VISIT HONEST ÆLFLÆD'S USED TREASURES

tankards, platters, bowls, chests, candlesticks, buckles, trim, various one-of-akind items -

INEXPENSIVE! Our silver is guaranteed to tarnish!

[Cocated where you see a cloth on the ground with a]

Pewter, silver, and reasonable facsimiles therof.

the Special Edition 25¢ throw-away Atenueldt A Reunion Songbook

March ASXVII (1983)

CREDITS, COMMENTS AND SCHOLARLY STUFF

These are songs which have been tested in and on the Barony of al-Barran and both the songs and the barony lived, so we're unleashing them on the world. Most are traditional.

The Rounds: The first three came from Rounds for Everyone from Everywhere, edited by Salli Terri, G. Schirmer, Inc., 1961. "Sumer is icumen in" is from all over the place. I learned it at the Colorado Renaissance Faire in 1978 from Jesus Freaks. "He That Will an Ale-House Keep" is from An Anthology of English Medieval and Renaissance Vocal Music, ed. Noah Greenberg, W.W. Norton & Co., New York, 1961. It's a good book to get if you like this sort of thing.

Broadside Ballads: The two songs on page 7 are from an album called <u>Tim Hart</u> and Maddy Prior sing Folk Songs of Old England, Vol. 1, Crest 23, B & C
Recordings, Ltd., 1976.

The Drinking Songs: "Pleasant and Delightful" is from an old Irish Rovers record (reference not readily available). From hearing other traditional songs of that genre, I know they're singing it faster than traditionally possible. When people are improvising harmonies (as drinking songs require), they need some time to think, especially if they're drinking (as drinking songs require). "Jolly Red Nose" is around in many places, but this full set of verses came from an album called Oak, Ash and Thorn—Sowing Wild Oats (Tosspot Records Catalog No. TR-047). They're a group from Oakland, California. "Boozin'" came from that same album. Both are traditional. Page 10 has the words to two songs I learned in a folk club in St. Neot's, a little town near Cambridge, England. I'd guess that they're a hundred years or more out of period, but they're so wonderful and so easy to harmonize on (giving good practice to those singers who'd like to try to improvise harmonies but are afraid) that I've brought them along anyway.

"The Keeper" doesn't really fit this category, or rather it wouldn't in a proper big book, but as it's neither a round nor a ballad, here it falls. It's a cheerful and innocuous little thing, and I dedicate it to a world which could use more cheerful and innocuous little things.

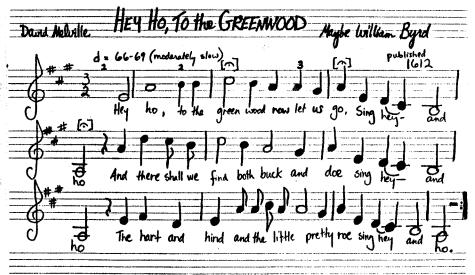
AElflæd of Duckford 3/17/83

P.S. If you ever need a tune to go with some of those words, get a tape recorder, call 505-299-2476, make sure you have Ælflæd or Gunwaldt, Sandra or Keith, and say "What's the tune to Jones's Ale?" (or whatever) and one of us will sing it. I'm serious. This offer is good for at least twenty years.

A ounds





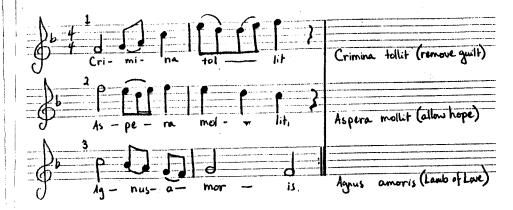


The fermates are for the very end. The first group will end on the word "ho" = Group two ends on "go" and group these on "green."

3



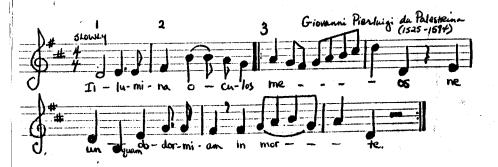
Catalonian (from plainchast, possibly before 1200)



Laudate Nomen Thomas Ravenscuft 1609



Illumina Oculos Meos



Duner is journen in



This song is in Middle English. If you read what I have written here it'll sound fairly right. This is not phonetic spelling. It's clues.

Soomair iss eecoomin ip, loods sing coo coo
Grow! eth sade and blow? eth made and springeth wodeh noo
Sing coo coo
Eeoo noo blateth offtair lom, loath, offtair Cal-vay coo
Booluck stairteth, book noo fairteth
Merry sing coo coo
Goo coo, coo
Well noo sing thou coo coo, nor cease thou never noo.

1 Rhyme w/"pow"
2 " " " EVERY TIME THERE'S AN "r",
3 Rhyme w/ "oath" FLIP IT.
4 Soft f--close to a v
5 Rhyme w/ "ace" (like "seis" in Spanish)

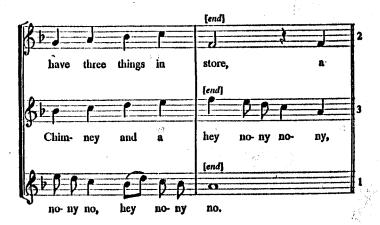
HE THAT WILL AN ALE-HOUSE KEEPE

A tound for three voices

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

22





another set of words:
He that will an alchone keep
Must welcome give alway
And Store all ale that men may drinke
And mercify sing hey mony nony ...

end of rounds, beginning of Section IL Broadside Ballads

being, in this collection, turo Sailor Songe

ADIEU, SWEET LOVELY NANCY

Adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu I'm a-going around the ocean, love, to seek for something new Come change your ring with me, dear girl, come change your ring with me For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea

And when I'm far upon the sea you know not where I am Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land The secrets of your heart, dear girl, are the best of my good will So let your body be where it might, my heart will be with you still

There's a heavy storm a-rising, see how it gathers round While we poor souls on the ocean wide are fighting for the crown There's nothing to protect us, love, or keep us from the cold On the ocean wide where we must bide like jolly seamen bold

There's tinkers, tailors, shoemakers lie snoring fast asleep While we poor souls on the ocean wide are ploughing though the deep Our officers commanded us and then we must obey Expecting every moment for to get cast away.

But when the wars are over there'll be peace on every shore We'll return to our wives and our families and the girls that we adore We'll call for liquor merrily and spend our money free And when our money is all gone we'll boldly go to sea.

FAREWELL NANCY

Farewell, my lovely Nancy, for I must now leave you Unto the salt seas I am bound for to go But let my long absence be no trouble to you For I will return in the spring, as you know.

Like some pretty little sea boy I will dress and go with you In the deepest of dangers I shall stand your friend In the cold stormy weather when the winds they are a-blowin' My love, I'll be willin' to wait on you then

Your pretty little hands cannot handle our tackle Your pretty little feet to our topmast can't go And the cold stormy weather, love, you never could endure Therefore, lovely Nancy, to the sea do not go.

Farewell, my lovely Nancy, for I must now leave you Unto the salt seas I am bound for to go But let my long absence be no trouble to you For I will return in the spring, as you know.

Drinking Songs

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

(but they sing it TOO FAST)

it was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn When the greenfields and the meadows lay buried in corn And the blackbirds and the thrushes sang on every green tree And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

And the larks they sang melodious And the larks they sang melodious And the larks they sang melodious At the dawning of the day

Well a sailor and his true love were out walking one day Said the sailor to his true love I am bound far away I am bound for the East I dies where the loud cannons roar And I'm leaving my Nancy, she's the one that I adore

And I'm leaving my Nancy And I'm leaving my Nancy And I'm leaving my Nancy She's the one that I adore

Said the sailor to his true love, well I must be on my way The topsails are hoisted and the anchors are weighed Our big ship lies waiting for to sail on the tide And if ever I return again, then I'll make you my bride

And if ever I return again And if ever I return again And if ever I return again Then I'll make you my bride.

Then the ring from her finger she instantly drew Saying take this, dear Geordie, and my heart will go too And as he was embracing her, tears from her eye fell Saying may I go along with you? Oh no, my love, farewell

Saying may I go along with you? Saying may I go along with you? Saying may I go along with you? Oh no, my love, farewell.

JOLLY RED NOSE

Of all the birds that ever 1 see The owl is the fairest in her degree For all the day long she sits in a tree And when the night comes away flies she

> To whit, to whoo, to whom drinks th'u Sir knave, to you This song is well sung, I make you a vow, And he is a knave that drinketh now

Nose, nose, jully red nose And who gave thee that jully red nose? Cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and cloves * And that gave me my jully red nose.

I care for no fool whose purse is not full But he that hath money I never find dull And if he still hath it when hence he doth go I'll trample my tankard and never drink mo'

Arak, aroo, to whom drinks th'u...

I'll not have a maiden that's never been tried But give me a wanton to lie by my side And this have I used as a rule of my life: That wanton is best that's another man's wife

Cuckoo, cuckoo, to whom drinks th'u...

BOOZIN'

Boozin', boozin', just you and I Boozin', boozin', when we are dry Some do it openly, some on the sly But we all are bloody well boozin'.

What are the joys of the single young man
Why boozin', bloody well boozin'
And what is he doin' whenever he can
He's boozin', bloody well boozin'
Well you may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right
I don't want to argue, I know you can fight
But what do you think we'll be doin' tonight?
Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

And what are the joys of a poor married man. And what is he doin' whenever he can he goes out a-shoppin', makes many a call he comes home at night and he gives his wife all but what brings him home hangin' onto the wall

LEAVE THIS OUT FOR SCA, IN FOR EVERYDAY USE. It's the vest verse, but way late.

And what do the temperance unions run down And what are they banning in every town They stand on street corners, they rail and they shout things they know nothing about the vest verse, but what are they doin' when the lights are turned out They're boozin', bloody well boozin'

And what is the thing I loves more than my tea
Why boozin'...
And what keeps us all nippin' out for a wee
Your pocket gets empty, your bladder gets tight
You're garglin' your beer the best part of the night
Your nose goes brick red and your fact goes dead white
From boozin', bloody well boozin'

THE CHEERFUL HORN (another song about that Nancy)

The cheerful horn it sounds in the morn, and we the hunting go The cheerful horn it sounds in the morn, and we the hunting go And we the hunting go, and we the hunting go---

For all me fancy dwells upon Nancy and I'll sing tally-ho For all me fancy dwells upon Nancy and I'll sing tally-ho

The fox leaps over the hedge sae high and the hounds all after him go

The hounds all after him go, the hounds all after him go--For all me fancy dwells upon Nancy and I'll sing tally-ho...

Then never despise a soldier lad, though his station it be low No, never despise a soldier lad, though his station it be low His station it be low....

If you ask me the sense of this song for to sing, or the reason for t to show

Well I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know---

So come, let's pass the jug around and we will homeward go So come, ""… And we will homeward go…

JONES'S ALE

There were five jolly fellows come over the hill together
Come over the hill together, for to form in that jovial crew
And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry
To hie them over the hills so merry, to hie them over the hills so merry
When Jones's ale was new, me boys; when Jones's ale was new

The first to come in was a tinker, and he was nae small beer drinker And he was nae small beer drinker, for to form in that jovial crew And it's have you any pots or pans or kettles? For my rivets are made of the very best metal And I'll soon have them in very fine fettle

When Jone's ale was new, me boys; when Jones's ale was new

And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry To hie them over the hills so merry, to hie them over the hills so merry When Jones's ale was new, me boys; when Jones's ale was new

And the next to come in was a dyer, and he sat himself down by the fire. And he set himself down by the fire, for to form in that jovial crew and the landlady told him to his face, that the chimney corner was his own place and there he might sit and dye his own face

And the next to come in was a hatter, and there couldn't be anyone fatter
No there couldn't be anyone fatter for to form in that jovial crew
And he threw his old hat on the ground and he told everyone to throw in half a crown
And there'd be 'nough for drinks all 'round

The next to come in was a mason, and his hammer it did need replacin' ...
And he threw his old hammer 'gainst the wall,
And he wished that all chapels and churches in Brod'rick might fall
And there'd be work for masons all

And the last to come in was a soldier, with his broadsword" over his shoulder...

And the landlady's daughter she came in, and she kissed him between cheek and chin
My god, how the money came rollin' in

* "Broadsword" here is a weak and silly but sufficient attempt to "back-date" the song to proper period. Actually, the song as I first heard it had a soldier with a flintlock over his shoulder, but if you wait until people are getting drunk and rowdy, they'll never care.



The first doe he shot at he missed The second doe he trimm'd & kissed. The third doe went where nobody whist Among the leaves so green-o

The fourth doe she did cross the plain The keeper fetch'd her back again Where she is now she may remain Among the leaves so green-o The fifth doe she did cross the brook
The keeper fetch'd her back with his crook
Where she is now you must go and look
Among the leaves so green-o

The sixth doe she ran over the plain But he with his hounds did turn her again and it's there he did hunt in a merry,merry vein Among the leaves so green-o