

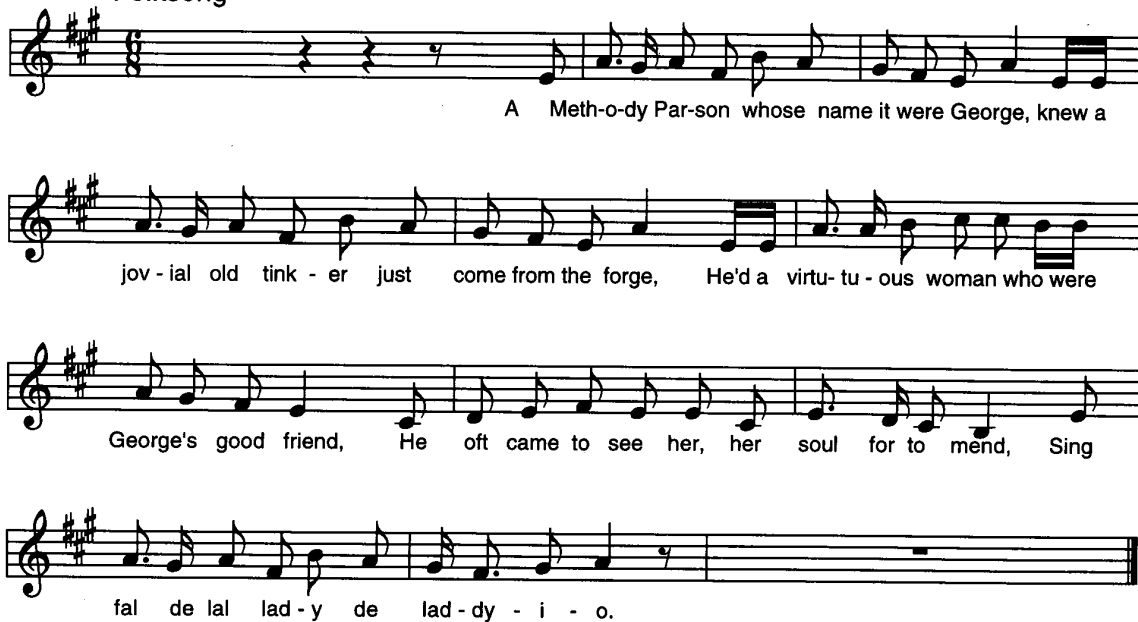
As Collected by John: Three Songs

John Hasted collected folksongs in various regions of England, including London, the Home Counties, Dorset (where he located Charlie Wills), North Yorkshire (where he found John Hill), Northumberland, and the Lake District. The material he recorded was varied, as these three examples suggest.

The Methody Parson

Anon
John Joseph Hill

Folksong



A Meth-o-dy Par-son whose name it were George, knew a
jov-ial old tink-er just come from the forge, He'd a virtu-tu-ous woman who were
George's good friend, He oft came to see her, her soul for to mend, Sing
fal de lal lad-y de lad-dy - i - o.

Now this good woman's husband no Methody he,
But a good-hearted churchman both jovial and free,
He loved the brown jug as a good honest man,
And his house were hung round wi' fat bacon and ham.

One day he came home, and he found them at prayers,
He looked very honest, devout and sincere,
But he looked round the room for he'd reasons to guess,
And he plainly could see that his bacon grew less.

How he looked round the room both cunning and sly,
And into George's pocket he cast a quick eye,
For he saw something in it, without any doubt,
Says he "Honest man, what's tha got i' that clout?"

"O-Oh" replied George, "it's God's holy word:
The sacred scripture I have off the Lord.
For when I'm at home I never am idle,
I make it a study to read from the bible."

“Then pull out thy bible,” the churchman replied.
 “Or else, by Lord Harry, I’ll bardle thy hide,
 And I’ll bray thee within half an inch of thy life,
 For the bible’s all bacon tha’s sto’en off me wife.”

George shuffled about and his bible pulled out,
 When a great lump of fat bacon rolled out of the clout.
 He took to his heels, for he dursn’t be idle
 And from that day to this, he’s preached wi’ out a bible.

So all you good men who lead honest lives,
 I would have you take care of your bacon and wives,
 For where there’s a fleecher great care must be taken,
 For they’ll preach for ever where there’s plenty fat bacon.

Byker Hill

Anon
 John Hasted

Folksong

If I had an - oth - er pen - ny, I'd have an -
 oth - er gill, I'd make the pip - er play the
 Bon - ny Lass of Byk - er Hill. Byk - er Hill and
 Walk - er Shore, Coll - ier Lads for ev - er more,
 Byk - er Hill and Walk - er Shore, Coll - ier Lads for
 ev - er more.

CHORUS: Byker Hill and Walker Shore, collier lads for ever more,
Byker Hill and Walker Shore, collier lads for ever more.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim, they drink bugbo made of gin,
Then to dance they all begin, to the tune of Elsie Marley.

Geordie Johnson had a pig, he hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig,
All the way to Byker Hill, to the tune of Elsie Marley.

When first I went down to the dirt, I had no cowl nor no pit shirt,
Now I've gotten two or three, Walker Pit's done well for me.

Young Sailor Cut Down in His Prime

Anon
Charlie Wills

Folksong

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "One day I were walk - ing down by the Royal Albi - on, Cold was the morn - ing and wet was the day, Who should I see but one of my ship - mates, Wrapped up in flannel and cold as the clay." The score ends with a double bar line.

One day I were walk - ing down
by the Royal Albi - on, Cold
was the morn - ing and wet was the
day, Who should I see
but one of my ship - mates,
Wrapped up in flannel and cold
as the clay.

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".

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.

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.