

The Keeper

1. The keeper did a hunting go
Under his coat he carried a bow
All for to shoot at the merry little doe
Among the leaves so green o

Chorus:

<i>(First voice)</i>		<i>(Second voice)</i>
Jackie boy	-	Master
Sing ye well	-	Very well
Hey down	-	Ho down

(All)

Derry derry down
Among the leaves so green o

<i>(First voice)</i>		<i>(Second voice)</i>
To my hey down down	-	To my ho down down
Hey down	-	Ho down

(All)

Derry derry down
Among the leaves so green o

2. The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe he trimmed he kissed
The third doe went where nobody whist
Among the leaves so green o

3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain
The keeper fetched her back again
Where she is now she may remain
Among the leaves so green o

Vocabulary:

keeper	Game keeper looks after the animals on an estate
hunting	Chasing and killing animals
bow	Used with arrows to hunt with
deer	Four legged animal with antlers, common world wide
doe	Female deer
buck	Male deer
fetch	Go and bring
estate	Land belonging to a rich landowner (includes houses etc.)
plain	Flat land
whist	Knew (ancient)
antler	Grows from the head of a deer used for fighting



Illustration of a hunt with men on horse-back. They are hunting hares (like rabbits but faster) and have men on foot chasing the hares from their hiding places. Dogs are commonly used on a hunt.

Another song with a good chorus ...

The Wheelbarrow

A poor old man he was crossing the road
 Crossing the road, crossing the road
 A poor old man he was crossing the road
 When along came a man with a *

Verse 1 * = wheelbarrow

Verse 2 * = fish and chip potato cart

Verse 3 * = trolley bus wire wiper

Verse 4 * = corporation wagon what sucks water out of 'oles

Verse 5 * = steamroller!! (optional)

Chorus

Don't let the wheels of your **

Your **, your **

Don't let the wheels of your **

Run over that poor old man

Verse 1 ** = wheelbarrow

Verse 2 ** = wheelbarrow, fish and chip potato cart

Verse 3 ** = wheelbarrow, fish and chip potato cart, trolley bus wire wiper

Verse 4 ** = wheelbarrow, fish and chip potato cart, trolley bus wire wiper,
 corporation wagon what sucks water out of 'oles

Verse 5 - there's no chorus

Listen to the tape and write down the words you hear, line by line. The whole verse and chorus will be sung first, then each line will be sung twice. Finally the whole verse and chorus will be sung once again.

The Keeper

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.

Chorus:

5. *(First voice)* *(Second voice)*
6. -
7. -
8. -
9. *(all)*
10.
11. *(First voice)* *(Second voice)*
12. -
13. -
14. *(all)*
15.

Verse 2:

16.
17.
18.
19.

Verse 3:

20.
21.
22.
23.

Vocabulary:

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town
Till sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
They called her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up in a black velvet band

Well, I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty young maid
Come dancing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swan's
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant the undoin' of him
By the look in her roguish black eyes.
A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing I said to her
A curse to the black velvet band.

Before judge and jury
Next morning I had to appear
The judge, he says to me, "Young man
Your case it is proven clear
I'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Vocabulary:

neat	Tidy, nicely arranged
apprentice(d)	Person learning to do a job (or the process)
misfortune	Bad luck
betray	When someone 'gives up' a friend who's done something wrong
stroll	Walk slowly
roguish	Evil
jury	12 people in court who decide whether a prisoner is guilty
judge	The lawyer in charge of the court
proven	Shown to be true
penal servitude	Time in prison or after deportation

Molly Malone

1. In Dublin's fair city,
Where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

Chorus:

Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh!
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

2. Now she was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her mother and father before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

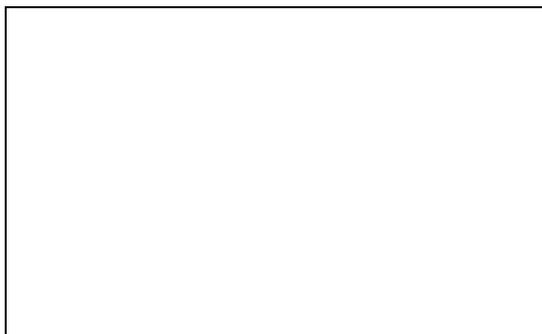
Chorus:

3. She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"!

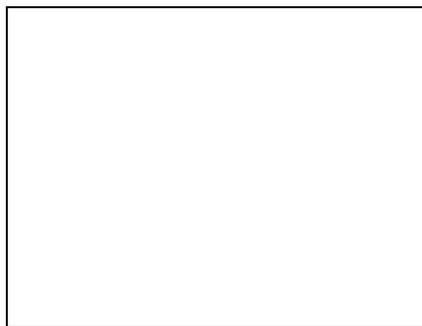
Vocabulary:

to set eyes on	To see
wheelbarrow	Cart with two wheels or gardeners cart
cockles	Shell fish
mussels	Shell fish
fishmonger	Person who buys and sells fish
no wonder	No surprise
broad	Wide
narrow	Opposite of wide

Below: A mussel shell



Hunting for cockles in a bay



Black Velvet Band

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

Chorus:

9.
10.
11.
12.

Verse 2:

13.
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15.
16.
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18.
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20.

Verse 3:

21.
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Verse 4:

29.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
35.
36.

Vocabulary Black Velvet Band:

Black Velvet Band

Who did he meet and where?

Why did he have to go to court?

Did he do what he was accused of?

Was he guilty or innocent?

Where is Van Dieman's Land?

How long did he have to stay in Van Dieman's Land?

Cockles and Mussels: The fishmonger

Write down some names of types of fish?

.....

Which of these fish do you eat?

Where would you catch them?

What are the boats called which go fishing?

Would you like to do this job?

Why?

.....

Do people catch and eat fish where you come from?

.....

Pirates and Piracy

Captain Kidd

1. Oh my name is Captain Kidd, as I sail, as I sail
Oh my name is Captain Kidd, as I sail
Oh my name is Captain Kidd and god's laws I did forbid
And most wickedly I did, as I sail, as I sail
2. Oh my father taught me well, as I sail, as I sail
Oh my father taught me well, as I sail
Oh my father taught me well to shun the gates of hell
And against him I rebelled, as I sail, as I sail
3. Of all men I had my will, as I sail, as I sail
Of all men I had my will, as I sail
Of all men I had my will and my gunner I did kill
And his precious blood did spill, as I sail, as I sail
4. Oh I murdered Willie Moore, as I sail, as I sail
Oh I murdered Willie Moore, as I sail
Oh I murdered Willie Moore and I left him in his gore
He was dead for evermore, as I sail, as I sail
5. Oh I steered from sound to sound, as I sail, as I sail
Oh I steered from sound to sound, as I sail
Oh I steered from sound to sound ran many ships aground
And many more I burned, as I sail, as I sail
6. Oh a King's ship captured me, as I sail, as I sail
Oh a King's ship captured me, as I sail
Oh a King's ship captured me no more of piracy
No more to roam the seas, as I sail, as I sail
7. To the execution dock I must go, I must go
To the execution dock I must go
To the execution dock where the crowds all round me flock
I will be the hangman's lot, as I sail, as I sail
8. Oh my name is Captain Kidd, as I sail, as I sail
Oh my name is Captain Kidd, as I sail
Oh my name is Captain Kidd and god's laws I did forbid
And most wickedly I did, as I sail, as I sail

Captain Kidd

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.

Verse 2:

5.
6.
7.
8.

Verse 3:

9.
10.
11.
12.

Verse 4:

13.
14.
15.
16.

Verse 5:

17.
18.
19.
20.

Verse 6:

21.
22.
23.
24.

Verse 7:

25.
26.
27.
28.

Verse 5:

29.
30.
31.
32.

Henry Martin

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they cast lots as to which of them should go, should go
For to turn robber all on the salt sea

2. The first lot it fell upon Henry Martin
The youngest of the three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea the salt sea the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he

3. They had not been sailing but a short winter's night
And part of a cold winter's day
When they espied a rich lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship
Bearing down on them all on a straight way

4. Oh lower your mainsail and brail up your mizzen
And bring your ship under my lee
Or I'll give to you a true cannon ball cannon ball cannon ball
And all your dear bodies drown in the salt

5. Oh no I won't lower my lofty topsails
Or bring my ship under your lee
And I won't give to you my rich merchant goods, merchant goods, merchant goods
Or turn my port guns to the sea

6. So broadside to broadside and at it they went
For fully two hours or three
Till Henry Martin gave to him the death shot the death shot, the death shot
Straight down to the bottom went she

7. Bad news, bad news to old England came
Bad news to fair London town
There's a rich merchant ship and she's cast away, cast away, cast away
Captain and all of her merry men drowned

Spirituals

Michael row the boat ashore

Chorus:

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

1. Sister help to trim the sails
Sister help to trim the sails
2. Jordan's river is chilly and cold
Jordan's river is chilly and cold
3. Jordan's river is deep and wide
Jordan's river is deep and wide

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see coming for to carry me home
A band of angels is coming after me, coming for to carry me home.

If you come to heaven before I do, coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'll be coming there too coming for to carry me home.

Well I'm sometimes up and I'm sometimes down coming for to carry me home,
But I'd steal my soul if it ever were down coming for to carry me home.

Slaves and slavery

Particularly in the southern states of the United States, but also elsewhere in central America, slaves were transported from Africa to work in the plantations. They suffered all kinds of misery as they were taken away from their traditional land and life to endure a miserable existence.

These songs came out of this time and they are called spirituals as these people had a strong belief that there was a better world awaiting them in 'heaven'. Although they were from Africa where they had their own religions, they were brought up in Christian communities and brought their own culture to that faith.

These beautiful, melancholy songs, often heard sung unaccompanied, have become part of a 'classical' culture, sung by famous singers such as Paul Robeson the famous black American base.

Student's page NS1

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

Chorus:

1.
2.

Verse 1:

3.
4.

Verse 2:

5.
6.

Verse 3:

7.
8.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Chorus:

1.
2.

Verse 1:

3.
4.

Verse 2:

5.
6.

Verse 3:

7.
8.

These are the simplest songs you are ever likely to meet. There are no complicated ideas and the tunes are simple to allow the voice to harmonise. Almost certainly singers would make up verses as they sang.

Songs of protest

Little boxes

1. Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes all the same
There's a green one and a pink one a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same
2. Now the people in the houses
All go to the University
Where they're all put in boxes little boxes all the same
And there's doctors and lawyers and business executives
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same
3. And they all go to the golf course
And drink their Martini dry
And they all have pretty children and they all go to school
And they all go to summer camp and then to the University
Where they're all put in boxes
And all come out the same

Times they are a changin'

1. Come gather round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you'd better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a changin'
2. Come senators, congressmen please head the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall
For he who is hurt will be he who has stalled
Theres a battle outside and its ragin'
It'll soon break your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a changin'
3. Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticise what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
The old order's rapidly changin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a changin'

Why songs of protest?

Popular culture often creates music which is designed as a protest against something. It may be a war – the Vietnam War, the Korean War or even all wars. Or it may be something totally different.

These six songs each represent some kind of protest and there are hundreds of others too. Written by the well known American folk singer, Pete Seeger, this song protests again the way in which everything is the same everywhere. The famous quote from ‘Henry Ford’, who created the first production line for cars, enabling them to be produced quickly and cheaply – ‘You can have any colour you like so long as it’s black!’

The song ‘Times they are a changin’, by Bob Dylan is typical of the era – the 60s - when young people protested against the failure of politicians to create a world which they could enjoy living in. It was the time of ‘flower power’, drugs, the Beatles and ‘free love’.

Written by Buffy St Marie and recorded in the late 1960s by Donovan, an English folk singer, the ‘Universal Soldier’ says that it is no good blaming the Generals unless you try to stop doing what they say! Soldiers are just ordinary people who do terrible things in war.

Again written by Peter Seeger, ‘Turn, Turn, Turn’ takes a quote from the Christian bible and says this is not the first generation to say these things. The last song, ‘Draft Dodgers Rag’ is a humorous song with a very serious meaning. At the time of the Vietnam War 1950s to 1970s, the United States sent conscripted soldiers to Vietnam. Many people did not agree with the war and went to jail or left the country to avoid ‘the draft’. These were termed ‘draft dodgers’. Even today a lot of passion is generated when people talk of the Vietnam War, remembering that the Americans eventually had to withdraw from Vietnam in 1975.

At the time the spoke of the ‘yellow peril’ – the Chinese take over of the whole of South East Asia. Nowadays American companies are tripping over each other to get into the Chinese market – how things change.

During these decades after the Second World War, people grew up under the shadow of nuclear weapons and superpowers. Now there are other things to protest about and there always will be. Songs are one of the ways in which these protests can be heard.

Think of some protest songs from your own country. What are they protesting about? Who is protesting? Who do they blame for the problems?

Have you ever protested against something? Perhaps you could write a song to protest against something you don’t like. But remember, someone might be protesting against people who protest – like you!! Make sure you have a very good reason!

Little Boxes

Verse 1:

- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

Verse 2:

- 8.
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.
- 13.

Verse 3:

- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.

Notes:

Vocabulary:

Times they are a changin'

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Verse 2:

7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.

Verse 3:

13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.

Notes:

Vocabulary:

Universal Soldier

1. He's five foot two and he's six foot four
He fights with missiles and with spears
He's all of 31 and he's only 17
Been a soldier for a thousand years

2. He's a Catholic a Hindu an atheist a Jane
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will
Killin' for me my friends and me for you

3. He's fightin' for Canada he's fightin' for France
He's fightin' for the USA
He's fightin' for the Russians and he's fightin' for Japan
And he thinks he'll put an end to war this way

4. He's fightin' for democracy he's fightin' for the reds
He says its far the peace of all
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die
And he never sees the writing on the wall

5. But without him how could Hitler have condemned him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would have stood alone
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war
And without him all this killin' can't go on

6. He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame
His orders come from faraway no more
They come from here and there and you and me and brothers can't you see
That it's not the way to put an end to war

Vocabulary:

Notes:

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.....

.....

Where have all the flowers gone

1. Where have all the flowers gone long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone
Gone to young girls everyone
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

2. Where have all the young girls gone long time passing
Where have all the young girls gone long time ago
Where have all the young girls gone
Gone to young men everyone
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

3. Where have all the young men gone long time passing
Where have all the young men gone long time ago
Where have all the young men gone
They're all in uniform
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

OR

3. Where have all the young men gone long time passing
Where have all the young men gone long time ago
Where have all the young men gone
Gone to soldiers everyone
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

4. Where have all the soldiers gone long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone
Gone to graveyards everyone
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

5. Where have all the graveyards gone long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone
Gone to flowers everyone
When will they ever learn, When will they ever learn

Vocabulary:

Turn, Turn, Turn

(adapted from Ecclesiastes by Pete Seeger)

To everything, turn, turn, turn
There is a season, turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late

Vocabulary:

Notes:

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.....

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.....

.....

Turn Turn Turn

Refrain:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Verse 1:

- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

Verse 2:

- 8.
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.

Verse 3:

- 12.
- 13.
- 14.
- 15.

Verse 4:

- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.

Notes:

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.....

.....

.....

Vocabulary:

Draft dodgers rag

1. I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and in keeping old Castro down
But when it came my time to serve I knew "better dead than red"
And when I go to that old draft board buddy this is what I said

Chorus:

Sarge I'm only 18 I've got a ruptured spleen and I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat and my asthma's getting' worse
Think of my career I've got a sweetheart dear and a poor old invalid aunt
Sides I ain't no fool I'm I'm goin' to school and I'm workin' in a defence plant

2. I've got a dislocated disc and a racked up back I'm allergic to flowers and bombs
And when the bomb shell hits I get epileptic fits and I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I've got the weakness woes I can't touch my toes I can hardly reach my knees
And when the enemy gets close to me I'd probably start to sneeze
3. Well I hate Chou-en-Lai and I hope he dies but I think you ought to see
That someone's got to go over there and that someone isn't me
I wish you well sarge, give 'em hell, kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore then I'll be the first to go

Notes:

Vocabulary:

The Irish Navvy

As Britain's industry developed it was necessary to move large quantities of goods around the country. To facilitate this, at first canals (artificial waterways) were built. Eventually the whole of England was criss-crossed by them, from London in the south, through Birmingham and to the North.

These canals were all dug by hand, mainly by immigrants who came across the Irish Sea from Ireland as there was great poverty there and little work. They sent money home to their families.

Later, in the 19th Century, with the advent of railways, the Navvies who had dug the canals found themselves building the railways. The same skills were required as they had to cut through rock, dig tunnels and move earth as they had when building the canals.

In the 20th Century the motor car produced another revolution and the Irish Navvy was back doing the same job building the motorways.

My little son

1. Come my little son and I will tell you what we'll do
Undress yourself and get into bed and a tale I'll tell to you
It's all about your daddy he's a man you seldom see
For he's bound to roam far away from home, Far away from you and me

Chorus:

Remember daddy he's still your dad
Though he's working far away
In the cold and heat all the hours of the week
On England's motorway

2. When you fall and hurt yourself and get up feelin' bad
It isn't any use now, callin' for your dad
For the only time since you were born he's had to spend with you
He was out of a job and he hadn't a bob he was signin' on the brew
3. Sure we'd like your daddy here, sure it would be fine
To have him workin' nearer home and to see him all the time
But beggars can't be choosers and we have to bear our load
For we need the money your daddy earns workin' on the road

Chorus 2:

Remember daddy he's still your dad
And he'll soon be home to stay
For a week or two with me and you
While he builds the motorway

Vocabulary:

Roam	Wander from place to place
Out of a job	Unemployed
Hadn't a bob	No money – a “bob” was the common name for the old shilling (20 shillings = 1 pound sterling)
Signin' on the brew	Unemployed people could sign for unemployment benefit
Beggars can't be choosers	If you're poor you have no choice

This song should be sung by a young mother, who is telling her child about his father who is in England building roads. It is a modern song, however there must have been songs like this. If there are they are most likely to have been in Irish Gaelic, not in English. Ireland has produced many beautiful songs and many of the tunes are from the old Celtic traditions.



Listen to the tape and write down the words you here line by line. The whole verse will be sung first, then each line will be sung twice. Finally the whole verse will be sung once again.

My Little Son

Verse 1:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Chorus 1.:

- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

Verse 2:

- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.

Verse 3:

- 13.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.

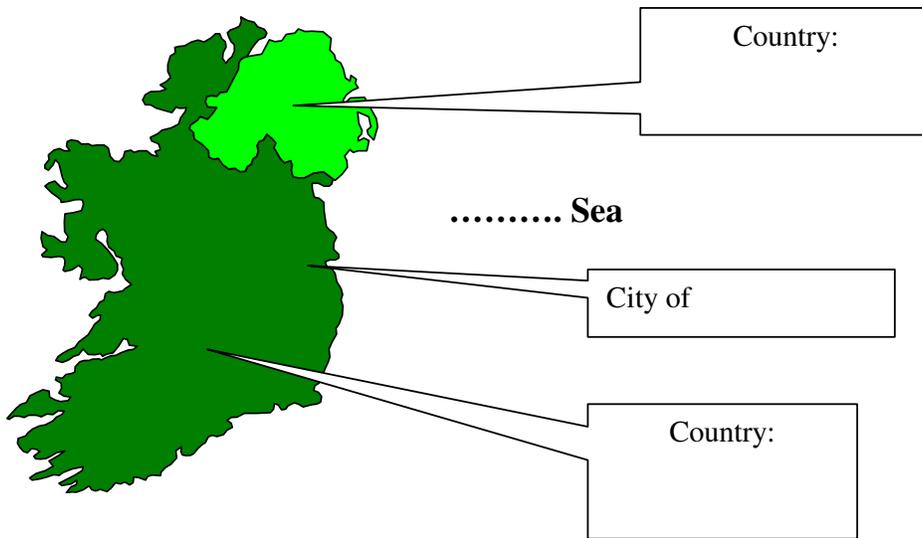
Chorus 2:

- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20.

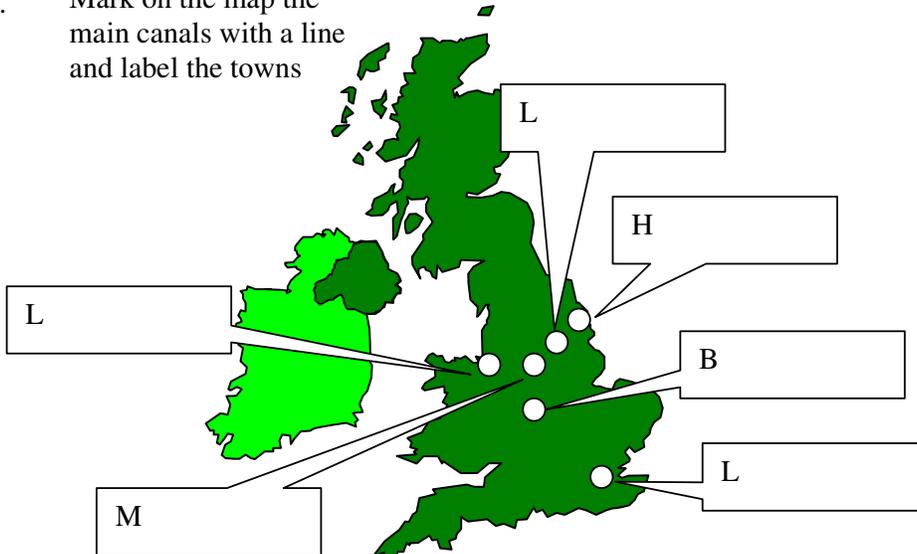
Write down in the boxes below any words you did not understand (You may have to guess how it is spelt or just write down how it sounds):

Below are a few questions you should now answer.

1. Which country do you think the song comes from?
2. What is the father doing?
What is he helping to build?
3. Why is he doing this?
4. In which centuries did these events happen?
5. On the map below label the two countries and the towns indicated.



6. Mark on the map the main canals with a line and label the towns



The Sick Note

Dear sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is _____ black and blue, my face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today

Whilst working on the fourteenth floor _____ bricks I had to clear,
But to throw them down from such a height was not a good idea,
The foreman wasn't very pleased, him being an awkward sod,
And he said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now clearing all those bricks _____ hand, it was so very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below,
But in my haste to do the job I was too blind to see,
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I untied the rope, the barrel fell _____ lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead,
I shot up _____ a rocket, till to my dismay I found,
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

_____ barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached _____ top I banged _____ pulley with my head,
I hung on tightly, numb with shock from this almighty blow,
And _____ barrel spilt out half its bricks some fourteen floors below.

Now when those bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then out-weighted the barrel, and _____ started down once more,
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body wracked with pain,
When halfway down, I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision halfway up the office block,
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock,
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I fell towards the ground,
And I landed _____ the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.

I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst,
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and _____ the bottom burst,
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope,
And as I lay there bleeding on the ground - I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier, it started down once more,
And it landed right across me as I lay upon the floor,
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say,
I hope you understand _____ Paddy's not at work today.

A song made famous by a number of artists, including "The Corries". The song is, allegedly, derived from an address made to the Oxford Student union.

Dirty Old Town

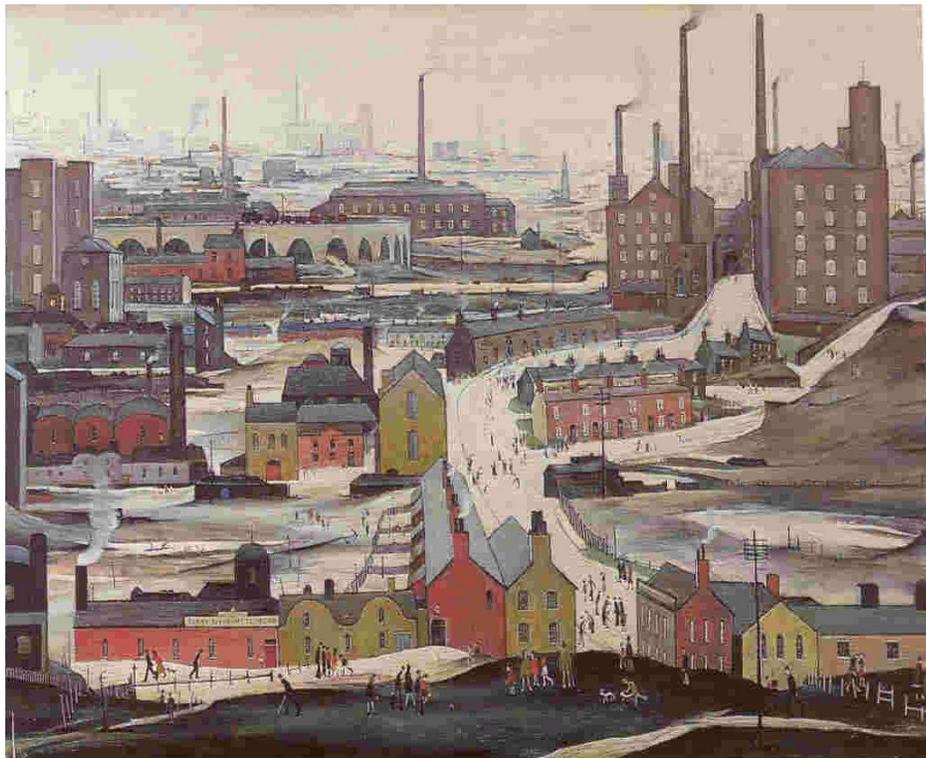
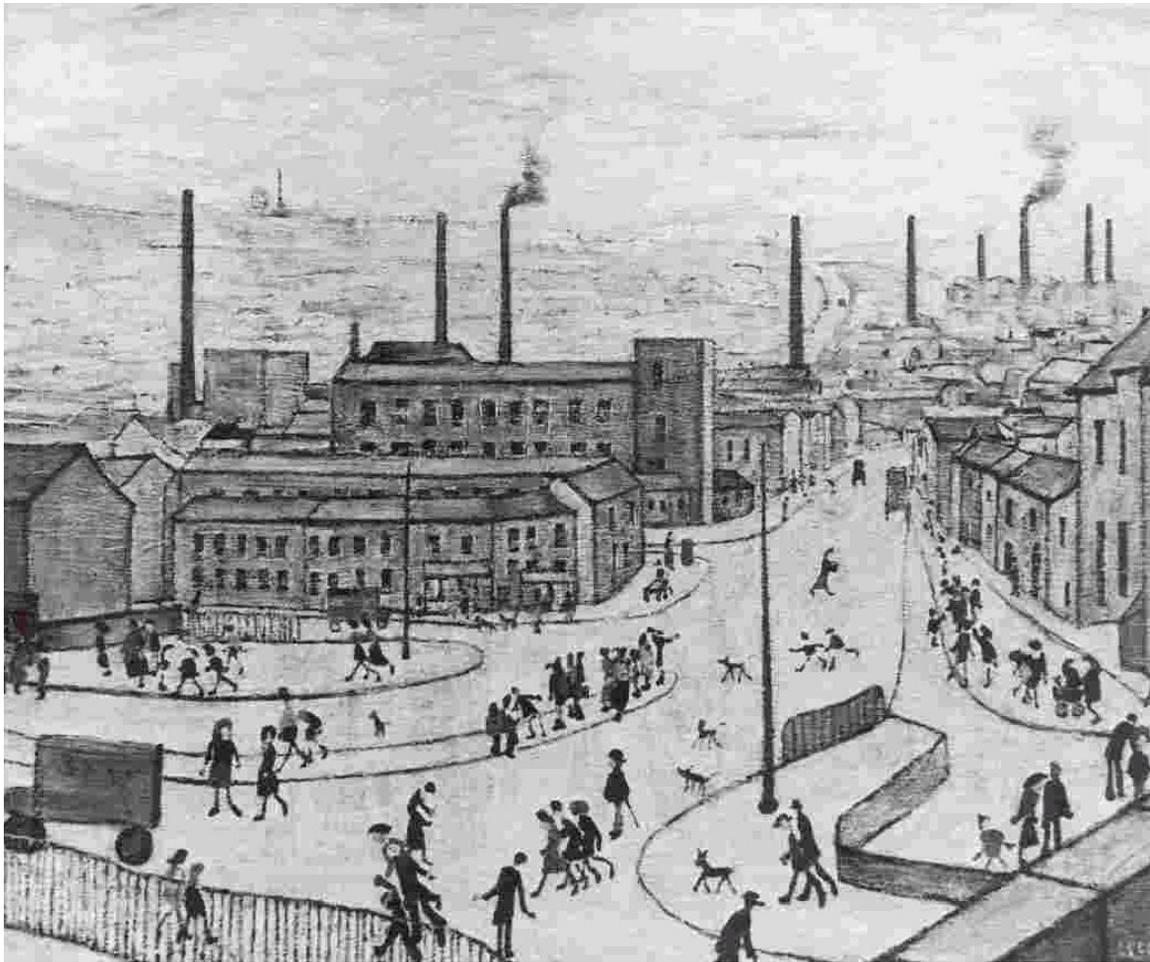
1. I met my love by the gasworks croft
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town
2. Clouds are sailin' across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the streets at night
Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town
3. I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelt the spring on the Salford (smokey) wind
Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town
4. I'm gonna make a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town
5. I met my love by the gasworks croft
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town

Written by Ewan McColl who also wrote the Ballad of Springhill about mining disasters, this song is about his home town Salford, near Manchester in England. Another famous Salford inhabitant was the artist L.S.Lowry who was famous for his 'matchstick men' in his industrial landscapes.

Salford is on the Manchester ship canal, which connects the River Mersey at Ellesmere Port (near Liverpool) to Manchester. This was the route cotton took from the plantations in the Americas through to the cotton mills of Lancashire where it was made into cotton cloth for export to 'the Empire'.

Typical of the city were the rows of terraced 'back to back' houses in which the cotton workers lived. Conditions were very bad and the work was very unhealthy. Few of the workers lived to an old age (See King Cotton).

Families struggled to bring up children in these cramped homes where a family would live in one room, sharing a kitchen. The bath was a tub in front of the fire which the whole family used one after the other to save water. Water came from a stand pipe in the street. There were outside toilets. Today these houses have become 'town houses' for commuters to the city.



Dirty Old Town

Verse 1:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Verse 2:

- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

Verse 3:

- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.

Verse 4:

- 13.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.

Notes:

Vocabulary:

Liverpool lullaby

1. Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid
When he hears the things you done
You'll get a belt from your dad
Oh you have your father's nose
So crimson in the dark it glows
If you're not asleep before the boozers close
You'll get a belt from your dad

2. You look so scruffy lyin' there
Strawberry jam-tats in your hair
In all the world you haven't a care
And I have got so many
It's quite a struggle every day
Livin' on your father's pay
'Cause the bugger drinks it all away
And leaves me without any

3. Although we have no silver spoon
Better days are comin' soon
Our Nellie's workin' in the Lune
And she'll get paid on Friday
Perhaps one day we'll make a splash
When Littlewoods provide the cash
We'll buy a house in Knotty Ash
And buy your dad a brewery

4. Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid
When he hears the things you done
You'll get a belt from your dad
Oh you have your father's face
You're growin' up a real hard case
But there ain't no one can take your place
So go fast asleep for your mammy

Notes:

Liverpool lullaby

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

Verse 2:

9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.

Verse 3:

17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.

Verse 4: (Last four lines only – first four as in verse 1)

25.
26.
27.
28.

Vocabulary:

Geordie

1. As I came over London bridge
One misty morning early
I overheard a fair pretty maid
Lamenting for her Geordie
2. Come bridle me my silk white steed
Come bridle me my pony
That I may ride to fair London town
To plead for the life of Geordie
3. And when she entered in the hall
There were Lords and Ladies plenty
Down on her bended knee she fell
To plead for the life of Geordie
4. Oh Geordie stole nor cow nor calf
Nor sheep he ne'er stole any
But he stole sixteen of the king's wild deer
And sold them in Bohenny
5. Oh six pretty children have I got
The seventh lies in by body
I'd freely part with them everyone
If you'll spare me the life of Geordie
6. The judge looked o'er his left shoulder
And said, my dear, I'm sorry
My pretty maid you've come too late
As he's condemned already
7. My Geordie will be hung in golden chains
That's not the fate of many
For he was born of the king's royal blood
And he courted a virtuous lady
8. I wish I were in yonder grove
Where times I have been many
With my broad sword and my pistol too
To fight for the life of Geordie

Both songs come from Newcastle where the inhabitants are known as 'Geordies'.
Some words in this dialect are much like Scottish. The song Geordie is not in dialect.
Sally Wheatley definitely is.

Geordie

Verse 1:

1.
2.
3.
4.

Verse 2:

5.
6.
7.
8.

Verse 3:

9.
10.
11.
12.

Verse 4:

13.
14.
15.
16.

Verse 5:

17.
18.
19.
20.

Verse 6:

21.
22.
23.
24.

Verse 7:

25.
26.
27.
28.

Verse 8:

29.
30.
31.
32.

Sally Wheatley

Noo Ah'm myest distressed and sad
tho' Ah once'st was blithe and glad
and cud trip about tha toon both (trim and neatly?)
Ah was happy neet and morn
But aall soch joys Ah've shunned
since Ah fell sa deep in love wi' Sally Wheatley.

Oh dear me, Ah divent na what to de
for Sally's stole my heart away completely,
and Ah'll niver get it back
for she gans wi' Mr. Black
and they say he's gan ter marry Sally Wheatley.

Hoo Ah felt Ah divent naa,
the forst time I Sally saa,
in a threesome reel she stepped (hopped?) about so sweetly,
and Ah might a stood a chance
had Ah asked hor up to dance
but Ah was ower shy ta speak to Sally Wheatley.
Oh dear me.....

Noo as often is the case
ye'll find others in yer place
if you fail ta shove ahead and fettle reetly,
for Ah'd scarcely torned me back
when Ah spied yon Mr. Black-
he wuz jiggin' roond tha room wi' Sally Wheatly.
Oh Dear me...

and he must hev got it reet
when he set hor hyem that neet -
after work dressed up he gans ta see hor neetly
There's great deanger in dealey
and A'd not be sad todeay-
if Ah had a hort Ah'd break't for Sally Wheatley
Oh dear me.....

Notes:

Sally Wheatley

Verse 1:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.

Chorus:

- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.

Verse 2:

- 12.
- 13.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.

Verse 3:

- 18.
- 19.
- 20.
- 21.
- 22.
- 23.

Vocabulary:

On Ilkley Moor ba t'hat

1. Where hast thou been since I saw thee
On Ilkley moor ba't 'at
Where hast thou been since I saw thee
Where hast thou been since I saw thee

Chorus:

On Ilkley moor ba't 'at
On Ilkley moor ba't 'at
On Ilkley moor ba't 'at

2. Tha's been a courtin Mary Jane
3. Tha's gonna catch thee death o' cold
4. Then we shall have to bury thee
5. Then t'worms s'll come an' eat thee up
6. Then ducks'll come an' eat up t'worms
7. Then we shall come an' eat up ducks
8. Then we shall all have eat'n thee

Don't worry too much about this one. This is pure dialect with little English. Yes! People in Yorkshire do really speak like this even today. You should notice how the word 'the' is abbreviated to 't'. Also the use of the words 'thee', 'thy' – but all pronounced 'thee' and the 'tha' which is 'thou'.

In verse 3 'thee' is, in fact, 'thy' which is the same as your.

In verse 8 'thee' is 'thee' which is the same as you.

In verse 2 'tha' is 'thou' which is you (2nd person singular, familiar)

Notes:

On Ilkley Moor ba' t'hat

Verse 1:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Chorus:

- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

Verse 2:

- 8.

Verse 3:

- 9.

Verse 4:

- 10.

Verse 5:

- 11.

Verse 6:

- 12.

Verse 7:

- 13.

Verse 8:

- 14.

Vocabulary:

Turtle Dove

Turtle Dove

1. Pretty little turtle dove
Sitting in the pines
Mourning for your own true love
Like I my dear for mine, for mine
Like I my dear for mine

2. Now you've gone and left me
Crying in the rain
Mournin' for my own true love
That's never going to come again, again
That's never going to come again

3. If she were a lazy girl
Sure as I was born
I'd take her down to New Orleans
And trade her all for corn for corn
And trade her all for corn

4. But I'm just a poor little country boy
Money I have none
But there is silver in the sky
And gold in the morning sun, Oh Boy
And gold in the morning sun

5. I went up to the mountain top
To give my horn a blow
Thought I heard my little girl say
Yonder goes my beau, my beau
Yonder goes my beau



Notes:

Turtle Dove

Verse 1:

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Verse 2:

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Verse 3:

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Verse 4:

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Verse 5:

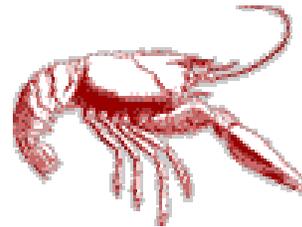
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Vocabulary:

Crawdad Song

1. You get a line and I'll get a pole honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole babe
You get a line and I'll get a pole
Meet you down by that Crawdad's hole
Honey baby mine
2. Heard the duck say to the drake honey
Heard the duck say to the drake babe
Heard the duck say to the drake
There ain't no Crawdads in that lake
Honey baby mine
3. Sittin' on the ice till my feet get cold honey
Sittin' on the ice till my feet get cold babe
Sittin' on the ice till my feet get cold
Watch that Crawdad dig his hole
Honey baby mine
4. Little biddy baby nine days old honey
Little biddy baby nine days old sweet thing
Little biddy baby nine days old
Stuck its finger down a Crawdad's hole
Ah ha, ah ha, ah ha!
5. Get up old man you slept too late honey
Get up old man you slept too late babe
Get up old man you slept too late
Saw that Crawdad pass your gate
Honey baby mine

Notes:



Crawdad - crayfish

Vocabulary:

Crawdad Song

Verse 1:

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Verse 2:

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Verse 3:

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Verse 4:

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Verse 5:

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Notes:

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