



ONLINE 2021
BEVERLEY
EARLY MUSIC
FESTIVAL

TO BEVERLEY WE MUST GO

A BEVERLEY BALLAD WALK

Streamed Online **6th June 2021** until **2nd July 2021**

TO BEVERLEY WE MUST GO

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- 1. The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow**
- 2. North Holderness Militia**
- 3. The Plough**
- 4. Ballad of Snowden Dunhill**
- 5. William and Margaret: An Old Scots Ballad**
- 6. Chant of John of Beverley: 'Gaude Mater Ecclesia'**

I. **The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow**

From Oberon in fairyland,
the king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robbin I, at his command,
am sent to view the night sports here:
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I goe,
I will o'er see,
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye,
and round about this airy welkin soone,
And, in a minute's space, descry
each thing that's done beneath the moone;
There's not a hag
Nor ghost shall wag,
Nor cry "goblin!" where I doe goe,
But Robin I
Their feats will spye,
And feare them home with ho, ho, ho!

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night-sports doe trudge home,
With counterfeiting voyce I greet
and cause them on with me to roame,
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes, --
Ore bush and brier with them I goe;
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than winde away I goe;
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pooles and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When ladds and lasses merry be
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eate their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I fart and snort,
And out the candles I doe blow;
The maides I kisse,
They shrieke, "Who's this?"
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
thus nightly reveld to and fro:
And, for my pranks, men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow:
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites
That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins doe me know,
And beldames old,
My feats have told,
So Vale, Vale, ho, ho, ho!

2. **NORTH HOLDERNESS MILITIA – tune: ‘The British Grenadiers’**

So now my brave boys, to Beverley we must go,
To handle our arms, and to be march'd to and fro;
To stand up for our Country, our King to defend,
But I hope in a short time the disturbance will end.

Chorus:

*In the Third East Riding Local Corps,
So nobly we will go,
Along with Colonel Bethel, the valiant hero.*

And when we come there in our quarters for to lay,
As it is for a short time we have there to stay;
And when we do return, I hope no worse we'll be,
Than those that's left behind us, who stay at home at ease.

There's our Captain and Officers,
they are all men of wealth,
They provide for us good quarters,
not to injure our health,
And says my brave young fellows
who joined this noble corps,
I hope in a short time the wars will be all o'er.

But if it does happen that our enemy should come,
We'll boldly march to meet him,
by the beating of the drum;
But I think he dare not venture at all to come o'er,
We are ready to receive him upon the British shore.

I think he ne'er will venture so far from home again,
He got such a drubbing by Lord Wellington in Spain;
He may be very sure we ne'er shall be afraid,
Or we boldly will stand up
for our Country and our Trade.

A peace he fain would have, to answer his own ends,
But Government will hold him tight, & likewise all his friends;
An advantageous peace he only wants to gain,
To get his armies quite as strong as what they were in Spain.

So here's a health to GEORGE our King, the Regent also,
Not forgetting colonel Bethel, the valiant hero;
We always will be ready to march at every call,
To any part of Yorkshire where'er the wars may fall.

Chorus:
In the Third East Riding Local Corps,
So nobly we will go,
Along with Colonel Bethel, the valiant hero.

3. THE PLOUGH – tune: 'Harvest Home'

Martinmas holidays are short I must say,
Though many a heart is made happy and gay;
Few are pleasures we very well know
For these brave-hearted fellows that follow the plough.
The plough. The plough, the useful good plough
Our bread is produced by the use of the plough.

They toil for their masters when wet and when cold,
And many a hardship they suffer I'm told;
It's a shame these poor fellows should be kept so low
When our bread is produced by the use of the plough.

When at work with their horses in the pouring rain
And wet to the skin - yes, again and again;
No fires are provided, no comforts they know,
Though they have been all the day at the use of the plough.

When winter comes in with the cold frost and snow,
Again I remind you no comforts they know;
When snug in the parlour, by the bright fire's glow,
You forget the poor lad who works hard at the plough.

The harrow, I doubt not, is useful indeed,
It helps to make ready for the most precious seed;
But let me remind you, though most of you know,
The man must come first with his horses and plough.

Our kind-hearted sailors, I must not forget,
To them I must say we are greatly in debt;
But these brave-hearted fellows must always allow
That they with the rest are upheld by the plough.

Our fierce-hearted soldiers, who learn how to fight
Don't injure these men who stand up for their right;
With taxes so fearful we are all burdened you know-
The poor slave in the garret and the man at the plough.

The Queen with her thousands – nay, millions of gold,
Has little to spare for the poor, I'm told;
But the Queen in her glory, must always allow
That she with the poor is upheld with the plough.

The jolly good miller, I will not pass by,
He makes us good flour we cannot deny;
The miller as well as the rest must allow,
His greatest support is the use of the plough.

Some change their servants twelve times a year-
I've no doubt peace and comfort is a great stranger there;
Comfort, there's seldom any we know,
For the poor country lad that works hard at the plough.

But I will not say all are unjust or unkind,
But justice I'm certain we seldom can find,
But do your duty as far as you know
At home, or abroad, or at work at the plough.

4. **SNOWDEN DUNHILL – tune: ‘The ‘Prentice Boy’**
(coll. from Joseph Elliot, Todber, Dorset, 1905)

Of Snowden Dunhill’s life let’s sing,
A man of daring courage,
Much gold he in a bad way got,
Which made him daily flourish.
In a little cottage did he live,
And for robbing was well noted;
From Spaldington Lane, I tell you plain,
He was for seven years transported.

He was a ploughman in his youth,
But did not like hard working.
It delighted him to rob and steal,
And in ale houses to be lurking.
Drinking and gambling was his delight,
Amongst loose idle women;
But soon he join’d a gang of thieves,
This was his first beginning.

Sometimes he was dressed all in black,
Much like a travelling preacher,
With a daring gang at his command,
Trained up by a good teacher.
Sometimes they went into Lincolnshire,
Calling themselves pig-jobbers,
With daring men at his command,
A noted gang of robbers.

When Snowden met with a gentleman,
His signal word was ‘Honey’,
He kindly then saluted him, with
Have you any money.
Me, and my men, we want support,
Some money I must borrow,
And if you’ll meet me here again,
I’ll give you it back tomorrow.

He was transported for stealing corn,
But through his good behaviour,
Amongst the convicts of the Hulks,
He got into great favour.
The King was please to set him free,
Before his time was over,

He went to Hull, pick'd up a Moll,
With whom he liv'd in clover.

Now Snowden was ta'en up again,
To Kirton he was sent sir,
With two more men for shop-breaking,
Till the Sessions to lament sir.
In close confinement he did dwell,
While the Sessions they did come sir,
The chairman made him quake for fear,
To hear his fatal doom, sir.

Now Snowden Dunhill, the Justice says,
You've led a wicked life sir,
You must be sent across the seas,
To your children and your wife sir,
Your sentence is for seven years,
To go to Botany Bay sir,
May you lead a peaceful and godly life,
Till death calls you away sir.

5. **WILLIAM AND MARGARET**

Supernatural ballad from Mary Wollstonecraft's 'The Female Reader' 1789, the first educational anthology by a woman, for women, published under pseudonym 'Mr Cresswell'.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight
And all were fast asleep,
Then in came Marg'ret's grimly ghost
And stood a William's feet;
Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay cold was her lily hand,
that held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown;
Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew,
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She dy'd before her time.
Awake, she cry'd, they true love calls,
Come from her midnight grace;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save!

This is the mirk and fearful hour
When dreary church-yards yawn,
And inur'd ghosts come forth to walk,
And haunt the faithless man:
Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?
How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep!

How could you say my lips were sweet
And make the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe that flattering tale!
That face. Alas, no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red.
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding sheet I wear,
And cold and weary lasts our night.
Til that last morn appear.
But hark! The cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you!

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head,
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
Then raving left his bed.
He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more.

6. GAUDE MATER ECCLESIA (REJOICE MOTHER CHURCH)

Chant for the Saint's Day of St John of Beverley (7 May)

The York Gradual (15th century) transcribed, edited & translated by Leah Stuttard

Gaude Mater Ecclesia

Gaude mater ecclesia, in filiorum gloria:
Quos per acta victoria celi suscepit curia.

Rejoice mother church in the glory of your sons:
Whom the court of heaven has taken up when
victory had thrust through.

Ibi salus continua et pax viget perpetua:
Ibi dei presentia plena dat sanctis gaudia:

Continual health and perpetual peace thrive there:
There the presence of God gives to the saints
overflowing joy:

Ibi Johannem celica sanctum dernulcent
cantica:
Cujus vita sanctissima virtutum fulget gracia.

There celestial songs allure Saint John:
Whose most holy life shines with virtue by grace.

Mutus fatur; et fugatur capitis obscentitas;
Post salute vestit cutem crinium amentitas.

The mute speaks; and moral impurity of the living
body is put to flight;
Thereafter loveliness covers the whole body with
health.

Dum de functus esset unctus sacrosancto
chrismate,
Mors recedit, vita redit orante pontifice.

While he was dead, he was anointed with the holy
oil of chrisam,
Death recedes, life returns by the praying pontiff.

Obstupescit hausto potu plebis adunatio,
Quod liquoris benidicti non fit minoratio.

The people are astounded by the drink drained,
Because abasement is not made through blessed
liquor.

Lapsis equo convalescit, et lesuram lesus
nescit, presulis precamine.
Surgit sana monialis; mundatur matron
malis, ejusdem juvamine.

Sanctus orans corde mundo dat salute
moribundo, turbis admirantibus.
Res miranda vas quasatum vinum servat
lilibatum, fractis vasis partibus.

O quam pure precum vota mente libavit
devote Deo Dei famulus;
Dum be cello lux effulsit, et orantem
circum fulsit fulgor Sancti Spiritus.

Hoc levita mirans lumen audax introspectit
numen in columbe specie.
Concrematur vultus rei; vulsit virtus vivi
Dei sana facta facie.

Eoramus mente tota, offer Christo precum
vota, Johannes sanctissime.
Ut te duce, te patrono, perfruamur summo
bono, pontifex piissime.

The one fallen off a horse recovers, and the injured
one does not know injury by the praying of the
protector.

The nun gets up, healthy, the matron is cleansed of
evil by the help of the same.

The saint praying with a clean heart gives health to
the dying, making the crowds admire.

A thing of wonder – a shattered vessel serves
undiminished wine, after it is broken into pieces.

Oh how purely the servant of God offered prayers
of entreaty to God with a devoted mind;

While light gleamed forth from heaven and shone
around him who prayed he was illuminated with
the Holy Spirit.

This Levite [priest] marvelling at the light, bold,
he looked into the divine will in the shape of a
dove.

The face of the thing/affair is completely burnt up;
the virtue of the living god shines when the form
is made whole.

We entreat with our whole mind, bring before
Christ our prayers of entreaty, most holy John.
That we may be delighted by you, our leader, our
patron, for the highest good, most pious pontiff.

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BEVERLEY & EAST RIDING EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL is directed by Delma Tomlin MBE and administered by the National Centre for Early Music through The York Early Music Foundation (registered charity number 1068331)

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