

**Track 1: William Taylor**

*words and tune trad / Bill Jones*

1. I'll sing you a song about two true lovers, from Southampton town they came  
The young man's name was William Taylor, the young lass's name was Sarah Jane  
  
Fol the diddle um, day oh a ride oh  
Fol the diddle um, dum a dair rye day
2. Going to church for to get married, Sarah was dressed in rich array  
William knew that he loved another, so he fled and went to sea
3. Sarah dressed in sailor's clothing, sailor's clothing she put on  
She's gone to find her own true lover, for to find him she has gone
4. On the ship there was a battle, she was one among the rest  
Her jacket quickly fell to pieces, sailors spied a lady dressed
5. The captain asked what brought her here, and to him well she did say  
"I've come to find my own cruel William, he left on our wedding day"
6. "If your lover's William Taylor, it happens that I know him well  
He's living with a rich young lassie, in the Isle of Man they dwell"
7. "Rise up early in the morning, and walk down by the silvery strand  
There you'll find your own cruel William, walking and holding his lover's hand"
8. Sarah rose in the morning early, a brace of pistols she did command  
She fired and she shot her William Taylor, with his bride at his right hand
9. The the captain was well pleased, he was well pleased by what she done  
Soon she became a bold commander of the captain and his men

*Another song learnt from Sandra Kerr's vast song collection, this one from listening to a tape whilst driving between festivals in September 2000.*

## Track 2: The Tale Of Tam Lin

*words trad, tune by Bill Jones*

1. I forbid you maidens all, that wear gold in your hair  
To travel down to Carter Haugh, for young Tam Lin is there  
Them that go by Carter Haugh, but they leave him a pledge  
Either their mantels of green, or else their maidenhead
2. Janet tied her kirtle green a bit above her knee  
And she's gone straight to Carter Haugh as fast as go can she  
She doth pull up the double rose, a rose but only two  
And then up came young Tam Lin, says "lady pull no more"

"And why you come to Carter Haugh without command from me?"  
"I'll come and go", young Janet said, "and ask no leave of thee"

3. Then up spoke her father dear, and he spoke meek and mild  
"Well alas Janet", he said, "I think you go with child"  
"Well if that be so", Janet said, "myself shall bear the blame  
There's not a knight in all your halls shall get the baby's name"
4. "Oh tell to me, Tam Lin" she said, "why came you here to dwell?"  
"The Queen of Fairies caught me when from my horse I fell  
But tonight it is Halloween and the fairy court it rides  
Those that would let true love win, at Miles Cross they must hide"

"First let pass the horses black and then let pass the brown  
Quickly run to the white steed and pull the rider down"

5. "They will turn me in your arms to a newt or to a snake  
Hold me tight and fear not, I'm the father of your babe  
And they will turn me in your arms into a lion bold  
Hold me tight and fear not, and you will love your child"
6. And in the middle of the night she heard the bridle ring  
She heeded what he said, and young Tam Lin did win  
Then up spoke the Fairy Queen, and an angry queen was she  
"Woe betide her ill-fared face, an ill death may she die".

*I'd wanted to sing a version of Tam Lin ever since we studied its variants as part of a lecture at City University in 1996. The tune was a long time coming (written on tour in December 2000).*

### **Track 3: The Barley And The Rye**

*words trad / Bill Jones, tune trad*

1. It's of an old country farmer living in the West Country  
And he had the prettiest little wife that you ever did see  
She had no money, wealth or jewellery, but the farmer did imply  
That they'd both be well provided for by the barley and the rye
2. Now the farmer being elderly soon did tire of new wedded life  
So he passed his time working and neglected his wife  
Well a young laddie came a courting her when the old man wasn't nigh  
And it's oft times they'd take a tumble 'mongst the barley and the rye
3. Well the old man woke in the morning, and he found himself all alone  
He looked out of his window, saw his wife in the corn  
And a young laddie lay beside her, which caused the man to cry  
He said "wife, wife I wonder at you for the spoiling of our rye"
4. "Oh husband" she cried, "oh husband, it's the like I've never done before  
And if you've got one friend love, I've another in store  
He's a friend love who'd not desert you if you would him employ  
He's got money enough love to pay for both the barley and the rye"
5. Well the farmer took on the young lad for his working day it was long  
And nine months being over, his pretty wife bore a son  
And as she sat and nursed the child, she wondered by and by  
Was the baby born for the farmer or the barley and the rye?

*I expanded the only three verses I could find to make this into a five verse story (adding lines 3 & 4 of verse 1, lines 1 & 2 of verse 2, and all of verse 5). The story ends somewhat differently from the original.*

## Track 4: Panchpuran

by Bill Jones

1. If you'll listen, I'd like to tell you all about my life  
At barely sixteen, I left my homeland  
Crossed the seas for Dover's chalky cliffs  
Strathnaver docked in cascading rain  
With tearful eyes, my mind went back to India
2. National Railways employed my father  
Mother ran the house  
The job moved bases almost yearly  
She found friends, and an ayah for the babe  
I lived nine months of the year at school  
My second family, that's how it was in India
3. We were known as Anglo-Indians  
European Asian blood  
Dark or light skinned, and our language  
A panchpuran of Hindi / English words  
Independence forced us all to leave  
Farewell to loved ones left behind in India
4. In New Brighton we lodged with family  
Sleeping in one room  
Mum had never boiled a kettle  
Never cleaned a floor or cooked our food  
It was months before dad found a job  
Experience counts for nothing from India
5. I hated England and missed Darjeeling  
I cried every day  
My little sister lost all her Hindi  
She became our family's foreign child  
And the rations here were strict and small  
I pined for burfi and the taste of India
6. Well fifty years how fast they travel  
Yet our culture remains  
Friends from home live here in London  
We meet often, call them every day  
But the young ones they are English now  
Shaped by your green hills and motorways  
Still we share with them our roots in India

*The story of my mum's family emigrating from India to England in 1951 is worthy of a whole book. My brother, my cousins and me are the first generation to be born in this country.*

## **Track 5: Silver Whistle/Low Down In The Broom**

*words by Bill Jones, tune trad / words and tune trad*

### **(1) Silver Whistle**

1. Who will play the silver whistle  
Now the pipes no longer sound  
Hi ri iu illio, Hi ri iu illio
2. Pipers once lamented slowly  
Fiddlers reel and jig no more
3. At the dance you'll hear them singing  
Feet will tap and fingers drum

### **(2) Low down In The broom**

1. It was last Monday morning, the day appointed was  
For me to go down to the broom to meet my own true love  
So bright and pleasant was the day he bore my company  
And it's low down in the broom, waiting in the broom for me
2. I looked over my left shoulder to see what I could see  
And there I spied my own true love come running down to me  
His heart so brisk and bonny to bear my company  
And it's low down in the broom, waiting in the broom for me
3. I took hold of his hand and gaily sang my heart  
And now that we're together I know we never shall part  
Oh no, my love no never, such a thing could never be  
And it's low down in the broom, waiting in the broom for me

*In many different countries including Scotland, there have been periods when instruments were not available, and tunes were passed on through the singing of mouth music. The sense of spirit embodied by mouth music and the people who have sung it intrigues me greatly, and these words are a forerunner to a longer song I will one day finish writing.*

## **Track 6: Rocking The Cradle**

*words trad, tune by Bill Jones*

1. As I was walking one fine summers morning  
Down by a clear river I walked all alone  
I heard an old man making sad lamentation  
About rocking a cradle and the child not his own  
  
ch.  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi laddie lie easy  
Perhaps your own daddy will never be known  
I'm sitting here and sighing and rocking a cradle  
And nursing a baby that's none of my own
2. A year has gone by since I first met your mother  
I thought like a fool that I was blessed with a wife  
But I find to my sorrow, my grief and vexation  
She has proved to be torture and plague to my life
3. She goes out every night to a ball or a party  
And leaves me here rocking the cradle alone  
This innocent baby, he calls me his daddy  
It's little that he knows that he's none of my own
4. Well, my wife she comes in at the heel of the evening  
She calls to me smartly the kettle put down  
She sits at her table and soon she'll be drinking  
Crying cuckold, where are you come and rock the child sound
5. So come all you young men that's inclined to be married  
Take my advice, leave the women alone  
For it's by the Lord, Harry, if ever you marry  
You're sure to be rocking a cradle alone

*My tune is inspired by the jazz piano playing I studied with tutor Leon Cohen at Middlesex University as a Performing Arts undergraduate from 1992 - 1993. I lasted 15 months before the dance and drama became too much. Topic Records' Voice of the People CD's provided the traditional song.*

## **Track 7: The Hexham Lad & The Blackleg Miner**

*words trad/Bill Jones, tune trad / words and tune trad*

### **(1) The Hexham Lad**

1. Hey for the buff and the blue, hey for the cap and the feather  
Hey for the bonny lad true that lives in Hexhamshire

ch.

Through by the Saiby Syke, and over the moss and the mire  
I'll go to see my lad who lives in Hexhamshire

2. His father loves him well, his mother loves him better  
I love the lad mysel' but alas we are not together
3. O this love this love, of this love I'm weary  
Sleep I can get none for thinking on my dearie

### **(2) The Blackleg Miner**

1. It's early in the evening after dark  
When the black leg miner creeps to work  
With dirty trousers and moleskin shirt  
Goes the dirty blackleg miner
2. They'll take their picks and down they'll go  
For to hew the coal that lies below  
But there's never a woman in the Langton Row  
That'll look at a blackleg miner
3. Never go near the Seghill mine  
For across the way they stretch a line  
To catch the throat and break the spine  
Of the dirty blackleg miner
4. And Delaval is a terrible place  
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face  
And all around the heath they run a foot race  
For to catch the blackleg miner
5. You can take your picks and your duds as well  
And hoy them down the pit of hell  
Down you go and fare you well  
You dirty blackleg miner
6. So join the union while you may  
Don't wait 'til your dying day  
For that may not be far away  
You dirty blackleg miner

*The Hexham Lad - Adapted from the traditional song "The Hexhamshire Lass". I had to add extra bars for breathing space - the original was typical of Northumbrian pipe tunes, with its beautiful, angular tune and total lack of any gaps. The Blackleg Miner - I generally avoid songs of the trades, but the strength of emotion in this song, the anger towards the "blackleg" miners brought into the North East from other areas to cross picket lines and work for a pittance, made it irresistible. Learnt from Alistair Anderson at a Folkworks workshop in 1999.*

**Track 8: Loving Hannah**

*words and tune trad*

1. I went to church on Sunday, my true love passed me by  
I knew her mind had altered by the roving of her eye  
By the roving of her eye, by the roving of her eye  
I knew her mind had altered by the roving of her eye
2. My love she's fair and proper, her hands are neat and small  
And she is quite good looking, and that's the best of all  
And that's the best of all, and that's the best of all  
And she is quite good looking, and that's the best of all
3. Oh Hannah, loving Hannah, come give to me your hand  
You said if you would marry, that I would be the man  
That I would be the man, that I would be the man  
You said if you would marry, that I would be the man
4. I'll go down by the river when everyone's asleep  
And think of loving Hannah, and then lay down and weep  
And then lay down and weep, and then lay down and weep  
And think of loving Hannah, and then lay down and weep

*Phil Cunningham taught me this song.*

## **Track 9: Tuney Song Set**

*words and tune trad/ words trad / Bill Jones, tune trad / words and tune trad*

### **(1) Inis Dhún Rámha**

1. King of the universe! Take me to Ennis  
Or west to Inis Dhún Rámha  
By the banks of the Finne or the sea  
To spy the ships going sailing  
Tired we be and all on our own  
And only the branches surround us  
All would say we are perfect together  
Like lovers Diarmad and Gráinne
2. Last night my love appeared in my dream  
As though she were in my arms  
A maiden fair as snow as it falls  
Or dusk sky at midsummer  
Were she standing here by my side  
We could be wedded this very morn  
Her honey lips would cure my sickness  
And bring health back to my body.
3. If we were one, no dowry I'd need  
Of horses, sheep or jewels  
Only my true love sitting down next to me  
Smiling, sweetly laughing  
Radiant too are her rosy cheeks  
And eyes that glimmer like sapphires  
I tell no lies, but truly I state  
That she is the finest of maidens

### **(2) Show Me The Way To Wallington**

1. Oh you cannyman oh, show me the way to Wallington  
I've a mare to ride, and she's a trick o' the galloping  
I have a lassie beside that winna give o-er a walloping  
Oh, cannyman oh, show me the way to Wallington
2. Sandy, keep on the road, that's the way to Wallington  
O'er by Bingfield Kame and then the banks of the Hallington  
Thru by Bavington Syke, and in ye go to Wallington  
Whether ye gallop or trot ye're on the road to Wallington
3. Off he went like the wind, clattering o'er to Wallington  
O'er by Bingfield Kame, and past the banks of the Hallington  
Thru by Bavington Syke, the mare couldn't trot for galloping  
Now my dear lassie I'll see, I'm on my way to Wallington

### (3) The Devil And The Farmer's Wife

1. There was an old farmer in Hexham did dwell  
Lilli burlera bullen a lo  
He had an old wife and she gave him hell  
Lilli burlera bullen a lo
2. Lera, Lera, Lilli burlera, Lilli burlera bullen a lo  
Lera, Lera, Lilli burlera, Lilli burlera bullen a lo
3. The devil he came to him at the plough  
I want your wife and I want her now
4. The devil he hoisted her up on his hump  
And down into hell with her he did jump
5. Two little devils were playing with chains  
She took up a stick and knocked out their brains
6. The devil he hoisted her back on his hump  
And back to earth with her he did jump
7. Now I've been a devil the whole of my life  
I never knew hell 'til I met your wife

*Thanks for these songs respectively to Áine Cooke (Mudcatter extraordinaire), Carol Robb (North-East piper and flute player), and Barry Dransfield (traditional singer from Sussex).*

#### **Track 10: Stór Mo Chroí**

*words and tune trad / Bill Jones*

1. Stór mo Chroí, when you're far away from the home you'll soon be leaving  
And it's many a time by night and day, your heart will be sorely grieving  
The strangers' land might be bright and fair and rich in treasures golden  
You'll pine I know for long long ago and the love that's never olden  
  
ch.  
And you'll go on the Lady Anne o hi, on the Lady Anne o ho,  
In the grey evening light o'er the waves let us go
2. Stór mo Chroí, in the strangers' land there's plenty of wealth and wearing  
Whilst gems adorn the rich and the grand there are faces with hunger tearing  
The dreary road is so hard to tread, and their city lights may blind you  
You'll pine I know for long long ago and the family left behind you  
  
ch.

*The chorus is a Hebridean song, Leis an Lurgainn (Boat Song), which I first learnt from the Gaelic version that The Rankin Family sing on their 1993 CD North Country. The words for the verses are from traditional Irish song A Stór Mo Chroí (To My Love, literally "to the treasure of my heart"). The verse tune is my own.*

#### **Track 11: Goin' Back**

*By Gerry Goffin and Carole King  
(Screen Gems - EMI Music)*

Thanks for the suggestion John, and all your encouragement