





*Unlocking hidden treasures of  
England's cultural heritage*  
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## ***The Full English***

The Full English was a unique nationwide project unlocking hidden treasures of England's cultural heritage by making over 58,000 original source documents from 12 major folk collectors available to the world via a ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project. The project was led by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and in partnership with other cultural partners across England.

The Full English digital archive ([www.vwml.org](http://www.vwml.org)) continues to provide access to thousands of records detailing traditional folk songs, music, dances, customs and traditions that were collected from across the country. Some of these are known widely, others have lain dormant in notebooks and files within archives for decades.

The Full English learning programme worked across the country in 19 different schools including primary, secondary and special educational needs settings. It also worked with a range of cultural partners across England, organising community, family and adult learning events.

**Supported by the National Lottery through the Heritage Lottery Fund, the National Folk Music Fund and The Folklore Society.**



Supported by

**The National Lottery**<sup>®</sup>  
through the Heritage Lottery Fund



Produced by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), June 2014  
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Edited by: Frances Watt, with thanks to the Scythe Association of Britain and Ireland.

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# **Seven Songs Of Harvest**

## **For Key Stage 1 and 2**

# Harvest <sup>ˈhɑːvɪst/</sup>

noun: the process or period of gathering in crops

1. Introduction
2. There's A Nice Field Of Turnips Over There
3. The Farmer's Boy
4. Oats And Beans And Barley
5. The Green Grass
6. John Barleycorn
7. The Hundred Haymakers
8. Jim The Carter Lad



families in rural villages. They were forced onto the *Poor Rate*, or separated and sent to the *workhouses*.



Many characters appear in folk songs, including farmers. The farmer who often appears in song was someone to look up to. He could sack a labourer at any time. He himself had to please the merchant by producing enough food at the right time for it to command a good price. The landowners were often quite distant. They had owned the land 'time out of mind': in other words, no-one could remember when it wasn't theirs. As long as their rent

came in, they took little interest in the day-to-day activities on the farm.

By Victorian times farming had come a long way from the simple scattering of seeds or planting of root crops, It was known that it was a good idea to plant different crops in rotation, year by year, and to rest fields fallow. Knowledge of this kind might have been written down, but in ages when few working people were able to read, much must have been passed on year on year by word of mouth. Thomas Tusser of Essex wrote *500 Points Of Husbandrie* in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century in verse, to make it easier to remember.

The songs in this brief collection are drawn from The Full English digital archive and serve as a reminder of harvest and its place in the farming year. They too make the traditional ways of the countryside easy to remember, even if that way of life is now some distance from our own. How many of us know how to wield a scythe or work a plough?

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## **Notes For Teachers**

The Full English digital archive presents accurate transcriptions of lyrics noted down by collectors of folk music, song and dance - precisely as the singers sang them. It is important that these words are preserved historically. However it may be that here and there a word has changed usage (or has another connotation) which you may wish to avoid with your children. It is for you to judge, for example, whether you change one word of the first line of 'Jim The Carter Lad' to, say, 'chap': much will depend upon your children's appreciation of language...

It may also be that some songs benefit from selective editing of verses. Again, the full lyrics are given here, as well as references to the archive where the song appears in different forms from other parts of the country.

Tunes are accurate, but may have been transposed into more accessible keys. It is usual for the first verse of the song to be given and for slight changes in rhythm to be necessary to fit the later verses or chorus to the melody. The most important thing is to shape the tune to preserve the natural rhythm of the words and not to force the words to fit the tune. Choices have to be made in interpretation of the source material: here the midi files reflect the best approximation available, to assist with aural transmission.

Most of all these are songs to be sung with gusto, to celebrate the harvest and a good year in store.

## That's a Nice Field of Turnips Over There

In the Harry Albino collection  
[www.vwml.org/record/HHA/33/12](http://www.vwml.org/record/HHA/33/12)

Roud Number: 23053  
 Trad.arr. Bob Kenward

♩ = 120

That's a nice lit-tle farm ov-er there\_\_\_ A lov-ely lit-tle far-m ov-er there\_\_

9  
 \_\_\_ That's a nice lit - tle far - m A lov - ely lit - tle

13  
 far - m That's a nice lit - tle far - m ov - er there\_\_\_

That's a nice little farm over there  
 A lovely little farm over there  
 That's a nice little farm  
 A lovely little farm  
 That's a nice little farm over there

That's a nice field of turnips over there.... etc.

..... little pony.....

..... good crop of corn.....

..... good bunch of pigs.....

..... good flock of sheep....

etc.

The Full English: [www.vwml.org](http://www.vwml.org)  
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## ***Teaching Notes: That's a Nice Field of Turnips Over There***

Sung to a familiar tune which is used for many sets of lyrics. This happens quite often in folk song. Words to songs often appeared on *Broadside sheets* which were sold in the street, but without the tunes. A well-known melody might be suggested which would fit, but the notation rarely featured.

Gradually as the tunes passed about they became altered as singers added new notes or maybe didn't quite remember what they'd heard. Tunes were not precious: you might hear a ballad about a threshing machine or a tragic tale of death by cold poison to the same melody.

Singers adapted their songs to their audiences. They would change place-names or adapt names and key items in songs if they thought it would be more likely to earn a few more pence.

### ***Memory-joggers for class activities***

- What single dramatic action could accompany each verse? Which will involve the whole class or perhaps specific groups?
- Group synchronisation/ noises on or off?
- How many of each animal should there be? Would there be more at different times of year? What other animals could there be?
- What would you feel if you were a turnip? How would your day be? Where do turnips grow?



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## ***That's a Nice Field of Turnips Over There***

Collected by G Hill within the Harry Albino collection

[www.vwml.org/record/HHA/33/12](http://www.vwml.org/record/HHA/33/12)

Roud Number: 23053

That's a nice little farm over there

A lovely little farm over there

That's a nice little farm

A lovely little farm

That's a nice little farm over there

That's a nice field of turnips over there.... etc.

..... little pony.....

..... good crop of corn.....

..... good bunch of pigs.....

..... good flock of sheep....

etc.

## To Be A Farmer's Boy

Tune collected by Clive Carey: [www.vwml.org/record/CC/1/382](http://www.vwml.org/record/CC/1/382)

Words collected by Lucy Broadwood: [www.vwml.org/record/LEB/5/52/2](http://www.vwml.org/record/LEB/5/52/2)

Roud Number: 408  
 Traditional

The sun went down be - yond yon hill, ac - ross the drea - ry moor Wea -  
 6 - ry and lame a boy there came up to a far - mers door Can you tell me if an - y  
 11 there be that will gi - ve me em - pl - o - y To reap and sow, to  
 15 plough and mow, to be a farm - er's boy - To be a farm - er's boy

The sun went down beyond yon hill, across the dreary moor  
 Weary and lame a boy there came up to a farmer's door  
 Can you tell me if any there be that will give me employ:  
 To reap and sow, to plough and mow, to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

My father's dead and mother's left with her five children small  
 And what is worse for mother still I'm the eldest of them all  
 Though little I be I fear no work if you will me employ  
 To reap and sow, to plough and mow, to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

The daughter said "Pray try the lad, no farther let him seek"  
 "Oh yes, dear Doll" the farmer cried, while a tear stole down his cheek  
 "For those who'll work 'tis hard to want or wander for employ  
 To reap and sow, to plough and mow, to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy"

In course of time he grew a man and the poor old farmer died  
 He left the lad the farm he had and the daughter for his bride  
 The boy that was, now farmer is, he smiles and thinks with joy  
 That lucky day he came that way to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

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## ***Teaching Notes: The Farmer's Boy***

Not a dry eye in the house - but all comes good in the end. Audiences would be used to the idea of early death in the family, and there was little provision for widows and orphans. Country children were expected to go to work as soon as they were able, rather than go to school. Little children would be given jobs such as bird-scaring, picking hops from the bine or looking after sheep, which helped them to learn the ways of the farm.

The farmer in this song needs a lad about the place as he becomes less able to do the hard work himself. It seems that he didn't have a son. He could not, in many parts of the country, pass his lands or his tenancy on to his daughter, but, if she married, her husband could take over. When this song was first heard, this was just the way the world was. Luckily it seems that they were well matched. A stirring example to inspire all young people: work hard and you'll get the keys to the farm.

There are many different versions of this song. This version uses a tune from the Clive Carey collection, and words from the Lucy Broadwood collection.

### ***Memory-joggers for class activities***

- How old do you think the boy was? What choices did he have?
- What happened to his mother and her other children?
- What kind of job would he have started on? How much would he have been paid?



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# The Farmer's Boy

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To be a farmer's boy

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The boy that was, now farmer is, he smiles and thinks with joy  
That lucky day he came that way to be a farmer's boy  
To be a farmer's boy

## Oats and Beans and Barley Grow

Collected from Daisy Wesley by Cecil Sharp, Aug 1909, Spaxton, Somerset  
[www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/2243](http://www.vwml.org/record/CJS2/10/2243)

Roud Number: 1380  
 Traditional



Oats and beans and barley grow  
 As you and I and anyone know  
 As you and I and anyone know  
 Oats and beans and barley grow

Waiting for a partner  
 Waiting for a partner  
 Open the way and take one in  
 Waiting for a partner

Thus the farmer sows his seed  
 Thus he stands and takes his ease  
 Stamps his foot and claps his hands  
 And turns him round to view the land

Now you're married you must obey  
 You must be true to all you say  
 You must be very kind and good  
 And help each other to chop the wood

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## **Teaching Notes:**

### ***Oats and Beans and Barley Grow***

A children's game that introduces three strands of traditional country life: crops, the farmer and the search for a suitable husband or wife.

Some crops use the soil up, and take their strength from nature or the manure the labourers spread every year after ploughing. Other crops put back goodness into the ground, and if they are planted in rotation keep the farm in good health. Often a field might lie fallow one year in four, growing clover.

The farmer in this song might be managing his workers by stamping his foot and clapping his hands. They had to be respectful, however they were treated, as there were always more workers who could be taken on in their place.

With so much hard work to be done in the days before washing machines and central heating, it was a good idea to marry well. Chopping firewood was a daily task, if you wanted to cook or stay warm. Finding someone who shared tasks cheerfully was a good idea.



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## Oats and Beans and Barley Grow

*Collected from Daisy Wesley by Cecil Sharp, Aug 1909, Spaxton, Somerset*

Roud Number: 1380

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As you and I and anyone know  
As you and I and anyone know  
Oats and beans and barley grow

Waiting for a partner  
Waiting for a partner  
Open the way and take one in  
Waiting for a partner

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Now you're married you must obey  
You must be true to all you say  
You must be very kind and good  
And help each other to chop the wood

## The Green Grass

Collected from Moses Mansfield by Clive Carey and Iolo Williams  
 30 Sept 1912, Haslemere, Surrey  
[www.vwml.org/record/CC/1/235](http://www.vwml.org/record/CC/1/235)

Roud Number: 169  
 Trad. arr. Bob Kenward



The sun is gone down and the sky it looks red  
 And down on my pillow where I lays my head  
 I lift up my eyes for to see those stars shine  
 And thoughts of my true love still runs in my mind

The sap is gone up and the trees they will flaw  
 We'll branch them all round, boys, and clap in the saw  
 We'll saw them asunder and tumble them down  
 And there we will flow them all on the cold ground

Our scythes we will handle and boldly will swing  
 Till the very next meeting that's now coming on  
 We'll cut down our grass, boys, and carry it away  
 We'll first call it green grass and then call it hay

Now haying is over and harvest draws near  
 We will send to the alehouse to brew some strong beer  
 We'll cut down the corn, boys, and roll it along  
 We'll take it to the barn, boys, to keep it from harm

Now harvest is over and winter's come on  
 We'll jump in the barn, boys, and thresh out some corn  
 Our flails we will handle and so boldly will swing  
 Till the very next meeting that's now coming on

There's a boy to his whip and a man to his plough  
 We will plough up the ground, boys, and throw in our corn  
 Here's a health to our master and ladies all round  
 Here's a health to the jolly ploughman that ploughs up the ground

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## Teaching Notes: The Green Grass

Harvest takes many forms: wood for buildings, carts and fuel; hay for the animals, corn for bread and for sale; all these have their place in the farming calendar.

*Green Grass* begins in the dormant season, moves through summer, through threshing time into ploughing and sowing. It shows that for the countryman the bringing in of one harvest is followed by the planting of the next.

The countryman cuts trees when the sap is dormant, as the wood is easier to saw. To 'clap in the saw' is possibly to secure the wood for a sawpit, or to clamp it to on a bench. 'Flow' is in the manuscript, 'tow' would make sense.

Haymaking comes at mid-summer, as the grass needs to be out in the sun for drying. Scything is hot and thirsty work. Probably the stooks of corn, once they have been collected, 'roll' along the farm tracks in a cart.

Weak beer was usually provided for the labourers. It was safer to drink than water as it had been boiled. Threshing out of the grain by flail was very tiring work. This song harks back to the days before threshing machines took over. By 1912 the flail was long obsolete, so the song illustrates how the old ways were remembered.

The manuscript text has been arranged here to suit, and the last verse has been reassembled. You can see the original [online](#).

### *Memory joggers for class activities*

- Which jobs on the farm are done in winter/ spring/ summer/ autumn? Are some seasons busier than others? Are workers needed all year round? What skills are needed?
- Which other jobs might grown ups have to do on the farm? Which jobs could be given to children?
- How long can you act out scything/ thrashing by hand before you start to ache?
- What tools would you use? How would you make them/ keep them in good order?
- If you were going to act out each verse to make the story, which actions would you choose?
- How many labourers are needed to cut an acre of hay? How long would it take?



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# The Green Grass

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And there we will flow them all on the cold ground

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We'll first call it green grass and then call it hay

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We will plough up the ground, boys, and throw in our corn  
Here's a health to our master and ladies all round  
Here's a health to the jolly ploughman that ploughs up the ground

## John Barleycorn

Collected from William Walton by Janet Blunt,  
Aug 1916, Adderbury, Oxfordshire  
[www.vwml.org/record/JHB/7/5](http://www.vwml.org/record/JHB/7/5)

Roud Number: 2141  
Trad. arr. Bob Kenward

John Bar-ley-corn is\_\_\_ a Hero bold, as a-ny in the land. His name is good; His  
7  
fame has stood, And will for a- ges stand. The whole wide wor-ld respects him now, No  
12  
mat- ter\_\_\_ friend or foe; Who e'er they be that makes too free, He's sure to lay them  
17  
low! Hey! John Bar - ley- corn! Ho! John Bar - ley- corn!  
22  
Old and young thy praise have sung! John Bar - ley - corn!

John Barleycorn is a hero bold

As any in the land

For ages good his fame has stood

And will for ages stand

The whole wide world respect him

No matter friend or foe

Whate'er they be that makes too free

He's sure to lay them low

Hey John Barleycorn

Ho John Barleycorn

Old and young thy praise is sung

John Barleycorn

Now see him in his pride of growth

His robes are rich and green

His head is speared with goodly beard

Fit knight to save a queen

And when the reaping time comes round

And John is stricken down

He yields his blood for England's good

And Englishmen's renown

The lord in courtly castle and

The squire in stately hall

The great of name, of birth and fame

On John for succour call

He bids the troubled heart rejoice

Gives warmth to natures cold

Makes weak men strong and old ones young

And all men brave and bold

Then shout for old John Barleycorn

Nor heed the luscious vine

I've not the mind much charm to find

In potent draughts of wine

Give me my native nut brown ale

All other drinks I scorn

True English cheer is English beer

Our own John Barleycorn

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## Teaching Notes: John Barleycorn

Most cultures have a celebration of harvest home, wherever they are in the world. The future is secure, at least for another year. Singing and dancing were features of harvest supper across England. Even as the nut-brown ale is being passed around, there is a lesson to be remembered.

Year by year *John Barleycorn* springs up again, matures and becomes a whiskered old man. So the generations pass, in a natural progression. His spirit lives on, however, for he brings joy and happiness even after his fall. The song suggests that all walks of life enjoyed his company, rich and poor... though the first verse carries its own warning as to what might happen to those who celebrate too freely. Some things never change - the songs tell us so.

In The Full English digital archive are alternative words to this tune - all favouring English ale rather than port or wine from the Continent. Of course, it was always a good idea to support your own team. There are many more songs in which Barleycorn's life is celebrated.

### *Memory joggers for class activities*

- How else could you quickly portray a natural life cycle?
- Which other ingredients do you need to make nut-brown ale?
- Where would you get them from?
- How would you celebrate harvest home- what else might you eat or drink?
- What kind of dance would be best for this sort of occasion?



# John Barleycorn

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Aug 1916, Adderbury, Oxfordshire  
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Roud Number 2141

John Barleycorn is a hero bold  
As any in the land  
For ages good his fame has stood  
And will for ages stand  
The whole wide world respect him  
No matter friend or foe  
Whate'er they be that makes too free  
He's sure to lay them low

Hey John Barleycorn  
Ho John Barleycorn  
Old and young thy praise is sung  
John Barleycorn

Now see him in his pride of growth  
His robes are rich and green  
His head is speared with goodly beard  
Fit knight to save a queen  
And when the reaping time comes round  
And John is stricken down  
He yields his blood for England's good  
And Englishmen's renown

The lord in courtly castle and  
The squire in stately hall  
The great of name, of birth and  
fame  
On John for succour call  
He bids the troubled heart rejoice  
Gives warmth to natures cold  
Makes weak men strong and old  
ones young  
And all men brave and bold

Then shout for old John Barleycorn  
Nor heed the luscious vine  
I've not the mind much charm to  
find  
In potent draughts of wine  
Give me my native nut brown ale  
All other drinks I scorn  
True English cheer is English beer  
Our own John Barleycorn

## The Hundred Haymakers

Collected from Priscilla Wyatt-Edgell by Sabine Baring Gould  
13 August 1920, Cowley Bridge, Devon  
[www.vwml.org/record/SBG/1/3/552](http://www.vwml.org/record/SBG/1/3/552)

Roud Number: 143  
Trad. arr. Bob Kenward

8 My one\_\_man My two\_\_men shall mow my field to gether My three\_\_men my four\_\_men shall

car-ry it out of the mea - dow My one, my two, my three, my four We won't have

14 more We'll mow my hay And flit 'un a-way And car-ry it out of the mea - dow

My one man, my two men  
Shall mow my field together  
My three men, my four men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow

*My seven men, my eight men  
Shall mow my field together  
My seven men, my eight men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow*

*My one, my two, my three, my four  
We won't have more  
We'll mow my hay  
And flit 'un away  
And carry it out of the meadow*

*My eight, my seven, my six, my five,  
my four, my three, my two, my one  
We won't have more etc....*

*My nine men, my ten men .... etc  
My ten, my nine, my eight.....my one....etc*

My fifth man, my sixth man  
Shall mow my field together  
My six men, my five men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow

*My eleven men, my twelve men....  
My twelve, eleven, my ten..... my one... etc*

*My six, my five, my four, my three,  
my two, my one  
We won't have more  
We'll mow my hay  
And flit 'un away  
And carry it out of the meadow*

*Continue up to 20 but double up like verse 1:  
My 13/14/15/16 then My 17/18/19/20*

*Then by 10s:  
My 30/40/50/60 then My 70/80/90/100*

*The last line in reverse is:  
My 100/90/80/70/60/50/40/30/20/19/18/17/16/15/14/13/12/  
11/ My 10/My 9/My 8/My 7/My 6/My 5/My 4/My 3/My 2/  
My 1 man ... we won't have more...*

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## **Teaching Notes:**

### ***The Hundred Haymakers***

When harvest came everyone went into the fields to help. Hay had to be cut and laid out to dry quickly. A few days' sunny weather made all the difference between good fodder and wet stacks which were liable to rot. Without fodder the farm's animals, the livestock and most importantly the horses and oxen might have a very lean winter.

Haymakers looked after the whole process of hay making. A team might consist of 3 of the strongest men scything, 3 turning the hay, 3 carting the hay, and others building the hay stacks. If there were 100 haymakers there would probably be 10 scythers who might conceivably cut 10 acres (a reasonable sized field) – but probably less.

Counting forwards and backwards in your head was very important. Money was measured in pounds, shillings and pence, though for most labourers' children it was halfpennies or farthings. Most of the work on the farm depended on measurements of one kind or another: you needed to know how many chains made a furlong. Tally sticks were used when harvest came. A notch showed that you had filled a basket with hops, for example. Children had to learn quickly how much they were owed.

You will notice that the singer did not always follow the number pattern in quite the same way, which keeps everyone on their toes!





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**Explore | Discover | Take Part**

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# The Hundred Haymakers

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*13 August 1920, Cowley Bridge, Devon*

*[www.vwml.org/record/SBG/1/3/552](http://www.vwml.org/record/SBG/1/3/552)*

Roud Number: 143

My one man, my two men  
Shall mow my field together  
My three men, my four men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow

*My one, my two, my three, my four  
We won't have more  
We'll mow my hay  
And flit 'un away  
And carry it out of the meadow*

My fifth man, my sixth man  
Shall mow my field together  
My six men, my five men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow

*My six, my five, my four, my three, my two, my one  
We won't have more  
We'll mow my hay  
And flit 'un away  
And carry it out of the meadow*

[Continued overleaf]



My seven men, my eight men  
Shall mow my field together  
My seven men, my eight men  
Shall carry it out of the meadow

*My eight, my seven, my six, my five, my four, my three, my two, my one  
We won't have more etc....*

My nine men, my ten men .... etc  
*My ten, my nine, my eight.....my one....etc*

My eleven men, my twelve men....  
*My twelve, eleven, my ten..... My one...etc*

Continue up to 20 but double up like verse 1:  
*My 13/14/15/16 then My 17/18/19/20*

Then by 10s:  
*My 30/40/50/60 then My 70/80/90/100*

The last line in reverse is:  
*My 100/90/80/70/60/50/40/30/20/19/18/17/16/15/14/13/12/11  
My 10/My 9/My 8/My 7/My 6/My 5/My 4/My 3/My 2  
My 1 man ... we won't have more...*

## Jim The Carter Lad

Words: Collected from Arthur Hawkins by Alfred Williams, Abington, Gloucestershire

[www.vwml.org/record/HHA16/1](http://www.vwml.org/record/HHA16/1)

Tune: taken from a popular version sung by Ron Spicer and Bob Lewis in Sussex

Roud Number: 1080

Trad. Arr. Bob Kenward

My name is Jim the car-ter a jol-ly cock am I I al-ways am con-

6 ten-ted be the wea-ther wet or dry I snap my fing-ers at the snow and

11 whi-stle at the rain I've braved the snow for ma-ny a day and can do so a-gain

17 Crack crack goes the whip, I whis-tle and I sing As I sit up-on my wag-gon I'm as

23 hap-py as a King My horse is al-ways will-ing and me I'm nev-er

28 sad There's none can lead a jol-l-ier life than Jim the car-ter lad

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## **Teaching Notes: Jim The Carter Lad**

The Carter was vital to carry everything into and out of the farm, as without him the harvest would not get to market, and no money would be made. His horse-drawn cart would bump along the country roads, and even a few miles might take most of the day because the ruts and mud were hard to drive through. Out of harvest season he might only make one trip a week. Everything the farm needed from town would have to be loaded on and brought back whatever the weather. Most carts had no protection from the weather, and it was a tough life. There was plenty of time to think and to view the changing seasons, though, unlike the way that we rush past the hedges and fields today. The carter would have heard larks singing, watched the hedgerows grow green and breathed in all the scents of the open countryside. But he could never take his mind off the reins... horses have minds of their own.

The verses and chorus of Jim The Carter Lad seem to have been popular enough to have spread quite widely without much alteration. The tune can vary: the most common version in the South of England is used here, from the singing of Ron Spicer, as Alfred Williams seems only to have collected words. The underlying sound seems to be that of hooves, so the 4:4 tune has been used here rather than the jig-time version in 6:8 which can be found in The Full English digital archive. The third verse is sometimes left out, and often the singer begins with the chorus to encourage his or her audience to sing along. This is a song where often adjustments to the rhythm of the notes are necessary to make the words fit - for example a crochet in verse 1 can be two quavers in a subsequent verse - however, the melody remains broadly the same.

### *Memory joggers for class activities*

- What could you load on a cart? How would you keep it from falling off?
- How would you carry grain/ vegetables/ fruit/ straw/ chickens to market?  
 Would all of them go?
- What would you need to bring in to the village/ farm on the return journey?
- How much could a horse pull? What would you feed it on? Where would you get it from?
- Is it best to use big wheels or small wheels on a cart? How would you steer it?
- What can you hear if you stand still outside for 5 minutes?
- Who does this job today? What do they use?
- How could you make this a modern song changing as few words as possible?
- How would you make a song memorable?
- For music teachers: arpeggios aplenty, chord-making and harmony...



*Photo: Carts, Rachel Elliott/Museum of Lincolnshire Life*

## Jim The Carter Lad

*Collected from Arthur Hawkins by Alfred Williams*

*Ablington, Gloucestershire*

*[www.vwml.org/record/HHA16/1](http://www.vwml.org/record/HHA16/1)*

Roud Number: 1080

My name is Jim the Carter, a jolly cock am I  
I always am contented, be the weather wet or dry  
I snap my fingers at the snow and whistle at the rain  
I've braved the snow for many a day and can do so again:

*Crack, crack goes my whip, I whistle and I sing  
As I sit upon my waggon, I'm as happy as a King  
My horse is always willing, and me, I'm never sad  
There's none can lead a jollier life than Jim the Carter Lad*

My father was a carrier, many years ere I was born  
He used to rise at daybreak, and go his rounds each morn  
He would often take me with him, especially in the spring  
And I loved to sit upon the cart, and hear my father sing:

I never think of politics or anything so great  
I care not for their high-bred talk about the church and state  
I act aright to man and man, and that's what makes me glad  
You'll find there beats an honest heart in Jim the Carter Lad:

The girls they all smile on me as I go riding past  
My horse is such a beauty and he jogs along so fast  
We've travelled many a weary mile, and happy times we've had  
For none could treat a horse so kind as Jim the Carter Lad:

So now I'll bid you all goodnight, 'twas time I was away  
I know my horse will weary if I much longer stay  
To see your smiling faces, it makes my heart feel glad  
So I hope you'll give your kind applause to Jim the Carter Lad



## **Bob Kenward**

Alongside a career in Primary Education, Bob has maintained a lifetime interest in English traditional music. He has developed folk song within the changing curriculum over many years, always emphasizing the pleasure of singing for its own sake. Bob is a singer and a songwriter, resident of the Tonbridge Folk Club and runs the popular Woodshed session during Broadstairs Folk Week

Bob's Teaching Notes for the Sing London national Singing Histories project are still available free online at:

<http://www.singlondon.org/loudandproud/wp-content/uploads/2011/06/SING-Teachersnotes.pdf>

These offer justification and a topic web for teachers interested in persuading school managers and parents that English traditional music forms a vital part of a balanced multicultural education.

Bob sees The Full English as an important step forward in bringing the melodies and lyrics of our shared heritage to fresh voices and new generations.



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