

Then beat the drum slowly and play the fife merrily,
 Sound the Dead March as you carry him on,
 Take him into the graveyard and throw the earth o'er him,
 For he's a young sailor cut down in his prime.

He asked for a candle to light him to bed with,
 Likewise a flannel to wrap round his head,
 His poor head was aching, his poor heart was breaking,
 He was a young sailor cut down in his prime.

Had she but told me when she disordered me,
 Had she but told me of it in time,
 I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,
 But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.

And now he is dead and he lies in his coffin,
 Six jolly sailors to carry him along,
 Six jolly maidens shall carry white roses,
 Not for to smell him as you pass him by.

At the top of the street you will see two girls standing,
 One to the other they whispered and said:
 "Here comes the young man whose money we squandered,
 Here comes the young sailor cut down in his prime".

On the top of his headstone you'll see these words written:
 "All you young men take a warning by me;
 Don't go a-courtin' flash crows of the city,
 Flash crows of the city be the ruin of me".

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For more on John Hasted, see "Transatlantic Troubadours: Pete Seeger, John Hasted and the English Folk Song Revival", in *Canadian Folk Music Bulletin*, Vol 33.3 (September 1999), pp. 18-21.

A Song of Farewell

Sadly, the traditional music community has lost a number of major figures during the past year. In this issue we have mourned the loss of John Hasted. Last issue it was Wade Hemsworth. Other recent losses include Eric Winter and Hamish Henderson. In loving memory, we dedicate to them all this traditional Irish song of farewell, which Rosaleen has transcribed from the singing of Tommy Makem.

The Parting Glass

Anon
Tommy Makem

Folksong

Of all the mon - ey that ere I had, Oh I
 spent it in good com - pan - y, and all the
 harm that ere I've done, Oh, I swear it was to
 none but me..... And all I've done, for
 want of wit....., to mem - or - y now I can't re -
 call..... So fill for me the part - ing glass....
 Good night and joy be to you all.

If I had money enough to spend, and leisure time to sit a while,
 There is a fair maid in this town, that surely has my heart beguiled.
 Her rosey cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart enthralled,
 So fill for me the parting glass: Good night, and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had, they are sorry for my going away,
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I had, they wish me one more day to stay.
 But since it fell into my lot, that I should rise and you should not,
 I gently rise and softly call: Good night, and joy be to you all.