

Lecture 3: Performers and Performance

The Cruel Mother (Child 20)

The Cruel Mother

Marrow Bones 22

trad.

♩ = 90

There was a la - dy lived in York all a - lone - all a - lone - o

5 She was cour - ted by her fa - ther's clerk Down by the Green - wood side - o

	Main version (mainly based on Hammond)	alternative elements (mainly from Bronson)
1	There was a lady lived in York All alone-y alone-y She was proved with child by her father's clerk Down by the greenwood/burn sidey-o	Fine flowers in the valley She was courted by her father's clerk And the green leaves they grow rarely
2	She leaned her back against an oak But first it bent and then it broke	
3	She leaned herself against a thorn And there she had two pretty babes born	
4	She had a penknife long and sharp And she pressed it through their tender hearts	
5	She wiped the knife upon the grass The more she wiped it, the blood ran fast	
6	She washed her hands all in a spring Thinking she would be a maiden again	
7	And she was sat at her father's hall Oh there she saw two pretty babes playing at ball	And as she was going to the church She saw two pretty babes playing in the porch
8	Oh babes sweet babes if you were mine, I would dress you up in scarlet fine.	
9	Oh mother oh mother we once were thine, You did not dress us in scarlet fine.	
10	The coldest earth it was our bed And the green grass was our coverlet	

11	Babes sweet babes come tell me true What's the death I must die for you	
12	Seven long years a bird in the wood And seven long years a fish in the flood/brook	Oh Mother oh Mother for your grave sin Heaven's gate you shall not enter in.
13	Seven long years a tongue in a bell And seven long years a porter in hell	There's a fire burning beyond hell's gate where you shall burn both early and late

Brown Adam (Child 98)

Brown Adam

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS sung by Mrs Brown, Falkland ca 17.7.1794
(Bronson 1962: 482)

oh who would wish the wind to blow or the green leaves fall there - with

or who would wish a bet - ter love_ than Brown Ad - am_ the smith

Oh who would wish for the wind to blow
Or the green leaves fall therewith,
And who would wish for a finer love
Than Brown Adam the smith.

Oh his hammer is of a beaten gold
And his anvil's all of steel.
Oh his fingers white they are my delight
And he blows at his bellows well.

But they have banished him, young Brown
Adam,
From father and from mother.
And they have banished him, young Brown
Adam,
From sister and from brother.

And they have banished him, young Brown
Adam,
From the flower of all his kin.
And he's built him a bower in the gay
greenwood
All between his lady and him.

And as it fell out all on one day,
Brown Adam he thought long.
And he is away to the gay greenwood
For to hunt him venison.

And he's taken his bow all in his hand
And his arrows one by one,
And he is away to the gay greenwood
As fast as he could run.

And he shot up and he shot down
The bird all on the briar.
And he sent it all to his gay lady,
Told her be all of good cheer.

And he shot up and he shot down
The flower all on the thorn.
And he sent it all to his gay lady,
Told her he would be home in the morn.

Brown Adam, he come to his own bower door
And he stood there a little way away.
And it was there that he spied a full false
knight
Come a-tempting his lady gay.

Oh the knight drew out a gay gold ring
That had cost him many's the pound.
“Oh grant me love, oh love, lady,
And this shall all be thine.”

“Oh I love Brown Adam well,” she says,
 “And I know that he loves me.
 And I would not give Brown Adam's love
 For any false knight that I see.”

So the knight drew out a purse of gold
That was filled right up to the string.
“Oh grant me love, oh love, lady,
And this shall all be thine.”

“Oh I love Brown Adam well,” she says,
 “And I know that he loves me
 And I would not give Brown Adam's love
 For any false knight such as thee.”

So the knight drew out his noble sword
And it flashed there all in her eye.
“Oh grant me love, oh love, lady,
Or through you this shall go.”

Then a-sighing says the lady gay,
 “Brown Adam tarries long.”
 Then up there jumped him Brown Adam,
 He says, “Lady, I’m here at your hand.”

And he's made him leave his bow and arrow
And he's made him leave his brand.
And he's made him leave a far better thing,
Four fingers of his right hand.

The Conscientious Objector's Lament

Written by Davy Burnaby & Gitz Rice - 1917

Performed by Alfred Lester (1872-1925)

Intro:

[G] [em] [A] [D]

Verse 1:

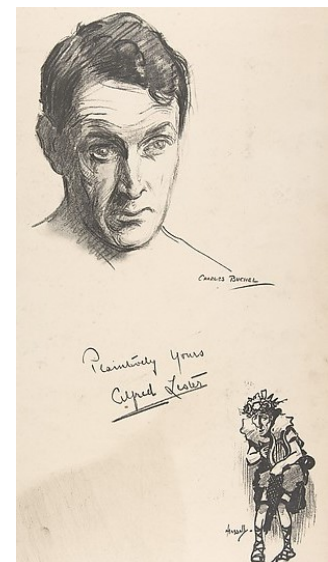
[G]Perhaps you wonder [em]what I am, I [am7]will ex[C]plain to [G]you
[C]My conscience is the [A]only thing that [D7]helps to pull me through
[G]Objection is a [em]thing that I have [A]studied [B7]thoroughly
I [E7]don't object to [A]fighting huns but should [D]hate them fighting
[D7]me

Verse: 2

[G]Non-combatant bat[em]talions are [am7]fairly [C]in my [G]line
The [C]Sergeant always [A]hates me and he [D7]calls me 'baby [D]mine'
But, [G]oh, I got so [em]cross with him and [A]rose to the [B7]attack
So [E7]when he called me [A]'Ethel' I just [D7]called him 'Beatrice' [D]back.

Chorus 1:

[G]Send out the army and the navy
[C]Send out the rank and [G]file
Send out the brave old territorials
[A]They'll face the danger with a [D7]smile
[G]Send out the boys of the old brigade
Who [C]made old England [D7]free.
[G]Send out me [C]brother, me [G]sister and me [C]mother



[G]But for Gawd's sake [D7]don't send [G]me.

Verse 3:

We have a nasty officer, he is a horrid brute
 Last Friday he was terse with me 'cause I did not salute
 But I cut him twice today and then he asked the reason, see
 I said, 'I thought, my Captain dear, you were still cross with me.'

Chorus 2:

Send out the army and the navy
 ...
 Send out the bakers, and the blooming profit makers
 But for Gawd's sake don't send me.

Verse 4:

I was doing a fatigue the other day at half past two
 A pal of mine got jealous of the job I had to do
 When he asked me how I got it, well, I said, 'You must be dense,
 I'm with the second Lieutenant, it's merely influence.'

Chorus 3:

Send out the army and the navy
 ...
 Send out my uncle and clean out every funk hole
 But for God's sake don't send me.

“Voices” in Performance

Schechner

... a singer's act ... is complex. There is, first of all, the character presented as the protagonist of the song, its singer and narrator, the implied person controlling the plot, with an attitude and tone of voice; but there may also be a 'quoted' character, the person whom the song is about (and singers, like lecturers, have their own mannered ways of indicating quote marks). On top of this there is the character of the singer as star, what we know about them, or are led to believe about them through their packaging and publicity, and then, further, an understanding of the singer as a person, what we like to imagine they are really like, what is revealed, *in the end*, by their voice. (Schechner 1996.: 198; emphasis in the original)

Johnstone

Johnstone (2000) on voice:

Johnstone challenges the notion of voice as “a strategically adopted way of sounding that a speaker designs and modifies as a result of analyzing the rhetorical or aesthetic task at hand. In this conventional view, the issue of how speakers ‘project themselves into discourse’ (Cherry 1998) arises only in the context of relatively overt strategic choices in relatively planned discourse” (2000: 405)

...

‘I am interested not in exploring differences in how speakers are connected to discourse and language in different ideological and material contexts (which can indeed vary widely, with diverse

consequences), but in thinking about how speakers are always *necessarily* connected to discourse and language. I ask, in other words, what it is about language, about human beings, and about human interaction that connects particular individual human beings with particular utterances and ways of speaking and thinking? (2000: 406-407, emphasis added)

Maddy Prior on Amercian Influences

They said, “For goodness sake, stop singing that American stuff, it sounds awful!” They said, “Sing English!” And I said, “I don’t know any!” But this couple had a lot of tapes, most of which they’d pirated from the EFDSS. And also got quite a lot of material from Ewan [MacColl]. And they’d go to his house and he was quite happy to let anybody tape his material. So they played these tapes to me and I thought, “My word! They sound very old, these people!” And they were like, I’ve always described them as ghosts of voices. So they were very old voices and there was also a particular style--which I didn’t recognize and wasn’t familiar with. So I listened to these tapes, they were mixtures of field recordings done by Lomax and Kennedy and people like that--and basically learnt the tradition from that.

(Maddy Prior, Steeleye Span)