

Cecilia Costello

"Old Fashioned Songs"

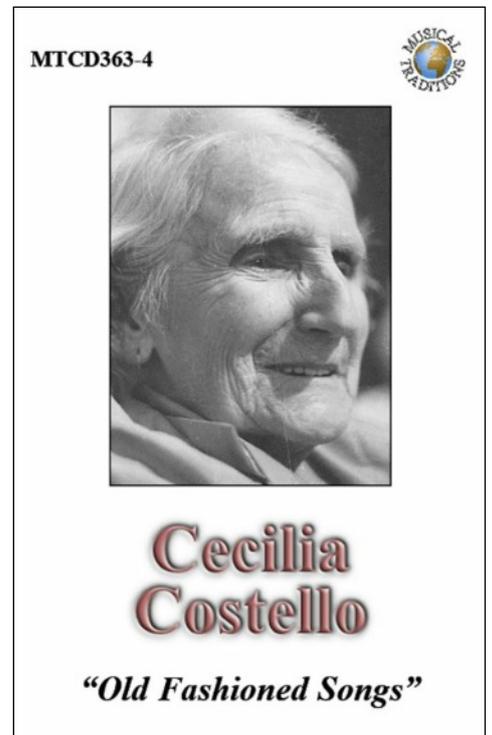
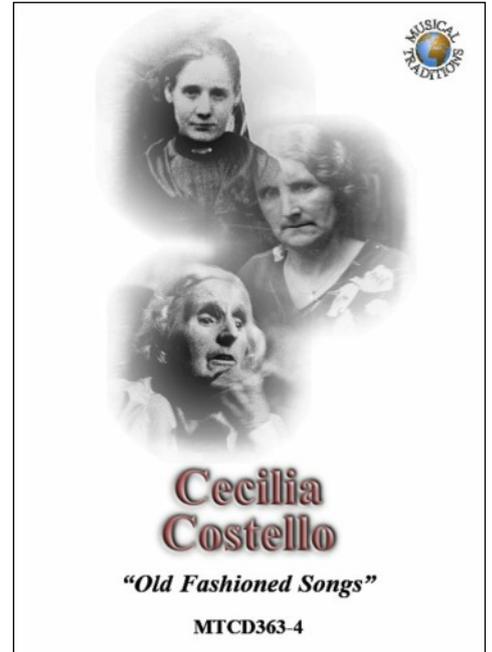
(MTCD363-4)

CD One:

1	<i>Talk</i>	0:28	19	<i>The Policeman</i>	1:30
2	<i>Cruel Mother and Talk</i>	5:49	20	<i>You'll Want Me Back Some Day</i>	1:29
3	<i>I Wish I Wish</i>	1:56	21	<i>The Royal Divorce</i>	1:30
4	<i>Green Wedding</i>	4:17	22	<i>Are We to Part Like This Bill</i>	1:15
5	<i>Wexford Murder</i>	5:06	23	<i>When you get up in the Morning</i>	0:55
6	<i>Handsome Cabin Boy</i>	0:56	24	<i>You've Quite Forgot Your Mother</i>	1:02
7	<i>Bring Back My Johnny</i>	3:19	25	<i>Farewell to My Country</i>	1:04
8	<i>Frog and the Mouse</i>	1:06	26	<i>Wedding Bells</i>	1:06
9	<i>Betsy of Ballantown Brae</i>	7:52	27	<i>Green Grow the Rushes</i>	0:58
10	<i>Jew's Garden</i>	1:23	28	<i>Paddy You're a Villain</i>	0:54
11	<i>Maid That's Deep in Love</i>	2:30	29	<i>Come Along with Me My Lady Love</i>	0:50
12	<i>Write Me Down</i>	1:29	30	<i>Lady in the White Silk Dress</i>	0:51
13	<i>Shule Agra</i>	1:49	31	<i>Window Cleaner / Bill Poster</i>	0:54
14	<i>Grey Cock</i>	5:13	32	<i>I Dare Not Go Home</i>	0:46
15	<i>Cruel Mother (Father's)</i>	5:05	33	<i>Sailing in My Balloon</i>	0:46
16	<i>Bring back My Johnny</i>	2:47	34	<i>Faithless Little Doner</i>	0:46
17	<i>Grey Cock</i>	4:03	35	<i>I Come From Sweet Tyrone</i>	0:43
18	<i>Farewell He</i>	1:10	36	<i>Barbara Allen</i>	0:41
19	<i>Love it is a Killing Thing</i>	0:50	37	<i>The Only Bit of English</i>	0:41
20	<i>Betsy of Ballantown Brae</i>	6:10	38	<i>Dear Old Mother</i>	0:41
21	<i>Maid That's Deep in Love</i>	1:58	39	<i>Puss</i>	0:41
22	<i>Shule Agra</i>	1:15	40	<i>Sail Away</i>	0:39
23	<i>Handsome Cabin Boy</i>	0:33	41	<i>I Don't Like Work</i>	0:41
24	<i>Green Bushes</i>	2:20	42	<i>Ain't it Nice to have a Father</i>	0:39
25	<i>Cruel Mother</i>	4:30	43	<i>Is Your Mother in, Molly Malone?</i>	0:40
26	<i>Talk</i>	4:55	44	<i>The Table was Laid for Three</i>	0:39
Total: 79:03			45	<i>Send Me a Simple Daisy</i>	0:38
			46	<i>Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty</i>	0:38
			47	<i>When London's Fast Asleep</i>	0:38
			48	<i>Black Eyed Susan</i>	0:34
			49	<i>Won't You Tell Me, Daddy</i>	0:32
			50	<i>Stop the Cab</i>	0:28
			51	<i>Some They Call Me Ikey</i>	0:27
			52	<i>Saturday Night</i>	0:27
			53	<i>Chuck Him Up</i>	0:26
			54	<i>Mother Had an Apple</i>	0:26
			55	<i>You're Not Dead Yet</i>	0:25
			56	<i>Johnny, When You Come Over</i>	0:25
			57	<i>Only a Chimney Sweeper</i>	0:24
			58	<i>Mary Was a Milkmaid</i>	0:24
			59	<i>Cuckoo's Nest</i>	0:22
			60	<i>I lost My Love and I Care Not</i>	0:16
			61	<i>I'll Stick to the Ship / Queen Elizabeth</i>	2:18
			62	<i>Kathleen</i>	1:07
			63	<i>No Irish Need Apply - folk club</i>	2:37
			Total: 76:16		

CD Two:

1	<i>A Little Drop Left in the Bottle</i>	0:17	48	<i>Black Eyed Susan</i>	0:34
2	<i>Rosemary Lane</i>	2:15	49	<i>Won't You Tell Me, Daddy</i>	0:32
3	<i>My Bonny Irish Boy</i>	3:08	50	<i>Stop the Cab</i>	0:28
4	<i>Kitty Wells</i>	4:28	51	<i>Some They Call Me Ikey</i>	0:27
5	<i>I Once Loved a Young Man</i>	2:08	52	<i>Saturday Night</i>	0:27
6	<i>Liza's Wedding</i>	3:36	53	<i>Chuck Him Up</i>	0:26
7	<i>Peaky Blinder</i>	1:46	54	<i>Mother Had an Apple</i>	0:26
8	<i>She's Not No Airy Fairy Lady</i>	2:26	55	<i>You're Not Dead Yet</i>	0:25
9	<i>No Irish Need Apply</i>	2:19	56	<i>Johnny, When You Come Over</i>	0:25
10	<i>I Have Roamed Many Lands</i>	1:57	57	<i>Only a Chimney Sweeper</i>	0:24
11	<i>May I Come Home Again</i>	2:25	58	<i>Mary Was a Milkmaid</i>	0:24
12	<i>Over Hills and Lofty Mountains</i>	2:02	59	<i>Cuckoo's Nest</i>	0:22
13	<i>Aye for Saturday Night</i>	1:37	60	<i>I lost My Love and I Care Not</i>	0:16
14	<i>Bunch of Shamrock recitation</i>	1:55	61	<i>I'll Stick to the Ship / Queen Elizabeth</i>	2:18
15	<i>No Green in Her Eye</i>	2:12	62	<i>Kathleen</i>	1:07
16	<i>I Once Had a Sweetheart</i>	1:24	63	<i>No Irish Need Apply - folk club</i>	2:37
17	<i>If I Do I Do</i>	1:14	Total: 76:16		
18	<i>Only a Year Ago</i>	1:42			



Cecilia Costello

24.10.1884 – 20.4.1976

Cecilia Costello (née Kelly) was born in 8, Court 2, Pershore Street, behind the Bull Ring, Birmingham, on October 24th 1884. 'Ciss' was the youngest of ten children - five boys and five girls.

Her mother (Margaret Kelly, née Higgins), was from Galway (and said to be related to Ned Kelly, the bushranger) and her father (Edward) from Ballinasloe in County Roscommon. They moved to Birmingham, coming across, as did many, on the boats to escape the poverty and unemployment in their home land. They lived at various addresses in Birmingham: 7 Court 4, Allison Street; 6/85 Dean Place, Pershore Street; Park Street; Coventry Street; Milk Street; Great Hope Street.

By the age of seven she was beginning to learn songs, mainly from her father, but also from other relatives. A little later she came under the spell of the music hall. She scraped together the twopenny for a seat at the Tivoli (now the Hippodrome) in Hurst Street on so many occasions that the singer, George Robey, noticed her assiduity and rewarded it by a visit to her home in Pershore Street and the gift of a month's complimentary pass.

Mrs Costello's mother worked in Hawkin's Screw factory, 331 Cheapside, Digbeth and when Cecilia was twelve her mother got her a job as an unpaid trainee in the same factory. Subsequently properly employed, she worked from 8 in the morning 'til 7 at night, making screws, for 6 or 7 shillings a week; a penny or a penny farthing a gross depending on the size. Despite a notice 'No larking or singing', she entertained her fellow-workers with songs and learned others from them.

In the 1901 Census records show that on Sunday March 31st Cecilia was seventeen years old, single and a patient in Birmingham Workhouse Infirmary; her occupation given as a Brass Polisher. At the age of 21 she married Thomas Costello, also originally from Roscommon, on 24th July 1904 at St Michael's Church, Moor Street, Birmingham. In her youth she had been well known for her singing, and as a young mother she sang a good deal to her children - five boys: Thomas, Patrick, Hubert, John and Edward; and three girls: Margaret, Mollie (Mary) and Marie (who only lived to the age of three).

Although she was born and bred in Birmingham, Mrs Costello's cultural roots were in Ireland as can be seen in her singing style; she sang with a soft Brummie accent but with noticeable Irish styling for some of her songs. We should bear in mind that although she had spent all her life in the heart of industrial England, she was just one generation from rural Ireland. Many of her songs spring from that classic Anglo-Irish repertory which came to England with the 'July Barbers', as the itinerant Irish harvest workers were known, not to mention the 'navvies' who came over to build the canals and railways ... and later, to help re-build Birmingham after the bombing of World War II. Nevertheless, she made a clear distinction between her own and her father's style and singing, which she illustrated in some recordings.

During her middle age her "old-fashioned songs", as she called them, seem to have lain dormant until 1951 when, on 30th November, Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw visited her in Lime Tree Road, Washwood Heath, and recorded thirteen songs for the BBC Sound Archives. Exactly how she came to the notice of song collectors is a little unclear - unsurprising when the name Peter Kennedy is involved.

Extract from Reg Hall's Peter Kennedy Discography:

In the notes to the long-playing record, *Cecilia Costello* (Leader LEE 4054, 1975), Marie Slocombe of the BBC Sound Library says that Cecilia Costello's son wrote to the BBC after having heard a programme of folk songs on the radio, and, on the strength of that, Marie Slocombe visited her on 30th November 1951 and recorded her for the BBC. That was a few weeks before the appointment by the BBC of Peter Kennedy and Seamus Ennis as field collectors. Peter is not mentioned at all in the Leader notes, which incidentally imply that Marie Slocombe's recordings were the first ones ever made of Cecilia Costello. In undated rough notes (which could have been written years after the event) held in the Peter Kennedy Archive at the British Library, Peter mentions Cecilia Costello's son's letter to the BBC (implying, but not actually stating, that the letter was re-directed to him); he gives the dates for two recording sessions held 8th and 11th August 1951; and he names Pat Shaw as his co-recorder.

Peter (letter to Brian George, BBC; British Library): August 20th. 1951 ... Pat Shuldham-Shaw and I visited Mrs. Costello at Birmingham last week and I got some wonderful versions - A Cruel Mother and Grey Cock as well as a traditional version of My Bonnie which is extremely pleasant. Marie tells me she is going to visit her in October - well worth while

Peter (letter to Alan Lomax; British Library): August 20th. 1951 ... Stratford Festival went well - very hectic, with little time to work on the song texts ... While at Stratford I recorded an old lady in Birmingham with a good Cruel Mother and Lover's Ghost (Grey Cock) and a traditional version of My Bonnie - what a discovery and very pleasant.

Upon comparing the recordings Folktrax identifies as having been recorded by Peter on 8th August 1951 with the same songs recorded by Marie Slocombe on 30th November 1951, they can be seen to be the same recordings. The claim that there was a recording session on 8th August 1951 is false, and the recordings alleged to have been made by Peter on that day were copies, slightly doctored, of Marie Slocombe's later recordings.

Some of Mrs Costello's songs were used in Peter Kennedy's radio series, *As I Roved Out*, which started in 1953, but a real revival of interest came in the early Sixties. This was occasioned partly, no doubt, by the publication of *The Lover's Ghost* and *I Wish, I Wish* in *The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs* in 1959, and by the appearance of the first commercially available recordings of her in 1961. In

that year the BBC recordings of *The Jew's Garden* and three verses of *The Grey Cock* were issued by Caedmon Records of New York in the *The Folk Songs of Britain* series (vol. 5, TC 1146; re-issued in 1969 by Topic Records of London as 12T161). In 1967 Charles Parker referred to Mrs Costello in an interview printed in the *Birmingham Evening Mail* as 'now dead'. One of her neighbours in Washwood Heath rushed round to her house with a copy of the paper and said: "Mrs Costello, you're not dead, are you?"

In June and August 1967 Charles Parker and Pamela Bishop collected a large number of reminiscences, songs and fragments from her, including versions of *Rosemary Lane*, *Fare You Well Cold Winter* and *No Irish Need Apply*. As a result of being rediscovered, Cecilia made an appearance at the *Grey Cock Song Club* in Birmingham, which had been named in honour of her ballad. In July 1967, Jon Raven recorded and later published a number of her songs, some previously unnoticed, such as *Best Friend in the World* and *Liza's Wedding*.

Roy Palmer visited early in 1971, once with Pam Bishop and once with Ned Costello, when his further recordings included *Aye for Saturday Night* and a fragment of *The Cuckoo's Nest*, which Mrs Costello had learned eighty years previously. He also organised film session for A L Lloyd and Barrie Gavin, which might have led later in the year to a cameo appearance by Mrs Costello in the television film, *Rap'er te Bank* - however, it was Lucy Woodhall, making chain, who actually appeared in this BBC film, rather than Cecilia.

Cecilia's repertoire impressed all who visited her. It ranged from classic ballads to children's songs and street cries. For collectors probably the most interesting was *The Lover's Ghost* or *The Grey Cock* (Roud 179, Child 248), as it was a most unlikely song to find in the Birmingham area. No reports of its still existing in England had previously been found, though Cecil Sharp noted it in Appalachia in 1916 and it was subsequently recorded in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Mrs Costello also knew and loved the music hall, and she had a fund of lively songs learned from fellow factory workers.

When producing records of performers who had died before some of today's readers were born, it's often difficult to impart much of an idea about the sort of person they were. In this present instance, we are lucky enough to have a brief pen-picture

from Marie Slocombe of her first recording session with Cecilia Costello.

We all quickly made friends with Cecilia Costello, who was delighted that we were interested in her songs. She was a lively, wiry little woman, with small, sharply cut features as I remember, bright eager eyes and quick impulsive movements, rather bird-like. She sat down and sang for about three hours on end, giving us in all some thirteen songs and fragments. Most of these derived from childhood experience of the singing of her father, who came from Ballinasloe in County Roscommon. From what she told me her memory of him was extremely vivid and her description of his singing reminded me of Cecil Sharp's account of some of his Somerset folk singers. The song of her father's which she remembered best was a very fine and complete version of *The Cruel Mother*. "He sang it", she told us, "with his eyes closed, hands clasped, bending over - very slow, with great emphasis and drama - he used to frighten us children with it."

Late in life, she became rather deaf, but her eyes still sparkled with a pawky sense of humour. Although she had difficulty in singing, and often preferred to recite the words of her songs, she still valued them deeply. It is to our everlasting benefit that she did so.

The Recordings:

The following appeared in the booklet of the 1975 Leader LP: The BBC recordings of the songs were originally made on tape. Subsequently they were transferred by the BBC onto 78 discs and the tapes destroyed. This record is therefore compiled from filtered copies of the 78 discs in the Sound Archives and not from original tapes.

During the transfer from tape to discs the running times of *The Cruel Mother* and *Betsy of Ballantown Brae* made it necessary to split each song over two sides. We have tried to minimise any acoustic or rhythmic irregularities when matching up these separate sides to make continuous tracks.

The titles of the songs are not necessarily those used by Mrs Costello, but are the ones given on the labels of the BBC 78 discs.

I must here express my thanks to the BBC Archives for permission to use these recordings.

Regarding the Peter Kennedy, Charles Parker, Roy Palmer and Jon Raven recordings: These recordings were digitised by Folktrax, the Charles Parker Archive Trust, the National Sound Archive and the Leeds University Vernacular Archive respectively. I am grateful to Topic Records and the three latter bodies for allowing me access to them.

None of these recordings had been cleaned up in any way. I have done my best to render the often very noisy Kennedy, Palmer and Raven recordings into 'listenable', if not perfect, quality.

The Songs:

Roud Numbers quoted are from the databases, *The Folk Song Index* and *The Broadside Index*, continually updated, compiled by Steve Roud. Currently containing more than 390,500 records between them, they are described by him as "extensive, but not yet exhaustive". Copies are held at: The Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, London; Taisce Ceoil Dúchais Éireann, Dublin; and the School of Scottish Studies,

Edinburgh. They can also be purchased direct from Steve at Southwood, Maresfield Court, High Street, Maresfield, East Sussex, TN22 2EH, UK. Recording dates are shown in the sequence day/month/year.

In the following Song Notes, all Musical Traditions Records' CDs are referred to only by their Catalogue Numbers (i.e. MTCdxxx), as are all Topic Records' CDs (i.e. TSCDxxx) and Veteran CDs (i.e. VTxxx). The names of all other CD publishers are given in full.

Cecilia Costello's singing is quite free of the unusual pronunciations often found amongst singers of her generation, perhaps as a result of being a city dweller all her life. She does sing 'lonely' (lonely) and 'only' (only) fairly often - a common trait amongst Gypsies - but we have decided to omit these in the transcriptions of her songs for the sake of clarity.

CD One contains only the 1951 recordings of 'folk songs' made by Marie Slocombe and Peter Kennedy, and the songs are presented in the same order as they were on the original Leader and Folktrax publications, with a piece of speech as a start and an ending. CD Two contains the 1967 and 1971 recordings, arranged in what we hope is an agreeable listening order. Since much of the content of this CD is pop and music-hall songs (often just a verse and chorus), and as not much is known about them, there are comparatively few song notes related to this disc.

During the pieces of speech accompanying many of the recordings, Mrs Costello seems to imply that a good number of the songs on CD Two came from George Robey. However, checking through the list of Robey's repertoire in Kilgarriff, I've not been able to recognise a single one of Cecilia's amongst them. It should be noted, however, that the titles I am using are those attributed to them by either Cecilia herself or by the collectors, and so may not be their proper 'composed' titles.

CD One:

1-1 Talk

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

... for years and years I went, it never entered me brain, ever, until the reporters (collectors?) come to see me, and then my son, my big son, Percy, he said to me "You know some old fashioned songs, don't you Mother?" And I said "Yes, but they don't want to listen to my old fashioned songs". He said "Well, any road up, (??) I'm going to write up." And there you are; that's how I started ...

1-2 The Cruel Mother (Roud 9, Child 20)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

Spoken: I was the youngest of ten. And now my father was a very strict man - I never courted, I never had a young man, I was never allowed out - but he'd get me between his knees and he'd say: "Come here. You're the youngest of ten" - five girls and five boys, but they'd all married. "But I want you to listen to me and I want to warn you, when you grow up the songs as I'm a-learning you will be true when you grow up, and take warning by 'em", my father. "When you get married", he said, "and you have any children, more so sons, don't do what this woman's done what I'm going to sing to you"... And that song then, that's - my father's been dead twenty five years - that song then was a hundred year old, see. And now, he said, "Now ... when he did say it ... I ... There was a lady that lived in York, that was she, that was the woman." If I had children I should be kind to 'em and don't do what that cruel mother done. That's the way he put it, see. Well that's how my father told me.

There was a lady that lived in York
All alone and aloney-o
She proved a child be her own father's clerk
Down by a greenwood sidey-o

As she was a-walking down her father's lawn
All alone etc.
She thought three times that her back would be broke
Down etc.

As she was a-walking down her father's lawn
She said, "Honourable Mary pity me."

As she was a-walking down her father's lawn
There her three fine sons they were born

She pulled out her long penknife
And there she took away their three lives

Years went by and one summer's morn
She saw three boys, they were playing bat and ball

"Oh my fine boys if you were mine
Sure I'd dress you up in silk so fine."

"Oh mother dear when we were yours
You did not dress us in silk so fine."

"You pulled out your long penknife
And there you took away our three lives."

"Oh my fine boys what will become of me
You'll be seven long years a bird in a tree."

"You'll be seven years more a tongue in a bell
And you'll be seven long years a porter in hell."

This ballad is full of ancient beliefs, and seems to be of Scottish origin; it first appeared in Herd, *Ancient & Modern Scottish Songs*, dated 1776. It has been collected all over Britain and North America, though only four singers are recorded as having known it in Ireland - and none of them were from Co Roscommon. Child knew of 16 versions, Bronson 56 and Roud 325. Mrs Costello learned her version - as she did many of her songs - from her father, when she was a child.

Roud lists 53 sound recordings, though very few ever seem to have been published. Only three appear to be available on CD: Lizzie Higgins (MTCd 337-8); Vicki Whelan (MTCd311-2); Jock Duncan (Springthyme SPRCD 1039); Duncan Burke, Cecilia Costello and Thomas Moran (Rounder CD 1775); Elizabeth Stewart (Elphinstone Institute EICD002).

There follows, at track 15 of this CD, another recording of Mrs Costello singing *The Cruel Mother*, in which she tries to recapture the way her father sang the ballad.

1-3 I wish, I wish (Roud 495)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain
I wish I were a maid again
A maid again I never will be
'Til apple grows on orange tree.

I wish my baby it was born
And smiling on its papa's knee

And I to be in yon churchyard
With long green grass growing over me.

When my apron strings hung low
He followed me through frost and snow
But now my apron's to my chin
He passes by and says nothing.

Oh grief, oh grief, I'll tell you why
That girl has no more gold than I
More gold than I and beauty, fame
But she will come like me again.

It's rather surprising that this song, made up of some of the most common floating verses in the canon, should have only 39 Roud entries, and that almost all the named singers are very well known. Most come from England and Scotland, with just a handful from Ireland and North America.

Although seemingly a distinct song in its own right, *I Wish, I Wish* comprises a number of verses that can also be found in a group of songs which include *Since Love Has Brought me to Despair* (Roud 60. Laws P25) and *In Sheffield Park* (Roud 860). Three American versions from Madison County, NC, can be heard on the CD *Dark Holler - Old Love Songs and Ballads* (Smithsonian -Folkways SFW CD 40159). The songs are *When I Wore My Apron Low* (sung by Dellie Norton), *Love Has Brought Me to Despair* (sung by Berzilla Wallin) and *I Wish My Baby Was Born* (sung by Dillard Chandler). The version of *I Wish My Baby Was Born* that was heard in the movie *Cold Mountain* was based on the Chandler set. The Carter Family recorded a version as *Carter's Blues* in 1929 (reissued on JSP box set *The Carter Family. 1927 - 1934*. JSPCD7701).

Other recordings available on CD: Lizzie Higgins (MTCd 337-8); George Dunn (MTCd 317-8); Walter Pardon (MTCd 305-6 and TSCD 665); Jeannie Robertson (Rounder 1720).

1-4 The Green Wedding (Roud 93, Child 221)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

There was a squire in Hainborough lived
And a squire of a high degree
He came to court a country girl
And a comely maid was she
When her father came to hear of it
Oh, an angry man was he

He requested of his daughter dear
For to shun his company.

Now there was a farmer lived in the east
And he had one only son
He came to court this country girl
Until he had her won
He got consent from her father and mother
From old and young likewise
But still she cries, I am undone
Whilst the tears rolled from her eyes.

She sent her love a letter
And she sealed it with her hand
Saying, "My dearest dear, I'm going to be wed
Unto a farmer's son."
Oh, the very first line that he read of it
He smiled and this did say
"Oh, I will deprive him of his bride
All on his wedding day."

He sent her back an answer

To be sure and dress in green
And a suit of the same he would put on
The wedding to prepare.
Then he looked east and he looked west
He looked all round his land
He mounted eight score of his men
Unto the cottage clan
He mounted them all with a milk-white steed
And an angry man rode he
And away away to Hainborough went
With his company dressed in green

“Oh, you’re welcome here, you are welcome here
Where have you been all day?
And who are all those gentlemen
That are riding out this way?”
He laughed at her, he scoffed at them
He smiled and this did say
“Oh, there may have been some very jolly troops
That would ride out today.”

Then up spoke the intended groom
And an angry man was he
“If it is for fight that you’ve come here
Well I am the man for thee.”
“Oh, it’s not for fight that I’ve come here
But friendship for to show.”
Saying, “Give me one kiss from your bonny lips
And away from you I’ll go.”

He caught hold of her lily-white hand
Around the middle so small
He brought her out of the wedding house
Without the leave of all
He brought her out of the wedding house
Without the leave of me
And away away to Hainborough went
With his company dressed in green.

Songs in which there is a dilemma over possible marriage partners abound. The usual pattern is that parents wish a woman to choose a particular man, while she inclines to another, usually of lower social status. Here the reverse is true, and she marries the squire instead of the farmer - although this is most atypical of this ballad; the farmer is more usually a rich Lord’s son.

This is a Scottish ballad, often known as *Katherine Jaffray*, and Mrs Costello’s splendid and very full version is a great surprise to find in industrial Birmingham in the 1950s. It is very rare in England - only two other English singers have been collected; Charles Neville and Robert Parrish, both from Somerset. It has, however, been found quite frequently in North America.

Although Cecilia’s version doesn’t make this terribly clear, the trick the Squire plays is a clever one. Elves and Fairies are known to dress in green, and since they are lightly-built, often ride two to a horse. So when the Squire arrives at the wedding house with a company of green-clad, double-mounted men, they are taken to be an Elvish host - and *nobody* in their right mind messes with the Elves! Thus the Squire is able to abduct his love, out of the middle of the company, without any problem.

Roud has 102 entries, including 20 sound recordings, though few have ever been published and only Joe Rae (MTCD313), Nora Cleary (TSCD 656) and Thomas Moran (Rounder CD 1776) can be found on CD.

1-5 The Wexford Murder (Roud 1412, Laws P38)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

Spoken: My father come from County Roscommon, Ireland. I was ... being the youngest he was very strict with me, and he used to say when I come out of school ... I’d say to him: "Dad. I’ve been learning a song about a farmer - All the day long in the cornfields so weary, father has toiled of the heat of the sun" - I used to be telling my father this. Then my father’d say: "I know summat like that, come here". And he’d get me between his legs and he’d start. And he learned me all the songs as he knowed while he lived in Ireland. And there you are, as I grew older I never forgot ‘em. And as I grew ... the first time my baby could walk, my oldest, I started - he’s sixty - and I kept on with every one I’ve had. Well I used to sit and tell these children all what I went through when they were little. And then again they’d say ... come from school and they’d say: "Tell us another song what your father used to learn". And I learnt them, see.

You young and old, I now make bold,
I’ll hope you’ll lend an ear
For it is as cruel a murder
As ever you did hear
It’s all about a young fair girl,
Her age was scarce sixteen
Her beauty bright was my delight
‘Til Satan a-tempted me.

Now this girl she being a servant girl
And I a farmer’s son
And from the county of Wexford
Convenient to Tyrone
I courted her in private
‘Til I got her beguile
And then to take her precious life
I planted in my mind.

So I sent for her one evening
And soon she came to me
I said, “Dear Jane, now don’t complain,
But to Wexford we will go”
I said, “Dear Jane, now don’t complain,
To Wexford we will go
And there we will get married
And I’m sure no one will know.”

So it being so late they both stepped out
Across the country;
It would draw tears down from your eyes
The talk she said to me
I told her I was going to murder her
And this I made reply
Saying “Jane O’Riley you must go,
For it’s here you’ve got to die”

“Oh James, look on your infant dear,
And do spare me my life,
And don’t commit a murder
Such a dark and dreary night
For to God I’ll promise on my knees
If you’ll spare me my life
I’ll never go nor bother you
Nor ax to be your wife.”

But all she said it was in vain
And he gave her a mortal blow
With his heavy loaded whip
He left her in her gore
Her blood and brain they flew like rains,
Her moans would pierce your heart
I thought I had her murdered
Before I did depart.

But she being alive next morning
Just by the break of day
There was a shepherd’s daughter
That came along that way
She saw the girl lie in her blood
And drew to her relief
Saying, “I was murdered here last night,
Will you bring me the priest?”

Now the priest and doctor was sent for,
Likewise the police at large
They soon got information
When she had told my name
They soon got information
When she had told my name
And I was bound a prisoner
And locked in Wexford gaol

So me name it is James Brennan
And my life I now must part
For the murder of young Jane Riley
I’m sorry to the heart
I hope the Lord will pardon me
All on my judgement day
And when I’m on my dismal track,
Good Christians, for me pray.

The killing of a woman in order to conceal her seduction and pregnancy is a frequent motif in songs. In *The Cruel Ship’s Carpenter* the murder is discovered and punished by supernatural agency. Mrs Costello’s song, which is similar to a number of other gory nineteenth century broadsides, has a good melodramatic denouement brought about by the victim’s classic statement: "I was murdered here last night".

Roud has only two named singers of this ballad in England, and just one in Ireland - so the Irish names and places in Cecilia’s song might appear to be unusual; most of the British entries are from Scotland, where the title *The Longford Murder* is most common.

There are only 38 entries for this ballad and, while 15 refer to sound recordings, only two of these have ever been published; and neither has ever appeared on CD.

1-6 The Handsome (or Female) Cabin Boy (Roud 239, Laws N13)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

Of a pretty fair maid that you may understand
Her mind was bound to rambling
unto a foreign land

She dressed herself in sailor’s clothes
as plainly as does appear
And she hired with a captain
to serve him for one year.

Now the maid she being so active
and she done her duty well
Now mark what follows after

the maid herself can tell
It was eating captain biscuits
her colour did destroy
Oh the waist did swell of pretty Nell
the handsome cabin boy.

Mrs Costello very much enjoyed singing this fragment of a song which is often far more saucy than this, and tends to have two quite different outcomes. In this version, the female cabin boy gets pregnant by the Captain, while in the other she manages to repel his advances throughout the voyage and, upon landing, triumphantly leaves the ship in her woman's clothing saying "You've had your chance, dear Captain; adieu for evermore."

Although Roud has 6 versions of this song collected in North America, most of his 154 entries are from Scotland and England; from Sunderland down to Somerset.

Other recordings available on CD: Bob Hart (MTCD301-2); Walter Pardon (MTCD305-6); Jeannie Robertson (Rounder 1720).

1-7 **My Johnny** (Roud 1422)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

He's gone, I am now sad and lonely
He's left me to cross the deep sea
I know that he thinks of me only
And will soon be returning to me.
My eyes they are filled with devotion
For my husband he said he would be
Blow gently the winds on the ocean
And send back my Johnny to me.

Each night as I lie on my pillow
My bosom it heaves with a sigh
I think of each angry willow
And I'm watching the clouds in the sky.
Some say that my love is returning
To his own native country and me
So blow gently the winds on the ocean
And send back my Johnny to me.

He's gone for his fortune to better
I know that he's gone for my sake

I'll soon be receiving a letter
Or else my poor heart it will break.
Some say that my love is returning
To his own native country and me
So blow gently the winds on the ocean
And send back my Johnny to me.

Not a song much found in the oral tradition, with only 25 Roud entries - although my parents' generation knew it well as *My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean*, with its "Bring back, bring back" chorus. This certainly didn't have the fine aeolian tune Mrs Costello uses here, though her text has more than a hint of Victorian sentimentality.

It was known in England and the USA, and Charles Demspey, from Derry, is mentioned as the only Irish singer. The only other recorded version is by Chris Bouchillon of Atlanta, Georgia (Old Hat CD 1005), who tags a parody verse and chorus onto the end of his talking blues, *Born in Hard Luck*.

1-8 **The Frog and the Mouse** (Roud 16)

Recorded by Maria Slocombe, 16.1.54

There was a rat that lived in a well
IO ransome-diddy-dum
And a merry mouse in the mill.
Raddledy-umbo-dairy

"Oh Lady Mouse are you within
IO, etc.
Oh yes kind sir I'm learning to spin."
Raddledy, etc.

"Oh Lady Mouse will you be wed.
Oh when will you lose your maidenhead?"

Oh Master Rat is not at home,
And I mustn't wed until he comes home.

Mrs Costello had a fragmentary text of a rather longer children's song, known all over the anglophone world, which goes by dozens of different titles - almost all of which mention a frog and a mouse - although hers doesn't mention a frog at all!

This children's song was but the remaining stub of a much longer satirical ballad which probably dates back at least to the mid-sixteenth century. Sigmund Spaeth has a note claiming that the original version was supposed to refer to François, Duke of Anjou's wooing of Elizabeth I of England. Evelyn K Wells, however, suggests that the original may have been satirically altered in 1580 when it was recorded in the register of the London Company of Stationers, as this would have been at the height of this unpopular courtship. But the Wedderburn text, which at least anticipates the song, predates the reign of Queen Elizabeth by nine years, and Queen Mary by four. So, if it refers to any queen at all, it would seemingly have to be Mary Stuart.

The Frog and the Mouse has a remarkable 672 Roud entries, mostly from North America, and about 500 of them refer to printed sources. Only about 60% of the entries carry a date (the earliest being 1851), so it's reasonable to suggest that none of the named singers would have had any idea of what the ballad was originally about. There are about 50 entries for England, though none of the named singers come from anywhere near Birmingham, and only 6 Irish singers are named.

1-9 **Betsy of Ballantown Brae** (Roud 566, Laws P28)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

You young men and maidens I pray listen here
For to hear the sad tale of two lovers so dear
She was charming young Betsy
of Ballantown Brae

And the Lord of the Pullant ¹ that led her astray.

One night as this young man
he lay down for to sleep
Pretty Betsy came to him and over him did weep
Saying, "You are that young man
that has caused me to roam
Far far from my friends and my own native home.
And my spreshaling (?) red cheeks
they are moulding away
And I'm watching the image of Ballantown Brae."

He rose from his slumber like a man in surprise
"Ah that is the voice of my Betsy", he cries
"And if she is dead, which her voice seems to say
I will lie by her side in sweet Ballantown Brae."

Then he called for his servants to saddle his steed
Over hills and great mountains
he went with quick speed
Until he had arrived by the noon time of day
To the cot of young Betsy of Ballantown Brae.

Betsy's old father stood at his own gate
Like a man quite forlorned
and bewailing his fate
When this young lord advanced
and to him did say
"I pray will you tell me the cause of your grief?"
"Well I had but one daughter"
this old man did say,
"But now she lies low in sweet Ballantown Brae.
All through a false lover that caused her to roam
Far far from her friends
and her own native home."

"Well I am that young man",
this young lord replied.
"I certainly vowed I would make her my bride."
It is then from a scabbard a short sword he drew
And with the sharp end
he did pierce his breast through.

And when he was a-dying these words he did say
"Lie me down with sweet Betsy
of Ballantown Brae.
And when he was a-dying these words he did say
"Lie me down with sweet Betsy
of Ballantown Brae."

Spoken: My mother, God bless her ... If I could have left school at twelve to go to work to get some bread ... but my mother got me a job, screws - screw as you ... Well now, it's a very hard life when you've been to school and you go into like a great big factory where there's wheels going round. There's wheels going this way, others coming this way and, there you are, on a notice 'No larking or singing' or nothing like that, 'cause you might cut yourself see. A factory with the ordinary screws, the screws what you put in the door. But I'd start off myself with all the songs. And all the girls - all the girls then'd be listening - they darena move from their work, see - and they'd come over and the gaffer'd come up and he'd say: "Now then, what's the matter, what's the matter?" And they'd run to work 'cause times was hard then. And he'd been on the stairs a-listening to me, see, as I was a-singing. And when he got 'em all to work he says to me: "Where did you learn that?" - well. I think I was about sixteen - "where did you learn that song from?" "Oh", I said, "I'd hear my father and mother telling me stories about bad days and a-course they knew it and they learnt it me". "Well, I don't want no singing here. Thou'll never do no work; but come on, come in the office and let me see if I can hear it". Yes. Well now, I was shy, see, I was shy - we was young - and when I sat down I blushed and he said: "You needn't go red, I like that song very well, that's a long, long ballad". And I was sixteen. And then again, when I did sing it he said: "Oh I would love my wife to hear that". And I thought to myself: "Well you ain't going to get me to your wife". I thought to myself. So I said: "Oh it's ever so old". He said: "Well, yes it is, it is old, but it's a beautiful song - and a warning". Well, there you are.

¹ Other versions have *'the Laird of yon moorland'* here.

Roud has 42 entries for this ballad, the majority of which are broadside publications, so it's not been heard much from the oral tradition. Five singers are named in Ireland, and 8 in North America. Several English ballads have roughly the same story as this, though few I can think of end with the lover killing himself - except perhaps *William and Dinah*, especially the Freda Palmer text.

There have been only 9 sound recordings, only one of which, by Bridie Doherty,

appears to have ever been published.

1-10 **The Jew's Garden** (Roud 73, Child 155)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

It hails, it rains in merry Scotland
It hails all over the sea
When all the children in the town
They like to play at ball.

They threwed the ball so high and so low
They throwed it into the air
They throwed it into the Jew's garden
The Jew he lay below.

He showed him an apple as green as grass
He showed him a prettier thing
He showed him a cherry as red as blood
Until he 'ticed him in.

He laid him in a chair of gold
'Til he went fast asleep
He laid him on the Jew's board
And stabbed him like a sheep.

Although the supposed 12th-century murder of Hugh of Lincoln has been cited by some scholars as the origin of this ballad, it would seem more likely that it is, in fact, based on even earlier beliefs - mythological rather than historical. According to Chaucer:

*O yonge Hugh of Lincoln - slayne also
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
For it is but a litel while ago -
Praye eek for us, we synful folk unstable.
The Prioress's Tale*

The ballad has remained popular with Gypsies in Britain - Child included a set collected by Francis Groome, a Victorian gypsologist - an ironic fact when one considers that this is a ballad concerning the persecution of the Jews, being sung by Gypsies, some 2 million of whom died alongside 6 million Jews in Nazi Germany. In several American sets the murderer is shown to be a Gypsy - a reflection there of the prejudice that is inherent in so many societies.

A surprisingly well-known song, with 272 Roud entries - two thirds from the USA. It was widely printed in broadsides, which may account for its popularity. Most of the 54 English entries include named singers, but the 25 Scots ones reveal only 6 names, and there's only one from Ireland.

Other versions available on CD: Lemmie Brazil (MTC345-7); Minty Smith (MTC320); Viola Cole (MTC501-2); Ollie Gilbert (Rouder CD1707); Margaret Stewart (Greentrax CDTRAX 9005); Cecilia Costello (CD1776); Nelstone's Hawaiians (JSP JSPCD77100).

1-11 **I Am a Maid that's Deep in Love** (Roud 231, Laws N12)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

For I am a maid that's deep in love
And I dare not once complain
For I'm in search of my true love
And Johnny is his name.
Enquiring for the captain
My passage to go free
That I might find the lad I love
While crossing the deep blue sea.

Well the ship it went on gaily
And the wind it did blow fair,
And when I reached Columba's shore
No danger did I fear.
It is once I was a man on sea
But a maid I am on shore
So "Adieu, adieu, sea captain bold
Adieu for evermore."

"Oh come back, come back, my pretty Molly
Won't you come and marry me
I have a handsome fortune
And all I'll give to thee."
"Oh it's once I had my own true love
And Johnny was his name
And until I find that lad I love
I'll live and die a maid."

It would be reasonable to assume that Cecilia learned this song from her father, or locally in her home area - but it's not a well-known song, and Roud's 31 entries include only 4 Irish singers, and 4 English ones ... none of whom come from anywhere near Roscommon or Birmingham. However, her tune is surely an Irish one.

Although the text is brief, it ticks most of the boxes; a girl crosses the ocean in search of her true love, disguised as a sailor. As she disembarks she reveals her true identity and purpose to the Captain, who laments his lost opportunity.

1-12 **Write Me Down** (Roud 381)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

Write me down the powers above
That first created a man to love
For I have a diamond in my eye
Where all me joy and fancy lies.

Now I'd give her gold and I'd give her pearls
If only she'd fancy to be my dear
And all such costly robes she'd wear
If only she'd fancy to be my dear.

"Oh it's not your gold would me entice
To leave my friends for your advice
I never intend to marry at all
Nor be at any young man's call."

So he picked up his hat, he was going away
She says, "Don't go, young man, but stay
Stay, oh stay, my heart is true
I never will wed a man but you."

A number of Mrs Costello's songs are sombre or charged with deep emotion. Equally, however, she has some lighter pieces, of which this is one. The revival knows this as *The Wedding Song*, although it appears to be only the Copper Family which uses this title - it was widely printed in the broadside trade as *Second Thoughts are Best*.

Apart from 6 Scottish and 3 North American examples, all of Roud's 76 examples are from the southern half of England.

Although there are 13 sound recordings, only those by Mabs Hall and Cecilia Costello have ever been published; apart from the famous one by Bob, John, Jim and Ron Copper, on TSCD 534.

1-13 **Shule Agra (Súil a Grá)** (Roud 911)
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

Many a time I sat on my love's knee
Oh and many a tale he told to me,
He told me tales that never would be
Oh mavourneen villa go slan

Chorus:
Shule, shule, shule a vil a ghra
There's no one to ease me of my woe
Since the lad I love from me did go
Oh mavourneen villa go slan

Oh I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
And around the world I'll beg my bread
Since the lad I love from me has fled
Oh mavourneen villa go slan
Shule, shule etc.

Súil a Grá means 'walk with me, my joy'. This song, travelling with Irish emigrants, has been heard all over these islands, and in North America, where it has been put to its most varied use. There, John and Alan Lomax tell us, 'its truly exquisite Irish melody carried it into every quarter of America', being refashioned by shantymen, lumberjacks, farmworkers, soldiers, Negro children and many other social groups.¹ In the process its Gaelic refrain became splendidly mangled, as with this version found in Missouri by Belden.²

Shale, shale, shale--a mac-a-me,
Shule-a mac-a-rac-stack Sally Bobby cue
Shule-a mac-a-rac-stack, Sally Bobby Lee
Come bibble un-a-boose, said Lora.

Mrs Costello's refashioning of the chorus is less extravagant, with 'mavourneen villa go slan' being roughly cognate with 'Is go dia tú mo mhúirín slán' (May God go with you, my beloved; farewell).

P W Joyce,³ following Gavan Duffy,⁴ on no clear evidence, claimed that Shule Agra stems from the time of the Wild Geese (1691-1745), when thousands of Irishmen escaped Williamite oppression by enlisting in the armies of continental Europe. This seems unlikely however, as the song dates back to at least the mid seventeenth century.⁵

It has also been assumed that the act of dyeing the girl's petticoats red was symbolic of her fidelity towards her lost lover.⁶ This seems just as fanciful as Joyce, and it is more likely that she either resigned herself to a life of begging and prostitution, or else pursued her love as a camp follower.

¹ Lomax, John and Alan. *Best Loved American Folk Songs*. Grosset & Dunlap. New York. 1947.

² Belden, H M. *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society*. University of Missouri Press. Columbia. 1940.

³ Joyce, P W. *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*. Cooper Square. New York. 1965. Facsimile of 1909 edn.

⁴ Duffy, Charles Gavan. *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*. Ulan Press. 2011. Facsimile of 1845 edn.

⁵ Gardham, Steve. Shule Agrah. Musical Traditions. 2005.
<http://www.mustrad.org.uk/articles/dung18.htm> .

⁶ Lomax & Lomax. *Ibid.*

Although there are 20 English entries amongst Roud's total of 91, only 6 English singers are named. The majority of the entries relate to written sources (mostly books) but there is not a single broadside example. Sadly, Mrs Costello's appears to be the only traditional version currently available on CD.

1-14 **The Grey Cock** (Roud 179, Child 248)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

I must be going, no longer staying
The burning Thames I have to cross
Oh I must be guided without a stumble
Into the arms of my dear lass.

When he came to his true love's window
He knelt down gently on a stone
And it's through a pane he whispered slowly
"My dear girl, are you alone?"

She rose her head from her down-soft pillow
And snowy were her milk-white breast. Saying,
"Who's there, who's there at my bedroom window
Disturbing me from my long night's rest?"

"Oh I'm your lover, don't discover
I pray you rise, love, and let me in
For I am fatigued out of my long night's journey
Besides I am wet into the skin."

Now this young girl rose and put on her clothing
'Til she quickly let her own true love in.
Oh they kissed, shook hands
and embraced each other
'Til that long night was near at an end.

"Willie dear, O dearest Willie
Where is that colour you'd some time ago?"
"O Mary dear, the clay has changed me
I am but the ghost of your Willie O."
"Then O cock, O cock, O handsome cockerel
I pray you not crow until it is day
For your wings I'll make
of the very first beaten gold
And your comb I will make of the silver ray."

But the cock it crew and it crew so fully
It crew three hours before it was day
And before it was day my love had to go away
Not by the light of the moon
nor the light of day.

When she saw her love disappearing
The tears down her pale cheeks
in streams did flow
He said, "Weep no more for me, dear Mary
I am no more your Willie O."

"Then it's Willie dear, O dearest Willie
Whenever shall I see you again?"
"When the fish they fly, love,
and the sea runs dry, love
And the rocks they melt by the heat of the sun."

This ballad is variously called *The Lover's Ghost*, *Willie's Ghost* and *The Grey Cock*. Mrs Costello seemed to prefer the last, which she sometimes abbreviated to *The Cock*. It is perhaps the classic 'revenant ballad', having almost all the motifs usually found in such songs. As most of today's TV viewers will know, 'Les Revenants' are 'The Returned', so 'revenant ballads' deal with ghostly visitations from dead lovers. They can be quite difficult to separate from 'night visiting songs', which usually have a very similar plot, except for the "I am but the ghost of your Willie-O" line; after which Willie and Mary consummate their present love - rather than talk of their past one - and part when the cock crows.

The ballad was circulating in England as early as the seventeenth century, but no version finer than Mrs Costello's has been collected. She believed that the ghostly lover was a soldier, and that the visit to his lovers took place while his body lay mortally wounded on the battlefield. The cock's summons to the ghost to return indicated that the death of the soldier was about to take place.

Since revenant ballads' are fairly common, it's quite a surprise to find that this one has only 74 Roud entries, although it has been heard all over these islands and North America. There have been 25 sound recordings, about half of which have been published at some time. Sadly, only those by: Maggie Murphy (MTCD329-0); Vergie Wallin (MTCD503-4); Bill Cassidy (MTCD325-6); Ellen Mitchell (MTCD315-6); Roisin White (VT126CD); and Duncan Williamson, on the CD accompanying the book *Traveller's Joy* (EFDSS, 2006) have made the transition to the CD medium.

1-15 **The Cruel Mother** (Roud 9, Child 20)

Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, 30.11.51

This is the same song as appears at track 2 of this CD, but sung in the way Mrs Costello's father used to sing it.

1-16 **My Johnny** (Roud 1422)

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 7 on this CD.

1-17 **The Grey Cock** (Roud 179, Child 248)

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 14 on this CD.

1-18 **Fare Ye Well Cold Winter** (Roud 803)

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

Oh it's fare you well cold winter
And fare you well white frost
Nothing I have gained
But a fortune I have lost.
If he can get another one
Better than me
I'll deny that lad forever
He may go, farewell he.

Oh he sent to me a letter
To say that he was bad
I sent him back an answer
For to say that I was glad.
Let him keep his paper
And I will keep my time
I think no more of his false heart
Than he than he first thought of mine.

It's seven long years and better
Since he first ruined my heart.
He is no better, nor I am no worse
May the very ground he walks upon
Refuse the grass to grow
For he was the first beginning
Of my sorrow grief and woe.
This song is usually known as *Farewell He* in England, and none of the other versions come from as far north as Birmingham. Of Roud's 40 instances, most are from England, with a few from Scotland and the USA - and Sam Henry's only entry is (textually, at least) almost identical with many English versions. Sarah Makem's splendid *Now that the Winter is Over* (MTCD353-5) is textually rather different - although it uses the same *Inniskilling Dragoon* tune as Cecilia - and is the only other version available on CD.

1-19 **Love it is a Killing Thing** (Roud 308)

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

I would call for liquors plenty,
And pay before I go
I would roll my lass all on the grass
Let the wind blow high or low.

Oh the very first time I saw my love
He was sick and very bad
(She) If there's one request that I asked of her
Was to tie my weary head
To tie my weary weighty head
In hopes to mend again
For love it is a killing thing,
Did you ever feel the pain?

Spoken: Now that's a lovely song

This song is far more usually known as *The Irish Girl*. With 208 Roud entries, it looks like a very popular song, with about 70 singers named - though most are from written sources. Most examples are from England - as usual, the great majority being from the southern half of the country - with smaller numbers from Ireland, Scotland and North America. The 12 named Irish singers include James McDermott, Robert Cinnamond, Paddy Doran, Win Ryan, Mikeen McCarthy and Mary Connors.

Although there are 28 sound recordings listed in Roud, only 6 other versions are available on CD: Sarah Makem (MTCD353-5); Bill Smith (MTCD351); Lemmie Brazil (MTCD345-7); James McDermott (MTCD329-0); Bob Copper (Coppersongs CD 2); Walter Pardon (TSCD 660).

1-20 **Betsy of Ballantown Brae** (Roud 566, Laws P28)

Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 9 on this CD.

1-21 **I Am a Maid that's Deep in Love** (Roud 231, Laws N12)
Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 11 on this CD.

1-22 **Shule Agra (Súil a Grá)** (Roud 911)
Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 13 on this CD.

1-23 **The Handsome (or Female) Cabin Boy** (Roud 239, Laws N13)
Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 6 on this CD.

1-24 **The Green Bushes** (Roud 1040, Laws P2)
Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

As I was a-walking one morning in June
To view those green fields
and meadows in bloom
I spied a young lassie, so sweetly sang she
"Down by the green bushes
where he thinks to meet me."

I boldlye stepped to her and this I did say
"Pray tell me, young lassie,
what brings you this way?"
"I am going down yonder my true love to see,
Down by the green bushes
where he thinks to meet me."

"Oh I'll buy you fine linen
and fine silken gowns
I'll buy you fine linen
flounced down to the ground
If you will prove loyal and constant to me,
And forsake your own true love
and married we'll be."

"I want none of your petticoats,
nor fine silken gowns.

I want none of your petticoats
flounced down to the ground,
For yonder is coming my true love I see,
Down by the green bushes
where he thinks to meet me."

Spoken: Well that's as far as ... because her sweetheart comes up.

The Green Bushes was printed widely on broadsides and appears to have survived fairly well in the oral tradition, with 51 recordings - unsurprising when one considers its one-time popularity. In 1845 J B Buckstone used the song as a basis for a stage play and in 1850 the popular music-hall singer Sam Cowell included a set in his *120 Comic Songs*, and a similar tale appeared in *Carey's Musical Century of 1740*. Some scholars, including Cecil Sharp and Sabine Baring-Gould, believed that *The Green Bushes* is based on the Scots song *My Laddie is a Cankert Carle* which, in an English form called *Whitsun Monday*, can be dated to around 1760.

The song was pretty popular in the south of England - only a handful of Roud entries from north of Birmingham - and the few Scottish examples are mostly from the Stewart and Robertson travelling families.

I'm told it was fairly popular in Ireland due, possibly, to a 78 recording. It has been seen published in a 'Sing a Song of Ireland' type book and has been sung at fleadh competitions, where it seems acceptable as an authentic Irish ballad but, while Roud lists 260 instances, only five are named Irish singers. He also identifies an Australian version from the superb Sally Sloane of New South Wales.

Other versions available on CD: Geoff Ling (MTCD339-0); Lemmie Brazil and Harry Brazil (MTCD345-7); Cyril Poacher (MTCD303); Walter Pardon (MTCD305-6); Phoebe Smith (VT136CD); Jane Turriff (Springthyme SPRCD 1038); Betty White (Greentrax CDTRAX 9024).

1-25 **The Cruel Mother** (Roud 9, Child 20)
Recorded by Peter Kennedy, 11.8.51

For text and notes to this song, see track 1 on this CD.

1-26 **Talk**
Recorded by Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldhham-Shaw, 30.11.51

... Market they call it now but it was then a rag market; they sold everything. I used to buy a penny orange box before I went to school. I used to drag it all through the streets, Bromsgrove Street, Spical Street, right up to Pershore Street. And I've broke it in bits 'til I come home at dinner time to make bundles of wood up. I'd come home at dinner time, nobody at work, no work about. Everybody out of work, and I've been and had a penny give me, I've been to the fish shop and I've had a penny worth of bits of fish, already broke off the fish they'd cooked. I've had a penny worth of bits of fish, and a haporth of bread, half of the top of a loaf, and I've come and eat it with me poor old mother and me sister, and I've gone back to school. When I've come out of school I've gone and knocked at every door "Please do you want any wood?" "No. Go away" and banged the door.

Well, them that did want would have four bundles a penny, so that was 12 bundles for 3d. That 3d was given to my mother to buy the next morning a quarter of coal, fourteen

pound tuppence halfpenny. If she hadn't had the tuppence halfpenny she could have had three hapeth of coal, for three ha'pence, and she could have had a bit of slack for the ha'penny to make it tuppence.

I come out of school of a night ... time in my mother's house. My brothers out of work, my mother ... Joey Chamberlain's stikes was on. She couldn't work, and I'm sorry, I hope people don't think none the worse of me for it ... I'm 83. I've stood outside factories, me and my brother Pat, 16 months older than me, him one side and me the other. And we'd beg bread, and brought it home and shared it in with the rest of them.

When milk, it would come round of a Sunday morning. The real cream milk, in a can, was three halfpence a pint, with the cream on the top. Then skimmed milk was a penny a quart. He'd two tins ... he used to come round the yard. You could have whichever one ... penny a quart. And we got a tin mug, hop along and dipped it into the skimmed milk coming ... Not only me, anybody my age. Nobody can't contradict me. If there was these old women, their grandmothers, their grandmothers. I would ask them if they were rich, did they ever know what it was to be poor?

And the smallpox ... Like them spots on there. People dropping down dead with smallpox. The hospitals was that full there was no room for them, and they was put in a shed, on a field, and anywhere. My brother-in-law, that's my sister's husband, he cetched it on a building. He was took away. I could show you the yard now, where he was took from. He was took away with smallpox. Me, him and my sister, and a little kitten, that's always lived together. I slept at the foot, me sister and her husband slept at the top. He come home one night, he didn't feel well. You couldn't send for a doctor like you can now; if you did you had to pay 7/6. Well the doctor was fetched and he was ordered straight away to the hospital. That left me and me sister. During that day a van come and emptied the house of all the furniture, pictures, furniture, bed. And me and my sister, and the little cats, we had to sleep on the bare floor, they took her husband away. Well he come back - smallpox. I've told this story to these blokes. And they was dying in their hundreds with smallpox. I slept with it - it never cetched me!

CD Two:

2-1 **A Little Drop Left in the Bottle** (Roud 24183)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

There's a little drop left in the bottle of wine;
Perhaps you could make it your own.
I'm from the far part and,
My hand on my heart,
I come from sweet Tyrone.

I thought that 'a little drop left in the bottle' would be an appropriate way to start CD Two: a charmingly ironic indication of just how much Cecilia had left in her bottle after the 1951 recording sessions that encompassed most of her 'folk songs.' It has not escaped my attention that another, longer verse of this song appears as track 35 of this disc, but that was recorded at a different time. I could, with a little tweaking of pitch and tempo, have patched the two together - but this would, I feel, have overstepped the line of acceptable producer intervention. It would not have been what she sang!

2-2 **Rosemary Lane** (Roud 269, Laws K43)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

As I was at service
Down the Rosemary Lane
I had a kind Master
And Mistress the same.
One day a young sailor boy
Came to our house to tea
Oh, he was the cause
Of my misery.

When supper was over,
He hung down his head,
He asked for a candle
To light him to bed.
And me, like a silly girl,
Thinking no harm,
Jumped into bed, too,
To keep myself warm.

Early next morning
When that sailor boy rose,
Throwing into my apron
Two handfuls of gold.
Saying "Take it, oh take it
For what I have done,
I have left you in misery
With a daughter or son.

If it's a daughter,
She will sit on your knee,
And if it's a son, he
Will cross the blue sea.

So all you young maidens,
Take warning by me;
And never trust no young man
Of any degree.

They'll kiss you, they'll court you,
They'll swear they'll be true,
But the very next moment
They'll bid you adieu.

This is a version of a song often called *The Oak and the Ash*, due to a chorus with those words it frequently includes. It may be considered as almost the archetypal seduction ballad, with 206 Roud entries, and is found throughout the Anglophone world - with the exception of Ireland. The oldest known text is a black-letter broadside in the Roxburghe collection, which is also titled *The Oak and the Ash* and sung to an old tune, *Quodling's Delight*, that was included in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (c.1609 - 1619). A version printed slightly later, c.1660, was titled *The Lancashire Lovers*. Cecilia sings what is probably a later, but still more-or-less intact, version of the song.

Other CD recordings: Chris Willett (MTCD361-2); Charlie Whiting (MTCD339-0); George Dunn (MTCD317-8); Jack Arnoll (MTCD309-10); Jumbo Brightwell (TSCD652); Ted Chaplin (VTC2CD); Lucy Woodhall (VTC7CD).

2-3 **My Bonny Irish Boy** (Roud 565, Laws P26) Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

When first I was courted by
A bonny Irish boy,
Called me his jewel,
His heart's delight and joy.
It was down in Dublin city,
Oh a town of great fame.
When first my bonny Irish boy
A-courting to me came.

Oh, the green fields were ? and
The meadows fresh and gay,
Where me and my bonny Irish boy
We used to sport and play.
The birds they sweetly whistled
And the lambs they did skip round.
Oh, the voice of my Irish boy
Is nowhere to be found.

Now a long time my love courted me
And he promised me to wed.
In a short time after
He broke the vows he'd said.
So, maidens, do not blame me,
For I can not forebear,
For the love of that Irish boy
I vow and do declare.

Now a long time my love courted me,
And now he's took his flight.
I'll bundle up my clothing
And I'll follow him by night.
When I arrived in London,
Oh, fair London town,
Oh, I was told my love got married
To a Lady of high renown.
Spoken: It drove her mad

So now I'll rattle off every chain
On a bed of straw I'll lay.
It is loudly I called out for
My bonny Irish boy.
I am here in close confinement,
With no hopes of liberty,
Until my bonny Irish boy
Returns safe home to me.

Roud has 102 instances of this song, but 47 of these are broadside printings, and so give no indication of where the song was found. Of the named places, rather surprisingly, most of them are in Scotland - with only 11 from Ireland and 3 from England. Of the 21 sound recordings, few appear to have been published, and none are available on CD.

2-4 **Kitty Wells** (Roud 2748) Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

A black young man and his sweetheart were going a walk - and all at once, sommat happened. So he sits down by the wayside - this black chap - and the tears were a-rolling down his face. People were going past and they were looking at him, and they wonder what's the matter with him. Said it's how I told the song. So they think they'll go and ask him what's the matter with him. And this is what he said:

"You ask, what makes the Darkie weep?
While he, like others, are not gay?
What makes the tear roll down my cheek,
From early morn 'til dawn of day?"

Well, my people, the story you shall hear,
For in my memory, fresh it dwells,
And I think it'll make you drop a tear,
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells."

"For whilst the birds were singing in the morning
And the ivy and the nettle were in bloom,
And the sun on the hills, it were a-dawning,
That is where I laid her in her tomb.

"I never shall forget the day," he said,
"When we, together, roamed the dells.
I kissed her cheeks to name the day,
That I could marry Kitty Wells.

But death came to her cabin door,
And stole away my joy and pride.
And when I found she were no more,
I lay my banjo down and cried."

"Now I oftimes wish that I were dead,
And lay beside her in that tomb,
Because the sorrow that bows down my head,
Would be silenced in the midnight gloom.

The Springtime has no charm for me,
The flower, they are drooping in the dells,
Because there's a form I never more will see,
And it's the form of my sweet Kitty Wells."

Sings: the previous four verses.

A Moore & Burgess Minstrels' song. Unsurprisingly, most of Roud's 119 instances are from North America - but there are 8 English entries. It has been sung by Frank Hincliffe, Jack Smith, Henry Burstow, George, Geoff, and Fred Ling, Walter Par-don, and Jack Holden, all of whom are well-scattered across the country, and none lived near Birmingham.

Although there have been 18 sound recordings, only that by Fred Ling (Helions Bumpstead NLCD 10) appears to be available on CD.

2-5 **I Once Loved a Young Man** (Roud 954) Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

I once loved a young man
As dear as my life,
And oftimes he told me
He'd make me his wife.

But now with another girl
He loves better than me,
He's left me with a baby
To weep and to pine.

But me and my baby,
Content we will be,
And we'll try to forget him,
As he forgot me.

But me and my baby,
No rest can I find,
For the thoughts of that young man
Lies deep on my mind.

I once had a colour
As red as the rose,
But now it has faded,
Like the lily that grows.

Like the flower in yon garden,
My beauty's all gone.
Don't you see what I've come to
Through loving that one.

So all you young maidens,
Take warning by me;
And never trust no man
Of any degree.

They'll kiss you, they'll court you,
Yes, they swear they'll be true,
And the very next moment,
They'll bid you adieu.

This is a version of the *Flash Company / Yellow Handkerchief* family of songs, which was first noted in Limerick in the 1850s, so Mrs Costello may have learned it from her father. It is almost exclusive to Suffolk these days, although there are a small number of sightings along the south coast - Sussex, Hampshire and Dorset. We heard it in the repertoires of at least six singers in Suffolk in the late 1960s. The song was still well known recently, not only in East Anglia, but also among Travellers throughout southern England. Although it has 92 Roud entries, most of these relate to book or broadside publications, and it seems to be known only in England, except for one US and one Canadian entry.

Other CD recordings: Cyril Poacher (MTCD 303 and MTCD 339-0); Phoebe Smith (MTCD 356-7); George 'Pop' Maynard (MTCD400-1); Carolyne Hughes (TSCD672D); Mary Ann Haynes (EFDSS CD 002).

2-6 **Liza's Wedding** (Roud 24184)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

Have you heard of Liza's wedding,
How she married my pal Bill?
I was at the church and heard them
Speak those magic words: "I will".

Now when I saw her getting married
I thought that I'd go insane.
You see, she'd chucked me for another
And my poor heart was broke with pain.

Once I had a moke and barrow
With connections next to none;
Then I took to drink and sold them
And everything but this had gone.

And it's only a simple linnet,
But for years it has been in my path.
Now I must part, it's breaking my heart,
To sell it, it seems very hard.

It wakes me first thing in the morning
When out on my rounds I start.
Saying "it's true, but it's not very new,
That the best of all pals must part."

All went well 'til three months after,
Bill came home, he'd found a note:
'I have left you for another'
Were those simple words she wrote.

Well now, I have known her from a baby,
Long before she learned to walk;
And when she wore her baby pinafore
Oh, how I would teach her how to talk.

Oftimes she would feed my linnets
Make my little home look smart.
Still, alas there's nothing in it,
So with my best pal I must part.

Then late one night I saw poor Liza,
She was gazing through her window pane.
"Bill" she cried "forgive and take me
To your own and heart again."

"Bill" I pleaded "look it over.
Take her back, lad, if you can."
"No" he said "I'd rather die first.
Though I'm a coster, I'm a man."

Then my linnet started singing
Like a voice from up above.
Now once more they are together,
Happy in each other's love.

2-7 **My Bloke's a Peaky** (Roud 24185)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

The young chaps in my day, they'd have a pair of trousers, we'll say a Scotch pair, and the trousers used to flap like a woman's skirt, them was bell-bottom trousers. They always had a cap to match, and they used to have a black silk scarf with a flower on. If they was Irish it'd be the green shamrock; if they was English it'd be the dells (daffodils?), all cut out, knitted onto the scarf. And they never had them tied like they would today, they got them all loose and swinging out; the cap at one side, the bell bottom trousers. If we seen an ordinary man come down like you, we wouldn't dream of looking at you - "ain't he common?", and the woman as well. Ladylike with gloves on up to there, and her hat properly on. Whereas the girl with the Peaky Blinders, she'd have a great big hat on, and she'd have the bloke coming down the road with her. So they'd be singing:

My bloke's a Peaky, none the worse for that
He's got bell bottom trousers
and a Peaker Blinder's hat
Rings on his fingers and
round his neck a daff¹
So all you nosey parkers can take it out of that!

¹ Charles Parker asks "What's a daff - is it a choker?" Cecilia replies "It's the handkerchief."

2-8 **She's Not No Airy Fairy High Born Lady** (Roud 24186)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

Now chaps that are single
wish they were married
Chaps that are married wish they were dead.
Some seem to think it's a terrible hardship
When some wife and a kid to be fed.

Well, now, I ain't that kind of a fellow,
Though I've been married now

eight or nine years.
I'd think the world of my missus
and she seems to think
There's no husband like hers.

We've jogged on together for many a year.
She looks after me and I look after her.

Chorus:
But she's not no airy fairy high born lady
And I don't care whether her
hair is straight or curly.
She's tender and true, a loving mother too,
She's the best little woman
in this wide wide world.

When I get home from work of an evening
There she is waiting to give me my tea
Cloth on the table, kettle a-boiling
Everything as nice as can be.

We have our rows and our rambles,
Sometimes it's her fault and sometimes it's mine.
But for all that I would not part so,
But she is the the girl but she is the girl that I idolise.

Chorus.

2-9 **No Irish Need Apply** (Roud 1137)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Spoken:
I'm an honest Irish labourer boy
I'm both steady, stout and bold
And if it's now for Ireland's sake
I'm sure you must be told.

Because now I'm going to leave you all
And I hope we'll do a good share
Because when I go to look for work
There's 'No Irish Wanted' there.

So don't believe that cry
That no Irish need apply
Don't go leave your own dear land
For the lands beyond the sky.

I am willing for to die,
My foes they have cause to fly.
Let England mind their Irish boys
She'll want them bye and bye.

It was at the battle of Waterloo
When the bullets around us flew.

Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington
Bad luck to what he did do.

He faulted poor old Bonaparte
That held an honest start
And he wore the wreath of laurel
When an Irishman took his part.

Some they think it a sad disgrace
To be called either Pat or Dan,
But I think it's an honour
To be called an Irishman.

There is a war just breaking out
And that is drawing nigh
When the Queen will go down on her knees
And welcome her Irish boy.

Sings:
I'm an honest Irish labourer boy
I'm both steady, stout and bold
But if it's now for Ireland's sake
I'm sure you must be told.

For now I'm going to leave you all
And I hope you will do a good share
For when I go to look for work
There's 'No Irish Wanted' there.

Despite the verses relating to Bonaparte and the Queen, this would appear to be an American song. Of Roud's 18 instances, only this one from Mrs Costello comes from England.

2-10 **I Have Roamed Through Many Lands** (Erin is my Home) (Roud 10364)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

I have roamed through many lands
And many friends I've met.
Not one for kin or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content
No more inclined to roam.
I'll steer my barge to Erin's isle
For ever it is my home.
I will steer my barge to Erin's isle
For ever it is my home.

If England was my place of birth
I'd love the tranquil shore;
If Bonny Scotland were my home
The mountains I'd adore.
But pleasant days in both I've spent
No more inclined to roam
So I'll steer my barge to Erin's isle
For ever it is my home.

Another song which looks to be American. Roud's 20 instances are all from US books or Songsters, and only one, sung by Jimmy McGonagle, of Clonmany, Donegal, is Irish.

2-11 May I Come Home Again? (Roud 21988)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

May I come home again,
May I return once more?
Oh, how long to see you Dad,
Please to forgive your unfortunate lad.
For the sake of my mother, your wife,
I'm sorry I've caused you both pain.
Send a reply, and please to say 'yes',
May I come home again?

Spoken: he goes walking on. The father wouldn't hear of it, no. He goes back and he knocks at the door. And the father:

"Told you be gone. You're none of my kin"
One scornful glance and he passes within
Leaving that son to starvation and sin -
Oh I forgot it, Duck

When he was a boy he was always on so his father let him go. And from letting him go, instead of doing well he come to do bad. He could not get on, and he used to go begging bread and all like this, so he wrote his father a letter:

May I come home again,
May I return once more?
Oh, how long to see you Dad,
Please to forgive your unfortunate lad.
For the sake of my mother, your wife,
I'm sorry I've caused you both pain.
Send a reply, please to say 'yes',
May I come home again?

I have to say it - I can't sing it. So he joins up and he gets to be a soldier. Well now he's on the battlefield and his pal goes over to him to see how he feels, and he's a-dying. And he says

"Give my love to mother,
to my grey-haired dad.
Take this ring to a girl,
who waited a soldier lad.
Tell them how I thought of them,
amid the shot and shell,
But I died for England's honour
in the midst of glory fell."

2-12 Over Hills and Lofty Mountains (Roud 24207)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

Over hills and mountains
A fair young girl did weep.
A fair young girl came weeping
All in a drift of snow,
With a baby in her arms
She had nowhere to go.

"Oh, it's hush my innocent baby,
I'll warm you to my breast.
It's little that your father knows
That this night you're in distress
He would take you to his bosom
And he'd shield you from the cold
Oh cruel, hard hearted
was that false young man
Who sold his love for gold.

"I'll go over to yon valley
Where no man will see me;
I'll pray to the Virgin Mary

To have pity look on me.
I'll kiss my baby's clay cold lips
And I'll lie it by my side
I will cast my eyes towards Heaven above,
We both lay down and died."

2-13 Aye for Saturday Night (Roud 5701)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967,
and last verse by Roy Palmer, 1971

Aye for Saturday night,
Sunday is a-coming.
I'll go up the town,
And meet me love a-coming.

Chorus:
Oh for some rum, rum, rum
Oh for some gin and brandy
Oh for some rum, rum, rum
Oh my love he's a dandy

Aye for silver spoons
Aye for plates and dishes
Aye for the lad I love
That broke me heart with kisses.

As I lay in my bed
The water from the ceiling
Fell in my love's eye
And sent him off a-squealing

Chorus

As I lay in my bed
And you-know-who lay with me
I know what he said
But you don't know what he gives me.

Chorus

I know who is sick
I know who is sorry
I know who I love
But the Lord knows who I'll marry.

Chorus:
Oh for some rum, rum, rum
Oh for some gin and brandy
Oh for some rum, rum, rum
For my old man's a dandy

Roud has 11 instances of this song, scattered all over these islands and the USA. We had about 6 different recordings to compare, and this Parker/Bishop recording was by far the best - except that it did not include the final verse and chorus - so I have added these from one of the Roy Palmer recordings. As you can hear, the recording and voice quality is quite different, so I felt that any attempt to match the pitch and speed with the rest of the song would have been pointless.

2-14 A Bunch of Shamrock - recitation (Roud 3769)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

I was leaving dear old Ireland
In the very month of June.
The birds were sweetly singing
When all nature were in bloom.
When an Irish girl accosted me
With a sad tear in her eye,
And as she spoke these words to me
How bitterly she cried.

"Kind sir, I ask one favour,
Will you grant it to me please?
It is not much I ask of you
But it will set my heart at ease.
Will you take these bunch of shamrocks
To my brother o'er the sea,
And will you kindly tell him, Sir,
That they have come from me.

"They are the three leaved shamrock
The Irish man's shamrock,
From his own darling sister
With a blessing she gave:
Take these to my brother,
And please kindly tell him
It's the shamrock that I
Plucked from mother's grave.

"Will you tell him since he's been away
How bitter has been our lot.
The landlord came one winter's day
And turned us from our cot.

Our troubles they were many,
Our friends were very few
But Brother dear, this is all I have
And these I'll send to you."

A surprisingly well-known song with 51 Roud entries, most of which are from North America. Only one Irish entry is given; Elizabeth Cronin had its text in a handwritten note. Again, it's a surprise to find four English entries, from: Viv Legg; Bob Mills; Frank Dawtrey and Jim Barron. One can assume that they learned it from a 1929 Charlie Poole 78rpm recording.

2-15 **No Green in Her Eye** (Roud 24196)
Out of the Frying Pan (Roud 24197)
Mona and Jonah (Roud 24198)
Dance a Jiggety Jig (Roud 24199)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

.... and green,
Set out with a green satin shawl.
She had a nice green hat
With feathers to match,
And even a green parasol.
She had a pair of green shoes,
And a pair of green gloves,
And even a green satin tie.
But although this girl was as green as grass,
This girl had no green in her eye.

Where I could live on a pound a week, in luxury.
My single days they were warm,
Oh, but since I married Mariah,
I've jumped out of the frying pan
Into the ...ing fire.

Laughter.

Mona and Jonah went on the angry sea.
Mona and Jonah went out upon the spree.
She told me a tale so pretty,
She then run away with me tin.
I was Jonah and she was the whale,
That took old Mona (Jonah) in.

The Jew's harp: well, my brother used to play them, see, and me being the only sister,
they used to be taking me round the house and the Jew's harp ... You never see them
now, do you? D'you think they'll come back?

CP: I think some people play them. And what would you play on them?
Oh, dancing, oh lor ...

CP: For jigs and reels ...

Dance a jiggety jig, dance a jig or two.
Dance another one, another one or two.
She was like a fairy, she was like a Queen.
She was like the best that you have ever seen.
Dance a jiggety jig, and dance a jig or two.
Dance another one, another one or two.

2-16 **I Once Had a Sweetheart** (Roud 24231)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

I once had a sweetheart;
I thought she was true,
She seemed so devoted;
No wrong could she do.
But she thought I'd no money,
And it caused us to part;
When up came another
And he captured her heart.

He asked her to marry,
She gave her consent.
He promised her riches,
On which he was bent.
Then she met me, one evening,
With a gloom on her face,
And she asked me to help her
And she stated her case.

Then: She said goodbye,
With parting tears.
Strangers are known
Though they were love for years.
Well, she married for money
And I wish them much joy.
But my heart was nigh broken,
When she said goodbye.

2-17 **If I Do, I Do** (Roud 24200)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

Once I plucked up courage
And bought the wedding ring,
Which cost me one and sixpence;
I thought it a dreadful thing.
But when the parson said "Now will you take
This woman for your wife?"
Well, I never felt so florid
In all my blooming life.

(Then you go quick) But, I said:

"If I do, I do, and if I don't, I don't.
And if I think I will, I will,
And again I think I won't.
If you with me would you?
I really think I shan't.
Well if I would, of course I should,
But it's awkward when you can't!"

Laughter.

Well, to think I've gone and married a girl
To keep her all her life,
Buy a bird and cages,
Bung her all me wages.
Keep a wife all your life,
Don't it make you laugh;
But fancy giving her half your grub
To cook the other half! See!

Steve Roud has allocated this a new number, but I know I've heard it before
somewhere ... maybe in Suffolk?

2-18 **Only a Year Ago** (Roud 24218)
Recorded by Roy Palmer, 1971

Only a year ago life was so firm,
To my husband, Joe, and our boy.
Then God took the breadwinner,
Breaking two hearts;
The home that was mingled with joy.

I felt so worried for money was short
Rent must be met with,
and food must be bought.
And as I sat silently drying a tear,
My little son whispered
"Don't cry, Mother dear."

"I will leave school before long
And when I am big and strong
I will work for you, I can work for two.
Don't let those tears roll down your cheek."

"I'll bring my wages to you every week.
Mother, I love you.
what more can a loving son do?
You worked for me a long, long time
And now I must work for you."

2-19 **The Policeman** (Roud 24201)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

While the world is sleeping (the Policeman said)
I'm prowling my lonely beat.
I'm guarding the shores of the dear old land,
And I'm seeing that nobody pinches the sand.
They say that Tommy guards the land;
Jack, the raging sea.
Oh, but England wouldn't be where she is
If it wasn't for chaps like me.
Spoken: Where did you learn that from?

I said I learnt it - I went once. I don't know if you know it, but there used to be a Gaiety
and there used to be a Hippodrome when I was growing up. The man that sung it is
dead, I can't think of him now - George Robey - and when I hear that song; I come home
of a nighttime, I think I was about 16 or 17, and I put me father's old hat on and a coat
on and I got the hammer, and I was doing what George Robey done.
Sings the song again.

2-20 **You'll Want Me Back Some Day** (Roud 5352)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

You wish me to forget you,
You say 'tis best we part,
When all my life I have loved you,
And in return you break my heart..

Men were deceivers ever,
I've oftimes heard folks say.
But remember when I tell you that,
You'll want me back some day.

'Twas barely a month from the day,
When a letter was sent round to May.
It came from her own sweetheart's dad,
Saying "Come for ? is my lad.
She went and she stood by his side,
When he woke, he saw her and cried,
"Forgive me for causing you pain,
But listen to this once again
I wish that we should part

Spoken: See! He was glad to send for her. Well, them were good old fashioned songs.

2-21 The Royal Divorce (Roud 24187)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

The Judge, today, has parted us;
The fatal die is cast.
And I am left to ponder o'er
Sweet memories of the past.
Divorce decree have been pronounced,
That we must part for life.
But I think of you, my Josephine,
My one-time, loving wife.

Sad visions come before my eyes,
I look for you in vain.
My restless brain is all on fire,
My heart is crushed with pain.

'Tis fickle France severs us now,
I must obey her will,
But today we meet as strangers,
But in my heart you're still:

Josephine, my Josephine,
My life, my wife, my only Queen.
Fate has decreed that we should part,
But you're Queen of my life, Queen of my heart.

Spoken: That's all I know of it - I used to know a lot. It's called 'The Royal Divorce.'

2-22 Are We to Part Like This, Bill? (Roud 17700)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Three weeks ago, no longer,
I was as gay as a bird on the wing.
Since me and Bill have been parted, you know
Life is a blank and has changed everything.
I saw him out with a girl the other night,
No one can tell how I felt at the sight.
With tears in my eyes I tried to keep back,
I crept to his side and I said:

"Are we to part like this, Bill?
Are we to part this way?
Who's it to be, her or me?
Don't be afraid to say.
If anything's over between us,
Well, don't never pass me by.
Because you and me, friends can be
For the sake of the days gone by."

A music-hall song written by Harry Castling and Charles Collins in 1903, and sung by Kate Carney. It has been heard in the oral tradition from Jim Copper, Alice Messenger, Robert Birch, and both Wiggy Smith and Harry Brazil.

Another song the earlier collectors would have ignored - I've heard it from dozens of singers.

2-23 When You Get Up in the Morning (Roud 1133)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

When you get up in the morning,
Don't forget to call.
Kick the panels of the door
And dislocate the wall.
I must be there at seven o'clock
The mortar for to mix,
So don't forget to call me up
At half past six.

Laughter.

See! They're coming to me, see!

CP: Did your father sing that?
Oh, yes. But he wouldn't sing it for us to be catching it off him. He'd sit in the chair and he'd go:

Repeats the song as her Father used to sing it.

2-24 You've Quite Forgot Your Mother (Roud 13679)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

There's a poor old man of sixty
His wife was sixty-two.
Were walking down the street
The other day.
They were making for the workhouse;
They had nowhere to go.
By chance, it was their son, he came that way.
"You have quite forgot your Mother,
Who is feeble, old and grey,
You've quite forgot your dear old Father, too.
You think yourself above us,
Because you've got some gold,
But you little think
What it may bring you to".

Not a well-known song, with only 9 Roud entries, but widely scattered from Hampshire to Yorkshire. Steve Roud noted a one-verse fragment of this in Hampshire in the 1980s, and there's a version in a 4-page songster in the Hewins collection (Sheffield University: Carnell index No.549/550G) under title *You Never Know What the Time May Bring to You*.

There has only been one other sound recording, by Wiggy Smith (MTCD307), which remains available on CD.

2-25 Farewell to My Country (Roud 24182)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Oh, farewell, Love, farewell, Love
I am now going to leave you.
Oh, the pale moon is shining
Its last rays with me
It is true I did swear that
I would never deceive you,
Oh, but next to my fond heart
Lies her hand and thee

Farewell to my country,
I thought to set free.
And should another love
Ever make me forget you,
You'll give me one promise
Before that I die.
That you'll come to my cold grave
When others forsake me,
And it's there with a soft wine (?)
We'll breathe side by side.

This song, as *Allen's Farewell to His Love*, was published on broadsides by Such of London and by Pearson of Manchester; the only two Roud references.

2-26 Wedding Bells (Roud 7435)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

A sexton stood one sabbath eve
Within a belfry grand.
Awaiting signal from the church
With bell and rope in hand.
When up the aisle there came a man,
With quick and eager tread.
And pointing to that trembling bride,
These words he calmly said:
"Those wedding bells shall not ring out,
I swear it on my life.

For she was wedded years ago,
And she is still my wife.
She shall not break her vows to me,
She's mine through all eternity.
She's mine 'til death shall set her free,
Those bells shall not ring out."

This song was written in the 1890s, as *Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out*, by Monroe H Rosenfeld.

2-27 Green Grow the Rushes (Roud 24180)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles
Parker, 1967

Green grows the rushes
And the tops of them small.

I once loved a young man,
He was handsome and tall.
But now he's done mischief;
He has caused us to part,
Every time I think of him,
Oh, it does break my heart.

But I'll go to his Officer
And I'll fall on my knees.
If twenty bright guineas
Will set my love free.
*And if that will not do,
Along with you I'll go.
If you'll let me go along with you;
Oh, no, my Love, no.*

This is a quite different song from that by Burns (Roud 2772) with the same title. In fact, it is a fragment of a six-verse broadside published by Haly of Cork, from which the italicised half verse above has been taken. Sam Henry points out that a tune of this name dates from 1628.

There are at least 8 songs which use the Rushes/Rashes title or refrain line, and some of them are very close to *Green Grow the Laurels*. But Cecilia's is sufficiently different to warrant its own number.

2-28 Paddy, You're a Villain (Roud 22768)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

Paddy, you're a villain,
Paddy, you're a rogue.
There's nothing of you Irish
Except your name and brogue.
You're a-killing me by inches;
You know I am your slave.
But when you're dead, you dirty old dog,
I'll dance upon your grave.

2-29 Come Along with Me My Lady Lou (Roud 24188)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

Come along with me my Lady Lou,
I've got news to tell.
Then your eyes will glitter when I tell to you
What I know well.
I've had my fortune told,
I crossed the Gypsy's hand with gold,
She said I'm a very lucky coon;
There'll be a wedding very soon.
She said that I will wed
A lovely girl named Lou.
There'll be six little coons
My happiness to share;
Big brown eyes and lovely curly hair:
Just like you.

2-30 The Lady in the White Silk Dress (Roud 24189)
Coronation Day (Roud 24192)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

She wore a white silk dress
and a dainty little shawl,
A saucy little hat, so neatly trimmed with blue.
Poor old Jones, he had to confess
He was gone upon the Lady
in the white silk dress.

Spoken: that's Queen Victoria - she had a fancy man, did you know? Queen Victoria, she had a fancy man - Brown!

We'll axe Old Brown to tea,
Yes, we'll axe Old Brown to tea,
We'll have a spree and a jubilee,
We'll shout "Hip Hip Hooray"
We'll all be merry,
Drinking whisky, wine and sherry.
We'll all be merry,
On Coronation Day.

2-31 Only a Window Cleaner (Roud 24203)
The Bill Poster (Roud 24191)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop, 1967

What's the use of a pair of cleats/kilts? to me,
Walking round with nothing below me knees?
I've tried me best to please Selina;
But what's the use of a pair of cleats/kilts?
When I'm a window cleaner?

There's another one - the bill poster. He's only a sweeper's bill, they call him.

He's only a sweeper's bill,
But I love the ground he walks upon.
He's more to me than a heap of gold;
Marry him straight, I will.
When he axed me to name the day -
"Yes!" shall be my answer.
And I'll stick to him through thick and thin,
Because he's only a sweeper's bill.

2-32 I Dare Not Go Home (Roud 24204)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

I dare not go home, oh, I dare not go home,
Me Missus she give me a shilling to buy
A quartern of gin and a pound of pig's fry.
The shilling I've lost down the drain;
Like a Wandering Jew I must go.
Oh, my, without that pig's fry,
I dare not go home.

Spoken: and it's never been, there's never a man said "I dare not go home" is there?

2-33 Sailing in My Balloon (Roud 24205)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

Now look - if you be Airforce chap, and you see a wench, and you fall in love with her,
you'll say to her:

Come little girl for a sail with me,
Up in my bonny balloon.
Come little girl for a sail with me,
Round and round the moon.
No one to see us behind the clouds,
Oh, what a place to spoon.
We're up in the sky, ever so high,
Sailing in my balloon.

Spoken: He went up in the sky and never come down.

2-34 Faithless Little Doner (Roud 24206)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

Every night she goes to bed,
I see the candle lighted.
I wonder if she thinks about
The broken heart she'd blighted?
I feel inclined to drown myself,
For she won't let me own her.
I'd give the world to win her back,
My faithless little doner.

2-35 I Come from Sweet Tyrone (Roud 24183)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

Oh, you're heartily welcome to come, come, come
You're heartily welcome to drink.
In my pipe there's a smoke of tobacca, and you
Can smoke away 'til you blink.
I've a shilling or two in my pocket, old boy,
Sure the house you can make it your own.
I'm from the far part,
Here's my hand on my heart,
I come from sweet Tyrone.

Spoken: them were nice weren't they, well them were the songs you want, I know.

This is actually another verse of the song which starts this CD - there called *There's a Little Drop Left in the Bottle*.

2-36 Barbara Allen (Roud 54, Child 84)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles Parker, 1967

Oh, hard hearted was Barbara Allen.
Look up, look up, at my bed-head,
You'll see a watch a-hanging.
Oh, it is for you and only you,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

Do you remember, last Saturday night,
When in the alehouse, drinking,
Sure, you drunk the company's health all round,
But you slighted Barbara Ellen.

Spoken: that's it. Oh I've tried to find that out. I used to sing that and all.

2-37 **The Only Bit of English** (Roud 24195)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Dear old England, isn't she a picture?
Everything is foreign you can see.
All the tables and the chairs,
The carpet on the stairs,
Was made in Germany.
Oh, but when you walk into the bedroom,
A-lying in a tiny cot;
Is Mother's baby boy,
Her only pride and joy,
And that's the only bit of English that she's got!

This is but the chorus of a longer song called *Poor Old England*, performed by Billy Williams on the Halls. It was heard in the oral tradition in the late-1990s from Lucy Reader in Randwick, Glos, and from John Dodd of Steep, Hants.

2-38 **Dear Old Mother** (Roud 24221)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles
Parker, 1967

Dear old Mother;
Now she can hardly see.
But ever since I was so high,
She's been a good friend to me.
I'll work for Mother,
Yes, I'll work every hour.
She's old and grey,
She won't go away
To the workhouse door.

2-39 **Puss** (Roud 24222)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Every night he went "Puss, puss, puss,
Come out and play with me."
Every night it was "Puss, puss, puss,
Come play with my LSD."
He called me his dear and he bit my ear;
He coaxed me oh so nice.
He was a saucy young cat,
And I was the poor little mice.

2-40 **Sail Away** (Roud 24223)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

I've made up my mind to sail away,
Sail away, sail away.
I don't mean to stay another day,
I'll get work somewhere.
In other countries, colonies I mean to try.
Yes I'll try, do or die.
Say what they will,
I'm a gentleman still;
But I'm going off to foreign (?) shore

2-41 **I Don't Like Work** (Roud 24224)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

I'm poor, I'm proud and I'm particular;
I don't like work, nor never did.
There's lots of chaps are fond of it you see;
Well, they're all at liberty to do it all for me.

I might get a job if I want one,
But I don't intend to try.
There are lots of millionaires
Wears the same size cap as I do;
They never goes to work - so why should I?

2-42 **Ain't it Nice to have a Father** (Roud 22425)
Recorded by Pam Bishop and Charles
Parker, 1967

Ain't it nice to have a father,
A father just like mine?
He gets up in the morning
When the old cock crows,
Brings us all a cup of tea
And off to work he goes.
What we would do without him,
Godness only knows.
Ain't it nice to have a father?

PB: Where'd you learn that?

CC: Yes that's when I was a little girl of 10. And fathers used to do it in them times, see!

2-43 **Is Your Mother in, Molly Malone?** (Roud 24226)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

"Is your Mother in, Molly Malone?"
Molly cried, "She's out."
"Is your Father in, Molly Malone?"
She cried again, "No. He's out."
"May I come in by fireside
And sit there along with you?"
Molly said, with a smile,
"You may come for a while.
But the fire's gone out, too!"

2-44 **The Table was Laid for Three** (Roud 24209)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

The table was laid for three,
Where is the absent one?
Where can that wanderer be?
Where is their only son?
What would the parents give
The wandering boy to see?
Father and Mother, they dine alone
But the table was laid for three.

2-45 **Send Me a Simple Daisy** (Roud 24208)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Here is a pure white rose,
A token of love 'twill bring.
Here is a token of faith and hope,
And violets, too.
But send me a simple daisy,
And the meaning I shall get;
Oh, then I will kiss your two lips (tulips)
As soon as you answer "Yes."

2-46 **Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty** (Roud 10669)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London town.
Take me over there, put me anywhere,
Birmingham, Leeds or Manchester,
for I don't care.
I'm a-going to see my best girl,
Cuddling up again we soon shall be.
I-tee-iddly-i-tee,
Take me back to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me.

A very popular Great War song, written by Mills, Godfrey and Scott in 1916, and sung by Ella Retford and numerous others on the Halls.

2-47 **While London's Fast Asleep** (Roud 13677)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

While London sleeps,
And all its lamps are gleaming,
Millions of its people
Now lie sweetly dreaming.
Some have no home,
Others sorrow and weep.
Others laugh and play the game
While London's fast asleep.
Spoken: It's in the middle of the night, see.

Written by Louie Dacre in 1896, sung on the Halls by Marie Tyler. Jim Carroll & Pat Mackenzie recorded it from Walter Pardon in 1985

2-48 **Black Eyed Susan** (Roud 24230)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Oh, black eyed Susan,
Repentance has come to pass.
Oh, black eyed Susan,
Why did you leave me there?
Under the Marble Arch,
I met with a big surprise;
I never thought your heart
Was half so black as your eyes.

Spoken: that's another good un, ain't it?

2-49 **Won't You Tell Me, Daddy?** (Roud 24227)
Recorded by Jon Raven, 1967

Won't you tell me, Daddy,
Where Mummy's gone to stay?
Is it where the angels grow
So very far away?
Where the streets are paved with gold,
And the skies are always blue?
Is that where Mummy has gone, dear Daddy?
Please let me go there, too.

2-50 **Stop the Cab!** (Roud 24210)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Stop the cab, stop the cab!
Woah, woah, woah!
Somebody hold the horse's head!
Don't let go!
Nevertheless, they had to confess
That though they'd made a crab,
That was where the love was got -
In the Hansom Cab.

In a somewhat reticent piece of speech that accompanied this recording, Cecilia implies that, for poor working class lovers in densely populated inner cities, a Hansom Cab was one of the few places they could get a bit of privacy!

2-51 **Some They Call Me Ikey** (Roud 24211)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Some they call me Ikey
And some they call me Fash.
Some they call me everything,
But I don't care for that.
I am the Queen of Lime Tree
You can plainly see,
And there's ne'er a one in Lime Tree
Can knock it out of me.

Mrs Costello lived in Lime Tree Road, Washwood Heath, at the time these recordings were made.

2-52 **Saturday Night I Lost My Wife** (Roud 20273)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Oh, it's Saturday night I lost my wife
And Sunday morning I found her.
Behind the pump, a-scratchin' her lump
With all the boys around 'er.

She jumped over the chimbley pot
I jumped over the timber.
She cried out 'er back was broke
And I cried out, "My finger".

This tallies with a verse from *Old Grey Goose* (Roud 3619), sung by Dan Tate at his home in Fancy Gap, Carroll County, VA, USA, on 16.8.79, which appears on *Far in the Mountains, Vols 1&2* (MTC501-2).

*Johnny Gordon lost his wife,
And where do you reckon he found her?
He found her up that rocky branch,
With a hundred men around her.*

2-53 **Chuck Him Up** (Roud 24217)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Chuck him up and get another one,
There are plenty more about.
And if you can't get one to suit you,
Be like me, and go without!

2-54 **Mother Had an Apple** (Roud 24212)
Recorded by Roy Palmer, 1971

Father and Mother
Fell in love with one another.
Mother had an apple,
Father had a bite
Mother said she liked it,
She thought it jolly fine.
So I want someone

To have a bite of mine.

2-55 **You're Not Dead Yet** (Roud 24213)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Cheer up, Buller, my lad, don't say die.
You know the reason why;
To ruin you they try.
You do your best for England,
England won't forget.
So cheer up, Buller, me lad,
And you're not dead yet.
Spoken: That's General Buller.

General Redvers Buller was decorated with the Victoria Cross for his heroic actions in the Zulu War. On March 28, 1879, the then Lieutenant Colonel Buller was being hotly pursued by ferocious Zulus during the retreat from Inhlobana. With little thought for his own safety, he rescued a young Captain of the Cape Frontier Light Horse and carried him on his own horse until he overtook the rearguard to safety. On the same day, under the same circumstances, he executed another emergency evacuation when he carried a lieutenant, whose horse had been killed under him, to a place of safety. Undaunted, in the same action, he saved a trooper whose horse was exhausted, and who would otherwise have been killed by the Zulus who were within yards of him.

Twenty years on, in 1899, General Buller was put in charge of some 50,000 troops sent to quell the Boers' uprising in South Africa. In action at Colenso and Spion Kop, delays and confusion resulted in disaster, and his career was ruined.

2-56 **Johnny, When You Come Over** (Roud 24214)
Recorded by Roy Palmer, 1971

Johnny, when you come over,
Johnny, what made you come?
Johnny, when you come over,
Did you hear the monkey run?
Johnny, when you come over,
Did you see the fun of the fair
When I wagged me tail and I kissed me hat
And the devil I'er a care.

2-57 **He's Only a Chimney Sweeper** (Roud 1127)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

He's only a chimney sweeper,
But I love me darling Jack.
And every time he kisses me,
He covers me over with black.
All the work he has to do;
Shove the brush up and down the flue;
His trade is black, but his heart is white
And he's the lad for me.

2-58 **Mary Was a Milkmaid** (Roud 24215)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Mary was a milkmaid,
She was young and fair.
Johnny was a ploughboy
And he was always there.
Get yourself ready,
And don't be very late,
For we're going to a walk
And la-de-da-de-da
(you've got to guess that little bit!)

2-59 **Cuckoo's Nest** (Roud 1506)
Recorded by Roy Palmer, 1971

Give to me the girl that's pretty in the face,
Give to me the girl that's slender in the waist.
Give to me the girl that's nimble in the twist;
For the bottom of her belly is the cuckoo's nest.

2-60 **I Lost My Love and I Care Not** (Roud 2075)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

Oh, I lost me Love and I care not,
He wants to come back, but he dare not.
So I'll have another, as good as the other,
And I don't care for neither.

Surprisingly few (only nine) Roud entries for this song, which I know I've heard before. John Strachan and Ray Fisher knew it in Scotland, and the Opies found it as a children's game song in Birmingham - maybe how Cecilia learned it?

2-61 **I'll Stick to the Ship, Lads** (Roud 17057)
Queen Elizabeth (A Ship that Belongs to a Lady) (Roud 24228)
No One to Welcome You Home (Roud 24229)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

"I'll stick to the ship, lads,
You save your lives.
I've no one to love me,
You've children and wives.
I'll stick to the ship, lads,
Praying to heaven above.
And I'll go down to the angry seas
With the ship I love."

That's a ship that belongs to a Lady,
She has a good Captain and crew.
When out on a trip, this beautiful ship,
She's flying the red, white and blue.

The foreigners treat her politely,
Her colours are very well known.
But because she belongs to a Lady,
I reckon they'll leave her alone.

Spoken: and there's another ship going away

As the Mother stood on the Liverpool dock,
With her handkerchief up to her eyes,
And as that vessel sailed slowly by,
She bade them goodbye - them goodbye.

"My boy, you are going away,
To leave your poor mother, to roam.
But when you return to the land of your birth,
There'll be no one to welcome you home.
There'll be no one to welcome you home.
Welcome home.

"Goodbye and God bless you, my own darling son
Think of your Mother, yes think of that one.
And think of the words I have said unto you,
When you're at rest in your little canoe.

"My boy, you are going away,
To leave your poor mother, to roam.
But when you return to the land of your birth,
There'll be no one to welcome you home."

2-62 **Kathleen** (Roud 24216)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
She's the prettiest creature on earth.
She's a gem of the very first waters,
And she's Irish, yes Irish by birth.

I met her within the green bowers,
I kissed her, she liked it quite well.
And her face blushed like red rosy flowers,
That grows in a green mossy dell.

Kath-a-leen, so fair and bright,
The star of the earth, and the starless night.
The shady lanes and meadows green,
I love to stroll with Kath-a-leen.

I'm going to get married next Sunday
And the old folks will give us away.
The boys and the girls will be singing,
And we all will be singing hooray.

For it's true as the star is above us,
My Kath-a-leen, she'll always be true.

2-63 **No Irish Need Apply** - folk club (Roud 1137)
Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam
Bishop, 1967

The words and notes to this song can be found at track 9 on this CD.

This seems to be an almost unique recording in that it is performed before an audience; in this case, at the *Grey Cock Folk Club*, held in the White Lion, Birmingham, in 1967 or '68. Pam Bishop sings along with Cecilia to help her hit the high notes she can no longer comfortably manage.

Credits:

My sincere thanks particularly to Patrick Costello, who was my first contact within the family, and who provided many of the photos in the booklet, checked the biography for accuracy, and was generally helpful and encouraging. Perhaps most of all, he went repeatedly to the Library of Birmingham to listen to the 27 CDs, each containing at least one of Charles Parker's recordings of Cecilia Costello, catalogued them, and sent me a list of which CDs I needed to borrow and where the particular song was to be found. Without his efforts, I'm not sure that I would have had the patience for numerous long drives up to Brum, and all that listening.

I should also mention Roy Palmer, who has been very helpful with the research needed for this project, allowed me access to his own recordings of Mrs Costello, and has supplied most of the other photos.

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Booklet: text, editing, DTP, printing
CDs: editing, production
by Rod Stradling

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