

The
**RALPH VAUGHAN
WILLIAMS SOCIETY**

*Dedicated to widening the knowledge, understanding and
appreciation of the music and life of Ralph Vaughan Williams*

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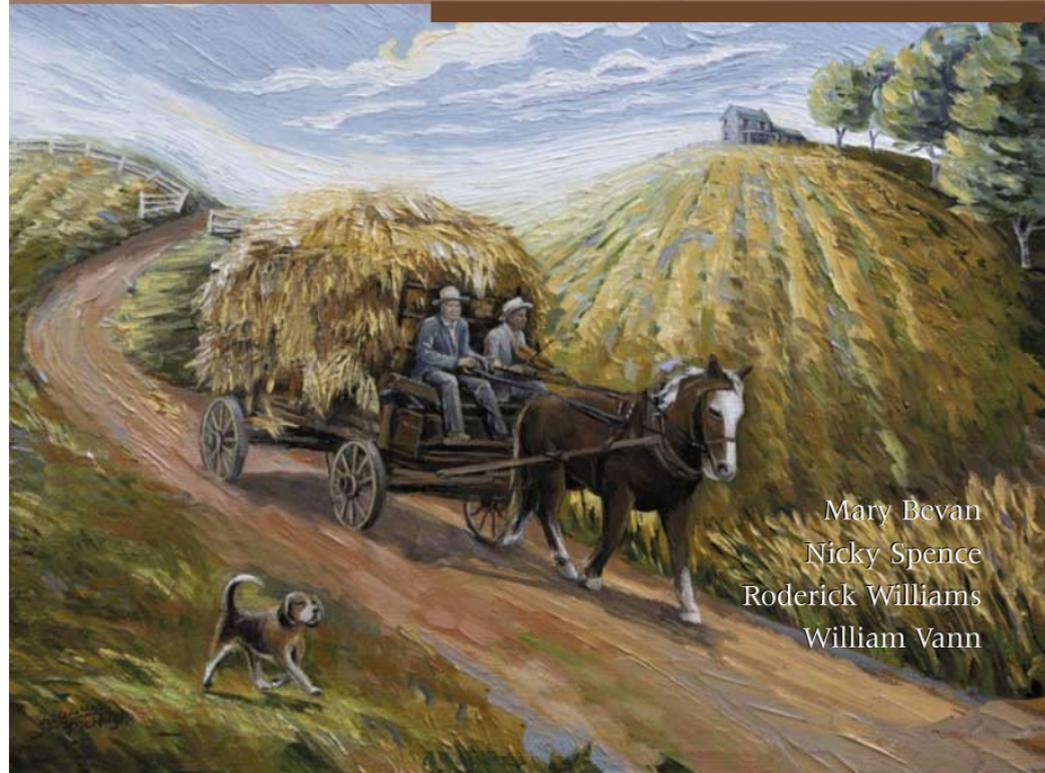
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RALPH
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

FOLK SONGS Volume 3



ALBION RECORDS



Mary Bevan
Nicky Spence
Roderick Williams
William Vann

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Complete Folk Song Arrangements Volume 3

Roud No.

Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties (1908)

1	Bushes and Briars	<i>B</i>	1027	2'52
2	Tarry Trowsers	<i>B</i>	427	0'57
3	A Bold Young Farmer	<i>S</i>	60	2'40
4	The Lost Lady Found	<i>B</i>	901	2'46
5	As I Walked Out	<i>T</i>	419	2'04
6	The Lark in the Morning	<i>B</i>	151/579	1'27
7	On Board a Ninety-Eight	<i>T</i>	1461	2'49
8	The Captain's Apprentice	<i>B</i>	835	2'55
9	Ward, the Pirate	<i>T</i>	224	3'06
10	The Saucy Bold Robber	<i>B</i>	1464	2'26
11	The Bold Princess Royal	<i>B</i>	528	2'32
12	The Lincolnshire Farmer	<i>T</i>	2637	2'45
13	The Sheffield Apprentice	<i>T</i>	399	4'11
14	Geordie	<i>S</i>	90	3'27
15	Harry, the Tailor	<i>B</i>	1465	2'03

16	Twelve Traditional Country Dances (1931)	Piano solo		10'15
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The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs (1959)

17	Salisbury Plain	<i>S</i>	1487	2'40
18	Banks of Green Willow	<i>B</i>	172	1'50
19	The Basket of Eggs	<i>T</i>	377	3'22

The Motherland Song Book, Volume III (1919)

20	We be three poor mariners	<i>B & Ch</i>	22268	1'11
21	The Arethusa	<i>B & Ch</i>	12675	2'24

Total recording time: 60'01

Key: *S* = Soprano; *T* = Tenor; *B* = Baritone, *Ch* = Chorus

The piano is played on all tracks.

Mary Bevan *soprano*, Nicky Spence *tenor*, Roderick Williams *baritone*, William Vann *piano*

Chorus: Helen Ashby, Kate Ashby *sopranos*, Cara Curran *alto*, Benedict Hymas *tenor*, James Arthur, Nicholas Ashby *basses*

Tracks 1, 6 and 8 were previously issued on ALBCD038, *Time and Space*.

Ralph Vaughan Williams: Complete Folk Song Arrangements Volume 3

This is the third of four albums of the composer's complete published arrangements of traditional folk songs in English for voice with instrumental accompaniment. Altogether, there are 80 songs, of which 74 are newly recorded and 6 taken from earlier Albion albums. There are 53 world première recordings and a further 4 which were recorded on vinyl but not reissued in a digital format.

While folk song seems to be consistently tolerant of the most dreadful violence, it is interesting to contrast the carefully selected or redacted texts published in the early 20th century with the relative freedom of 1959 (tracks 17 to 19). There could be no hint, early on, of sexual relations between an unmarried couple – even though so many country songs are about young men and women in love. Yet this reticence was not necessarily such a bad thing; Vaughan Williams rather liked collecting the naughtier lyrics but would have recognised that what might pass in the public bar would not do so in the concert hall, or the schoolroom. These arrangements are made to complement beautiful traditional tunes, rather than to celebrate slightly bawdy songs – and they do so most wonderfully.

Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties (1908)

'Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties, collected and set with an accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams' was Book 2 of Cecil Sharp's 'Folk Songs of England' series, the earliest published set in our series of four albums – also the only set which was collected by the composer himself, in and around East Anglia.

Sharp's preface explained that they were 'veritable folk-songs, i.e., songs which have been created or evolved by the common people. Taken in this sense, the folk-song

must be definitely distinguished from the composition of the cultivated musician. It is the invention, not of the individual, but of the community.' He asked readers to remember that 'folk music is the germ of art music'. Suggesting that earlier collectors were accustomed to edit and alter their folk tunes before publishing them, he asserted that tunes in the new volume had not been editorially 'improved' in any way. The words, however, were often corrupted in transmission, or sung in a variety of local dialects. Sharp believed that they had to be published in a singable form. Accordingly: 'Gaps have been filled up, verses omitted or softened, rhymes reconciled, redundant syllables pruned, bad grammar and dialect translated into King's English. On the other hand, archaic words and expressions have, of course, been retained.'

Vaughan Williams's introduction explained that the fifteen melodies arranged here were part of a much larger collection. 'It is not to be supposed that they are the exclusive property of the counties to which they are credited; all that is claimed for them is that they are certainly sung in these counties; and that most of the melodies have not as yet been discovered elsewhere'. He concluded by expressing 'my grateful thanks to the singers of these melodies'. On the next page, he wrote:

These arrangements of Folk-tunes are gratefully dedicated to those who first sang them to me.

R. V. W.

The songs (of course, without accompaniments) were published in the Journal of the Folk Song Society soon after collection; this is a valuable source for the notes that follow.

1 **Bushes and Briars** (Essex) *Lento e molto espressivo*

Vaughan Williams absorbed folk music from the age of 10, and infuriated Sir Charles Villiers Stanford with his 'modal' tendencies when studying under him. In 1902 he gave the first of a series of 'Oxford Extension Lectures' at Pokesdown, Bournemouth, on 'History of English Folk Songs'. However, he believed that such music belonged only to the past, writing later that 'My faith was not yet active'. The lectures were given again at Brentwood, Essex, between January and April 1903; this ultimately led to the composer visiting nearby Ingrave and meeting Charles Potiphar (sometimes Potiphar), then 74, from whom Vaughan Williams collected his first folk song, *Bushes and Briars*, on 4 December 1903. He was overwhelmed by its beauty; it felt like 'something he had known all his life'. This drove him to become a collector, ultimately collecting more than 800 songs. It is probably no coincidence that this song, so important to Vaughan Williams, opens this first published collection. Characteristically, he only wrote down the words of the first verse, completing the text from a broadside in his own collection; the earliest broadside version was printed by James Catnach of London between 1813 and 1838.

Vaughan Williams indicated that 'The first verse may, with great advantage, be sung unaccompanied', so that we can imagine ourselves experiencing this revelation of beauty just as he did. The four verses are written out in full over the accompaniment, so that there is no repetition; the score is full of detailed timing and expression marks including *pochettino animando* (a bit lively), *poco più animato* (a little more animated) and *appassionato* (with passion). Slowing down for the conclusion, the instruction is *colla voce* – follow the solo voice – indicating that the words are to be sung freely.

Through bushes and through briars,
I lately took my way;
All for to hear the small birds sing,
And the lambs to skip and play.

I overheard my own true love,
Her voice it was so clear,
'Long time I have been waiting for
The coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy
And troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love
And tell to him my mind.

And if I should go to my love,
My love he will say 'nay',
If I show to him my boldness
He'll ne'er love me again.'

2 **Tarry Trowsers** (Essex) *Allegretto*

Eighteenth century sailors wore trousers (which could be rolled up for work) rather than knee breeches. They became stained with Stockholm tar from the rigging, so 'tarry trowsers' were the badge of the sailor. Mrs Mary Ann Humphreys, once again in Ingrave, Essex, sang this to Vaughan Williams on 4 April 1904. There is a wax cylinder recording of either Mrs Humphreys or folk song collector Lucy Broadwood singing this and *Bushes and Briars*. Cecil Sharp found an almost identical tune in Somerset, while printed versions exist from 1801-07. Verses 1 and 2 each have their own accompaniment, while that for verse 3 is repeated for verse 4. *Staccato* chords and syncopation keep the tune bouncing merrily along.

As I walked out one fine summer's morning,
The morning being both fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.

'Daughter, daughter, I'd have you to marry,
Live no longer a single life;
But she says 'Mother, I'd rather tarry,
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold.'

'Sailors they are given to roving,
Into foreign parts they do go,
Then they will leave you broken-hearted,
And they'll prove your overthrow.'

'My mother wants me to wed with a tailor,
And not give me my heart's delight,
But give me the man with the tarry trowsers,
That shine to me like diamonds bright.'

3 **A Bold Young Farmer** (Essex) *Andante con Larghezza [at a broad walking pace]*

This was sung to Vaughan Williams by Mr Denny at the Union Workhouse of Billericay, Essex on 25 April 1904. The verses published in 1908 seem to have been assembled from a number of sources, many with 'floating' verses which find their way into several songs.

The key signature was originally G major, but the song is in the Mixolydian mode – the major scale with a flattened 7th – so all the F sharps become naturals. Here, Vaughan Williams transposed the tune down to E flat. A simple accompaniment, *molto sostenuto*, does service for verses 1 to 4, with a new one (more slowly, and *pianissimo*) for the last verse, as the jilted girl prepares to die for love.

A bold young farmer he courted me,
He gained my heart and my liberty,
He has gained my heart with a free good will,
And I must confess I love him still.

There is an inn, in this same town,
Where my love goes and sits him down,
And takes another girl on his knee,
He tells her what he doesn't tell me.

It's grief to me, I'll tell you for why,
Because she has more gold than I,
But in needy time her gold shall fly,
And she shall be as poor as I.

There is a bird on yonder tree,
They say it's blind and cannot see;
I wish it had been the same with me,
Before I joined his company.

Go dig my grave, both long, wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And in the middle a turtle dove,
To show the wide world I died for love.

4 **The Lost Lady Found** (Essex) *Allegro comodo [comfortably fast]*

This was sung to Vaughan Williams by a woodcutter, Mr Jim Bloomfield of Herongate, between Ingrave and East Horndon, Essex, on 22 February 1904, probably in The Cricketers Inn. Vaughan Williams recorded his name as 'Broomfield'; like Charles Potiphar, he was probably illiterate so the spelling was variable. Broadside versions of the words date back to the early 19th century, and Vaughan Williams collected three of many tunes in Essex in 1904. He set the first verse (marked 'very rhythmical') with the lightest possible *ad lib* accompaniment – we left it out altogether in the recording; the remaining verses are set in pairs with light chords and pauses, leaving the singer to take the story forward.

'Twas down in a valley a young damsel did dwell,
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well.
'Twas down in the valleys where violets are gay,
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found;
Her uncle, he searched the country around,
Till he came to her trustee, between hope and fear,
The trustee made answer, 'She has not been here.'

The trustee spake up, with a courage so bold,
'I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold,
So we'll have life for life, sir,' the trustee did say,
'We'll send you to prison, and there you shall stay.'

There was a young squire that loved her so,
Oft times to the schoolhouse together they'd go;
'I'm afraid she is murdered, so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear.'

He travelled through England, through France and through Spain,
He ventured his life on the watery main;
Till he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him, she knew him and flew to his arms;
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.
'How came you to Dublin, my dearest?' said he,
'Three gypsies betrayed me and stole me away.'

'Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die.'
'Carry me to old England, my dearest,' she cried,
'One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride.'

When she came to old England her uncle to see,
The cart it was under the high gallows-tree.
'Oh, pardon! oh, pardon! oh, pardon! I crave!
Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life for to save!'

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The bells they did ring and the music did play.
Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
As soon as they heard the 'Lost Lady' was found.

5 **As I Walked Out** (Essex) *Moderato espressivo*

Vaughan Williams visited Herongate again on 6 October 1904, when Jim Bloomfield sang this to him. The composer wrote down all four verses, noting that 'This tune is a good example of the extraordinary breadth and melodic sweep which is to be found in English Folk-Song.' Variants of the song were found in Britain, Ireland and the

Americas, with printed texts from the 1820s. Verse 1 is set with an accompaniment of sustained chords, becoming more flowing for verses 2 and 3; verse 4 returns to the form of the first verse, following the voice, *colla voce*, at the end.

As I walked out one May morning,
So early in the Spring;
I placed my back against the old garden gate,
And I heard my true love sing.

To hear my true love sing, my boys,
To hear what she had for to say,
'Tis now very near three quarters of
a year
Since you and I together did stay.'

'Come now my love and sit down by me,
Where the leaves are springing green.
'Tis now very near three quarters of a year
Since you and I together have been.'

'I will not come and sit down by you,
Nor yet no other young man.
Since you have been courting some
other young girl,
Your heart is no longer mine.'

6 **The Lark in the Morning** (Essex) *Moderato grazioso*

This lovely tune was taught to Mr Kemp of Herongate by his mother, and sung to Vaughan Williams on 26 October 1904 – but not to the words given here. The first verse read: 'Lay still my fond shepherd, and do not rise yet; it's a cold, cold dewy morning, and besides, my love, it is wet.' Despite that unpromising start, we go on to find that the lark's on the wing and the plough-boy is admiring the milkmaids in the meadows. The text seems a bit disjointed – so in this 1908 setting the verses were described as 'fragmentary' and the complete words from a broadside as 'unsuitable', justifying a good deal of omission and rearrangement. That broadside's seven verses tell of a ploughboy and his sweetheart tumbling on the hay, with unforeseen consequences observable some weeks later; this disjointed and heavily redacted version gains immeasurably by conveying nothing but beauty:

As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,
I heard a pretty damsel most sweetly to sing;
And, as she was singing, these words she did say –
'There's no life like a ploughboy's all in the month of May.

The Lark in the morning doth rise from her nest;
She mounts in the air with the dew round her breast.
It's all the day long she will whistle and sing,
And at night she will return to her own nest again.

And when the pretty ploughboy his day's work is done,
He trips down to the meadows where the grass is all cut down,
And there with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll sing,
And at night he'll return with his lass home again.'

7 **On Board a Ninety-Eight** (Norfolk) *Allegro*

We leave Essex and visit Norfolk, where Vaughan Williams heard this from Mr Robert Leatherday in the King's Lynn Workhouse, on 9 January 1905. A once reluctant sailor looks back contentedly in old age at his naval career despite having lost an arm in the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. A ninety-eight was a three-deck warship with 98 guns – such as HMS *Temeraire* (1798-1838), made famous by Turner's painting of her final journey to the scrapyard. Rank and file warships were often two-deck 74s, but Nelson's flagship HMS *Victory* was a 104-gunner.

Nicky Spence and William Vann decided against the composer's suggestion that the first verse might be sung unaccompanied. The first, bouncy, accompaniment is repeated for verses 2 to 4, and verse 5 is accompanied in octaves, giving way to slow chords for the gentle final



verse. Vaughan Williams completed the words from a late 19th century ballad-sheet printed by F Paul of Spitalfields, London – but earlier printed versions indicate that this was a contemporary account.

When I was young and scarce eighteen, I drove a roaring trade,
And many a sly trick I have played on many a pretty maid.
My parents saw that would not do, I soon should spend their store;
So they resolved that I should go on board a Man-of-War.

A bold press-gang surrounded me, their warrant they did show,
And swore that I should go to sea and face the daring foe.
So off they lugged me to the boat, O how I cursed my fate!
'Twas then I found that I must float on board a Ninety-Eight.

When first I put my foot on board, how I began to stare!
Our Admiral he gave the word, 'There is no time to spare.'
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail, and off they bore me straight,
To watch the foe in storm and gale on board a Ninety-Eight.

Now as time fled, I bolder grew, and hardened was to war;
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew and valued not a scar.
So well I did my duty do, till I got boatswain's mate,
And damme, soon got boatswain too on board a Ninety-Eight.

So years rolled by at Trafalgar brave Nelson fought and fell;
As they capsized that hardy tar, I took a rap as well.
To Greenwich College I came back, because I saved my pate;
They only knocked a wing off Jack on board a Ninety-Eight.

So now my cocoa I can take, my pouch with 'bacca stored;
With my blue clothes and three-cocked hat I'm happy as a Lord.
I've done my duty, served my King, and now I bless my fate,
But damme, I'm too old to sing: I'm nearly ninety-eight.

8 **The Captain's Apprentice** (Norfolk) *Lento*

One variant of *The Captain's Apprentice*, mainly found in Norfolk and Bristol, comes from 1768. It could have been influenced by a trial of a cruel Lynn captain in 1857, whose apprentice committed suicide, but is unlikely to be based on local history. St. James's Workhouse, King's Lynn, fell down in 1854 and was replaced by a newer one in Exton's Road, where Vaughan Williams heard the previous song. He collected this one on the same day, with all the verses, from James Edward 'Duggie' Carter, probably in his home in Watson's Yard in the North End. This 'remarkable tune' was also sung to him by Mr Bayley, who replaced 'gasket' in verse 3 with 'garling-spikk' (probably a marling-spike, a small pointed steel instrument for unpicking rope). A few days later Mr Harper of North End sang a variant of the tune to different words. *The Captain's Apprentice* became the main theme for the composer's *Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1*. For verse 1, we omitted the ad lib accompaniment; verse 2 has its own setting and verses 3 and 4 share an accompaniment, largely in block chords, concluding with an arpeggio suggesting ripples on the water.

One day a poor boy to me was bound apprentice,
Because of his being fatherless;
I took him out of St. James's workhouse,
His mother being in deep distress.

One day this poor boy unto me offended,
But nothing to him I did say,
Up to the mainmast shroud I sent him,
And there I kept him all that long day.

All with my gasket I misused him,
So shamefully I can't deny,
And by my barbarous cruel entreatment,
The very next day this poor boy died.

You captains all throughout the nation,
Hear a voice and a warning take by me;
Take special care of your apprentice
While you are on the raging sea.

9 **Ward, the Pirate** (Norfolk) *Moderato, alla Marcia*

9 January 1905 was a good day, for Duggie Carter went on to sing *Ward, the Pirate*, which was to become a staple of competitive musical festivals. The composer suggests that the last two lines of each verse may be repeated by a chorus – but we thought it was sufficiently long without that repetition. Verses 1 to 3 have a simple accompaniment in chords; then a greater sense of movement is imparted to the last two verses. Vaughan Williams also heard the song from John Bayley, who had won a prize for singing it 'at a cheap jack's singing match'. He was to incorporate the tune in the lost *Norfolk Rhapsody No. 3*.

Printed copies of the words of this naval ballad go back to the 17th century. John or Jack Ward or Birdy (c.1553–1622) was licensed as a privateer to plunder Spanish ships following the Armada of 1588, but carried on as a pirate when the war with Spain ended in 1603. Changing his name to Yusuf Reis, he became a Barbary corsair, eventually retiring to Tunis. *The Royal Rainbow* was a naval galleon launched at Deptford in 1587, and sunk as a breakwater in 1680 after two reconstructions and service in several wars; but there is no evidence that she fought Ward.

Come all you gallant seamen bold, all you that march to drum,
Let's go and look for Captain Ward, far on the sea he roams;
He is the biggest robber that ever you did hear.
There's not been such a robber found for above this hundred year.



A ship was sailing from the east and going to the west,
Loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best,
But meeting there with Captain Ward, it was a bad meeting;
He robbéd them of all their wealth and bid them tell their King,

O then the King provided a ship of noble fame.
She's called the Royal Rainbow, if you would know her name.
She was as well provided for as any ship can be;
Full thirteen hundred men on board, to bear her company.

'Twas eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night.
'Fight on, fight on,' says Captain Ward, 'this sport well pleases me,
For if you fight this month or more, your master I will be.'

O then the gallant Rainbow she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six and thirty of her men all on the deck were slain.
'Go home, go home,' says Captain Ward, 'and tell your King from me,
If he reigns King on all the land, Ward will reign King on sea.'

10 **The Saucy Bold Robber / The Jolly Bold Robber /
The Bold Robber** (Norfolk) *Allegro*

The following day, 10 January 1905, Joe Anderson (born about 1834) sang this very rare song to Vaughan Williams in the North End. Several of the twelve tunes collected from Anderson found their way into the *Norfolk Rhapsodies* and *English Hymnal*. Considered by folk song collector Frank Kidson to be 'decidedly old', this song was collected by nobody else and does not appear in street literature. In the first line Vaughan Williams wrote 'a tipping (tippling?)'. It was 'tippling' that was published in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* in 1905 but this was sanitised to

'tripping' for this 1908 arrangement. As presented here, the words don't make sense; the last verse only works if the sailor defeats or kills the robber in the preceding verse – as he does in other versions of the text. Vaughan Williams develops the drama with four versions of the accompaniment – verses in pairs then one at the end; the last verse is delivered very quietly but the punch line is followed by a celebratory chord on the piano.

O come you good people that go out a-tripping, I pray give attention and listen to my song.
I'll sing you a ditty of a jolly bold robber, Stood seven feet high, in proportion quite strong.

He robbéd a lord and he robbed a lady, Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them;
Till, as he was a-walking, he met a young sailor, And bold as a lion he stepped up to him.

'Deliver your money, my jolly young sailor, You've plenty of bulk in your pocket I see.'
'Aye aye,' says the sailor, 'I've plenty of money, But while I have life I have got none for thee.

I've just left my shipping and taken my money, I'm bound for old England my friends for
to see.

I've ninety bright guineas my friends to make merry, So I pray jolly robber, don't you take
them from me.'

Then the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor, Such a blow on the head which
brought him to the ground.

'Aye aye,' says the sailor, 'You have struck me quite heavy, But I must endeavour to return
it again.'

O then they both strippéd, like lambkins they skippéd, They went life for life like to soldiers
in field;

And the ninety-eighth meeting it was a completement, And this jolly young sailor the
robber near killed.

Says the jolly young sailor to the saucy bold robber 'I hope you won't lay any blame unto me.
If I'd been a robber of ten hundred guineas, I ne'er would have stopped a poor sailor like me.'

11 **The Bold Princess Royal** (Norfolk) *Moderato risoluto*

Collected from Joe Anderson on 13 January 1905, this tale of a ship attacked by pirates and escaping was collected many times and with a number of tunes. It is probable that this song is based on an encounter on 21 June 1798 between his Britannic Majesty's 6-gun packet *Princess Royal* and the 12-gun French brig privateer *Aventurier* – which was left limping back to Bordeaux for a much-needed refit. The *risoluto* accompaniment is the same for every verse, imparting a military sense of purpose.

On the fourteenth of February we sailed from the land
In the bold Princess Royal bound for Newfoundland.
We had forty brave seamen for our ship's company,
And boldly from the eastward to the westward sailed we.

We had not been sailing past days two or three,
When a man from our foremast a sail he did see.
She hove down upon us to see what we were,
And under her foremast black colours she wore.

Now when this bold pirate, she hove alongside,
With a large speaking trumpet, 'Whence come you?' they cried.
Our captain being aft, boys, he answered him so:
'We come from fair London and we're bound for Cairo.'

'Come haul down your topsails, your sternsails also,
For I have a letter to send home by you.'
'I'll not haul down my topsail not heave my sails to,
But shall be in some harbour, not alongside of you.'

They fired shot after us but could not prevail,
When bold Princess Royal soon shewed them her tail.
They drove us to windward, but couldn't make us stay,
We hoisted our mainsail and then bore away.

'Thank God!' cries our captain, 'the pirate is gone.
Come down to your grog, boys, come down, everyone.
Come down to your grog, boys, and be of good cheer,
For while we have sea-room, brave boys, never fear.'

12 **The Lincolnshire (or Yorkshire) Farmer / The Crafty Ploughboy** (Norfolk) *Allegro*

Variants of this cheerful song can be found from about 1790. Vaughan Williams heard it from Mr J. Whitby at Tilney All Saints, 3 miles west of King's Lynn, on 8 January 1905 – and chose to arrange this tune in preference to another that Joe Anderson sang to him the following day. He completed the text by combining the two versions. The bouncy accompaniment serves for all the verses (we omitted three), rounded off in triumph with *fortissimo* chords.

Good people attend and soon you shall hear,
It's of an old farmer lived in Lincolnshire;
A Yorkshire boy he kept for his man,
For to do all his business, as you shall understand.

Now early one morning he called for his man,
For to go to the fair as you shall understand,
Saying 'Boy, th'old cow you shall take to the fair,
For she is in good order and her I can spare.'

Away the boy went with the cow in a band,
To go to the fair, as you shall understand,
As he was going he met with three men,
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

Away then they went to an ale-house to drink
And there the three men paid the boy down his clink,
There sat an old highwayman drinking of wine,
Said he to himself 'all that money is mine.'

The boy took his leave and home he did go,
The highwayman he followed after also,
And soon o'ertook him upon the highway;
'O well overtaken young man' he did say.

'Will you get up behind me' the highwayman said,
'How far are you going?' the poor boy replied
'Four miles, and further, for ought that I know,'
So it's 'jump up behind' and away they did go.

They rode till they came to a green shaded lane -
'O now my young man I must tell it you plain,
Deliver your money, without any strife,
Or else I will soon make an end of your life.'

When he found that he had no time to dispute,
He quickly alighted without fear or doubt.
He tore his coat-lining, the money pulled out,
And all in the long grass he strewed it about.

The highwayman he jumped off from his horse,
But little he thought that it was to his loss,
For while he was gath'ring the money from the grass,
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.

Now as the boy John he was riding home,
The servant was standing all in the front room,
She runs to her master, says she 'here's a loss,'
Says she 'the old cow has turned into a hoss.'

The saddlebag was opened, within was a hole,
They took sixty pounds out in silver and gold,
Says the boy to his master 'I hope you'll allow
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow.'

13 The Sheffield Apprentice (Norfolk) *Andante con moto*

This is yet another tune collected from Joe Anderson on 9 January 1905. It has 4 beats in a bar, though Mrs Betty Howard (who was about 70) sang a variant of it in 6/8 time the following day. Found in a Scottish chapbook from about 1800, there are many printed versions of the text, which has been collected in America even more frequently than in Britain. The accompaniment moves in crotchets with the singer for odd-numbered verses, but quaver arpeggios provide a contrast for the even numbers. The song is sung from the steps to the gallows, so varies only between *piano* and *pianissimo*.

I was brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree;
My parents doted on me, they had no child but me;
I roamed about for pleasure, where'er my fancy led,
Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
I made a resolution not long with him to dwell.
A wealthy rich young lady from London met me there,
And offered me great wages to serve her for a year.

I had not been in London scarce one month, two or three,
Before my honoured mistress grew very fond of me,
She said 'I've gold, I've silver, I've houses and I've land,
If you will marry me they shall be at your command.'

'O no, dear honoured mistress, I cannot wed you now,
For I have lately promised likewise a solemn vow,
To wed with dearest Polly your handsome chambermaid,
Excuse me, honoured mistress, she has my heart betrayed!'

She flew into a passion and turned away from me,
Resolved within herself she would be revenged on me;
Her gold ring from her finger, as she was passing by,
She slipped it in my pocket, and for it I must die.

For that before the justice, the justice I was brought,
And there before the justice I answered for my fault;
Long time I pleaded innocent but that was all in vain,
She swore so false against me that I was sent to gaol.

On the day of execution, all on that fatal day,
I prayed the people round me 'O pray come pity me.
Don't laugh at my downfall, for I bid this world adieu;
Farewell my dearest Polly, I died for love of you!'

14 **Geordie** (Cambridgeshire) *Andante con moto*

The life and death of George of Oxford (Georgy or Geordie) was celebrated in a ballad published in London in 1683 – thus predating the meaning of 'Geordie' as a nickname for a Tynesider by about thirty years. Variants of the song have been found in England, Scotland, Ireland and America. Mr Pamplin, a coprolite digger of Fen Ditton, Cambridgeshire, sang it to Vaughan Williams on 27 August 1906, the title being noted as 'As I walked over (Life for Georgie)'. Transposing the tune up by a third from E minor to A minor, the composer wrote long bass chords to support verse 1, with two fuller accompaniments for verses 2, 3, 5 and 7 on the one hand, and verses 4, 6 and 8 on the other. The text here was adapted from that noted down by the composer.

As I walked over London Bridge
One midsummer's morning early,
O there I spied a fair pretty maid
Lamenting for her Geordie.

'Geordie has stol'n not house nor land,
Nor has he murdered any,
He's stolen six of the king's white deer
And has sold them to Bevany'

'Come bridle me my milk-white steed,
Come saddle me my pony,
That I may ride to the good lord judge,
There I'll beg for the life of Geordie.'

When she arrived at the red shire hall,
Where people there were many,
Down on her bended knees did fall,
Crying 'Spare me the life of Geordie.'

The judge looked over his left shoulder,
And he was very sorry;
He said 'Young woman, you are too late,
For he is condemned already.'

She turned her heavy eyes around
And fixed them on poor Geordie;
'It's your own confession, and die you must,
May the lord have mercy on ye!'

'Geordie shall be hung in chains of gold,
Such chains as there never were any,
For he is one of the royal blood,
And he courted a royal lady.'

'I wish I were on yonder hill,
Where times I have been many,
With a sword and pistol all by my side,
There I'd fight for the life of Geordie.'

15 **Harry the Tailor**, to the tune of **The Tailor** (Cambridgeshire) *Allegro*

A note in the score indicates that the words sung by Mr Gothard of Church Street, Wilburton, on 25 August 1906 were 'unsuitable'. Vaughan Williams did not note the words on that occasion, but gave the title as *The Lousy Tailor*. Published broadsides from 1800 onwards tell an unbecoming story of an ineffectual tailor, his beautiful wife and a lustful butcher; the tailor ends up under the bed offering his wife in exchange for his life. Tailors were generally depicted unfavourably by folk singers, perhaps because they were thought to cheat on the amount of cloth used in a garment.

For this arrangement, the chorus or 'burden' from the original was retained, but another song substituted for the verses: Harry the Tailor (Roud number 1465), taken

from an 1857 publication by Robert Bell. Other variants have Harry attempting to squeeze the milk-maid or to tickle her knees (images sadly missing here), but they all have the poor tailor covered in buttermilk and pushed into the well, from which he is ignominiously rescued by the ploughboy. There are two accompaniments, the first for verse 1 and the second for the remaining verses.

When Harry, the tailor was twenty years old,
He 'gan for to look with a courage so bold
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
He told his old mother he was not in jest,
But he could have a wife just as well as the rest.
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

Then Harry next morning before it was day,
To the house of a fair maid he boldly took
his way.
He found his dear Dolly a-making a cheese,
Says he 'You must give me a kiss if you please;'

She up with the bowl and the butter-milk flew,
And Harry the tailor looked wonderful blue,
'O Dolly my dearest, O what hast thou done?
From my back to my heels has the
butter-milk run.'

She gave him a push, and he stumbled and fell
Right down from the dairy into the draw well.
Then Harry the plough-boy he ran up amain,
And soon brought him up in a bucket again.

The tailor went home all like a drowned rat,
And told his old mother what he had been at,
With butter-milk, bowl, and a terrible fall,
'O, if this be called love may the devil take all.'

16 **Twelve Traditional Country Dances, Collected and Described by Maud Karpeles, Pianoforte Arrangements by R Vaughan Williams (in Collaboration with Maud Karpeles)**

Published by Novello in 1931, and including detailed dance steps, rhythms and movements, this lengthy title reflects a complex history. Karpeles (and others) regarded folk dancing and folk song as equally important, and she collected these dances in Northumberland, Cumberland, Devon, Vermont (USA) and Newfoundland – but some of the tunes come from other sources as detailed below.

She explained to Michael Kennedy in 1963 that the reference to collaboration 'must not be taken too literally. It amounted to little more than my saying that his first attempts would not do! He insisted on my name appearing, I think, mainly because he did not like the final result!' The publication credited Cecil Sharp with collection of two of the dances and arrangement of one of them.

Some early arrangements were submitted by the Devon-based Mary Wright to Karpeles, who got Vaughan Williams to look them over; he reported that they would not do. He probably recommended his protégé Michael Mullinar to set them, but he then wrote to Karpeles that 'I don't like Mullinar's arrangement, but I think your emendations make matters worse – So I set to work after breakfast and did them myself.' Karpeles replied that when 'played up to speed, your settings would not give dancers the "swing" and poise that is needed'. Vaughan Williams responded with: 'The result seems to me rather bald, but if it is at all like what you want that is all that matters'. Eventually he was able to write: 'Here are your tunes back – If they are wrong now I think you had better do them yourself & I will look them over if you like. My spirit is quite broken!'

Finally, Karpeles wrote: 'Now that the Country Dance Tunes are really finished I must try and say thank you, but it is very difficult. It has been a horrid, unsatisfactory job for you, and you have been so patient and sympathetic with me and my pernicketyness.'

The dances and tunes are as follows:

- 1 *Corn Rigs* from Netherwitton, Northumberland; tune noted from Mr Liddle of Nether-ton, Northumberland
- 2 *Morpeth Rant* from Nether-ton, tune noted by Miss Marcia Dixon-Brown from Mr Tom Arkle of Nether-ton

- 3 *Soldier's Joy* from Netherton; tune from Mr Michael D Sullivan of Douro, Ontario
- 4 *Roxburgh Castle* from Netherton; tune collected from Grenoside, Sheffield, and arranged by Sharp, reprinted from 'Sword Dances of Northern England, Book 1'
- 5 *The Sylph* from Whitfield, Northumberland; tune: *Off She Goes*, from Thomas Wilson's 'Companion to the Ballroom'
- 6 *The Long-Eight* from Braithwaite, Cumberland; tune: *Haste to the Wedding*, noted from Mr Charles Smith. Mitcheldean, Gloucestershire
- 7 *Three Around Three* or *Pleasures of the Town*, from Salcombe, Devon; tune noted from Mr John Stone of Rickham, Devon
- 8 *Steamboat*, from Stoke Fleming, Devon; tune noted from Mr John Stone of Rickham
- 9 *Piper's Fancy* from Topsham, Vermont; tune: *The New Rigged Ship*, noted by Sharp from Mr Nesswell Pinnock of Goathland, Yorkshire
- 10 *The Tempest*, from Topsham; tune from an old collection of dance-airs in the possession of Mr Melville Smith of New York
- 11 *The Self*, from Burin, Newfoundland, where the tune was noted from Mr Dick Penny
- 12 *Kitty's Rambles*, from Burin; tune noted from Mr Gordon Cheesman of Marystown, Newfoundland.

Numbers 2 and 6 are identified as 'arranged by RVW', whereas numbers 9, 11 and 12 were 'arranged RVW and MK'. Perhaps these notations indicate the extremes of agreement and disagreement. The majority of the dances are to be performed 'Longways for as many as will', with the proviso that groups of four are required for number 10; number 5 is for six and number 6 is 'Longways for four couples'. All but number 5 are intended for repetition 'as many times as the dancers may direct'.

The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams and A L Lloyd (1959)

This joint enterprise was almost ready for publication when Vaughan Williams died in 1958. His collaborator, Albert Lloyd (1908-1982) was a folk song singer and collector, with a keen interest in folk songs from many parts of the world. From the preface that they wrote together:

'The ideal way to sing an English folk song is, of course, unaccompanied ... We rather agree with the Dorset countryman who commented on a professional singer of folk songs; "Of course, it's nice for him to have the piano when he's singing, but it does make it very awkward for the listener." However, for those to whom the unaccompanied voice seems naked, there is no harm in adding a few supporting chords on the pianoforte, guitar or other instrument ...'

Provided the chords are 'strictly in the mode' there was encouragement for the use of the concertina, mouth-organ, fiddle, banjo, zither, spoons, bones and 'even the harmonium'. The book included 'a few examples of the way in which, in our opinion, the songs might be harmonised', with the caveat that they should be sung unaccompanied as much as possible. The three 'specimen accompaniments' from those two pages are presented here. It is notable that the words for all three songs were considered fit for publication in 1959; they would not have passed muster for Novello & Co. half a century earlier.

17 **Salisbury Plain**

We have encountered Mr Peter and Mrs Harriet Verrall of Monks Gate, Horsham, in volumes 1 and 2 of this series. They sang this song to Vaughan Williams on 8 October 1904, and may have written out the words for him, since they are not in his hand. The accompaniment is very light, adding chords to all but unaccompanied singing.

As I rode over Salisbury Plain,
Oh, there I met a scamping young blade.
He kissed me and enticed me so
Till along with him I was forced for to go.

We came unto a public house at last,
And there for man and wife we did pass.
He called for ale and wine and strong beer,
Till at length we both to bed did repair.

'Undress yourself, my darling,' says he,
'Undress yourself, and come to bed with me.'
'Oh yes, that I will,' then says she,
'If you'll keep all those flash girls away.'

'Those flash girls you need not fear,
For you'll be safe-guarded, my dear.
I'll maintain you as some lady so gay,
For I'll go a-robbing on the highway.'

Early next morning my love he arose,
And so nimbly he put on his clothes.
Straight to the highway he set sail,
And 'twas there he robbed the coaches of the mail.

Oh, it's now my love in Newgate Jail do lie,
Expecting every moment to die.
The Lord have mercy on his poor soul,
For I think I hear the death-bell for to toll.

18 **Banks of Green Willow**

Mrs Emma Overd of Langford, Somerset, was sitting outside a pub on 22 August 1904; on hearing that Cecil Sharp wanted to hear her songs, she flung her arms around his waist without any warning and danced him round and round with the utmost vigour shouting 'Lor, girls, here's my beau came at last!' She went on to sing this somewhat truncated song to him – and many more songs over the next five years. Dating from the seventeenth century, some variants (including the Scottish ballad *Bonnie Annie*) are longer, so that the story of elopement and childbirth at sea is

clearer. It was believed to be unlucky to have women on board ship, so the girl pays with her own and her baby's lives for following her lover to sea. Vaughan Williams's accompaniment is a delicate counterpoint to the tune; surely only the most sophisticated musician could replicate such an example.

Go and get your father's good will,
And get your mother's money,
And sail right o'er the ocean,
Along with young Johnny.

She had not been a-sailing,
Been sailing many days, O,
Before she want some woman's help,
And could not get any.

Oh, fetch me a silk napkin
To tie her head up easy,
And I'll throw her overboard,
Both she and her baby.

Oh, they fetched him a napkin
And bound her head so easy,
And overboard he threw his love,
Both she and her baby.

See how my love do tumble,
See how my love do taver,
See how my love do try to swim,
That makes my heart quaver.

Oh, make my love a coffin
Of the gold that shines yellow,
And she shall be buried
By the banks of green willow.

19 **The Basket of Eggs**

This was collected by Vaughan Williams on 7 December 1903 – just three days after that life-changing encounter with *Bushes and Briars* – from Henry Burstow of Horsham, of whom more details are given in the notes for Volume 1 of this series. The song has been traced back to 'Luck in a Basket, or, The Biter Bit' printed in Southwark in about 1750. The 'oompah' accompaniment emphasises the rhythm, leaving the tune altogether to the singer.

Down in Sandbank fields, two sailors they
were walking,
Their pockets were both lined with gold,
And as together they were talking,
A fair maid there they did behold,
With a little basket standing by her,
As she sat down to take her ease.
To carry it for her one of them offered.
The answer was: 'Sir, if you please.'

One of these sailors took the basket.
'There's eggs in the basket, please take care;
And if by chance you should out-walk me,
At the Half-way House please leave them there.'
Behold these sailors, they did out-walk her,
The Half-way House they did pass by.
This pretty damsel she laughed at their fancy,
And on the sailors she kept her eye.

When these two sailors came unto an ale-house,
There they did call for a pint of wine,
Saying, 'Landlord, landlord, what fools in
this nation!
This young maid from her eggs we've twined.
O landlord, landlord, bring us some bacon.
We have got these eggs and we'll have
some dressed.'
Behold these sailors, they were much mistaken,
As you shall say when you hear the rest.

'Twas then the landlord he went to the basket,
Expecting of some eggs to find.
He said: 'Young man, you're much mistaken,
Instead of eggs I've found a child.'
Then one of them sat down to weeping,
The other said: 'It's not worth while.
Here's fifty guineas I'll give to the baby
If any woman will take the child.'

This pretty young damsel she sat by the fire
And she had a shawl drawn over her face.
She said: 'I'll take it and kindly use it,
When first I see the money paid.'
One of the sailors threw down the money,
Great favour to the babe was shown.
'Since it is so, then let's be friendly,
For you know, this child is yours and mine.'

'Don't you remember dancing with Nancy,
As long ago as last Easter day?'
'Oh yes, I do, and she pleased my fancy,
So now the fiddler I have paid.'
One of the sailors went up to the basket
And kicked the basket over and o'er.
'Since it is so, may we all be contented,
But I'm hanged if I'll like eggs any more.'

The Motherland Song Book, Volume III (1919)

Vaughan Williams 'selected and arranged' sea songs for Volumes III and IV of the Motherland Song Book published by the League of Arts for National and Civic Ceremony in 1919. Volume IV is represented in Volume 1 of this recorded series, while the two arrangements from Volume III are included here. These are composed, not collected, songs and thus not considered to be 'real' folk songs. The folk song-like treatment accorded to them by Vaughan Williams justifies their inclusion in this series.

20 **We be Three Poor Mariners** *Allegro moderato*

This 'Old English Song' was arranged for solo or unison voices for the verses – and a chorus for the chorus. It was taken from a favourite source of Vaughan Williams: *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, published by William Chappell (1809-1888), who said that it was one of King Henry's Mirth or Freeman's Songs in *Deuteromelia*, 1609. The tune continued in currency for dancing. Vaughan Williams included a second arrangement, for three men's voices, unaccompanied.

We be three poor mariners, and newly come from sea;
We spend our lives in jeopardy while others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? [twice]
And he that is a bully boy, come pledge we on this ground, this ground, this ground.

We care not for those martial men that do our state disdain;
But we care for the merchant men who do our state maintain.

21 **The Arethusa** *Allegro risoluto*

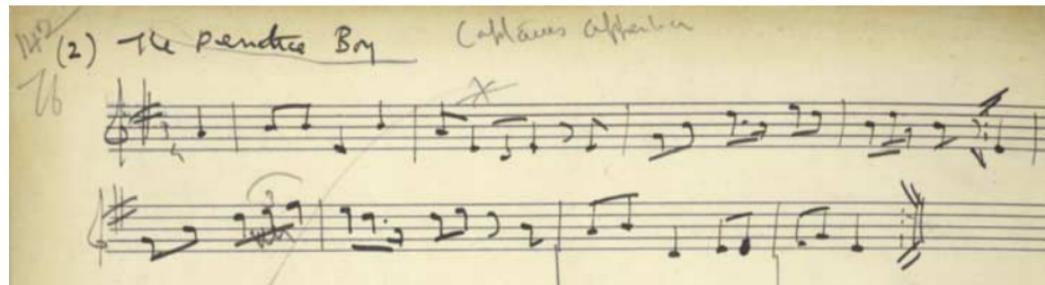
The publishers indicate that this song was adapted from a traditional melody by William Shield (1748-1829), but this is disputed and the composer may have been the Irish harpist Turlough O'Carolan, who called it *Miss MacDermott* or *The Princess Royal*. The tune is most famous for its inclusion in Henry Wood's *Fantasia on British Sea Songs*, beloved of the Last Night of the Proms. The text has been attributed to the painter and dramatist Prince Hoare (1755-1834). *HMS Arethusa*, previously the *Aréthuse*, was captured from the French Navy in 1759. Folk singers love songs about beating the French, and this celebrates an engagement in the English Channel on 17 June 1778 between the *Arethusa* and the French frigate, *Belle Poule*. Vaughan Williams arranged it for solo voice or unison voices with an *ad lib* choral accompaniment. A note adds: 'The chorus may be sung throughout in unison, or a certain number of voices may be told off to sing the harmonies; in any case the larger number of voices should sing the melody of the chorus.'

Come all ye jolly sailors bold, whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold, Hurrah for the *Arethusa*.
She is a frigate tight and brave, as ever stemmed the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch, and when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire, on board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out, the English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout, bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie, The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack, or a brace did she slack, though the Frenchmen laughed and
thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men so tough, on board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance, the stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance on board of the *Arethusa*.
The captain hailed the Frenchman 'Ho!' The Frenchmen then cried out 'Hallo!
'Bear down d'ye see to our Admiral's lee.' 'No, no' says the Frenchman 'that can't be.'
'Then I must lug you along with me' says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land, we drove them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick did stand of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driv'n the foe ashore, never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass to his favourite lass! A health to the captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew, on board of the *Arethusa*.



Notes by John Francis, 2021

I am particularly obliged for advice and details to Martin Graebe of the Traditional Song Forum, Elizabeth James of King's Lynn, Alan Helsdon of the East Anglian Traditional Music Trust and Lindsey Bavin of True's Yard Fisherfolk Museum. The EFDS's Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, including the Roud index of related texts, can be searched online.

William Vann *pianist and musical director*

A multiple-prize winning accompanist and conductor, William performs with major singers and instrumentalists across the world. He was a Chorister at King's College, Cambridge and a Music Scholar at Bedford School. He read law and took up a choral scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he was taught the piano by Peter Uppard, and studied piano accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music with Malcolm Martineau and Colin Stone. He is a Trustee of The Ralph Vaughan Williams Society, an Associate of the RAM, a Samling Artist, a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, the Chairman of Kensington and Chelsea Music Society, the Artistic Director of Bedford Music Club, a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and a conductor and vocal coach at the Oxenfoord International Summer School. He is also the Director of Music at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea and the founder and Artistic Director of the London English Song Festival.



Mary Bevan, MBE *soprano*

Mary Bevan is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. She is a former ENO Harewood Artist and an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. Mary's recordings include her art song albums *Voyages* and *The Divine Muse* with pianist Joseph Middleton on Signum Classics, Mendelssohn songs for Champs Hill Records, Handel *The Triumph of Time and Truth* and *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque, Vaughan Williams *Pastoral Symphony* and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic. She was a soloist on Albion's recording of Patrick Hadley's *Fen and Flood* (ALBCD012) and took part (with William Vann, Nicky Spence and others) in Albion's recording of songs and duets *Purer than Pearl* (ALBCD029).



Nicky Spence *tenor*

Nicky Spence is one of Scotland's proudest sons and his unique skills as a singing actor and the rare honesty of his musicianship are steadily earning him a place at the top of the classical music profession internationally. Nicky won a record contract with Decca Records while still studying at the Guildhall School and then took a place as an inaugural Harewood Artist at ENO. Nicky has recorded prolifically and recently won both the BBC Music Magazine Vocal Award and the Gramophone Solo Vocal Award for his Janáček disc with Julius Drake. Recordings include recital discs with Malcolm Martineau and Strauss with Roger Vignoles. He has sung operatic roles at London's Royal Opera, Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Staatsoper, Opéra national de Paris, Madrid's Teatro Real, La Monnaie and the Glyndebourne Festival.

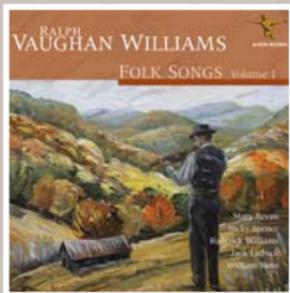
Roderick Williams, OBE *baritone*

Roderick Williams is one of the most sought after baritones of his generation. He performs a wide repertoire from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and is in demand as a recitalist worldwide. He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses. His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos and an extensive repertoire of English song with pianists Iain Burnside and William Vann for both Naxos and Albion Records. He is a composer and has had works premiered at Wigmore and Barbican halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.



Tracks 8 to 13: Rev. Alfred Huddle, curate at St. Nicholas, King's Lynn, introduced Joe Anderson (left) and James 'Duggie' Carter (centre) to Vaughan Williams in 1905. Anderson and Carter were good friends and legend has it that they both got drunk and ended up getting baptised at St Nicholas Chapel!

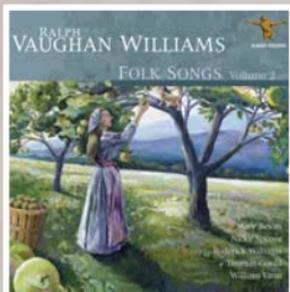
Photographs and legend from True's Yard Fisherfolk Museum, King's Lynn, with thanks.



Folk Songs Volume 1

includes

Folk Songs from Sussex, Six English Folk Songs and Sea Songs from the Motherland Song Book.



Folk Songs Volume 2

includes

Nine English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachian Mountains, Two English Folk Songs for voice & violin and A Selection of Collected Folk Songs Volume 1.

Production credits

Musical Director: William Vann

Executive Producer: John Francis

Producer: Andrew Walton of K & A Productions (except track 16)

Engineer: Deborah Spanton of K & A Productions (except track 16)

Track 16 was produced by Michael Ponder and edited by Adaq Khan

Tracks 1, 6 & 8 were recorded at Potton Hall, Suffolk, from 27 November to 1 December 2018

Track 16 was recorded at West Road Concert Hall, Cambridge, on 8 January 2021

The remaining tracks were recorded at Henry Wood Hall, London on 7–11 June 2020

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The Society's recording label, Albion Records, was formed in 2007 and is devoted to recordings of works by Vaughan Williams. Each recording contains at least one world première recording. Two recordings (*The Solent* and *Discoveries*) were nominated for a Grammy award, and many recordings have spent some weeks in the UK's specialist classical chart.

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