

JULIAN GASKELL & HIS RTP



NEWS NOTABLE NEWS!

Words: Abraham Miles, 1663 Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2024 Roud Number: V20990

AKA "WONDER OF WONDERS; BEING A TRUE RELATION OF A STRANGE AND INVISIBLE BEATING OF A DRUM &c."



All you that fear the god on high, amend
your lives and repent

These latter days show doomsday's nigh, such
wonders strange are sent

Of a strange wonder you shall hear
At Tidcombe within fair Wilt-shire

O NEWS, NOTABLE NEWS!
YE NEVER THE LIKE DID
HEAR

Of a drummer his use it was so, at great
houses for to beat

He to one certain house did go and entered
at the gate:

At the house of Master Mompesson
He began aloud to beat his drum...

Alarum, march and troop likewise he thun-
dered at the gate
He children frightened at the noise, forewarned
he was to beat
But he refused and his drum did rattle
As if he had been in some battle...

He said he would not be forbid, neither by
his beck or brall

And had the power for what he did, they
did him rascal call

"No Sir, I am no such" quoth he
Two justices hands in my passe be

Twass counterfeit they did understand and
then without delay

Gave the servants then command to set this
fellow away

And likewise took away his drum

"This you'll repent, your time will come!"

About eight o'clock that present night a drum
beat in every room
Which put them in amaze or fright, not know-
ing how it did come
The first it beat was this old jig
'Roundhead and cuckolds come dig, come dig'

WONDERS, NOTABLE WONDERS!
YE NEVER THE LIKE DID HEAR!

CUCKOLDS, COME DIG,
CUCKOLDS, COME DIG;
ROUND ABOUT CUCKOLDS,
COME DANCE TO MY JIG!

From eight til four in the morn, with a rattling
thundering noise
The echo as loud as a horn and frights them
many ways
To appease the noise I understand
They burned the Drum out of hand

But still about the same time, all this noise
continu-ed
Yet little hurt they did sustain but children
thrown from bed

And then by the hair of the head
They were plucked out of their bed

From one room to another were they
tossed by hellish fiend
As if he would them quite destroy or
make of them an end
But then some ease after their pain
They'd be placed in their beds again

A minister being devout of prayer unto
the God on high
A bed-staff was thrown at him there with
bitter vehemency
He said "the son of God appear
To destroy the works of Satan here!"

So powerful were these motions all by
Satan sure appointed
The chamber floor would rise and fall and
never a board disjointed
Then they heard a shout from high
"THREE TIMES A WITCH!" a witch
did cry

WONDERS, NOTABLE WONDERS!
YE NEVER THE LIKE DID HEAR!

The Ghost of Maria

*Words: Trad, Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2023 Roud Number: V1903
Bodleian Libraries Broadside Ballad Collection - Bod6953*

*Printed for and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials
and Mantz, Finsbury*



See the sky dark and cloudy, the night is begun
Whilst bawling hoarse watchmen from street to street run
And murmuring noises resound far and near
And the guilty are filled with confusion and fear
Maria's destroyer retired to his bed
No fear filled his mind for contrition was fled
Of a sudden he started, and instantly saw
Maria's sad ghost, which the curtains did draw

Behold, quoth the spirit, this wandering shade
Of Maria, a ruined unfortunate maid
Untimely sent to her grave, ruined by thee
Exposed to want and extreme misery
Deserted by friends and most wretched forlorn
At night trudge the streets, curse the hour she was born

Then under some gateway takes up her abode
Whilst tears and reflections her wounded mind goad

The grave hide my body, my spirit doth roam
For a time tis to range, then be called to it's home
So tremble false man, reflect on thy crime
Maria destroyed in her youth, bloom and prime
Think, how cruel the man who doth seek to destroy
The comfort of parents, their hope and their joy
As Maria is now, soon shalt thou be
For the grave soon shall open, prepared for thee

Thy fate is decreed, to the regions below
For the ruined Maria, thou art doomed to go
Repentance is useless, by thee I was slain
From parents, relations by fraud I was taken
The Gods will look on a perjured wretch sure
The torments of hell thou shalt surely endure
This said, quickly vanished Maria's sad shade
Which closes the tale of this unhappy maid.

Burial Club

Words: Trad/J. Gaskell. Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2023 Roud Number: V4033

Bodleian Libraries Broadside Ballad Collection: Bod4017.

*Imprint: Hodges, Printer from I. Pitt's wholesale toy warehouse,
31, Dudley Street, 7 Dials, London between 1846 and 1854*



My old woman one day says to me
a thought has popped into her head
How hard up our younguns would be
If suppose as how you was dead
So I put on my best bit of brown
With brickdust my cheeks gave a rub
To the committee I went with a crown
And signed up to the Burial Club

Ooooooh is nothing in this life enough
You can fool some folks in this world sometimes
But you won't fool the Burial Club
Oooh, contempt is all we get from above
You can fool some folks in this world sometimes
But you won't fool the Burial Club.

Then I sends my old woman out one day
As a thought came into my head
To the committee and told her to say
As how her poor old husband was dead
In she went and she pitched them a tale
With chillies her eyes gave a rub
For a blow out iolly with jemmies and ale
At the expense of the Burial Club
I served out the soup in good style

To show how genteel I had been
And the old woman showed them the while
How quick she could put away gin
We ate all the gammon whole almost
And after we finished the grub
The old woman proposes a toast
Here's success to the Burial Club!

We had a bass fiddle and fife
A pair of such good uns to go
But while dancing I noticed my wife
Seemed nuts on this cove she calls Joe
She told me right bang to my head
She wished I'd been choked by the grub
For she'd marry young Joe when I was dead
With the blunt from the Burial Club

We kept up the dancing all night
Until we could dance to more
And at last we was put in a fright
By a precious loud rap at the door
A man in black popped in his head
Like the devil in search of his grub
He said I'm come for the man what is dead
I belong to the Burial Club



CAT'S HEAD APPLES



Words: Thomas Hudson Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2023 Roud Number: V6660 Thomas Hudson's Comic Songs, 1820, London

The widow Tomkins had a back room on the second floor, her name was on a neat brass plate on one side of the door

Many ladies rich in pride are circumstances worse in, she was independent all by going out a nursing

Companion she had but the one, a beautiful tom cat, who was a famous mouser and a devil for a rat

His colour was a tabby, and his skin as soft as silk, she would lap him every day while he lapped up his milk

The widow Tomkins kept herself aloof from every neighbour, her pleasure all consisting in assisting at a labour

One night she was awoken with a double
RAT TAT TAT
She left in such a hurry that she quite forgot her cat

MEOW.

Poor Tom! As soon as daylight came walked up and down the floor, he heard the dog meat woman crying 'cat's meat' at the door

And when he heard the well known cry to mew he did begin, for he could not get out, and she could not get in

Confined to the single room, he could not roam the house, he wanted a companion, if it only was a mouse

He watched a hole in vain, for no mouse came, his hopes to crown, either he was too much up or the mouse was too much down



With hunger he got fairly wild, the formerly
so tame, another day passed slowly by, another
just the same

With hunger he so hungry was, it did so
strong assail that although very loath, he was
obliged to eat his tail

MEOW.

This whetted quite his appetite, and though
the stump was sore, the next day he was
tempted (sad!) to eat a little more

To make his life the longer then, he made his
body shorter, til one after the other, gad, he
ate his hinder quarter

Now hunger is a spur with such long and
pointed rowels, it spurred him on next day,
and next, to gobble all his bowels

He walked about on two fore legs, alas with-
out beholders, til more and more by hunger
pressed he dined on both his shoulders

Next day, he found (the cannibal!) to eating
more a check, although he tried and did reach
all he could reach of his neck

He could not bite his ear and oh so mourn-
fully he cried. Towards the door he turned his
eyes, cocked up his nose and died!



MEOW.

The widow did at last return and oh, how
she did stare.

She guessed the tale as soon as she saw poor
Tom's head lying there.

With grief sincerely heartfelt she found his
fate a hard one

She buried him beneath the apple tree just
down her garden

Now mark, my friends, how aberrations in
this world appear

The fruit of this sad tree was changed, and
strangely too, next year

The neighbours say

**AND 'TIS TRUTH, FOR THEY'RE
FOLKS WHO GO TO CHAPELS**

This cat's head was the true first cause
of all the

CAT'S HEAD APPLES





The Signalman



Words: Trad. Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2022
Roud Number: V15826 'The Signalman'
and V15682 'The Danger Signal'

Long years ago more than I care to own
I was at work in my cabin alone
Grasping the lever with faltering breath
Holding a balance between life and death
Working long hours for pitiful pay
Thinking of one who is not far away
My little darling I'm longing to see
She's laid up in sickness and waiting for me

Hark at the wind through the chink o the door
Tells like a demon o'er hills and the moor
But asleep, sleep sleep at his post
the old signal man sleeps at his post

Over the handles his eyes fail to roam
Forgetting his duty and thinking of home
Hark at the warning the whistles repeat
Soon at the crossing two trains will meet
Nearer and nearer the drivers rushed on



Watching the signal the line rests upon
Should he not waken, no power can save
Hundreds of lives from the brink of the grave
Hark at the wind...

Up to the lever he jumped fierce and wild
Called by the voice of his own darling child
Angels had wafted that voice in his ear
Safe in the distance two trains disappear
Hark at the wind...

The next morn his young daughter sought for
her pa
But the silence round him was a stranger
She lifted his head, and she found he was dead

FALSE AND HOLLOW SEA

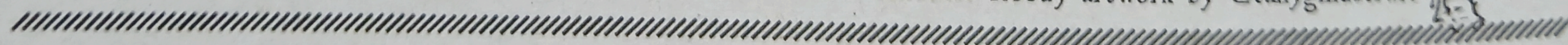
Words: Trad. Music: Gaskell, Gibson, Sharpe, 2023

Roud Number: V13519 AKA 'She Parted With Her Lover'

As sung by Miss Nichol in Pedlar's Acre, early 19th century

SHE PARTED WITH HER LOVER

The maiden sought her pillow
O'er the lake his shallop flew
On the great green billow
For he said he would return again
When the vesper bell should chime:
The vesper bell chimed long ago
Tis past the vesper time
"And has he kept his faith?" she sighed
"The faith he pledged to me,
Come back again thou truant one
From the false and hollow sea"



CUT 'N' SHUT POLKA

Music reclaimed by: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe



She dreamt she saw her lover
Stand sadly by her pillow
She thought she saw his gushing blood
Crimson the billow
For he said he would return again
When the vesper bell should chime:
The vesper bell chimed long ago
Tis past the vesper time
"Love, I've kept my faith" he sighed
"The faith I pledged to thee
A truant from the grave I come
Beneath the hollow sea"



Another bloody artwork by @callygillustrate

I Haven't Made Any Enquiries

Words: Trad/Gaskell Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2023 Roud Number: V32274

R. March & Co., St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, London between 1877 and 1884 As performed by Harry Freeman



A young man who once heard me sing
turned to me and said for goodness sake close
that big mouth or else you'll lose your head
I've since heard he's a pugilist, a champion at
his game I don't know where to drop on him,
Don't even know his name, but...

I haven't made any enquiries up till now &c.
I'm not anxious you can bet, to join the
angels yet So I haven't made any enquiries

I met a cove the other night who had a watch
to sell For half a crown though it was worth
a fiver I could tell I bought it off him, took
a home, the old girl had a quiz She swears its
stolen property, I don't believe it is but...

I haven't made any enquiries &c.
With the watch I'm pleased enough,
On receivers beaks are rough &c.

AND if I did who would
answer the call, My friends have
all gone, they've grown up and
left me I woke up bereft in a
world I can't fathom
Pounds, shillings and dozens &c.

I went to have my hair cut, hung my
hat up for a while But coming out I
found that I had someone else's tile
The latest fashion, spanking new
it suited me immense I'd like to
know who got the one that cost me
fifteen pence but. &c.

This one suits me very nice,
My one's been run over twice &c.

There's an unexpected item in the
bagging area

They look at me like I care,
Richard Madeley put it there
So I haven't made any enquiries up
til now.

KING DEATH

Words: Barry Cornwall (1787-1874) Music: Gaskell/Gibson/Sharpe, 2023

Roud Number: V1508 J. Catnach, Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials, between 1813 and 1838

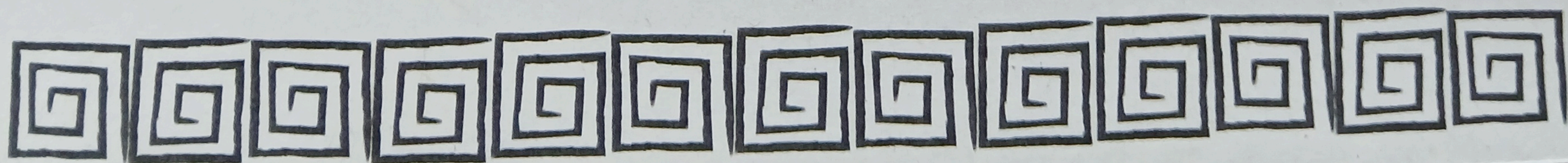
King Death was a rare old fellow
He sat where no sun can shine
And he lifted his hand so yellow
And poured out his
coal black wine
Hurrah for the coal black wine...

There came to him many a maiden
who's eyes had forgot to shine
And Widows with grief o'erladen
For a draught of his
coal black wine



The scholar left all his learning
The poet his fancied woes
And the beauty her bloom returning
Like life to the fading rose

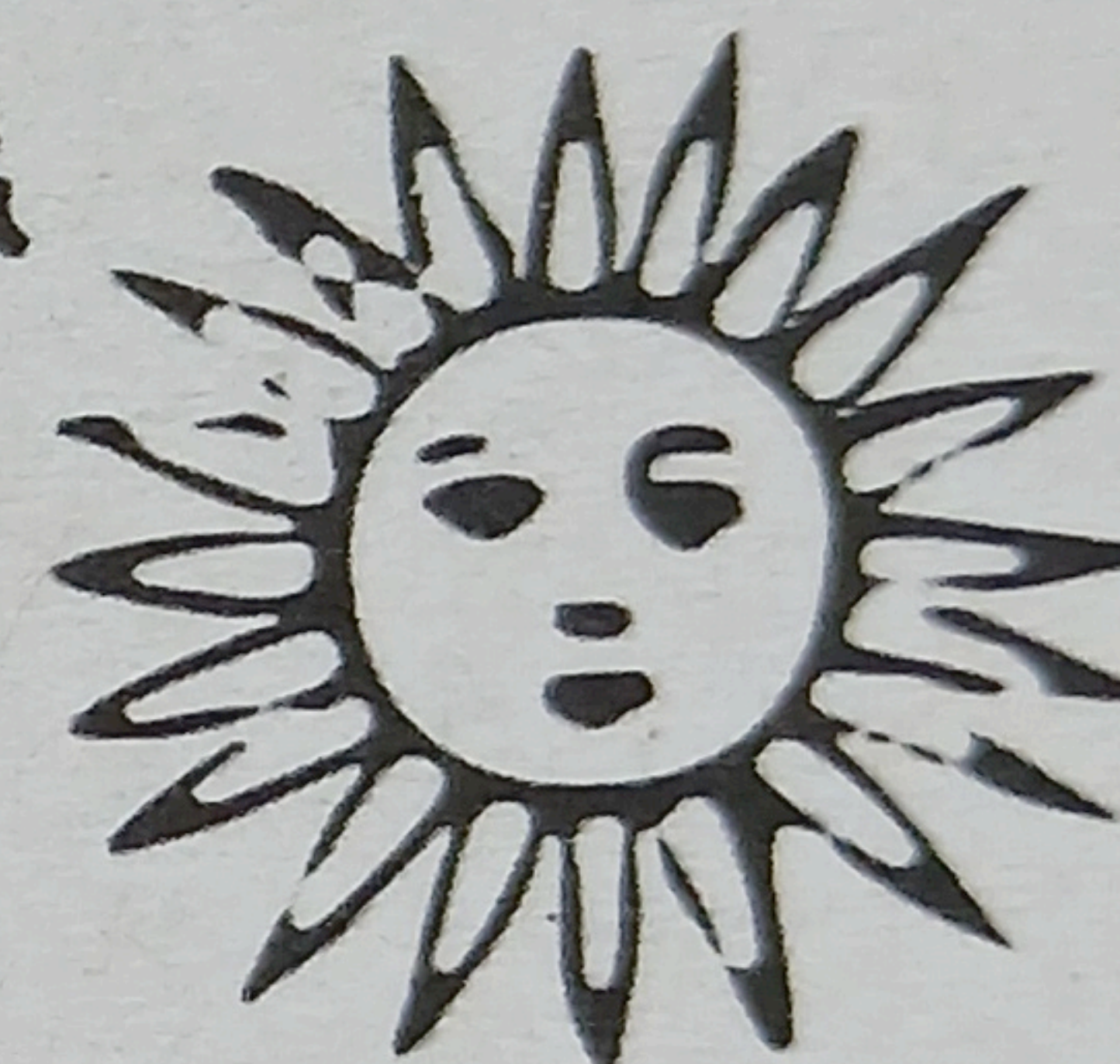
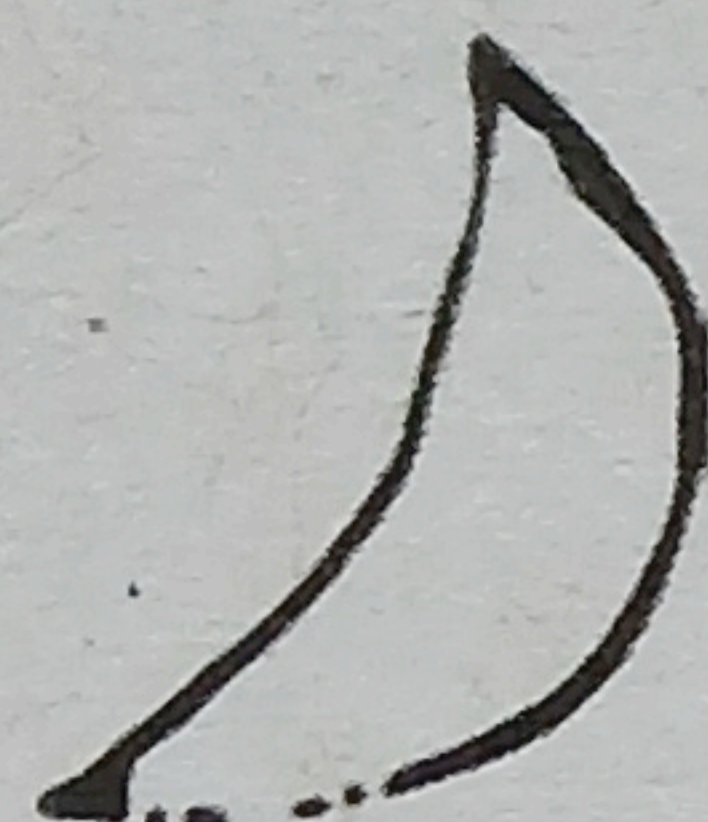
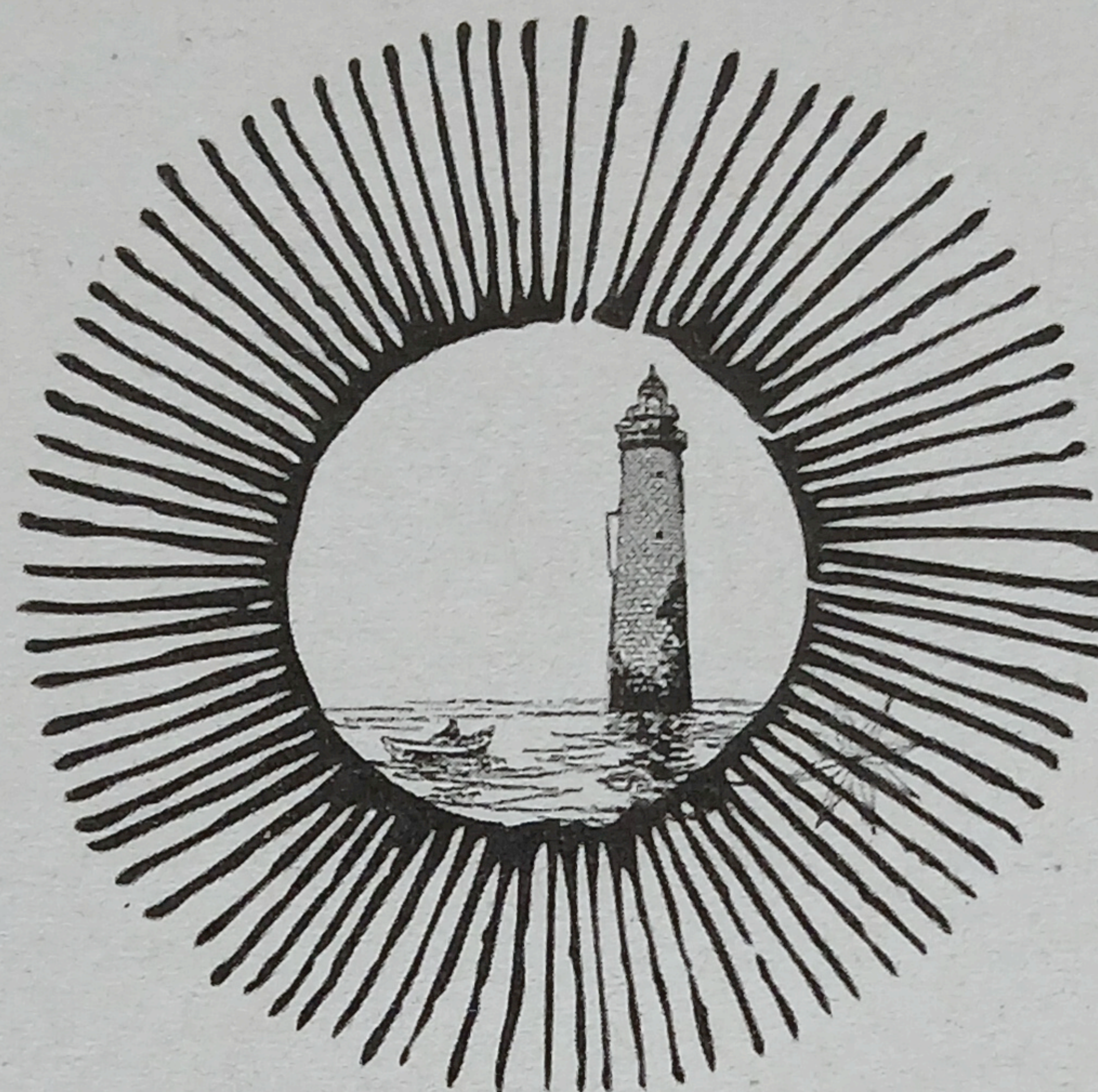
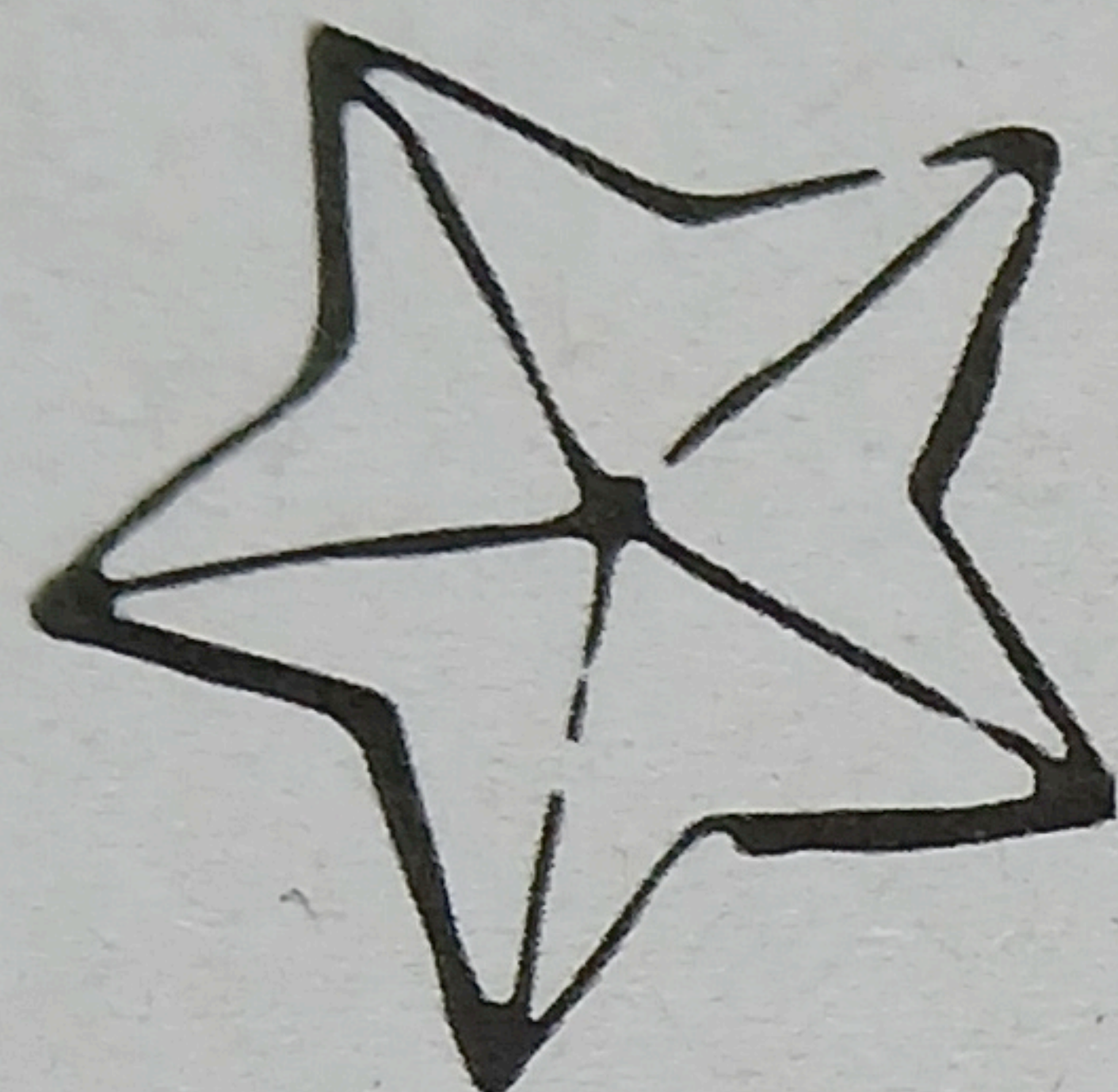
All came to the rare old fellow
Who laughed till his eyes drop'd brine
And he gave them his hand so yellow
And pledg'd them in death's black wine



GUIDING LIGHT

Words: G C Bingham / F Gaskell Music: Gaskell / Gibson / Sharpe 2023 Roud Number: V3548

R. March & Co., St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, London between 1877 and 1884



White crested is the murky sea
And dark the low'ring sky
And howls the tempest wild and free
A night of storm is nigh
But shineth not the lighthouse light
O'er the waters wide,
Calmly the keeper sleeps tonight
At the dawn of day he died
His daughter kneeleth by his side
No storm can break his sleep
Ah! Who will light the lamps to guide
To guide the ships upon the deep

Shine out tonight, oh lighthouse light
Across the dark and the raging waves,
there's many a life to save

Shine out tonight, oh lighthouse light
There's many a ship to guide tonight, and
many a life to save

To the wind who'll ne'er understand
She throws her voice to the air
She takes the taper in her hand
And mounts the long and winding stair
'Tis lit at last, the beacon glows
Out on the wild wide night
Across the mighty deep it throws
Its welcome ray of light

Shine out tonight &c.

