sing

### **psaltery**

And the chimney sweeper all the long day  
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away  
And when he gets home although he be weary  
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry  
**With his sweet wife he maketh full merry**

But the cobbler he sits and he cobbles till noon  
He works at his shoes till they be done  
And doth he not fear and doth he not say  
For he knows that his work very soon will decay

## **Psaltery**

**The merchantman sails across the sea  
He lies at his shipboard with little ease  
He's always in fear that the rock it be near  
How can he be merry and be of good cheer  
How can he be merry and be of good cheer**

**And the servingman waiteth from street to street  
With blowing his nails and beating his feet  
He serveth for forty shillings a year  
How can he be merry and be of good cheer**

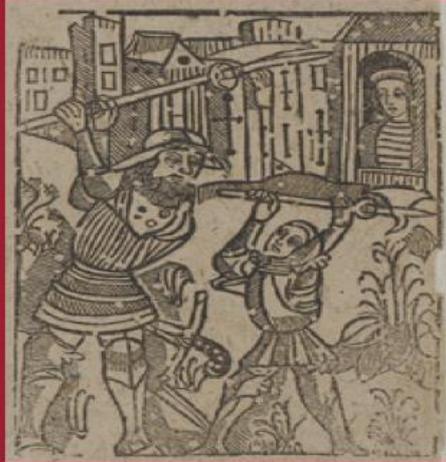
## **psaltery**

**Who liveth so merry and be of such sport  
As those that be of the poorest sort  
The poorest sort whosoever they be  
They gather together by one two and three**

**And every man shall spend his penny  
Why make such a show 'mongst a great a many.  
And every man shall spend his penny  
Why make such a show 'mongst a great a many.  
Why make such a show 'mongst a great a many.**



Song : Jovial Broom Man



## **Jovial Broom Man**

Room for a lad that's come from seas  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**  
That gladly now would take his ease,  
**And therefore make me room man.**

To France, the Netherlands and Spain,  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**  
I crossed the seas and back again,  
**And therefore make me room man.**

Yet in these countries there lived I  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man**  
And Valiant soldiers I've seen die  
**And therefore make me room man.**

Ten hundred gallants there I killed,  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**  
And besides a world of blood I spilled,  
**And therefore make me room man.**

In Germany I took a town,  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**  
Threw the walls there upside down,  
**And therefore make me room man.**

When all the people there had gone  
**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**  
I held the town myself alone  
**And therefore make me room man.**

At Tilbury Camp with Captain Drake

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

I made the Spanish fleet to quake.

**And therefore make me room man.**

When I had won all of his fame

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

I was honoured by all men the same

**And therefore make me room man.**

At Holland's Leaguer there I fought

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

But there the service proved too hot.

**And therefore make me room man.**

Then from the League returned I

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

Naked, hungry, cold and dry

**And therefore make me room man.**

But here I've now compassed the globe,

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

And I'm returned us poor as Jobe,

**And therefore make me room man.**

And now I'm safe returned here,

**Hey! Jolly Broom Man,**

Here's to you in a cup of English beer.

**And therefore make me room man**

## The English Civil War

### The English Civil War

Extract from the diary of John Jackson of Beverley 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1642



**Song: 1642/Fighting for old Charlie – Dulcimer & HFC**

Song : 1642/Fighting for old Charlie



## **1642 – Fighting for Old Charlie**

**In sixteen hundred and forty two  
I knew what I had got to do  
I left my home and my family too  
and joined the Royalist Army**

**Tour-a-lour-a-lour-a-lay**

**Tour-a-lour-a-lour-a-lay**

**Tour-a-lour-a-lour-a-lay**

**I joined the Royalist Army**

**In sixteen hundred and forty three  
those round heads they were after me  
but we were on winning spree  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty four  
we fought a battle at Martson Moor  
many men died to uphold the law  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty five  
our fortunes they did take a dive.  
Thanks to the Lord I'm still alive  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty six  
those Roundheads, they were up to tricks  
they'd got our army in fix  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty seven  
most of us were up in heaven  
the rest of us were down in Devon  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty eight  
Cromwell's knocking on the gate  
for most of us he's come too late  
we're Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

**In sixteen hundred and forty nine  
now we've come to the end of the line  
the king is dead, he's lost is head  
Fighting for old Charlie  
[chorus]**

The English Civil War

Extract from the diary of John Jackson of Beverley 10<sup>th</sup> June 1642



**Song: The Diggers Song - Kath & Chris START NOTE B**

Song : The Diggers Song



## The Diggers Song

You noble Diggers all, stand up now, stand up now,  
You noble Diggers all, stand up now,  
The waste land to maintain, seeing Cavaliers by name  
Your digging do disdain and your persons all defame  
Stand up now, Diggers all.

Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now,  
Your houses they pull down, stand up now.  
Your houses they pull down to fright poor men in town,  
But the gentry must come down and the poor shall wear the crown.  
Stand up now, Diggers all.

With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now, stand up now,  
With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now.  
Your freedom to uphold, seeing Cavaliers are bold  
To kill you if they could and rights from you withhold.  
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The gentry are all round, stand up now, stand up now,  
The gentry are all round, stand up now.  
The gentry are all round, on each side they are found,  
Their wisdom's so profound to cheat us of the ground.  
Stand up now, Diggers all.

**The club is all their law, stand up now, stand up now,  
The club is all their law, stand up now.  
The club is all their law to keep poor folk in awe,  
That they no vision saw to maintain such a law.  
Glory now, Diggers all.**

### The English Civil War

Extract from the diary of John Jackson of Beverley 9<sup>th</sup> September 1658



**It was enough to drive a man to drink!**

**After a visit to a local inn, it was noted by a John Taylor about beer in Hull.**

“There at mine inne, each night I took mine ease: and there I gat a cante of Hull Cheese”

Meaning he has drunk strong ale, Hull having a reputation for making the strongest and best ales in England.

**Song: In Praise of Hull Ale - Cittern & HFC**



Song: In Praise of Hull Ale -  
Collected by Thomas D'Urfey, 1720

Left : A cante of Hull Cheese.....

## The Praise of Hull Ale

Let's wet the whistle of the Muse  
That sings the praise of every juice  
This house affords for mortal use  
**Which nobody can deny**  
**Which nobody can deny**

Here's Ale of Hull, which 'tis well known  
Kept King and Keyser out of town  
Now in, will never hurt the Crown  
**Which nobody can deny**  
**Which nobody can deny**

Here's Cyder too, ye little wot  
How oft 'twill make ye go to pot  
'tis Red-streak all or it is not  
**Which nobody can deny**  
**Which nobody can deny**

Here's scholar that has doft his Gown  
And donn'd his cloak and come to town  
'till alls up drink his College down  
**Which nobody can deny**  
**Which nobody can deny**

**For bottle Ale though it be windy  
Whereof I cannot chuse but mind ye  
I would not have it left behind ye**

**Which nobody can deny**

**Which nobody can deny**

**For ease of Heart here's that will do it  
A liquor you may have to boot  
Invites you or the Devil to do it**

**Which nobody can deny**

**Which nobody can deny**

**Let's wet the whistle of the Muse  
That sings the praise of every juice  
This house affords for mortal use**

**Which nobody can deny**

**Which nobody can deny**

In 1728 Henry Fielding published his popular ballad play the Grub Street Opera. Fielding came to symbolize the anti-establishment element that made ballad plays so popular which lead to them being banned and licensed in 1737.

Along with Ballad Plays the vendors who sold the Broadsheet Ballads were similarly frowned upon as discovered by Elizabeth Raynor in 1733.

Ipswich Journal 6<sup>th</sup> November 1733

Yesterday one Elizabeth Rayner was committed to the Gatehouse, Westminster by Sir John Gonson, Chairman of the Sessions of the Peace for Westminster, and Thomas Lane, Esq; for publishing and selling to the Hawkers a very scandalous, seditious and obscene ballad, entitled, The Disappointed Marriage; or a Hue and Cry after an Outlandish Monster; And we hear that several Hawkers are committed to Bridewell for selling the said Ballad.

**Song: The Loving Chambermaid – Maggie Graham.**



Song: The Loving Chambermaid  
or  
In Vindication of a Departed Maidenhead

## The Loving Chambermaid

Shut the door after me pull off the boule  
I'll blow out the candle for the best of you all  
And all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
For that I'm a maid and a very good maid

'tis a known maxime from ages long track'd  
A chamber-maids simple unless she be crack'd  
Then all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
For that I'm a maid and a very good maid

Although my maidenhead sporting took flight  
With heaving and thrusting I bid it goodnight  
For all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
For that I'm a maid and a very good maid

For I can pass currant and sell it again  
To some fop in the city who ne'er yet was in  
And all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
For that I'm a maid and a very good maid

The famous matroens of Whetstone will tell  
That they can a maidenhead sixty times sell  
Then all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
For that I'm a maid and a very good maid

**Once having a smatch to trading they fall  
Set up with a maidenhead common to all  
And keep open warehouse and none shall persuade  
But that they are maidens pass currant for maids**

**For she's a mean strumpet that knows not the tricks  
To try with one maidenhead dozens of.....  
Then all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
But as maidens go I'm a very good maid!**

**“The Northern Lasses Lamentation**

**or**

**The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune**

*Since she did from her friends depart*

*No earthly thing can cheer her heart,*

*But still she doth her case lament,*

*Being always fill'd with discontent,*

*Resolving to do nought but mourn,*

*Till to the north she doth return”*

**Song: North Country Lass – Rosie Butler**



Song: North Country Lass  
Or  
The Northern Lasses  
Lamentation

## North Country Lass (The Northern Lasses Lamentation)

A North Country maid  
Up to London has strayed  
Although with her nature it did not agree  
And she's wept and she's sighed  
And she's wrung her hands and cried  
Oh I wish once again in the North I could be

*Chorus (after each verse):*

**Where the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree  
All flourish and bloom in my North Country**

How sadly I roam  
And lament my dear home  
Where lads and lasses are making the hay  
Where the bells they do ring  
And the little birds they sing  
And the maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay

No doubt if I please  
I could marry with ease  
For where bonnie lasses are lovers will come  
But the lad that I wed  
Must be North Country bred  
And must carry me back to my North Country home

End of Act 2

10 minute drinks break!

