

The
Oak, Ash + Thorn
Drink - Along
Song Book



Popular Songs
for
Divers Occasions

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Oak, Ash & Thorn
Drink-Along Song Book

Being a collection of
Popular Songs
for
Divers Occasions

Compiled by
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Tom Wagner

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3rd Printing

It was the winter of 73 that Oak, Ash and Thorn burst full-blown upon the world at the Great Dickens Christmas Fair in San Francisco. Well, "burst" may not be the right word, and "full-blown" is excessively kind, because we knew a grand total of five songs, and we were scared.

Since then we've grown in confidence, or at least foolhardiness, and our repertory has expanded alarmingly. The songs we sing now range from medieval to modern (though the modern ones are all from the traditional school). We find some on records, more from research in sneeze-producing libraries and second-hand bookstores. A surprising number come from friends who are traditional singers, thus, we like to think, keeping oral tradition alive.

We'd like to tell you the origin of all our songs, but the fact is that we often just don't know. We'll tell you when we can, and sometimes make some far-fetched guesses, but we're not music historians; we just like to sing and have fun. Hence the title.

Our many friends and (dare we say it?) fans have provided the impetus for this small volume; we thank you all. It does not contain all the songs we know, I don't think, but it does contain a cross section of the ones that have proved most popular, from Elizabeth's time to the present.

It may bear mentioning that we are not responsible for the political or social views of our ancestors. Some of the songs may have been composed by MCP's, but they're still fun to sing in charitable company.

Thanks are definitely due to the following wonderful people:

To Amie Hill, who taught us many of our songs, and introduced us to a world of traditional music far greater than we thought existed;

To Scott Beach, who cleaned up our vowels and taught us to sing in tune most of the time;

To Peg Long, the indomitable Entertainment Director of the Living History Centre, who for some reason keeps hiring us.

Our love to them, and, most especially, to you.

Long

Davis

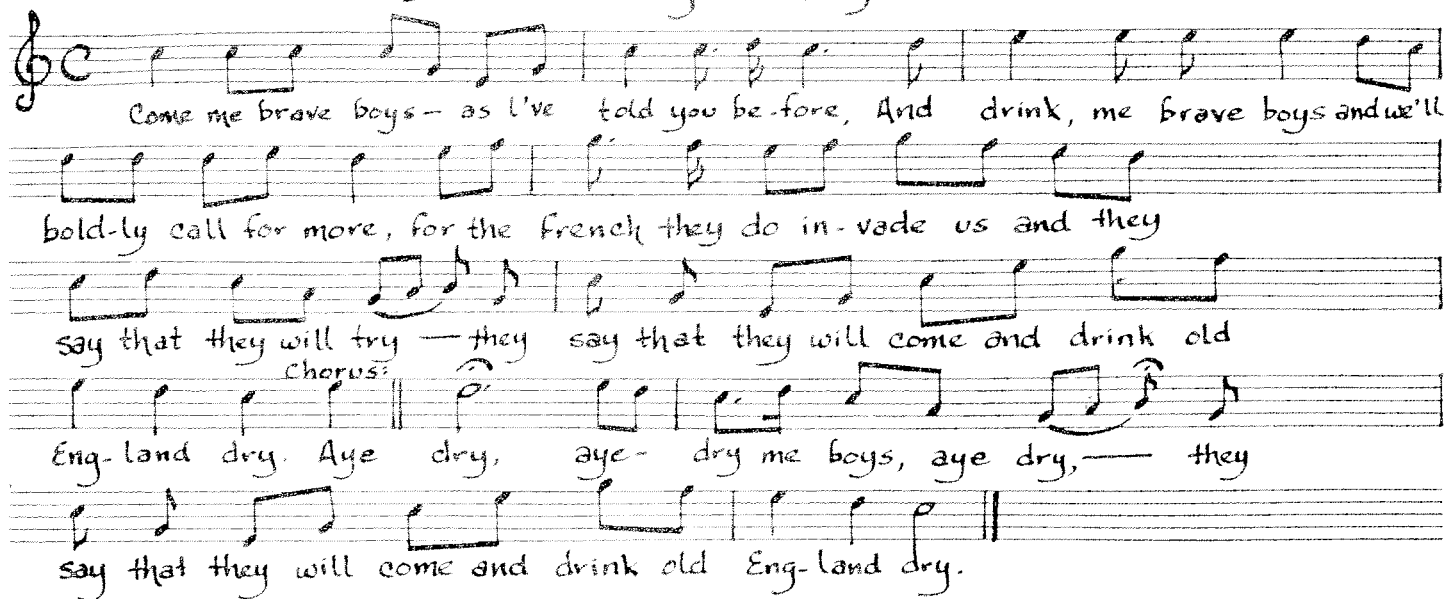
Dale

Berkeley, 1977

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Drink Old England Dry

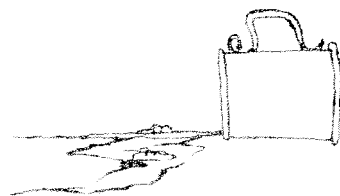


Come me brave boys - as I've told you be-fore, And drink, me brave boys and we'll
bold-ly call for more, for the French they do in-vade us and they
say that they will try — they say that they will come and drink old
Eng-land dry. *Chorus:* Aye dry, aye- dry me boys, aye dry, — they
say that they will come and drink old Eng-land dry.

1. Come me brave boys, as I've told you before
And drink, me brave boys, and we'll boldly call for more
For the French they do invade us and they say that they will try
They say that they will come and drink Old England dry

Chorus: Aye dry, aye dry me boys, aye dry
They say that they will come and drink Old England dry

2. Then up spoke Lord Robert, a man of high renown
He swears he'll be true to his country and his crown
For the cannon they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly
Before that they should come and drink Old England dry
3. Supposin' that we should meet with some Germans by the way
Ten thousand to one we shall show them British play
With our swords and our cutlasses we'll fight until we die
We'll die before that they should drink Old England dry



A very old favorite of ours. The first verse is changed for Renaissance Fair purposes to refer to "the Spanish". Each chorus repeats the last line of the verse it follows.

Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the Bar-ley Mow!

Jol-ly good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the Bar-ley Mow! Here's the

pint pot, half-a-pint, gill pot, half-a-gill, quar-ter gill nip-per-kin

and the brown bowl, Here's good luck, good luck to the Bar-ley Mow!

1. Here's good luck to the Pint pot
CH: Good luck to the Barley Mow!
Jolly good luck to the Pint pot
CH: Good luck to the Barley Mow,

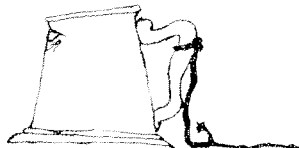
Chorus: Here's the Pint pot, half-a-pint, Gill pot, half-a-gill, quarter-gill,
nipperkin, and the brown bowl.
Here's good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow.

2. Here's good luck to the Quart pot
Jolly good luck to the Quart pot

Chorus: Here's the Quart pot, Pint pot, half-a-pint, Gill pot, half-a-gill,
Quarter-gill, nipperkin, and the brown bowl.
Here's good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow!

The song proceeds in the usual manner for cumulative songs, each verse adding one element. The final chorus is:

Here's the Company, the slavey, the drayer, the brewer, the Daughter,
the Landlady, Landlord, the Barrel, the Half-Barrel, Gallon, the
Half-Gallon, Quart pot, Pint pot, half-a-pint, Gill pot, half-a-
gill, Quarter-gill, nipperkin, and the brown bowl.
Here's good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow!



A wonderful old drinking-song, learned from Amie Hill.

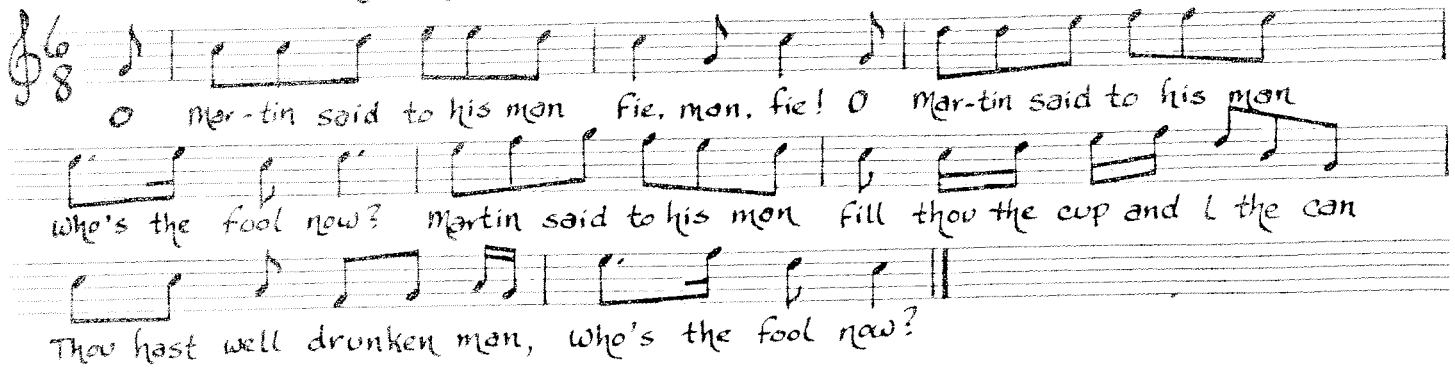
John Barleycorn

There were three men came out of the west their for-tune for to try And
 these three men made a so-lemn vow John Bar-ley-corn should die So they rit.
 plowed him deep in-to fur-rows and they throwed clods o'er his head And
 these three men all re-joicing went John Bar-ley-corn was dead! Come rit.
 put your wine in-to glas-ses, put your cider in-to old tin cans, Put
 Bar-ley-corn in the nut brown bowl, for he's proved the strong-est man.

1. There were three men come out of the West, their fortune for to try;
 And these three men made a solemn vow, John Barleycorn should die;
 So they plowed him deep into furrows, and they throwed clouds o'er his head,
 And these three men all rejoicing went, John Barleycorn was dead!
- Chorus: Come put your wine into glasses, put your cider into old tin cans,
 Put Barleycorn in the nut-brown bowl, For he's proved the strongest man.
2. So the sun shone warm and the wind blew strong and it rained in a day or so,
 John Barleycorn sought the wind and the rain and he soon began to grow;
 But the rye began to grow as well, it grew up strong but tall,
 John Barleycorn grew short and sweet, and he proved them liars all!
3. So they hired men with scythes for to cut him off at the knee,
 And worse than that, poor Barleycorn, they've served him barb'rously;
 Then they hired men with pitchforks, to toss him into a barn,
 And when they tossed John Barleycorn, They've tied him down with thorns.
4. Then they hired men with rushes, to beat him high and low;
 They came smick-smack, upon Barley's back, until the place began to blow;
 Then they put him into a mashing-bin, they 'gan to burn his tail,
 And when he come out, they changed his name, for they called him home-brewed ale!

This is only one of myriad variants of this perennial favorite.

Martin Said to His Man




 O mer-tin said to his man fie, man, fie! O Mar-tin said to his man
 who's the fool now? Martin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can
 Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now?



1. O Martin said to his man
 CH: Fie, man fie!
 O Martin said to his man
 CH: Who's the fool now?
 Martin said to his man
 Fill thou the cup and I the can
 CH: Thou hast well drunken man
 Who's the fool now?
2. I saw a flea heave a tree
 Twenty miles out to sea.
3. I saw a snail drive a nail
 From Penzance out to Hale.
4. I saw the Man in the Moon
 Clouting on Saint Peter's shoon.
5. I saw a goose wring a hog
 And the cat bite the dog.
6. I saw the hare chase the hound
 Fourteen miles above the ground.
7. I saw a maid milk a bull
 Every stroke a bucketfull.
8. (Repeat first verse)

Thomas Ravenscroft printed this song in *Deuteromelia* (1609), but it came to us without benefit of literacy, for we learned it orally from Amie Hill.

Country Life



I like to rise when the sun she ri-ses ear-ly in the
mor-ning I like to hear them small birds sing-ing
mer-ri-ly u-pon their bran-ches And hur-rah for the
life of a coun-try boy and to ram-ble in the new mown hay.
In spring we sow at the har-vest mow and work as the
sea-sons 'round they go But of all the times if choose I
may twould be ram-bling in the new mown hay.

1. In spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And work as the seasons round they go
But of all the times if choose I may
'Twould be ramblin' through the new mown hay.

Chorus: For I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their branches
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay.

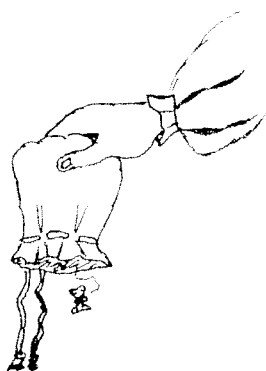
2. In winter when the skies are grey
We hedge and we ditch our times away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go ramblin' through the new mown hay.
3. Oh Nancy is me darlin' gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day
But I love her best in the month of May
When we're ramblin' through the new mown hay.



A catchy tune that shows us up for hypocrites. As a matter of fact, we don't like to rise when the sun she rises. We hope the general spirit of the song makes up for such blatant untruth. Doug wrote the third verse for the sole purpose of extending this delightful song.

We Be Soldiers Three

1. We be soldiers three
CH: Pardona moy, je vous on pree
Lately come forth of the low country
CH: With never a penny of money.
2. Here good fellow I drink to thee
To all good fellows, wherever they be
3. And he that will not pledge me this
Pays for the shot whatever it is
4. Charge it again, boy, charge it again
As long as there is any ink in thy pen



Here's a rollicking song, again from Ravenscroft, that has been our signature at the Renaissance Faire for some time. It proves that Credit Buying has been around for at least four hundred years.

Broom Bezams

1. If you want a besom, for to sweep your house,
Come to me, me hennies, you shall have your choice

Chorus: Buy broom besoms, buy them when they're new,
Fine heather-bred 'uns, better never grew.
2. If I had a horse, then I would have a cart,
If I had a wife, then she would take my part.
3. I must have a wifie, whatsoe'er she be,
If she be a woman, that's enough for me.
4. If that she be bonnie, that will be alright,
If that she be ugly, what's the odds at night?
5. If that she be fruitful, O what joy is there!
If that she be barren, less will be thy care.
6. If she likes a droppie, she & I'll agree.
If she does not like it, all the more for me.
7. (Repeat first verse)



The first verse and chorus betray the song's origin as a broom-seller's street cry. ("Broom" was originally the name of a plant. What we now call a broom was then known as a "besom.") How the other verses got attached to it we have no idea. They seem to expound the philosophy of a man who is determined to be cheerful. Learned from Amie Hill.

Gabriel John

I Un-der this stone lies ga-bri-el John, in the year of Our
 Lord one thou-sand and one. II Cov-er his head with
 turf or stone tis all one tis all one turf or stone tis all
 one. III Pray for the soul of ga-bri-el John if you
 please or you may let it a-lone tis all one.

Under this stone lies Gabriel John, in the year of our Lord,
 One thousand and one
 Cover his head with turf or stone. 'tis all one, 'tis all one,
 turf or stone. 'tis all one
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John, if you please; or you may
 let is alone. 'tis all one.



A very beautiful round of uncertain origin. We learned it from Jan Stetson.

Bedlam Boys

For to see Mad Tom of Bed-lam — ten thou-sand miles I
 tra-velled, Mad Maud-lin goes on dir-ty toes — for to
 save her shoes from gre-vel. Still I sing bon-ny boys, bon-ny mad
 boys, Bed-lam boys are bon-ny for they all go bare and they
 live by the air and they want no drink nor mo-ney

1. For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
 Ten thousand miles I travelled
 Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
 For to save her shoes from gravel

Chorus: Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys
 Bedlam boys are bonny
 For they all go bare and they live by the air
 And they want no drink nor money

2. I went down to Satan's kitchen
 For to get me food one morning
 And there I got souls piping hot
 All on the spit a-turning
3. My staff has murdered giants
 My bag a long knife carries
 For to cut mince pies from children's thighs
 And feed them to the fairies
4. The spirits white as lightning
 Would on me travels guide me
 The stars would shake and the moon would quake
 Whenever they espied me
5. And when that I'll be murdering
 The Man in the Moon to a powder
 His staff I'll break, his dog I'll shake
 And there'll howl no demon louder
6. For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam,
 Ten thousand years I travelled
 Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
 For to save her shoes from gravel.

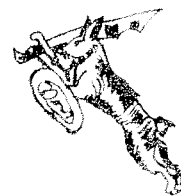
One of 'Steeleye Spans' traditional pieces that caught Doug's twisted fancy.
 The rhythm has become irregular over the years; some measures just aren't all
 there. The name "Maudlin" is a corrupted pronunciation of "Magdalen".

Hal-an-toe

1. Jake has gone to wear the horn
It was the crest when you was born
Your father's father wore it then
His father wore it to.

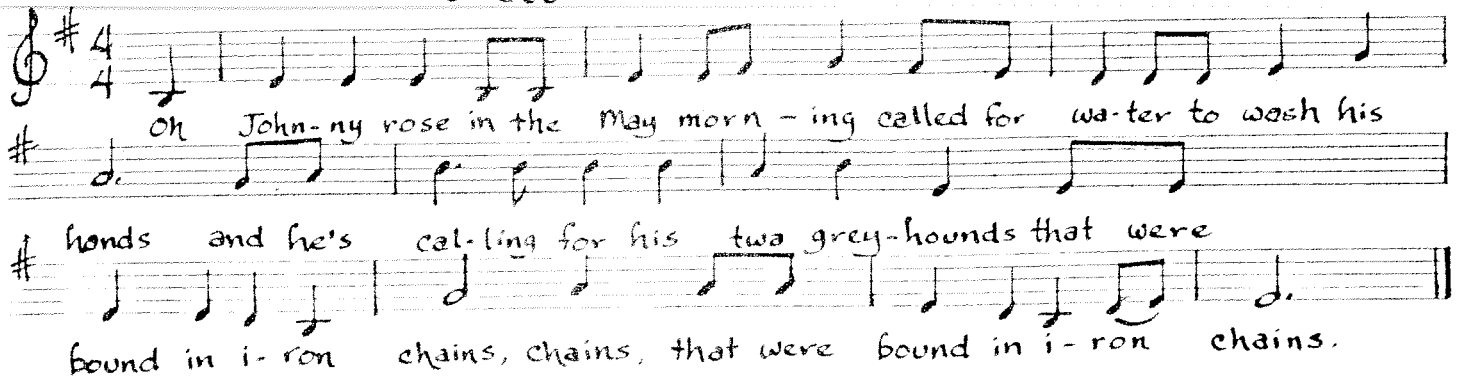
Chorus: Hal-an-to, jolly lum-a-low
 We were up long before the day-o
 To welcome in the summer, to welcome in the May-o
 For summer is a-comin' in and winter's gone away-o.

2. Robin Hood and Little John
Have both come to the Faire-o
And we will to the merry greenwood
To hunt the buck and hare-o.
3. What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-o?
O they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-o.
4. God bless me Mary Moses
And all be power and might-o
God send good peace to En-ge-land
Send peace by day and night-o.



Dale learned this from Warren Steel in Boston. It appears to summarize English history very nicely. The first verse clearly refers to pagan practices; Robin Hood is a medieval relic; and the feathered goose is the clothyard shaft the Elizabethans fed to the Spaniards.

Johnnie o' Braid's Lee



1. Johnny rose in the May morning, called for water to wash his hands,
And he's calling for his twa grey hounds, that were bound in iron chains.
That were bound in iron chains.
2. Johnny shot the dandy deer, she was wounded in the side,
And between the waters and the woods, the grey hounds laid their pride.
3. Johnny ate the venison, and the dogs on caul did feed,
And they all lay doon & fell asleep, asleep as they been deed (dead).
4. And by there came a silly old man, & a silly old man was he,
And he's away to the King's foresters, for to tell on young Johnny.
5. Seven men, they heard him out, & away then they did ride,
And they came on Johnny all alone, & they shot him in the side.
6. Johnny shot six of them, & the seventh he wounded sore,
And he laid his leg o'er his horse back, & he swore that he would hunt more.
7. Now Johnny's great big bow is broke, & his twa grey hounds are slain,
His body lies in Monny Mousk, & his hunting days are dain.



Karana Hattersly-Drayton, of the Arkansas Sheiks, found this song and did the arrangement we use. It appears in Child's ballad collection under the title "Johnny Cock." Our verse 5 was made up from bits and pieces of verses in Child; all the versions shown there were either so short as to leave out part of the story (as was the case with the version Karana found), or were so very long as to be ridiculous.

Drop o' Good Beer



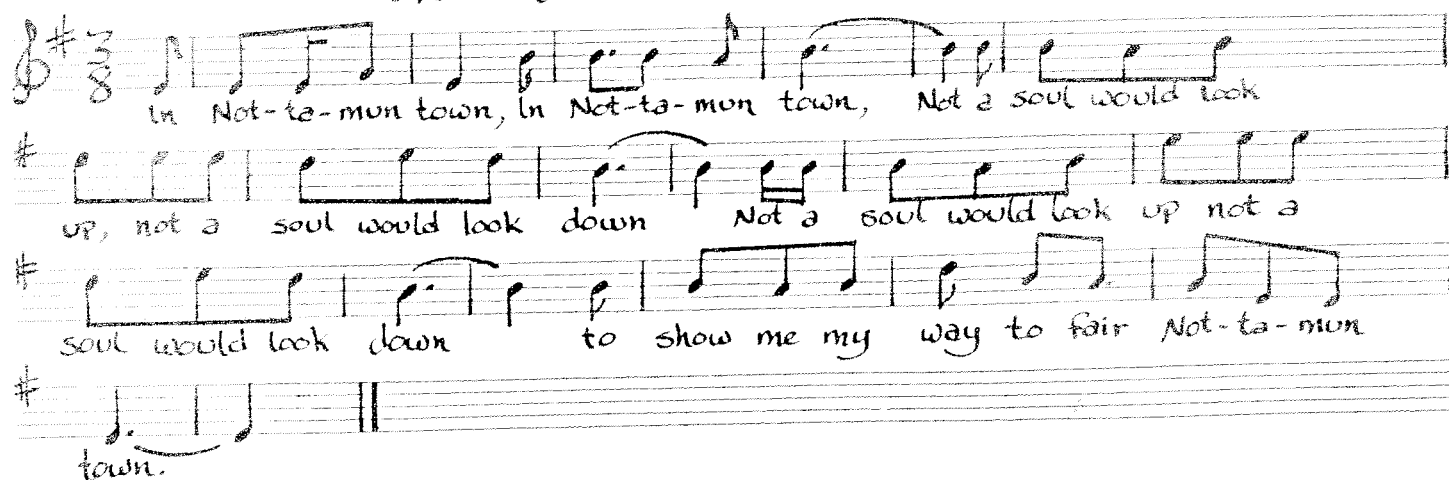
1. Come one and all both great and small
With voices loud and clear
And let us sing in praise of the Queen
For bating the tax upon beer.

Chorus: For I likes a drop o' good beer, I do
 I likes a drop o' good beer
 And damns his eyes whoever tries
 To rob a poor man of his beer, his beer
 And damns his eyes whoever tries
 To rob a poor man of his beer.

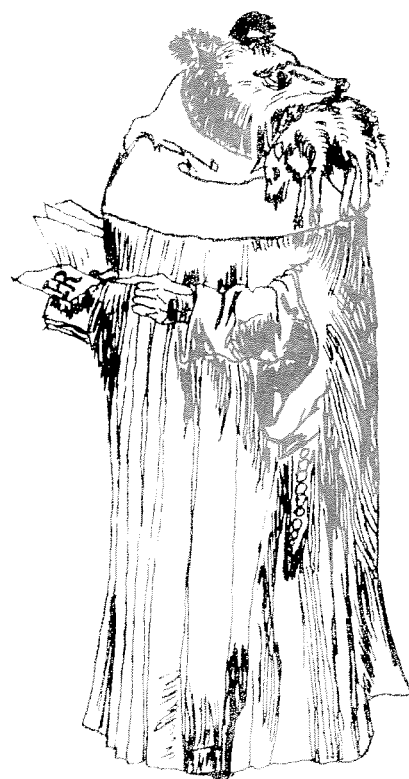
2. Let ministers shake the duty on cake
And cause port wine to be dear
So long as they keep the bread in me teeth
And give me a skinfull of beer.
3. In harvest fields there's nothing can yield
The labor of such good cheer
To reap and mow and to make barley grow
And to give us a drop of good beer.
4. So long may Queen Elizabeth reign
And to her subjects be dear
And wherever we goes we'll wallop her foes
If you'll give us a skinfull of beer.

This one came to us from Ruthie, Adie and Wendy, three friends who form a sort of female counterpart to Oak, Ash, and Thorn. Please don't tell anyone that the song probably dates from the end of the seventeenth century, or later, as we like to use it at the Renaissance Fair.

Nottamun Town



1. In Nottamun Town, in Nottamun Town,
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down.
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,
To show me my way to fair Nottamun Town.
2. I bought me a horse, 'twas called the grey mare
Grey mane and grey tail, and green stripe down her back
Grey mane and grey tail, and green stripe down her back
And there weren't a hair on her that be not coal black.
3. She stood so still, threw me to the dirt,
She teared my hide and she bruised my shirt,
From saddle to stirrup, I mounted again,
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.
4. And when I got there, no one could I see,
They all stood around just a-looking at me
I called for a quaff to drive gladness away
To stifle the dust, for it rained the whole day.
5. And the king and the queen, and the company more
Come a-riding behind and a-walking before
Come a stark naked drummer boy, beating his drum
With his heels in his bosom come marching along.
6. Sat down on a hard, hot cold frozen stone
Ten thousand stood around me, yet I was alone,
Took my heart in my hand for to keep myself warm,
Ten thousand was drowned that never was born.
7. (Repeat First Verse)



Doug says this is the first English folksong he learned, and it was one of the first songs in our repertoire. It is one of the "nonsense songs" or "backwards songs". Such songs are not supposed to make sense, but are intended to tickle the listener's subconscious (or something). "Nottamun Town" is pretty clearly a reference to Nottingham in England; some obscure variants have been found there, but the song would probably have been lost had not Jean Ritchie remembered it from her childhood in Appalachia.

Fathom the Bowl

3/4

Come all ye bold he-ros give an ear to my song, And I'll
sing you in praise of good bran-dy and rum while the cold crys-tal
foun-tain o'er Eng-land shall roll, Give me the punch la-dle, I'll
fa-thon the bowl. I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fa-thon the bowl. Give
me the punch la-dle, I'll fa-thon the bowl.

1. Come all ye brave heroes, give an ear to me song
And I'll sing you in praise of good brandy and rum
As the clear crystal fountain o'er England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

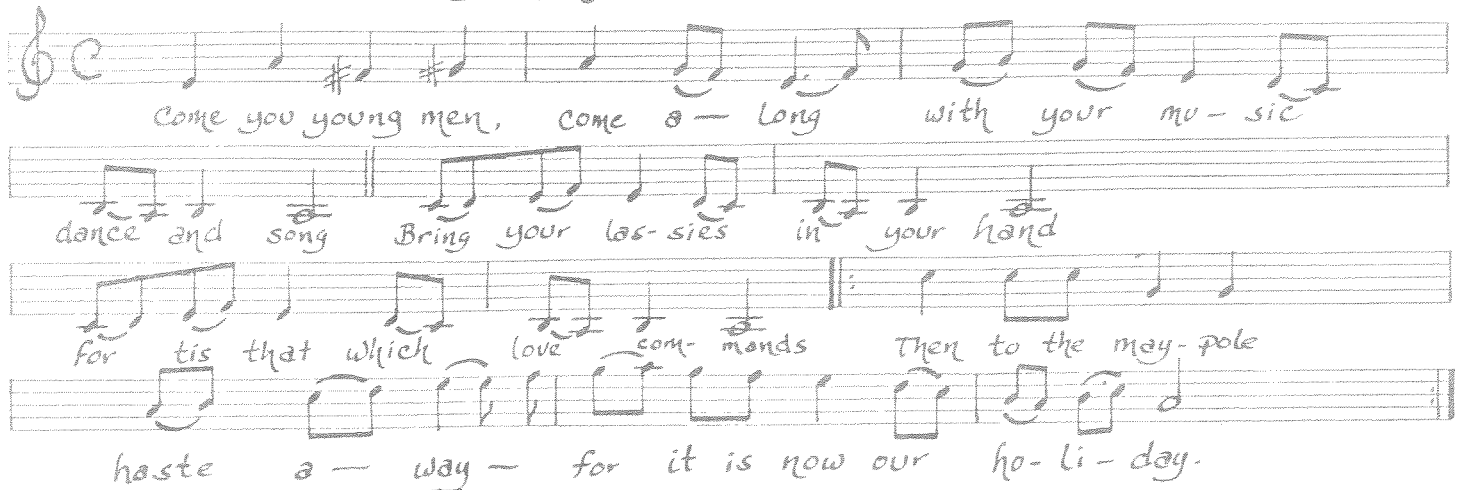
Chorus: I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.



2. From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come
But ale and strong cider are England's control
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
3. My wife, she do disturb me when I'm late at my ease
Ah, she does as she likes and she says as she please
My wife, she's a devil, she burns like the coal
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
4. My father, he do lie in the depths of the sea
Cold stone for his pillow, what matter to he?
If the clear crystal fountain o'er England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

One of our first songs from our first Dicken's Fair. A very pleasant song to sing, even after all this time. It puts one into a light trance towards the end of the third verse; if the fourth is sung catalepsy is the result. The Drinking Song as Mantra. Another John and Tony bequest.

Staines Morris



1. Come you young men, come along
With your music dance and song
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands.

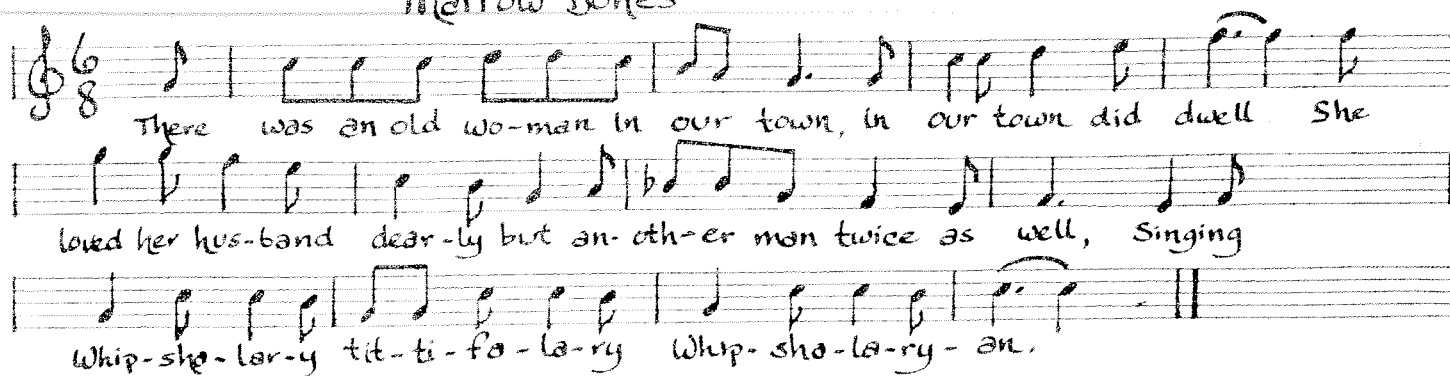
Chorus: Then to the Maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (twice)

2. 'Tis the choice time of the year
And the violets now appear
And the rose receives its birth
And the pretty primrose decks the earth.
3. When you thus well-reckoned have
What kisses you your sweetheart gave
Take them all again and more
It will never make them poor.
4. When you thus have spent your time
And the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight.



Morris Dancing is another pagan custom that survived in the countryside into "historical times". This particular song was created by matching a melody without words and a set of words without a melody. The matching was done in the Nineteenth Century by the collector, William Chappel.

Marrow Bones



1. There was an old woman in our town, in our town did dwell,
She loved her husband dearly, but another man twice as well,
Chorus: Singin' Whip-shallary, titti-fallary, whip-shallary-O!
2. She went unto the Doctor, to see what she could find,
To know what was the very best thing, to make her husband blind,
3. Well, you brew him up some strong rum punch, I'm sure that's very good,
And you boil him up some marrow-bones, to circulate his blood,
4. But the old man, being a cunning old blade, and knowing the plot before,
He drank it up, and then he said, well I can't see any at all,
5. O I'll go down to the river's brim, and there myself I'll drown,
She said I'll come along with you, for fear you might fall down,
6. They jogged along both hand in hand, till they came to the river's brim,
The old woman said she'd give him a shove, to help and push him in,
7. The old woman went to give a run, to help and push him in,
But the old man nimbly popped aside, and she went tumbling in,
8. O save me, the old woman cried, and loudly did she bawl,
O how can I save you, darling wife, when I can't see any at all?
9. She thrashed about in the water, a-thinking she could swim,
The old man got him a pruthering-prop and he propped her farther in,
10. O six fine juicy marrow bones, they may make your husband blind,
But if you want to do him in, you should creep up from behind,

Mark Twain put verse 1 of this song into his first draft of *Huck Finn*, as a sample of the kind of song favored by raftsmen. The section containing it was later removed and used in *Life on the Mississippi*; I don't know whether the song survived or not. Our version comes from Frankie Armstrong, one of the best contemporary English folksingers. We don't know what a pruthering-prop is.

The Cuckoo's Nest

As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing in May, I met a pret-ty fair maid and
 un-to her did say: I'll tell you me mind it's for love I am in-elined and me
 in-eli-na-tion lies — in your cu-ckoo's nest. *Chorus:* Some like a girl who is
 pret-ty in the face, and some like a girl who is slen-der in the waist, But
 give me a girl who will wrig-gle and will twist, at the bot-tom of the bel-ly lies the
 cu-ckoo's nest.

1. As I was a-walking one morning in May
 I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say
 I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined
 And me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest

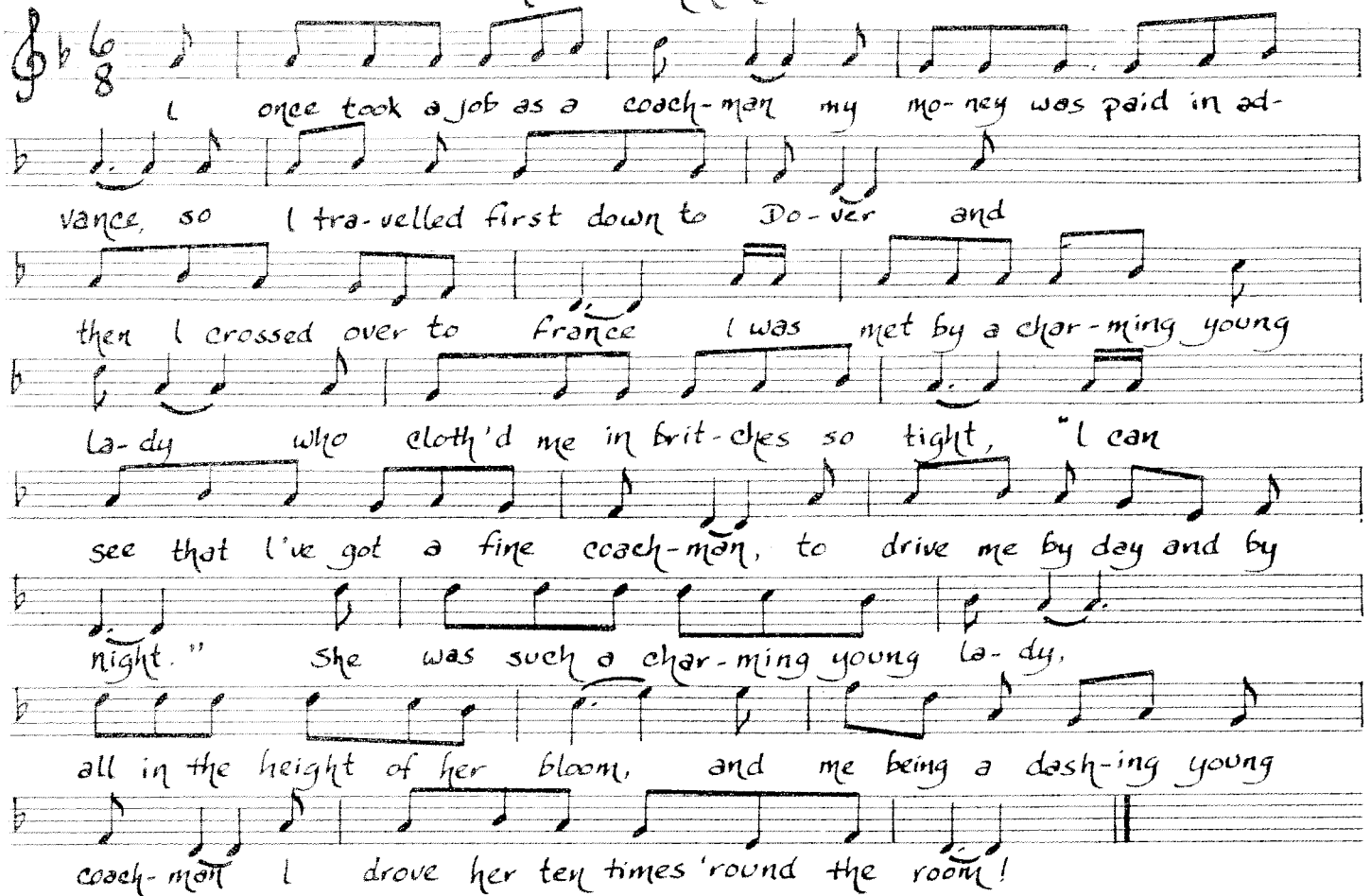
Chorus: Some like a girl who is pretty in the face
 And some like a girl who is slender in the waist
 But give me a girl that will wriggle and will twist
 At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest

2. Me darling, says she, I am innocent and young
 I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue
 Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
 That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest
3. Me darling, says he, if you see it in me eyes
 Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised
 I love you, me dear, and I'll marry you, I swear
 If you'll let me clap me hand upon your cuckoo's nest
4. Me darling, says she, I can do no such thing
 Me Mother often told me it was committing sin
 Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused
 So I'll thank you not to think upon me cuckoo's nest
5. Me darling, says he, it is not committing sin
 But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing
 For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best
 And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest
6. Me darling, says she, I cannot you deny
 You've surely won me heart by the rolling of your eye
 Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised
 So gently lift your hand into me cuckoo's nest
7. This couple they got married and soon they went to bed
 And so this pretty fair maid she lost her maidenhead
 In a small country cottage they increase and do their best
 And he often claps his hand upon her cuckoo's nest



The old, old story with a real surprise ending, set to a very engaging melody. Usually followed in our sets with the sobering (yes, sobering) influence of "Marrow Bones".

The Coachman



I once took a job as a coach-man my mo-ney was paid in ad-
vance, so I tra-velled first down to Do-ver and
then I crossed over to France I was met by a char-ming young
la-dy who cloth'd me in brit-ches so tight, "I can
see that I've got a fine coach-man, to drive me by day and by
night." She was such a char-ming young la-dy,
all in the height of her bloom, and me being a dash-ing young
coach-man I drove her ten times 'round the room!

1. I once took a job as a coachman
My money was payed in advance
So I travelled first down to Dover
And then I crossed over to France.
I was met by a charming young lady
Who clothed me in britches so tight
Said "I see that I've got a fine coachman
To drive me by day and by night".

Chorus: She was such a charming young lady
All in the height of her bloom
And me being a dashing young coachman
I drove her ten times round the room

2. She first took me down to the cellar
And filled me with liquor so quick
She told me to drink in a hurry
Then she asked for a look at my whip.
She held it and viewed it a moment
And then put it down with a smile
"I can see by the length and the look of your slash
You can drive in the old-fashioned style".

3. She bade me get into position
So I climbed right up in the seat
Three swishes I gave with me cracker
And drove her right down the high street.
I handled the whip with good judgement
Until I was sure of her ways
But the very first tug that I gave on the brakes
I broke the main spring of her stays

4. When the mistress grew tired or grew weary
And wanted to take a short rest
She'd call for her servant maid Sally
The one that I loved second best.
She'd say, "Sally, we've got a fine coachman
He understands driving in style
While the spring on my chassis's being strengthened again
I'll let him drive you for a while.



The British working man's answer to the Übermensch. Usually sung by Doug
in the original English. Usually.

fireship

As I strolled out one eve—ning out for a night's ca—reer, I
 spied a lof—ty ves—sel and after her I steered; I hois—ted her my
 sig—al—s which she ve—ry quick—ly knew; and when she see'd my
 bunting rise, she im—me—di—ate—ly hove to. she'd a dark and a ro—ving
 eye and her hair hung down in ring—a—lets, she was a fine girl, a
 de—cent girl, but one of the rak—ish kind.

1. As I strolled out one evening, out for a night's career,
 I spied a lofty vessel, and after her I steer'd,
 I hoisted her my sig-a-nals, which she very quickly knew,
 And when she see'd my bunting rise, she immediately hove to.

Chorus: She'd a dark and a roving eye, and her hair hung down in ring-a-lets,
 She was a fine girl, a decent girl, but one of the rakish kind.

2. O pray good sir, forgive me for being out so late,
 For if my parents heard of it then sad would be my fate,
 My father is a minister, a good and honest man,
 My mother is a Methodist, so I do the best I can...
3. I took her to a tavern and treated her to wine
 But little did I think she was of the rakish kind,
 I dandled her, I handled her, and found to my surprise
 She was nothing but a fireship rigged up in a disguise!
4. So all you lovesick seamen that on the streets do sail,
 If you would have companionship, beware the ship you hail,
 For I'd barely left my fireship, it was hardly a week gone past,
 When I found the fire that burned in her was a-raging in my mast...



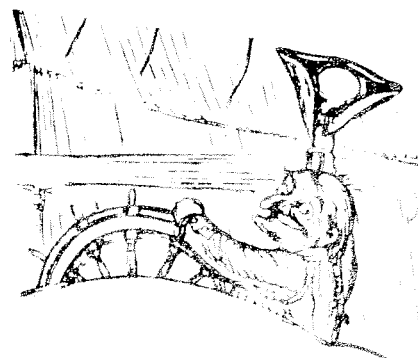
We found this song in a songbook from the thirties, with only verses 1-3 shown. The song seemed to lack a punchline, so Doug came up with verse 4. That verse is one of the very few printed here which may be dated with absolute certainty.

General Taylor

gen-er-al Tay-lor he died long a-go walk him a-long John,
 car-ry him a-long gen-er-al Tay-lor he died long a-go car-ry him to his
 bu-ry-ing ground Hey— o— you stor— my walk him a-long, John
 car-ry him a-long Hey— you stor— my car-ry him to his
 bu-ry-ing ground

1. Stormy he is dead and gone
 CH: Walk him along, John, carry him along
 Old Stormy he is dead and gone
 CH: Carry him to his burying ground

 Chorus: To me way-hay you Stormy
 Walk him along, John, carry him along
 To me way-hay you Stormy
 Carry him to his burying ground
2. General Taylor he died long ago
 General Taylor he died long ago
3. He died on the plains at old Monterey
 And Santy Ana he carried the day
4. We'll dig his grave with a golden spade
 His coffin of the finest wood will be made
5. We'll lower him down on a golden chain
 We'll make bloody sure he don't come up again
6. I wisht I was old Stormy's son
 I'd build me a ship of a thousand gun
7. I thought I heard the Old Man say
 Just once more around and then we belay



"Stormy" or "Stormalong" is a mythical sea captain who sits at the right hand of Davy Jones (though some have identified him with a mortal man, Capt. John Willis, owner of the Cutty Sark). General Taylor, on the other hand, is certainly Zachary Taylor, who died, not on the plains of old Monterey, but in the White House.

Chicken on a Raft

Oh the cap-t'n's in the ward-room drink-ing gin, Hi yo chick-en on a raft, I
 don't mind knock-ing but I ain't a go-ing in, Hi yo chick-en on a raft, The
 mate he's a laugh-ing in the drains, Hi yo chick-en on a raft, He
 look-ing at me French post cards a-gain, hi yo, chick-en on a raft, Oh
 chick-en on a raft on a Mon-day morn-ing oh what a ter-ri-ble sight to see
 Doe-ctor's forward and the dust-man's aft, sit-tin' here pick-in' at a chick-en on a raft
 Hi yo chick-en on a raft Hi yo chick-en on a raft.

1. O the captain's in the wardroom drinking gin,
 CH: Hi-yo-chicken on a raft
 I don't mind knocking but I ain't a-going in
 CH: Hi-yo-chicken on a raft
 The mate he's a-laughing in the drains
 CH: Hi-yo-chicken on a raft
 He's looking at me French post cards again.
 CH: Hi-yo-chicken on a raft.

Chorus: O! Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning
 O what a terrible sight to see
 Doctor's forward and the dustman's aft
 Sittin' here pickin' at a chicken on a raft.
 Hi-yo chicken on a raft (sung four times)

2. Well they had me working on number two
 But now I'm pulling on a whaling crew.
 Said a seagull wheeling overhead
 Well, I oughta be sleeping in a feather bed.

3. Well I had a little girl in Darney Bay
 And did she make a fool of me
 Her heart was like the purser's shower
 From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour.
4. So I said goodbye on the midnight bus
 And she didn't cry and she didn't fuss
 So am I the one that she loves best?
 Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?
5. Well I had a little girl in old Dumfries
 And she only had her kids in twos and threes
 Her sister lives in Mary's Hill
 She says she won't but I think she will.

Since first printing this song we found the original words, but we're not changing it because we like ours better. So there.

This song comes from the record collection of John Roberts and Tony Barrand, two English singers who live in Ithaca, New York. You have already noticed that it is a sea shanty. It is, in fact, a quite modern sea shanty, as shown by the reference to the purser's shower, among other things. The first two verses have been changed a little so as to make sense (in folklore, we would say "they were corrupt and have been emended"). We presume that "chicken on a raft" is typically quaint sailor-talk for one of the gustatory delights enjoyed by the Modern Navy.

Itches in Me Britches

I was born of geor-die parents, one day when I was young That's
 how the geor-die di-a-lect be-came my na-tive tongue. That I
 was a pret-ty ba-by, me mo-ther she would vow, The girls all ran to
 kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now. Oh I wish they'd do it
 now, Oh I wish they'd do it now, I've got it-ches in me
 brit-ches and I wish they'd do it now

1. I was born of Geordie parents, one day when I was young
 That's how the Geordie dialect become me native tongue
 That I was a pretty baby, me mother she would vow
 The girls all ran to kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now.

Chorus: Oh I wish they'd do it now, oh I wish they'd do it now
 I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now.

2. Well when I was only six months old the girls would handle me
 They clutched me to their bosoms and they bounced me on their knee
 They would rock me in the cradle, and if I made a row
 They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now.
3. At sixteen months as fine a lad as ever could be seen
 The girls all liked to follow me right down to the green
 They would make a chain of buttercups and drop it on me brow
 Then they'd roll me in the clover, well I wish they'd do it now.
4. Well the Eastern girls would call for me to swim when it was mild
 Down to the river we would go and splash about a while
 They would throw the water over me and duck me like a cow
 Then they'd rub me nice all over, well I wish they'd do it now.
5. Well it's awful lonely for a lad to lead a single life
 I think I'll go to the dance tonight and find meself a wife
 Oh I have got six bundle pigs, likewise one big fat sow
 There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll have me now.

Chorus: For the girl who'll have me now, for the girl who'll have me now
 There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll have me now.

A grand song from the era of the Music Hall. Apparently it was very popular in America, as well as in London. Our thanks to John Roberts and Tony Barrand.

Boozin'

on what are the joys of a sin-gle young man? why
boo-zin' bloo-dy well boo-zin! And what is he doing when- ever he can? He's
boo-zin' bloo-dy well boo-zin! You may think I'm wrong and you
may think I'm right, I don't want to ar-gue I know you can fight. But
what do you think we'll be doing to-night? why boo-zin' bloo-dy well
boo-zin'. Boo-zin', boo-zin' just you and I, boo-zin', boo-zin',
when we are dry some do it o-pen-ly some on the sly, but we
all are bloo-dy well boo-zin'.

1. O what are the joys of a single young man?
CH: Why boozin', bloody well boozin'!
And what is he doing whenever he can?
CH: He's boozin', bloody well boozin'!
You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right,
I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight,
But what do you think we'll be doing tonight?
CH: Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'!
2. And what are the joys of a poor married man? (CH)
And what is he doing whenever he can? (CH)
He goes out a shopping, makes many a call,
He comes home at night, and he gives his wife all,
But what brings him home hangin' on to the wall?
CH: Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'!
3. And what does the Salvation Army run down? (CH)
And what are they banning in every town? (CH)
They stand on street corners, they rave and they shout,
They shout about things they know nothing about,
But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?
CH: They're boozin, bloody well boozin'!



Courtesy of Amie Hill. The song is an established favorite with the denizens of Mad Sal's Dockside Alehouse.

Thousands or More

The time pos-ses o-ver more cheer-ful and gay.
 Since we've learnt our new art to drive sor-rows a-
 way, Sor-rows a- way. Sor-rows a- way.
 Since we've learnt our new
 art to drive sor-rows a- way.

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
 Since we've learnt our new art to drive sorrows away.
 Sorrows away, Sorrows away, Sorrows away,
 Since we've learnt our new art to drive sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe awakes so high up in the sky,
 With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye,
 Sparkling eye, etc....

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have none
 With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
 I'm as happy as those who've got thousands or more.



Another song from the archives of John Roberts and Tony Barrand.

I There once was a man from Cal- cut — ta who had a most ter-ri-ble stotter

II He said "Pa-pa-pa- please pass the cha-cha cha-cha-cha cheese,

III And the Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-but-ter!

There once was a man from Calcutta, who had a most terrible stutter
He said, "Pa-pa-pa-please pass the cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cheese,
And the ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-butter!"

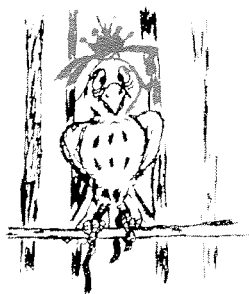


Scott Beach taught us this round. It is actually a catch; that is, the lines combine to produce an effect which is not apparent when the song is sung by a single voice. Catches, like limericks, are almost always dirty. This one, alas, is merely hysterical.

The King

1. Joy, health, love and peace, be all here in this place, By your
leave we will sing con- cer- ning our King. 2. Our
King is well dressed in the silks of the best, in
rib- bons so rare no King can com- pare.

1. Joy health love and peace, be all here in this place,
By your leave we will sing, concerning our King.
2. Our King is well dressed, in silks of the best,
In ribbons so rare, no King can compare.
3. We have traveled many miles, over hedges and stiles
In search of our King, unto you we bring.
4. Old Christmas is past, twelve times to the last.
We bid you adieu, great joy to the new.



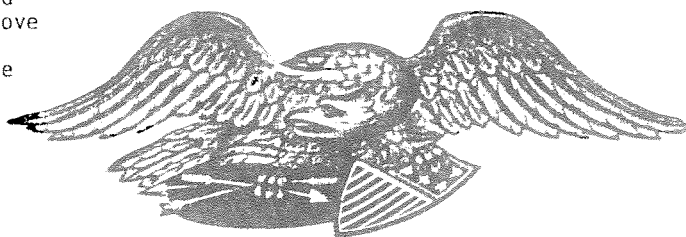
We use this song normally as a salute to Elizabeth, substituting "Queen" for "King". It is not however a paean for heads of state but is used to ruin the nerves of a wren or other small songbird clapped in a wicker cage and carted about from door to door during Whitsuntide by a throng of beery bassos. The custom probably goes back to pre-Christian times in Britain. The song is doubtless more recent, but not by much.

Anacreon

3/4

To A- na- creon in heav'n where he sat in full glee a
 few sons of har- mo- ny sent a pet ti- tion that he their in-
 spi- rer and patron should be when this an- swer ar- rived from the
 jol- ly old Gre- cian, voice fid- dle and flute no- longer be
 mute I'll lend ye my name and in- spire ye to boot, and be-
 sides I'll in- struct ye like me to en- twine — the
 myr- tle of Venus with Bac- chus's vine.

1. To Anacreon in heav'n where he sat in full glee
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition
 That he their inspirer and patron would be
 When this answer arrived from the jolly old Grecian:
 Voice, fiddle and flute, no longer be mute
 I'll lend ye my name and inspire ye to boot
 And besides I'll instruct ye, like me, to entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
2. Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand
 Preserve unanimity, friendship and love
 'Tis yours to support what so happily planned
 Ye've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove
 While thus we agree, our toast let it be
 May our blood flourish happy, united and free
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.



This is the song whose melody Francis Scott Key stole to accompany a certain bit of doggerel. It was originally composed in the late 18th century in London, as the theme song of a singing and drinking club called "The Anacreontick Society." The Society took its name from a minor classical Greek poet, Anacreon, who celebrated Wine, Women and Song to the fullest extent of the law (some say beyond it). He was eventually deified into a godlet of same.

Down Among the Dead Men

Here's a health to the Queen and a last-ing peace, to fac-tion on end to
 wealth in-crease Come let's drink it while we have breath, for
 there's no drink-ing after death, And he that will this health de-ny
 Down a-mong the dead men Down a-mong the dead men Down, Down,
 Down, Down, Down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

Here's a health to the Queen and a lasting peace,
 To faction an end to wealth increase,
 Come lets drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death.

Chorus: And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men, down among the dead men
 Down, Down, Down, Down, Down among the dead men let him lie.

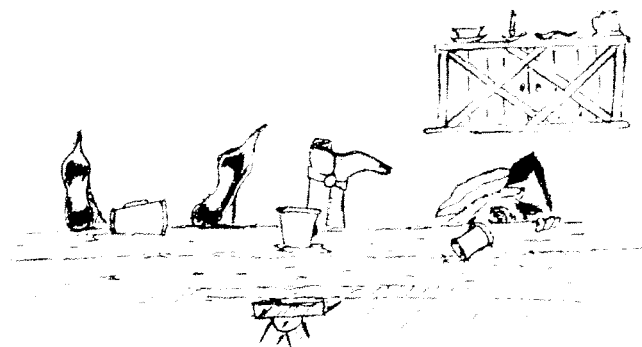
In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll
 Deny no pleasure to my soul,
 Let Bacchus' health round quickly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love.

Let love and wine their rights maintain,
 And their united pleasures reign,
 While Bacchus' treasures crown the board,
 We'll drink the joys that both afford.



Peg Long brought this song into our repertory over a bottle of Almaden white one maudlin, merry, Christmas evening some two years ago. We loved it. Since then we have tried to sing it at least once at every Renaissance Faire, for Peg in her role as Queen Elizabeth. It never fails to move her Majesty - lately she has taken to crying softly and gently gnashing her teeth. It is actually a Carolingian rather than a Renaissance song, and was a great favorite of Dr. Samuel Wesley, "Who used constantly to fugue upon it."

FINIS(HED)

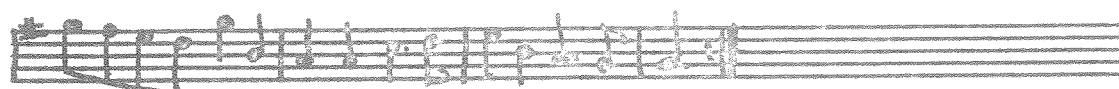
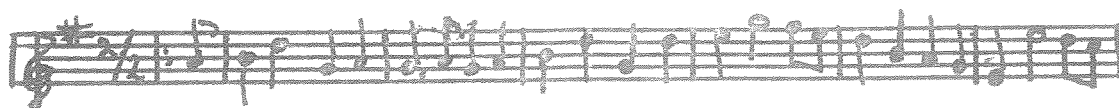


TEW

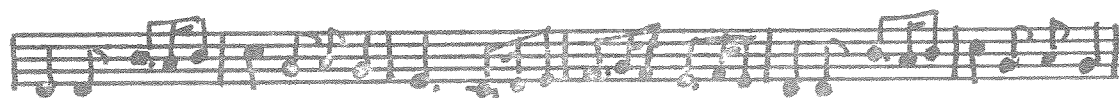
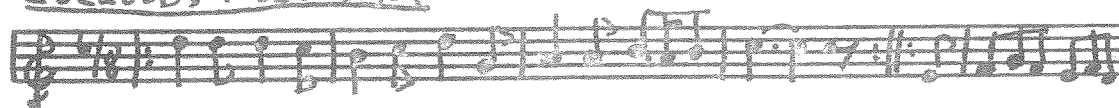


OAT Productions, Berkeley

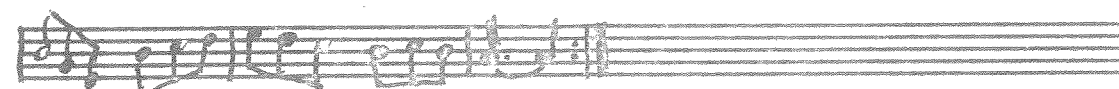
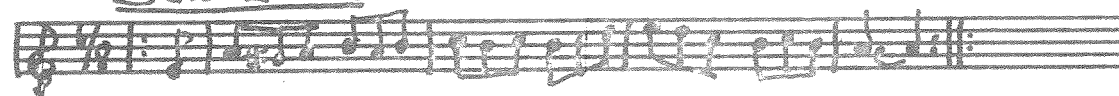
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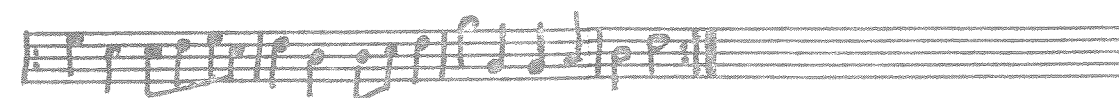
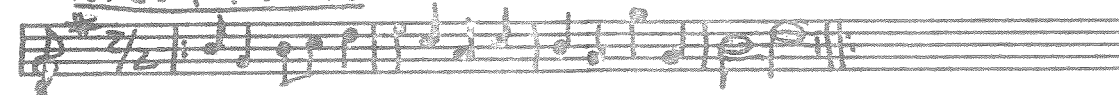
CUCKOLDS ALL BURY



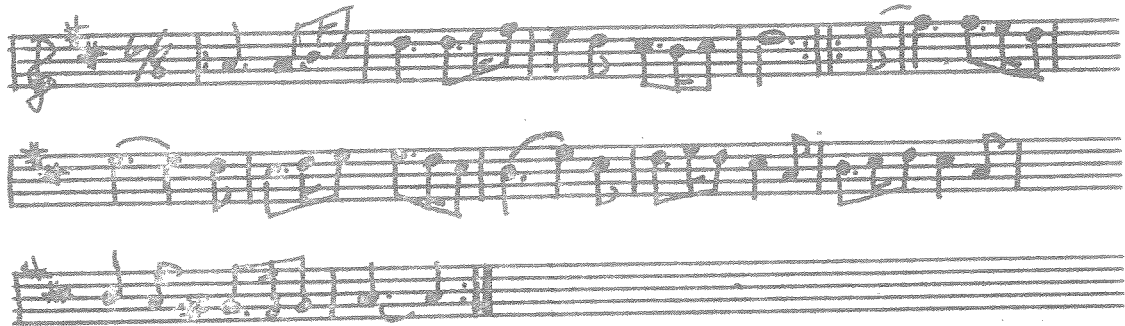
BLACK NAG



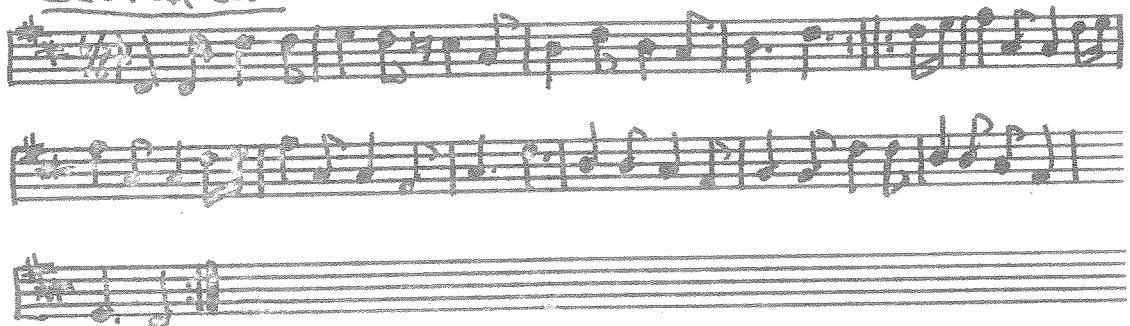
APLEY HOUSE



SELLERS' ROUND



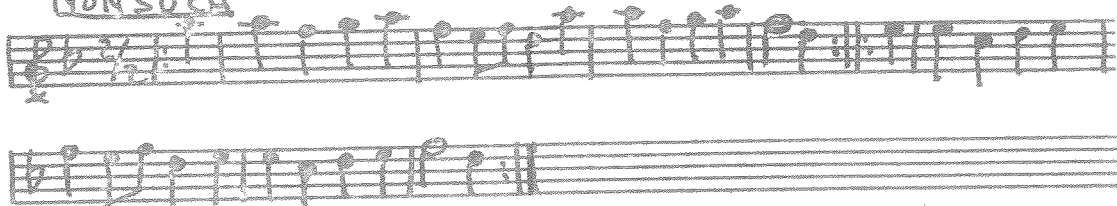
SCOTCH CAP



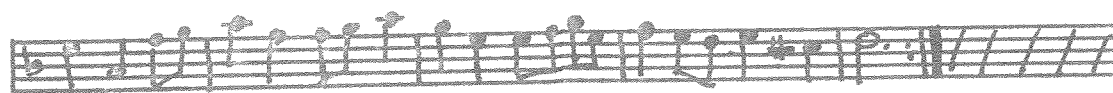
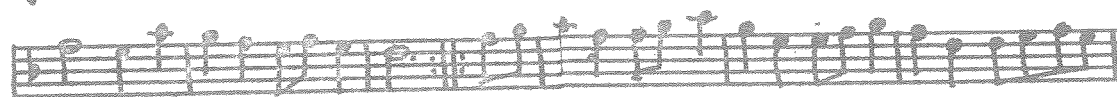
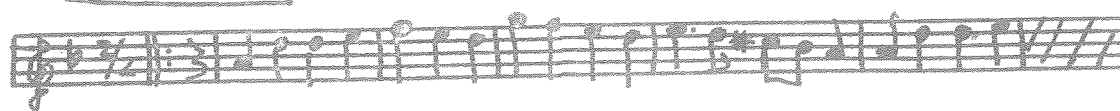
RUFFY TUFFY



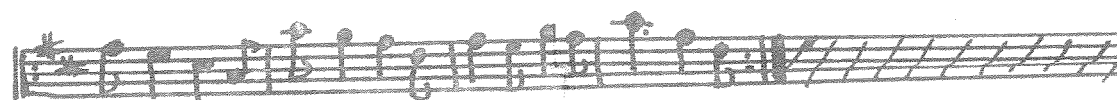
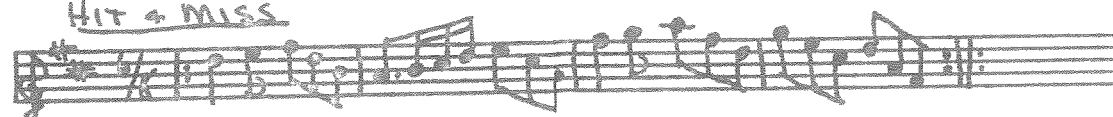
NONSUCH



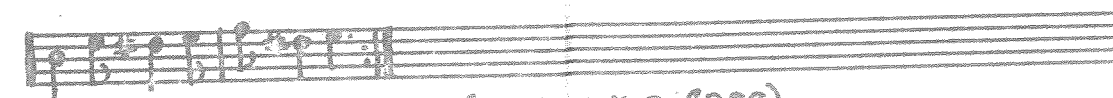
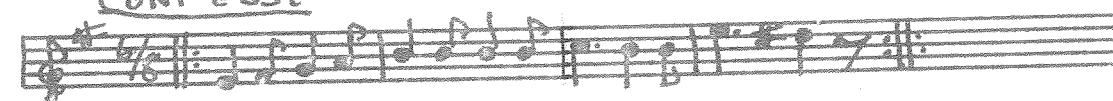
CHILD GROVE



HIT & MISS



CONFESSE



LILLIBURERO - (MARCH ON A CREW)

