

Holdstock & MacLeod's "Seasoned Songs" Page 1

Seasons of the year

The sun it goes down the sky it turns red
Down on my pillow I lay down my head.
I lift up mine eyes to see the stars shine
But still this young damsel she runs in my mind.

When the sap it goes up the trees we will Fluor
It's first branch and round boys and put in the saw
And when we have sawed it and knocked it on
down
Then we do floor boys all on the cold ground

When flouring is over haying draws near
With our size and our pitch forks we've grass for to
clear
But we have cut it and carried it away
We first called it green grass we now call it hay

When haying is over harvest draws near
We send for the brewer to brew us strong beer
To brew us strong beer for us hard working men
Who work late and early till harvest comes in.

When the sap it goes down the leaves they do fall
The farmer to the hedging and ditching is called
But when it's bad weather there's no working there
It's into the barn boy's there's corn for to clear

When spring it comes round the made to the cow
The boy to the whip and the man to the plough
And so we bring all things so cheerfully round
Good luck to the ploughman who ploughs up the
land.

The Band of Shearers

Summer days and heather bells
Come seekin down yon high, high hills
There's yellow corn in a' the fields
And autumn brings the shearin'.

Cho: O bonnie lassie will ye gang
An' shear wi' me the hale day lang
An love will cheer us as we gang
Tae join the band of shearers.

And if the weather it be hot
I'll cast my Gravet and my coat
And shear with you among the lot
When we gang to the shearin'.

And if the thistle it be strang
And pierce your lily white hand
It's wi my hook I'll cut it doon,
As we gang to the shearin'.

And if the weather it be dry
They'll say there's love twixt you and I,
But slyly we'll pass each othert by
As we headbto the shearin'.

And when the shearin it is done
And slowly sets the evening sun
We'll have some rantin Rovin fun
And forget the toild of shearin'.

The Jovial Man of Kent

"Away with all Wine-drinkers,
And such new fangled thinkers,
And may they still be shrinkers
From all gocd men and true"
Thus said the Jovial Man of Kent,
As through his golden hops he went,
With sturdy limbs and brow unbent,
When Autumn's sky was blue,
When Autumn's sky was blue above,
When Autumn's sky was blue.

The hop that swings so lightly,
The hop that glows so brightly,
Will sure be honour'd rightly
By all gocd men and true,
Let Frenchmen boast their staggering vine,
Which gives them draughts of meagre wine;
It cannot match this plant of mine,
When Autumn's sky is blue,

When winter snows are falling,
And winter winds are brawling,
For nut-brown ale are calling
All honest men and true,
And when the merry song is sung,
And logs upon the fire are flung,
They think upon the hop that swung,
When Autumn skies were blue,

Sae Will We Yet

Sit down here you cronies and gi us yer crack
Let the wind tak' the care o' this life on it's back
For our hearts Tae despondency we will never submit
For wev'e aye been provided for and sae will we yet

Cho: And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
Repeat last line

So fill up a tankard of nappy brown ale
It'll comfort our hearts and enliven the tale.
For we'll aye be the merrier the longer we sit,
For we drank tae gither mony's the time and sae will we yet

Here's a health tae the farmer and prosper his ploo
Rewarding his ardent toil a' the year through.
For his seed time and harvest we ever will get
For we've lippeden aye tae providence and sae will we yet

So fill up your glass let the bottle gae round
For the sun it will rise though the moon has gone doon.
And tho the room be runnin roond about it's time enough tae flit,
When we fell we aye got up again and sae will we yet.

Holdstock & MacLeod's "Seasoned Songs" Page 2

ALE OF OLD ENGLAND

Chorus:

Ch: Here's a health to the ale of old England,
A strength to our native brew,
All hail John Barleycorn,
Success to the land where he grew.

Englands ale is our pride, the ale that made us great,
Renowned about the countryside, the best brewers can create.
But view that pasteurized brew that modern aberration.
What's this age a coming to, a scourge upon the nation.

Repel these invaders boys these pilles and lagers leave.
Resist the advertising ploys and Englands ale believe,
I've tried the foreign wine a glass I once did take
If its held to be so fine why was my thirst not slaked?

They don't Quench your thirst don't whisky rum and gin,
You run out of money first and your livers all caved in.
So for England take a gill, God guide that brewers hand.
And everyone drink with a will. A health to old England

Tae the Beggin'

Of all the trades in England, the beggin' is the best
For when a beggar's weary, he can aye sit doon an'rest
Cho:

Tae the beggin' I will go, will go
Tae the beggin' I will go.

I've a pocket for me breid an' cheese, anither for me salt
I've a little pair o' crutches, thou should see how I can halt.

There's patches on me fustycoat, there's a black patch on me e'
But when it comes tae tuppenny ale, I can see as well as thee.

There's a bed for me where e'er I lie and I don't pay no rent
I have no noisy looms tae mind and I am reet content.

I can rest when I am tired and I heed no master's bell
O' a man would be daft tae be a king when beggars live sae well.

Now I've been blind in Duncanfield and I've been lame in Shaw
And mony's the reet and willin'lass I've bedded in the straw.

Well if beggin' be as good a trade and as I hope it may
It's time that I was out o' here and' headed doon the way.

Needle Cases

I'm a poor wandering fellow my name it is Jack
No shoes to my feet scarcely a rag to my back
My belly is empty my feet they are soar
Wont you buy a case needles from poor wandering Jack.

Cho: Needle cases wont you buy some
You can buy one I'm sure
Won't you by a case needles
From Jack that's so poor.

I once had a table all covered with good food
Over eating and drinking and all that was good

But now I've no table no friends and all that
Wont you by a case needles from poor wandering Jack.

I once was a farmer and followed the plough
Don't you think I'm a charmer just look at me now?
All covered with rags from the bottom to the top
Don't you think that I've become a poor wandering rag
shop?

Oh if you won't buy some I shall take my leave
But to leave such good company it does my heart
grieve
To leave you to leave you but if I should come back
Wont you by a case needles from poor wandering Jack.

Cape Breton Farewell

Late spring, the leaves all green
There's sheep on the hillside, there's birds on the wing
Over my shoulder the last time I'm seeing
The old home all weathered and gray.

Cho:

And I'm leaving for Halifax to see what's to spare
In the way of some work and if there's nothing there
It's Toronto out west to God only knows where
But there's bound to be friends from back home.

We talked till three, my father and me
And the fiddle tunes flowed like the clear Margaree
Never forget who you are son, said he
And I followed my brothers away.

One thing I know wherever I go
My heart's in Cape Breton, it will always be so
Whenever the fiddler rosins the bow
My first and last thoughts are for home.

The Island Of St Helena

Boney he's awa from his warring and fighting'
He's gone to the place he never can delight in,
He may sit now and tell of the scenes that he's seen a'
While forlorn he doth morn in the Island of St. Helena.

No more in St. Clouds he appears in great splendor
Nor go forth wi' great crowds like the great Alexander
He may look at the moon oer the great mount Diana
His eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

Since Anna she weeps for her husband departed
She dreams when she sleeps and she wakes broken hearted
Not a friend to console her, The mighty they will na,
She mourns when she thinks of the Isle of St. Helena.

The rude rushing waves around the shores are washing'
And the great billows heave on the wild rocks are dashing'
He may look on the main when he thinks on Lucanna,
With his heart full of woe in the Isle of St Helena

All you that have great wealth beware of ambition
Some decree of fate may soon change your condition,
Be steadfast in time, or what is to come you Cana

Holdstock & MacLeod's "Seasoned Songs" Page 3

May it be your fate to end in the Island of St. Helena.

The Trooper and the Maid

A trooper lad cam' here ae night,
Wi' riding he was weary
A trooper lad cam' here at night,
When the moon shone bright and clearly

Cho:

Bonnie Lassie I'll lie near ye yet,
Bonnie Lassie I'll lie near ye
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,
in the morning' e'er I leave ye.

She's taen the trooper by the hann, and led him tae
the chamber
She's gied him cheese and wine tae drink, and the
wine it was like amber.

She's made her bed baith lang and wide, and made
it like a lady.
She's ta'en her coatie ower her heid, sayin' trooper
are ye ready.

They hadna been but an 'oor in bed,
A 'oor and half a quarter
When drums cam' beatin doon the street,
I and every beat was shorter.

And when will you come back again,
My own dear sojer laddie
And when will ye come back again,
And be your bairnie's daddy.

Bonny lassie I maun leave ye noo,
Bonny lassie I maun leave ye
When heather bells grow cockleshells,
It's then I'll come and see ye.

She's taen her coatie ower her heid,
and followed him up tae stirling
She grew sae fu', she could nae bow.
He left her in Dumferling.

DUDLEY BOYS

In the days of good Queen Bess,
Ya boys oh
In the days of good queen Bess,
Ya boys oh
In the days of good Queen Bess
Coventry outdone the rest,
Ya boys, ho boys,
Oh the brave Dudley boys.

But in such times as these,
We've outdone Coventry

Tipton lads they did us join
And we formed a strong combine.

We marched into town
Resolved to burn the housing down.

Times they were mighty queer
And vittles they was awful dear.

So for to make corn cheap,
We burned em all of an heap.

But the work was scarce begun
When soldiers came and spoilt the fun.

We all ran down our pits
Scared most out of our wits.

God bless Lord Dudley Ward
He knows the times been hard.

He sent back the soldier men
And we'll never riot again.

Will Ye Gang Love

As I cam' in by yon rashie moor
I spied him at my true love's door
My heart grew sair and my e'en grew blind
Tae see my bonny love leave me behind.

Cho:

And will ye gang love and leave me noo
Well ye gang love and leave me noo
Wid ye forsake you ain love true
And gang wi' a lad ye never knew.

And as I cam' doon by yon heather glen
I saw another my love attend
I bowed my head and I cried och-one
The best of my good days are done.

And I will tell you the reason why
Because he has more gold than I
And I will tell you the reason true
The sweeter taste of a love that's new.

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so has my love done unto me

But if you love me and what I've got
And instead of gowd ye can hae my heart
Ye can hae my heart wi' a richt good will
Ye're a bonnie lass and I love ye still.

Handloom Weavers Lament

You gentleman and tradesmen as you ride about at will
Look down on these poor people its enough to make you chill
Look down on these poor people as you ride up and down
And if there is a God above he'll pull your pride right down
Cho
You tyrants of England your race will soon be run,

Holdstock & MacLeod's "Seasoned Songs" Page 4

You will be brought into account for what you've sorely done.

You've pulled down our wages so shamefully to tell,
You go into the market and you say you cannot sell,
And when that we do ask you when these bad times will mend,
You quickly give an answer when the wars are at an end.

When we look upon our children, it grieves our hearts full sore,
There clothes are all in rags and they cannot get no more.
With little in there bellies they to there work must go,
While your so dressed as Manxy like a monkey in a show.

You go to church on Sunday and I know its nought but pride
How can there be religion when humanity's swept aside?
If there is a place in heaven as there is in the exchange,
Our poor souls may not come in there, like lost sheep they must range

With choicest of strong dainties your tables overspread,
With good ale and strong brandy, you make your faces red,
You invite a set of visitors, it is your chief delight,
To put your heads together for to make our faces white.

You say that Bonaparty has been the cause of all,
And that us poor folks should call for his downfall.
But Bonapart is dead and gone and it is plainly shown
That we've got bigger tyrants here in Boney's of our own.

And so my friends and to conclude and for to make an end,
Let us form a plan that these bad times will end.
So give us our old prices as we have had before,
And we live in happiness and rub out the old score.

Johnnie Cope

Cope sent a challenge tae Dunbar,
Sayinn' Charlie meet me an' ye daur
And I'll learn ye the arts o'war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

Cho:
Hi Johnnie Cope are ye walking' yet, o
Or are your drums a beatin' yet
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,
Tae gang tae the cauls in the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from
Come follow me my merry men & we'll
Meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.

Noo Johnnie be as guid as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword
An' dinna flee like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

When Jonnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thought it widna be amiss
Tae hae a horse in readiness,
Tae flee awa in the morning.

Fye noo Johnnie get up and run,

The Hielan' bagpipes mak' a din
It's better tae sleep in a hale skin,
For it will be a bluidy morning.

When Jonnie Cope tae Dunbar cam,
They speared at him "where's a' your men"
The de'il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.

Noo Johnnie troth ye wer en blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.

In faith quo Johnnie,
I got sic fleg wi' their claymores an' philabegs
Gin I face them again, de'il brak my legs,
So I bid ye a' guid morning.

Down In the Coal Mine

I am a jolly collier lad, as blithe as blithe can be;
And let the times be good or bad, it's all the same to me.
Its little of the world I know, and care less for its ways,
While the miner spends his time away from rainy days.

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mines, underneath the ground
Where the stream of sunshine never can be found
Digging out the dusky diamonds all the seasons round
Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground

My hands are horny, hard, and black
From digging in the vein
And like the clothes upon me back
Me speech is rough and plain
And if I stumble with me tongue
I've one excuse to give
Its not the miner's heart that's wrong;
It's his mouth what goes astray.

Its little do the great ones know
Who sit at home secure
What dangers miners face,
What hardships they endure
The very fire they sit beside
To warm themselves and wives
Mayhap was kindled at the cost,
Of jolly collier's lives.

So cheer up lads and make the most
Of every joy you can
And always let your mouth be such
As best befits a man
So let the times be good or bad
We'll still be jovial souls
For where would all the Britons be,
Without the lads that dig for coal?

The Jolly Wagoners

When first I went a -waggoning,

A –waggoning did I go
It fill me poor old parents' hearts with sorrow,
Grief and woe.
And many are the hardships that since I've
undergone...

Cho:
Singing woah me lads, sing woah
Drive on me lads, drive on
Who wouldn't be for all the world, a jolly waggoner.

When it's belting down with rain me lads, I get
wetter to the skin
But I bear it with a contented heart until I reach the
inn
Then I sit down a drinkin' wi' the landlord and his
kin...

Well things is greatly altered noo and wagons few
are seen
And the world's turned topsy turvy lads and things
is run by steam
And the whole world passes before me just like a
morning dream...

Aye things is greatly altered noo but then what can
I do
For the folks in power'll take nae heed to likes o'
me and you
It's hardship for us workin' lads and a fortune for a
few...

Well Martinmas is coming lads, what pleasures we
shall see
Like chaff before the wind me lads, we'll make our
money flee
And every lad will take his lass and sit her on his
knee...