



Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men

Song Book



Celebrating the first 60 years of CRMM,
and including some fond memories

Published for the 60th Anniversary Ceilidh, 21st September 2013

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WELCOME

In 1953 the 'Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men' were officially formed (see p7)

Boxing Day 1955 then saw the first performance of The Steyning Tiptears play; on July 9th 1957 the side was elected to The Morris Ring; and 1975 saw the North West (clog) added to the team's dancing traditions – these are just some of the memorable dates in CRMM's remarkable history.

I wonder if the original members in 1953 would have assumed that 60 years later the side they had started would be still performing. I'm sure that they all wished that would be the case and hopefully the members in 2013 are worthy custodians of the standards and traditions they started all those years ago.

The side has not only been very proud of its dancing expertise but has often been praised for its individual and team singing (particularly after a few pints of Harvey's best ale). We have therefore decided as part of our celebrations of 60 continuous years to record in print just a selection of the team's most popular songs. These have been collected over the years, performed many times in many pubs by many of the men (past and present) all over the shores of our fair land.



Paul Setford had been their custodian for many years and the team has often used the copies he has provided as an aide-memoire.

Some of the songs are local to West Sussex and some are just the most popular folk songs and some have a great chorus that makes everyone just need to join in.

If you use this book, and it is designed to be used, please raise a glass to The

Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men past and present, and toast to our next 60 glorious years.

Mike Blossome, Squire 2013

OUR DRAGON

We have, over the years, had several 'additional characters', sometimes known as Mythical Beasts, joining us for some of our dancing. The one you may meet if he comes out to play, is Georgian, our dragon. If during the course of one of our performances you are confronted by him, you are strongly advised to appease his hunger by feeding him coins of the realm. He is particularly fond of the little gold ones and has even been known to swallow the Euro, which is more than can be said for the rest of us.

Unfortunately, as you may notice, we have not so far been able to cure him of the bad habit of eating children in the audience...



Paul Setford says "Our dragon Georgian was originally made out of chicken wire and loo paper by students at evening classes in Worthing. He's had several makeovers since then, each brighter and better than the last, and still appears regularly at our shows."



CRMM's 60th ANNIVERSARY 1953-2013

It all started in 1952. The Shoreham Country Dance Club had become well known in Sussex and it was in 1952 that members Geoffrey Biggs and Paul Plumb started a 'Morris Group' as a number of men were keen to try it.

In 1953, the early morning May Day celebrations in Shoreham were country dance and morris displays, processions, knocking-up local citizens, and breakfast! The suggested itinerary for the 1st May celebrations was to start at 6.30 and dance through the streets followed by breakfast. The 'First of May' plans were actually postponed due to exceptional heavy rain, so it took place the following Wednesday evening, 6th May.



Then, in addition to regular outings around Sussex, the Shoreham Country Dance Club and the Morris Group went to Holstein in Germany from 1 - 8 August 1953, where they met folk dancers from all over Europe, and gave demonstrations of English folk dances.

In was in September 1953 that the 'Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men' (CRMM) were formed as a separate club. The name had already been chosen by Geoffrey and Paul on their way back from a Royal Albert Hall Festival Folk Festival in London in January 1953.

At first, CRMM had the men from the Shoreham club as its core membership, and a close connection between the Shoreham Country Dance Club and CRMM continued.

In 1954 May Day celebrations started at 6.15am to the call of a hunting horn in Ham Road Shoreham, where over 30 members of the Shoreham Country Dance club and CRMM met up and danced through the streets. As the 1st May was a Saturday, celebrations continued through the day with a tour of local villages including Fulking. Not only was a Times photographer there (below), but also television cameras, and film of 'Chancs' men dancing was shown on BBC's 'Newsreel' on 3rd May 1954.

Sean Goddard says, "The first time I saw Chanctonbury dance was in 1967, when I was five years old. Chanctonbury held a Ring Meeting, and I remember being taken down to the Royal Pavilion on the Saturday afternoon by my mum, where we met my dad who was then working at the Lyon's Tea Shop in the Old Steine and had come across to watch also. Cannot remember that much about the performance except that I was pushed through a huge crowd to the front to watch. The following day, we again went down and watched the procession of dancers from St. Peter's Church down to the Pavilion Gardens, and then watched yet another display!"

Below: CRMM at the Shepherd & Dog at Fulking in the Times in 1953



Below: CRMM re-enacted the Times old photo at the Shepherd & Dog at Fulking at its Anniversary in 2003 and again (bottom) in 2009. The old horse 'Willey' was borrowed from the Marlipins Museum in Shoreham and 'ridden' by John Goddard, one of the early members of 'Chancs'; and Gavin (right of Willey in the large photo) even recreated the 'man-woman' played by Mike Nash in 1953 below



INTRODUCTION

The Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men. That's quite a mouthful to say, so we're often referred to simply as CRMM or 'Chancs'.

So who are the Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men? We are an all-male Morris dancing 'side' based in central Sussex. We were formed in Shoreham way back in 1953. We dance mainly Cotswold, but we also have a strong North West side ('Clog'), with many men dancing both styles.

We are named after the famous landmark near Steyning in West Sussex- Chanctonbury Ring- a circle of trees on the top of the South Downs planted in 1760. Our 'territory' is central Sussex but we tend to avoid Brighton and Hove city, which is very well covered by our friends Brighton Morris Men.



Chanctonbury Ring is a familiar landmark to Sussex people - which is hardly surprising as it can be seen from more than thirty miles away. Nearly 800 feet high, the ring was the site of an Iron Age hill fort, and in Roman times a temple was built on the hill.

Many legends are attached to the Ring. Its origins are said to derive from Satan's labours in digging Devil's Dyke. Chanctonbury was one of the clods of earth thrown up as he attempted to dig a channel through the Downs to drown the Weald.

Another tale is told that anyone running 'widdershins' seven times around Chanctonbury Ring on May Eve, while Steyning church clock chimes midnight will raise the Devil, who will proffer a bowl of stone soup. However, since the Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men took to dancing on the top of the hill, (now at a more acceptable 7am), sightings of the satanic apparition have become a rarity. Could it be that our musicians drown out the sound of the clock.

A-ROVING (traditional)

At number three Old England Square, Mark well what I do say!
At number three Old England Square, Miss Nancy Dawson she lived there.
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.
A-roving, a-roving, Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk,
And we had such a loving talk.

Chorus

I put my arm around her waist,
She said young man you're in great haste.

Chorus

I put my hand upon her knee,
She said young man you're rather free.

Chorus

I put my hand upon her thigh,
She said young man you're much too high.

Chorus

I took her out and spent my pay,
And then that girl just vanished away.

This was a great favourite of 'Old Harry' Mousdell in the good old days before he went off to help start Broadwood Morris Men.



ALE, ALE, GLORIOUS ALE

(traditional)

When I was a young man my father did say,
Summer is coming, it's time to make hay.
Now when hay is carted, don't you never fail
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale.

Ale, ale, glorious ale, served up in pewter
It tells its own tale.

Some folks like radishes, some curly kale.
But give I boiled parsnips, and a gurt dish of taters,
And a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale

Our MP's in Parliament our faith for to keep
I hope now we've put him there he won't sit and sleep
He'll always get my vote if he never fails
To bring down the price of Old England's good ale

Chorus

Now take all teetotalers what drinks water neat
It must rot their gutses and give 'em damp feet.
But the young men of England, why, they'll never fail
On boiled beef and bacon and a pint of good ale.

Chorus

Paul Setford says 'We got this song from Roy Dommett, a great morris researcher and teacher, who enjoyed his beer, sang loudly, and snored for England'.



BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
A letter of marque came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew

Chorus

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

Chorus

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus

On the 96th day we sailed again,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

Chorus

The Yankee lay low down with gold,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Chorus

More...

Then at length we stood two cables away,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
Chorus

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the maintruck carried off both me legs
Chorus

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday
Chorus

Ian Bush says "Although it sounds old, 'Barrett's Privateers' was written only 30 or so years ago. It's about the Canadians cashing in on the American war of independence. A Letter of Marque and Retribution could be granted by the King of England to Canadian privateers to raid the American ships and liberate them of their gold thus hampering the war effort and making easy money as most of their American cargo vessels were either lightly or unarmed."





CLAUDY BANKS

(Copper family)

'Twas on one Summer's evening all in the month of May
Down by some flowery garden where Betsy she did stray,
I overheard a damsel in sorrow to complain
All for her absent lover that ploughs the raging main.

I stepped up to this fair maid and put her in surprise
I own she did not know me, I being all in disguise,
I said My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,
How far have you to travel this dark and rainy night.

Away, kind sir, to the Claudy Banks, if you will please to show,
Pity a poor girl distracted, it's there I have to go,
I am in search of a young man and Johnny is his name,
And on the Banks of Claudy I'm told he do remain.

If Johnny he was here this night he'd keep me from all harm,
But he's cruising the wide ocean in tempest and in storm.
He's cruising the wide ocean for honour and for fame
And I'm told his ship got wrecked all on the coast of Spain.

When Betsy heard this dreadful news she fell into despair
In a-wringing of her hands and a-tearing of her hair.
Since Johnny's gone and left me no man on earth I'll take,
Down in some lonesome valley I'll wander for his sake.

Young Johnny hearing her say so he could no longer stand,
He fell into her arms crying Betsy I'm the man.
I am that faithful young man and who you thought was slain
And since we've met on Claudy Banks we'll never part again.

John Goddard says "When I first joined Chanctonbury in 1955, practices were held in Trafalgar Street, Brighton. I was living in Twineham at the time, so I cycled the 5 miles along to Hassocks Station, where I caught the train down to Brighton with my friend Bill Horton who then lived in Burgess Hill. Of course, after practice, we had to do the return journey!"

COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

(traditional)

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided,
And they decided to have another flagon.

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl Until it doth run over
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl Until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merrily be
For tonight we'll merrily be
For tonight we'll merrily be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.



Here's to the man who drinks water
clear
And goes to bed quite sober.
He falls as the leaves do fall
Early in October

Chorus

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale
And goes to bed quite mellow.
He lives as he ought to live
And dies a jolly fine fellow.

Chorus

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss
And runs and tells her mother
She is a foolish, foolish thing,
She'll never get another

Chorus

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss
And goes back for another.
She is a boon to all mankind
And she'll soon be a mother

COME WRITE ME DOWN

(Copper family)

Come write me down ye powers above,
The man that first created love.

For I've a diamond in my eye
Where all my joys and comforts lie.
Where all my joys and comforts lie.

I'll give you gold, I'll give you pearl,
If you can fancy me dear girl
Rich costly robes that you shall wear
If you can fancy me, my dear.
If you can fancy me, my dear.

'Tis not your gold shall me entice,
To leave off pleasures to be a wife.
For I don't mean or intend at all
To be at any young man's call.
To be at any young man's call.

Then go your way you scornful dame,
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same.
For I don't care and I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind.
Some other fair maid to my mind

Oh stay young man, don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time you'll waste.
Let reason rule your roving mind
And unto you I will prove kind
And unto you I will prove kind

So to church they went the very next day,
And were married by asking as I've heard say.
And now that girl she is his wife,
She'll prove his comfort day and night.
She'll prove his comfort day and night.

COUNTRY LIFE

(traditional)

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the leyland
 And Hurrah for the life of a country boy
 And to ramble in the new mown hay.

In Spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons around do go
But of all the times to chose I may
Go rambling in the new mown hay.

Chorus

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and we ditch our times away
But in the Summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay.

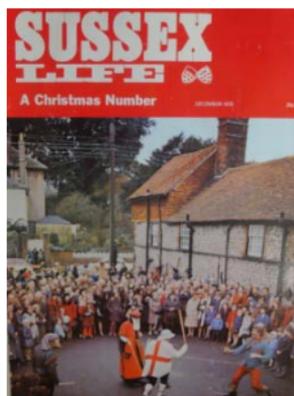
Chorus

A reminder of the day we helped Johnny Rotten make the famous Country Life Butter advert. The ad was rubbished by the press but Country Life reported a significant increase in sales!



SCRAPBOOK 1953-1974





DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

(traditional)

Drink round brave boys and never give o'er,
Drink round brave boys as I have said before.
Old Boney he has sent us a fresh reply
He swears that he will come and drink old England dry.
 Dry, dry, dry boys dry,
 He swears that he will come
 And drink old England dry.

Oft times, oft times old Boney he has said
If England would receive him no taxes would be paid.
We'd rather not believe him for fear that he should lie,
Should play the knave and come and drink old England dry.
 Chorus

'Twas Collingwood of high renown
Swore he'd fight for his King, his Country and his Crown.
His Crown, King and Country: he'd fight until he die
Before that they should come and drink old England dry.
 Chorus

If we meet with his ships all on the high sea,
Ten thousand to one that we shall not agree.
The cannons they will rattle and the bullets swiftly fly
Before that they should come and drink old England dry.
 Chorus

This was a song popular with traditional singers, and originally composed as a propaganda song against French republicanism.

THE ECHOING HORN

(From George Townsend of Lewes)

The glittering dewdrops that sparkle in the morn,
The glittering dewdrops that sparkle in the morn,
Oh the bright shining dewdrops,
Oh the bright shining dewdrops,
Oh the bright shining dewdrops that sparkle in the morn.

Oh echo, bright echo, the echoing horn:
Oh echo, bright echo, the echoing horn.
As she skims through the dew
On a bright shining morn,
We will follow the hounds with an echoing horn:
How sweet it is to follow the echoing horn.

All nature's so charming, so pleasant is the morn.
We will all join together at the sound of the horn.

Chorus

When puss rose from cover, 'twas early in the morn.
Oh how sweet it is to follow at the sound of the horn.

Chorus

Sean Goddard says "George Townsend lived in Lewes, but was born a few miles away at East Chilton in 1882. His parents were publicans at the Jolly Sportsman, and later at the Half Moon in Plumpton. George's family knew the Coppers from Rottingdean well - perhaps that explains how the Coppers knew so many of the Townsend's songs or is it vice versa? Chanctonbury danced regularly at these pubs! George didn't follow the family business, but worked on the railway for most of his life. Like Chanctonbury, he was a guest at the First Horsham Folk Festival in 1961. He started playing the melodeon at age eleven, but gave up!"

Paul Setford says "This is a rare Sussex song. Some of us were privileged to hear George sing it at a Folk Festival in Horsham in 1962. He was 80 at the time and still in good voice. He had learned the song from his father as a boy. People forget that hare hunting using beagle hounds was in some ways more popular than fox hunting among ordinary country folk. The huntsmen and the public followed the hunt on foot and the skill was to predict which way the hare and hounds would run. In the 1960s the hounds used to meet at the Marquis of Granby at Sompting on Boxing Day morning. CRMM used to dance and perform the Steyning Tiptees Play once the hounds had moved off across the Upper Brighton Road (A27)"



FATHOM THE BOWL

(traditional)

Come all ye bold heroes, give an ear to my song
And I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum.
There's a clear crystal fountain near England do roll,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we do get brandy,
from Jamaica comes rum.
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.
But stout and strong cider are England's control.

Chorus

My wife she do disturb me
when I'm laid at my ease,
She does as she likes and she says as she please.
My wife she's a devil, she's black as the coal.

Chorus

My father he do lie
in the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head, but what matters to he.
There's a clear crystal fountain near England do roll,

Chorus

Sean Goddard says "This really is an old Sussex Song. A version collected by the Rev John Broadwood appears in the first book dedicated solely to Sussex Songs in 1843. My family all come from Sussex, and whenever I hear this song, I have visions of my farm labourer ancestors sitting in a beer-house after a hard day's toil, just singing songs like this".

Ian bush says "Fathom the Bowl is the second song I sang in public, the first being Dido Bendigo. It was at the end of my first Whit Tour in 2005. We were in the local pub tired and a little worse for wear. I spent all evening plucking up enough courage to do it. It was just before last orders so I thought now or never. I've been abusing people's ears ever since!"



FLASH COMPANY

(Walter Pardon of Norfolk)

Once I loved a young girl as I loved my life,
And to keep her in flash company has ruined my life
Has ruined my life like a great many more,
And if it hadn't a-been for flash company
I should never have been so poor.

So its take the yellow handkerchief in remembrance of me.
Tie it round your neck my love, in flash company.
Flash company my boys, like a great many more,
And if it hadn't been for flash company
I should never have been so poor.

Once I had a colour as red as a rose
Now I'm as pale as the lily that blows.
Like a flower in the garden with all my colour gone,
Don't you see what I am coming to
From loving this one.

Chorus

Now a-fiddling and a-dancing was all my delight,
And to keep her in flash company has ruined my life
Has ruined my life like a great many more,
If it hadn't a-been for flash company
I should never have been so poor.

Chorus

Touring Exmouth in 1975. Note that in those days, Chancs had the black breeches





GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH

(traditional - Sussex and Surrey) Also known as 'The Farmer's Anthem'

Come all jolly fellows who delight in being mellow

Attend unto me, I beseech you

For a pint when it's quiet, come lads let us try it

Dull thinking will drive a man crazy

I have lawns, I have bowers,

I have fields, I have flowers,

And the lark is my morning alarmer;

Come jolly boys, now,

Here's God Speed the Plough,

Long life and success to the farmer

Now come sit at my table all you who are able,

And I'll not hear one word of complaining

For the tinkling of glasses all music surpasses

And I long to hear bottles a-draining.

Chorus

For here I am king, I can laugh, drink, and sing

And let no man appear as a stranger

Just show me the ass who refuses a glass

And I'll treat him to hay in the manger

Chorus

May the wealthy and great roll in splendour and state

I envy them not, I declare it

For I eat my own ham, my own chicken and lamb

And I shear my own sheep and I wear it

Chorus

John Goddard says "The first time I came across the Bampton dance The Flowers of Edinburgh was on a day tour in 1955 to celebrate the 21st birthday of the Morris Ring. During a lull in the afternoon Geoff Biggs encouraged a Chanctonbury side up to practise the dance saying, 'it's a good one, this!'. Ask any morris man to perform it and you get a groan! It is a good dance!"

Paul Setford says "This reminds me of the time we turned up at the Jolly Sportsman, Goddards Green to find a gent in the bar who introduced himself as the MP for Edinburgh Central. We danced Highland Mary and Flowers of Edinburgh, and he then paid for drinks all round for the rest of the evening. There was some very cautious driving on the way home and it was reported that Bill Horton (nearly?) fell off his bike several times on his way to Burgess Hill".



GOOD ALE

(Copper family)

It's of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling.
I like my cup filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you care to bring.

O good ale, you are my darling.
You are my joy both night and morning.

It's you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew
And better than one pint I like two.

Chorus

I love you in the early morn,
I love you daylight dark or dawn,
And when I'm weary, worn or spent
It's turn the tap and ease the vent.

Chorus

It's you that makes my friends my foes,
It's you that makes me wear old clothes.
But since you come so near my nose,
It's up you comes and down you goes.

Chorus

And if all my friends from Adam's race
Were to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one fear
Before I'd part from my good beer.

Chorus

And if my wife should me despise
How soon I'd give her two black eyes.
But if she loved me as I love thee
What a happy couple we should be.

Chorus

More....

You've caused me debts and I've often swore
I never would drink strong ale no more.
But you for all that I forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.

Chorus

Paul Setford says "We learned this song from Bob Copper who always made us welcome. It's always a favourite as it largely matched our sentiments – although you do have to careful how you sing verse 6"



GREEN GROW THE RUSHES O

(traditional Cumulative song)

First Verse

I'll sing you one, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
What is your one, O?
 One is one and all alone
 And evermore shall be so.

Last Verse

I'll sing you twelve, O!
Green grow the rushes O!
What are your twelve O?
Twelve for the twelve apostles,
Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven and
Ten for the ten commandments.
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the April rainers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky and
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door and
Four for the Gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals.
Two, two the lilywhite boys
Clothed all in green o, o,
 One is one and all alone
 And evermore shall be so



Paul Setford says "This song used to be extremely popular when we reached the last pub on a tour. Despite its religious origins, our performance could never be described as sober as we sang loudly and performed all the relevant actions with great vigour."

HAL-AN-TOW

(traditional Cornish)

Bear the scorn to wear the horn
It was the crest when you were born
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too



Hal-an-tow, Jolly rumble-O.
We were up long before the day-O
To welcome in the Summer,
To welcome in the May-O,
For summer is a-coming in,
And winter's gone away-O

What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-O,
They shall eat the feathered goose,
And we shall eat the roast-O.

Chorus

Robin Hood and Little John
Are both gone to the fair-O,
And we will to the merry green woods
To hunt the buck and hare-O.

Chorus

God bless Aunt Mary Moses
And all her power and might-O.
And send us peace to England,
Peace by day and night-O

Chorus

Sean Goddard says "Traditionally sung by the townsfolk of Helston, Cornwall when they process into the greenwoods to collect flowers and branches for the Furry dance: accompanied by Robin Hood, Maid Marion and a dragon. What fun they must have. It was regularly sung by Jim Hoare when Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men and the Shoreham Country Dance Club celebrated May Morning in Shoreham. Jim would sing it while we were all having breakfast up in St Mary's Church Hall, and during the Hal-an'-tow, everyone would stamp their feet on the floor and bang the table with their fists, or tea-cups. Now, it's the song that is sung up on Chanctonbury Ring on May Morning".



JONES'S ALE

(Jim Phillips of Headington Quarry MM)

There were five jovial fellows came over the hills together,
Came over the hills together to join in the jovial crew,
And they called for their pints of beer
And bottles of sherry
To help them over the hills so merry
To help them over the hills so merry
 When Jones's ale was new my boys
 When Jones's ale was new.

The first to come in was a dyer
And he sat himself down by the fire,
He sat himself down by the fire
To join the jovial crew.
And the landlady told him to his face
The chimney corner was his own place
For there he could sit and dye his old face
 When Jones's ale was new my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.



The next to come in was a tinker
And he was no small beer drinker
And he was no small beer drinker
To join the jovial crew.
Have you any old pots or pans or
kettles?
My rivets are made of the very best
metals
And all your things I put in good fettle.
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

The next to come in was a hatter
And no man there was fatter.
And no man there was fatter
Amongst that jovial crew.

more.....

He flung his old hat upon the ground
And swore every man should put in a crown
For that would pay for drinks all round
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

The next to come in was a mason
And his hammer it needed refacing,
His hammer it needed refacing
And he joined the jovial crew.
And he flung his old hammer against the wall
And prayed all the churches and chapels might fall
For that would mean work for masons all
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

The last to come in was a soldier
With his firelock over his shoulder
With his firelock over his shoulder
To join the jovial crew.
And the landlady's daughter she came in,
And he kissed her between the nose and the chin,
And the pints of beer came rolling in
 When Jones's ale was new my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.



PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

(traditional)

'Twas pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn,
When the fields and the meadows were covered in corn.
The blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray,
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.

A sailor and his true love were a-walking one day;
Said the sailor to his true love: "I am bound far away.
I'm bound for the Indies where the loud cannons roar.
I must go and leave you Nancy, you're the girl I adore".

Chorus

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying "Take this dearest William, and my heart will go too".
And as he embraced her, tears from her eyes fell.
Saying "May I go along with you?" "O no my love farewell".

Chorus

"Fare ye well my dearest Nancy, I can no longer stay
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchor's a-weigh.
Our ship she lies waiting for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride"

Chorus

Sean Goddard says, "the chorus becomes 'and the larks they played melodeons!'"



LAST SHANTY

(Words & Music by Tom Lewis)

M' father often told me, when I was just a lad,
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad,
But now I've joined the navy, I'm on board a man-o-war,
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more!

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,
If you see a sailing-ship it might be your last,
Get your 'civvies ready for another run-ashore,
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

The 'killick' of our mess, he says we've had it soft,
It wasn't like this in his day, when he was up aloft,
We like our bunks and sleeping-bags but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead or lying on the floor?

Chorus

They gave us an engine that first went up and down,
Then with more technology the engine went around,
We're good with steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more!

Chorus

They gave us an Aldiss Lamp, we can do it right,
They gave us a radio, we signal day and night,
We know our codes and ciphers but what's a 'sema' for?
A 'bunting-tosser' doesn't toss the bunting any more!

Chorus

They gave us a radar set to pierce the fog and gloom,
So now the lookout's sitting in a tiny darkened room,
Loran does navigation, the Sonar says how deep,
The Jimmy's 3 sheets to the wind, the Skipper's fast asleep.

Chorus

Two cans of beer a day, that's your bleeding lot!
But now we gets an extra two because they stopped The Tot
So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore,
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before.

Chorus

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG

(traditional)

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,

And we'll all hang on behind!

So we'll roll the old chariot along!

And we'll roll the old chariot along!

Oh we'll roll the old chariot along!

And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,

Oh a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm

Oh a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm

Oh a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm

Oh a night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm



SCRAPBOOK 1974- 1993





ROLLING HOME

(Words & music by John Tams)

Round goes the wheel of fortune. Don't be afraid to ride.
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty; You'll never need to roam.

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.
Rolling home, when we go rolling home, when we go
Rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home.

And the gentry in their fine array, do prosper night and morn,
While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn.
The rich may steal the power, but the glory's all ours alone

Chorus

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair.
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare.
Stand true and stand together, your labour is your own

Chorus

The frost lies on the hedgerows, and the icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow.
Our dreams fly up to glory - up where the larks have flown,

Chorus

So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free.
Here's a health to every labourer, wherever they may be.
Fair wages now and ever; let's reap what we have sown,

Chorus



THE METHODIST PARSON or PREACHING FOR BACON

(As sung by Jim Hoare, his father and grandfather)

I knowed an old fellow whose name it was George,
A cheerful old devil who worked at the forge;
A Methodist gent was George's friend,
Who often came round to the forge for to mend*.

Sing dang your old body, come fal la la laddy,
Sing dang your old body, come fal la la lay.

One day he came round and he looked rather sly,
And George in his pocket did cast a quick eye;
He saw something in there wrapped up in a rag,
And said, "My old friend, what have you in your bag?"

Chorus

Oh, quick replied he "It's the most holy word,
The most sacred of Bibles as sent by the Lord;
For when I'm not preaching I dursn't be idle,
And I takes a delight in a-reading my Bible."

Chorus

Then fetch out the Bible" the old man he cried,
"Or else by the devil, I'll Bible thy hide.
I'll Bible thy hide as thou'st worst in thy life,
For the Bible's some bacon you stole from my wife."

Chorus

Then a-shivering and a-shaking he quickly pulled out
A great lump of bacon wrapped up in a clout**;
Then off he did run, for he dursn't be idle,
And ever since then he has preached without Bible.

Chorus

Now all you young men who would lead joyful lives,
I pray you look after your bacon and wives;
For these Methodist gentry are not at all shaken,
And they'll preach like the devil where there's plenty of bacon.

Chorus

* *put the world to rights*

** *cloth*

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

(traditional)

In South Australia I was born!

Heave away! Haul away!

In South Australia 'round Cape Horn!

We're bound for South Australia!

Haul away, you rolling king,

Heave away! Haul away!

Haul away! Oh, hear me sing,

We're bound for South Australia!

As I walked out one morning fair,

T'was there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

Chorus

I shook her up, I shook her down,

I shook her 'round and 'round the town.

Chorus

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind,

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

Chorus

And as we wallop around Cape Horn,

You'll wish to God you'd never been born.

Chorus

I wish I was on Australia's strand

With a bottle of whisky in my hand

Chorus





SPORTSMEN AROUSE

(Copper family)

Sportsmen arouse the morning is clear,
The larks are singing all in the air.
Go and tell your sweet lover the hounds are out,
Saddle your horses, your saddles prepare,
We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare.

We searched the woods, the groves all round,
The trial being over, the game is found,
Then off she springs through brake she flies,
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

The huntsman blows his joyful sound,
Tally ho, my boys, all over the downs.
From the woods to the valleys see how she creeps,
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.

All along the green turf she pants for breath,
The huntsman he cries out for death.
Elope, elope, retiring hare.
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.

This hare has led us a noble run,
Success to sportsmen every one,
Such a chase she has led us, four hours or more,
Wine and beer we'll drink without fear,
We'll drink a success to the innocent hare.

THE MAN WHO WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

(Paddy Ryan)

I am the man, the very fat man, who waters the workers' beer.
I am the man, the very fat man, who waters the workers' beer.
Oh, what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer,
I've a car, a yacht and an aeroplane,
And I water the workers' beer.

Now when I water the workers' beer, I put in some strychnine,
Some methylated spirit, and a quart of paraffin.
Now such a brew is awfully strong,
It would make them terribly queer,
So I reaches my hand for the watering can,
And I water the workers' beer.

Chorus

Now a pint of beer is good for a man, when he's tired and thirsty and hot.
And I've been known to take a drop, from a very special pot.
But a fit and healthy working class is something I most fear,
So I reaches for my watering can,
And I water the workers' beer.

Chorus

Now ladies fair, beyond compare, be ye maiden, girl or wife,
Spare a thought for a man like me, who leads such a wandering life.
For the water rates are terribly high, and the paraffin's awfully dear.
And there's not the profit there used to be
In watering the workers' beer.

Chorus



THE SUSSEX TOAST

(George Belton of Madehurst)

I have drunk one and I will drink two,
Here sits one who'll drink as much as you
For he's been and done as the rest have done
Him and his good companions

I have drunk two and I will drink three
Here sits one who'll drink as much as me
Chorus

I have drunk three and I will drink four
Here sits one who'll drink double his score
Chorus

I have drunk four and I will drink five
Here sits one who'll drink with anyone alive
Chorus

I have drunk five and I will drink six
Here sits one in a right old fix
Chorus

I have drunk six and I will drink seven
Here sits one who thinks he's going up to heaven
Chorus

I have drunk seven and I will drink eight
Here sits one who'll drink double his weight
Chorus

I have drunk eight and I will drink nine
Here sits one who'll drink you all out of time
Chorus

I have drunk nine and I will drink ten
Now I think it's my turn to drink again
Chorus

Paul Setford says "George Belton was a typical old style farm labourer. He started as a carter and moved on to general work when the tractor arrived. He had a wide repertoire of songs which he added to whenever he came across one that he fancied. The Sussex Toast came from the Sussex/Surrey border area and Chancs often used it to finish off a pub sing song."



Sean Goddard says "Our badge was designed and each individually made by the first bagman, Ian Scott-Walker. After he left the area, the mantle was taken up by Rosemary Playll for the next 25 years or so. Now, they are all computer generated. Those with keen eye-sight will see on page 40, will spy at least

one member wearing a strange badge - the University of Sussex. In the 1967, Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men, with Paul Setford teaching, started a side at the University, and for many years both sides co-existed with many men 'graduating' from the University side to Chanctonbury: men such as Ed Bassford, John Samuels and Sean Goddard. The University side metamorphosed itself into our good neighbours, The Brighton Morris Men in the 1980s"

TO BE A FARMER'S BOY

(traditional)

The sun had set behind the hill, when across the dreary moor
Weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door.
"Can you tell me if any there be that would give to me employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy."

"My father's dead, my mother's left
With five children large and small;
And what is worse, my mother says,
I'm the eldest of them all.
Though little I be, I would work hard
If you would me employ,

"And if that you no boy do want,
One favour I would ask,
Shelter me 'til break of day,
From this cold night's wintry blast.
At break of day I will haste away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,

The farmer's wife cried, "Try the lad.
Let him no longer seek."
"Yes, father do", the daughter cried
As the tears ran down her cheek
"For those who would work, 'tis hard for to want
And to wander for employ,

The farmer's boy grew up a man;
The good old couple died,
Leaving the lad the farm they had
And their daughter for his bride.
The boy that was, a man now is
And oft times he thinks with joy
And he blesses the day he came that way
To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

Sean Goddard says "Albert Richardson (1905-1976) from Burwash recorded 'Farmers Boy' for the Zonophone record company in 1931. Yes, one of those old 78's! On the reverse side was the music hall song, 'Sarey'. Four years earlier he had recorded the other folk classic songs, The Old Sow and Buttercup Joe. Rumour has it that Albert was a life time supporter of Brighton and Hove Albion. C'mon you seagulls!"



THOUSANDS OR MORE

(Copper family)

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
Since we learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.
 Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away:
 Since we learnt a new act to dry sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe arises high up in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye.

Chorus

If you ask for my credit, you'll find I have none.
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.

Chorus

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor,
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more.

Chorus

Below: CRMM have been dancing North West (clog) at the world famous Lewes bonfire parade on November 5th since 1979. The dancers can't really hear the music, so just dance to the drum beat.



TWANKY DILLO

(Copper family et al)

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows

Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows

Which makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall

There's the old Cole and the young Cole

And the Old Cole of all.

Twanky dillo, twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo,

And the roaring pair of blowpipes

Made from the green willow.

If a gentleman comes with his horse to be shoed

He will make no denial of one pot or two.

Chorus

Here's a health to that pretty girl, the one I love best

Who kindles a fire all in her own breast.

Chorus

And if I should get hold of that old shepherd's horse

I will cut off his tail right up to his harness.

Chorus

And if I should get hold of that old shepherd wife

I will make him a cuckold for the rest of his life

Chorus

Here's a health to our Queen and long may she reign

And to all the Royal Family wherever they're seen.

Chorus

Green willow, green willow,

Green willow, willow, willow, willow

And the roaring pair of blowpipes

Made from the green willow

Doug Parrott recalls "On a weekend tour of the Yorkshire Dales, we stopped at a pub in Appletreewick. Oddly in those days it was a no-smoking pub, so I sat on a wall for a smoke, and leaned back - and fell about 10 feet down amongst the sheep! I looked up to see the team laughing at me. I wasn't hurt, probably because of several pints of Black Sheep Rigwelter.."

SCRAPBOOK 1993-2003



Above: Mike Stevens says "This is July 1993. Having moved away to Spalding in 1982, I returned for a Chancs weekend with my new side, Peterborough Morris. I took this pic at Brighton Marina – with my son, Sam, at the front right of the picture".

Below left: Cliff Marchant was elected Squire of the Morris Ring 2002-2004.





Bottom: The 50th Anniversary celebration was a formal dinner! Have you seen other Scrapbook photos on our Photo Gallery on www.crrm.org.uk? Check it out!



THEY DON'T DO IT NOW

On the very day I was born, my dad so proud was he
He pushed the pram throughout the town, for all the girls to see
The girls would gather round, and my dad he would allow
For all the girls to kiss me cheeks, but they don't do it now

No they don't do it now
No they don't do it now
For all the girls to kiss me cheek
But they don't do it now

When I was just a babe in arms, how they would laugh with glee
They would rub my little tummy, and sit me on their knee
They would rub my little tummy, til the sweat ran off me brow
And they would tickle me in funny spots but they don't do it now

No they don't do it now
No they don't do it now
They would tickle me in funny spots
But they don't do it now

When I was a toddler, they would walk me on a strap
They would let me kick a ball about, and then give me a clap
They'd chase me and catch me, they would cuddle me and how,
They would roll with me upon the ground, but they daren't do it now

No they don't do it now
No they don't do it now
They would roll with me upon the ground,
But they daren't do it now

We used to go a swimming, when the weather it was mild
We'd splash about in the water, just like little fish a wild
We'd splash about in the water, shone like beads upon my brow
And they'd rub me down all over, but they don't do it now

No they don't do it now
No they don't do it now
They'd rub me down all over,
But they don't do it now

More..

And now I'm a young man, I'm tired of the single life
So I've turned up here tonight, to look out for a wife
My job it is breeding pigs, likewise big fat old sows
So there's lots of pork and stuffing, for the girl who'll have me now
For the girl who'll have me now
For the girl who'll have me now
There's lots of pork and stuffing,
For the girl who'll have me now

Doug Parrott who sent in this song says "Heading back to a coach after a pub lunch on a weekend tour, it was really windy so I shouted "look out for your hats" - as mine took off and landed in a stream over a high wall. I was up to my knees in the stream, complete with bell-pads, but then couldn't climb back up the high wall. The coach driver was not amused!"



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11 January 2013 Last updated at 15:44

Week in pictures: 5-11 January 2013



The Chantebury Ring Morris Men perform a traditional dance during the Apple Howling ceremony at Old Mill Farm in Bolney, West Sussex, England. In this ancient ritual villagers surround the orchard and target trees in the orchard and evil spirits are driven out and good spirits are encouraged to produce a bountiful apple crop for the following year's cider drink.



THE WASSAIL SONG

(Traditional)

Wassail and wassail all over the town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our cup it is made of the fine ashen tree
Likewise our malt of the best barley.

And it's your wassail, and its our wassail,

And it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.

O master and missus, are you both within?
Come open the door and let us come in.
O master and missus a-sitting by the fire
Remember us poor travellers a-travelling through the mire.

Chorus

O where is the girl with the silver headed pin,
To open the door and let us come in?
O master and missus it is our desire,
A warm ale and cheese and a toast by the fire.

Chorus

We have a little purse and its made of leather skin,
A little silver sixpence would line it well within.
O master and missus, 'tis time we were gone,
Remember us poor travellers 'til we do come again.

Chorus



OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY

Sean Goddard says "The earliest play known in Sussex dates from 1817 and was from Littlehampton; unfortunately no text has survived. The oldest known Sussex text is from Ovingdean and was collected in 1870.

Our play was noted down from William Turrall, the Captain of the Steyning Tipteers, by Edmund Young in the early 1880s. He passed it to Frederick Sawyer, who published it in the FolkLore Journal in 1884. Ted Purver, one of our former members, located the play in the Folk Lore Record in the early 1950s, and we have performed it ever since".



WHATS THE LIFE OF A MAN

As I was a-walking one morning, at ease,
A-viewing the leaves as they fell from the trees.
All in slow motion, or appearing to be,
And those that had withered, they fell from the trees.

What's the life of a man, any more than a leaf,
A man has his season, so why should he grieve.
Although in this world he appears fine and gay,
Like the leaves he will wither, and soon fade away.

If you'd seen the leaves just a few days ago,
So beautiful and bright, they all seemed to grow.
A frost came upon them, and withered them all,
A storm came upon them, and down they did fall

Chorus

Down in the churchyard there you will see
Those who have passed, like the leaves on the tree.
Age and affliction have conquered them all,
Death came upon them, and down they did fall.

Chorus





WHO'S THE FOOL NOW?

(traditional - Medieval origins)

Martin said to his man, Fie, man, fie.

Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now?

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can.

Thou hast well drunken man, Who's the fool now?

I saw the man in the moon, clouting of St Peter's shoon.

I saw a hare chase a hound, twenty leagues above the ground.

I saw a goose ring a hog, and a snail bite a dog.

I saw a mouse chase a cat, and a cheese eat a rat.

I saw a flea heave a tree, forty miles across the sea.

I saw a sheep shearing corn, and a cuckold blow his horn.

I saw a maid milk a bull, every pull a bucket full

Richard Lelliott, our 'web gaffer' says "We are always grateful to those who send photos to photogaffer@crmm.org.uk. Below is Mike, also known as 'Prof', and he photographs Morris sides a lot at bigger meetings, particularly in Brighton. He never sends us any pics though!"



THANKYOU FOR THE MUSIC





THANKS TO OUR SPONSORS



We'd like to acknowledge the sponsors over the last few years whose general help and financial support allow us to print our Programme (left)

The Royal Oak at Twineham, our 'home pub' during the winter season. (below)



Wobblegate, who make great cider and apple juices, and where we perform Apple Howling every Twelfth Night

WOBLEGATE



Dark Star brewery at Partridge Green, and we dance at their pub in the same village.

Evonprint, who help out with the costs of printing the Programme



*Other than the old stuff, most photography by Clive Funnell photoaffer@cmm.org.uk
Thanks also goes to Roz South who frequently photographs us at events in the Lewes area, and one of her collections of photographs is at <http://rozsouth.zenfolio.com/qarland2012>*

Martin Beddall has a blog with photos of May Day 2013 on top of Chanctonbury Ring here <http://www.mcbweddings.com/spring/>

David Ball kindly took hundreds of photographs at our Boxing Day 2007 performances. http://www.pbase.com/dqbimages/morris_men

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT CRMM



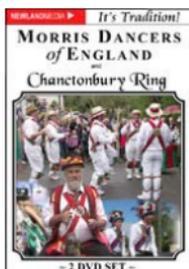
We are always seeking new men to join us. Even if you dance for another team in the area, probably 'Cotswold', why not try NorthWest (clog) with us. See CRMM on the Wobbly Web <http://www.crrm.org.uk/>



Please 'Like' us on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Chanctonbury-Ring-Morris-Men>

or if you want to know more, simply email bagman@crrm.org.uk



You can also see CRMM on this great May Day video here <http://www.morrisdancersofengland.co.uk/>

'Richard Lelliott says "I followed Chancs over many years before joining in my 50s, and becoming first Bagman and then Webgaffer, building and updating the website. Dancing morris is a real buzz - I'm almost getting the hang of it! And as well as keeping us fit we have to be careful to combat dehydration afterwards.."

COME AND JOIN US



The Ad on the Back: *Yes, it's a Morris Commercial!*

Come and join us at our winter practice nights at Woodmancote Village Hall, just a mile South of Henfield in Sussex. We dance there from 8-10pm and then have a beer or two, and often some music, at the Royal Oak at Twineham.

Beginners are welcome to come to either venue to chat with us or 'have a go', and the first season dancing out usually only requires to know one or

two simple dances. Of course, we also welcome musicians to join us, and men from any other Morris sides who fancy a change, or who have moved to the area.



www.crm.org.uk

Photos mainly by Clive, photogaffer@crm.org.uk who also put this publication together.