

HOLDSTOCK & MACLEOD'S "WINTER IN THE WOOD" PAGE 1

WORDS TO WINTER IN THE WOOD

Old Peculiar (Keith Marsden)

Some take cider in the spring to make the sap rise frisky,
And when the autumn mist come on, they drive them out with whisky.
Some say there's nout like English ale, in summers heat to cool yer.
But lv one drink, all seasons round, a pint of Old Peculiar.

A pint of old, a pint of old, a pint of Old Peculiar
But lv one drink all seasons round, a pint of Old Peculiar.

For ague goat some men take rum for fever some take brandy.
Some keep the Holland's standing by some keep the porter handy
Forswear these physics all I say let no such doctor rule yer.
The one true cure, the nostrum sure, a pint of Old Peculiar.

In youth long hours with maids I spent, tasting there delights sir,
And greatly I enjoyed the days I much preferred the nights sir.
I gave me heart to Kate and Jane and sold my soul for Julia,
But now the ranting days are done, I'm left with Old Peculiar.

If wife should nag or children ere, or trusted friend betray you,
With the magic potion to your hand, these slights will not dismay you
If peevish master with new tricks or foolish ways should school you
Then find your conciliation in a pint of Old Peculiar.

And when the years are drawing in, and fame past you has slipped sir,
Forget the maids who said they might, recall but those who did sir.
Let cruel fact be lost in time, let kinder memories fool yer,
And find your conciliation in, a pint of Old Peculiar.

2-Jock Stewart

Why my name is Jock Stewart,
I'm a canny old man,
And a roving young fellow I've been,

Ch.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
'I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I have acres of land,
I have men at command,
And I always have a shilling to spare.

When I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot,
All down by the banks of Kildare.

So come fill up your glasses,
With brandy or wine,
And whatever the cost I will pay.

So to Scotland my home,
I will leave in the dawn,
And we'll drink till the soft light of day.

3- MARCHING THROUGH ROCHESTER (Pete Coe from a broadside fragment)

A bold fusilier came marching down through Rochester
Back from the wars in the low country
And he sang as he marched through the crowded streets of Rochester
Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?
Who'll be a soldier, Who'll be a soldier,
Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?
And he sang as he marched through the crowded streets of Rochester
Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?

The Queen she has ordered new troops unto the continent
To strike a last blow at the enemy,
And if you'll be a soldier all in a scarlet uniform
Take the kings shilling for Marlborough and me.

Not I said the butcher nor I said the baker
Most of the rest with them did agree.
To be paid with the powder and the rattle of the cannonball
Wages for soldiers for Marlborough and me.

But I said the young man have oft endured the parish Que.
There is no wages or employment for me.
Salvation or danger it will be my destiny
To be a soldier for Marlborough and me.

Then twenty new recruits came marching back through Rochester

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Off to the wars in the low country
And they sang as they marched through the crowded streets of Rochester
Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me.

4-GENERATIONS OF CHANGE (Matt Armour)

My father was a ploughman in a wee place near Capely
He worked on the land all the days o' his life
By the time he made second he aye said he reckoned
he'd ploughed near on half o' the east nuke of Fife.

He'd feed on at Rambuston, Crawhill and Clephington,
Tambo and Cornby and Big Renniehill
At Kingsbarns he married, at Bowhills he's buried
But man had he lived, he'd be ploughin' on still

Ah but those days were his days, those ways were his ways
To follow the plow while his back was still strong
But those days are past, and the time come at last
When the weakness of age gives way to the young.

2. Well I was nae for ploughin', to the sea I was goin'
To follow the fish and the fisherman's ways
In rain, hail and sunshine, I watch the long run line
No man mere contented his whole working day.

I've long lined the shottie grounds,
Dutch and the Dogger bank,
Pulled the great fish from the deep devil's hole.
I've side-trolled off Shetland, the Faroes and Iceland
In weather much worse than a body could thole.

Ah but those days were my days, those ways were my ways
To follow the fish while my back was still strong
But those days are past, and the time come at last
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

3. Now my sons they are grown, away they have flown
To search for black oil in the far northern sea
Like oilman they walk and like Yankees they talk
Aye, there's no much in common 'tween my sons and me.

They've rough rigged on Josephine, Forties and Ninnian,
Claymore and Dunlin, the Fisher and a',
They've made fortunes for sure, for in one trip ashore
They spend more than I earned in a whole seasons work.

Ah but this day is there day, this way is there way
To ride the rough rigs while there backs are still strong
But their day will pass, and the time come at last
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

4. Now my grandsons they're growing, to the school they'l be goin'
But the long days of summer they'll spend here with me
We walk through the warm days and talk of the old days
Of cornfields and codfish, the land and the sea.

We'll walk through the fields that my father once tilled,
Talk to the old men who once sailed with me
Man it's been awfully good, I'm showing them all I could
Of the past and the present, what their future might be.

For the morn will be their day, what will be their way
What will they make o' the land, sea and sky?
Man, I've seen awfully change, but it still seems guy strange
To look at the world through a young laddie's eyes.

5-FLASH COMPANY

Once I loved young lass as I do me life,
But to keep her in flash company has ruined my life,
Has ruined my life like a great many more,
If it hadn't of been for flash company I'd never have been so poor.

Chorus
So tie a yellow handkerchief in remembrance of me,
Tie it round your neck when in flash company.
Flash company me boys, like a great many more,
If it hadn't of been for flash company I'd never have been so poor.

Once I had color as red as the rose.
Now I'm as pale as the lily that grows.
Like a flower in the garden like a great many more
Can't you see what I'm coming to in loving this one?
Chorus

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Well fiddling and dancing was all my delight,
But to keep her in flash company has ruined me quite,
Has ruined me quite like a great many more.
If it hadn't of been for flash company I'd never have been so poor.
Chorus

6-Bonnie Light Horseman:

When Bonnie commanded his armies to stand
He leveled his cannon right over the land
He leveled his cannon his victory to gain
And he slew my light horseman on the way coming home.

Broken hearted I'll wander broken hearted I'll remain
Since my bonnie light horseman in the wars he was slain.

If I was a small bird and had wings to fly
I'd fly cross the salt sea to where my love do lie
And with my fond wings I'd beat over his grave
And kiss the pale lips that lay cold in the clay.

Now the dove she laments for her mate as she flies
Oh where tell me where is my darling she cries
And where in this wide world is there one to compare
With my bonnie light horseman who was slain in the wars.

7-Napoleons Farewell to Paris:

Farewell you splendid citadel metropolis called Paris
Where Phoebes every morning shoots forth refulgent beams
Where Floras bright aurora advancing from the orient
With radiant light adorning the pure and shining stream
At eave when Centaur does retire, while the ocean guilds like fire
And the universe admire our merchandise in store
And commanding floras fragrance the fertile fields to decorate
To illuminate the royal Corsican again on the French shore

For me names Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the conqueror of all nations
I've banished German Legions And I've sent kings from their throne,
I've banished Dukes and Earls And splendid congregations
But now I am transported to St Helena's Shore

My golden eagles were torn down by Wellington's allied armies.
Or Russian Hills through frost and snow I still my laurels wore
But I severely felt the rod through meddling with the house of God.
Coin and golden images in thousands down I tore
But I stole through Malta's golden gates and I did the works of God disgrace,
But if I'm given time and place to embark I shall restore.

For me names Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the conqueror of all nations
I've banished German Legions And I've sent kings from their throne,
I've banished Dukes and Earls And splendid congregations
But now I am transported to St Helena's Shore

Some say the cause of my downfall was the parting with my consort
But to wed the Germans daughter it grieved my heart full sore
But the female frame I ne'er shall blame for she ne'er did me ashamed
For she saw me in battle flame and she did me adore
Now I'm on a desert Isle where the rats they would the devil fright
But soon I'll march in armour bright through Europe once more..

For me names Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the conqueror of all nations
I've banished German Legions And I've sent kings from their throne,
I've banished Dukes and Earls And splendid congregations
But now I am transported to St Helena's Shore

8-HARD, HARD TIMES

Come all you good people, and listen to me song song,
It's about the poor people, and getting along,
They fish in the spring, finish up in the fall
And when it's all over, they have nothing at all.

Chorus
And it's hard, hard times!

Go out in the morning the wind it'll sing
Out our the side you will hear the line ring
Then out goes your jigger, and freeze with the cold
And as to the startin it's all gone in the hole.

Poor fishermen we've been out all the day
Come in, in the evening, full sail up the bay
Ther's Kate in the corner with a wink and a nod

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Saying Jimmie and Johnnie have you got any cod?

Then comes the merchant, to see your supply,
The fine side of fishing, we'll see by and by,
Seven dollars for large, and six-fifty for small
Get out your west indie, you get nothing at all.

The baker has loaves that get smaller each week,
He's as bad as the butcher, he cuts up your meat,
The scales they fly up and his scales they fly down,
And he calls out your weight when its short a half pond.

Then next comes the carpenter to build you a house
He'll build it so snug you can scarce find a mouse
With holes in the roof where the rain it will pour
Then it's smoke in the chimney and it's open the door.

The parson will tell you, "he'll save your poor soul,
If you stick to his book you'll stay off of the dole.
He'll give you a blessing, or maybe a curse
Put his hands in your pockets walk off with your purse.

Then next comes the doctor, the worst of them all,
Saying, "What's been the matter with you all the fall?"
He claims he will cure you of all your disease.
When your money he's got, you can die if you please.

The best thing to do is to work with a will
And when it's all over, you're hauled on the hill,
You're hauled on the hill and way down in the cold
And when it's all over, you're still in the hole!

9-SWEET THYME: (John Connely and Pete Mundy)

In the spring time of the year
I loved and lost my dear
But love grows wild when the weather it is mild
As you shall quickly hear
Chorus
Sweet time, Sweet time,
the parsley and the time
The rosemary and the willow tree
Around my heart entwine

Now comes in sweet July
When the nightingale do fly
And sweethearts play all in the Hay
And the pale moon fills the sky
Chorus

Now harvest golden grain
Is gathered in again
And the changing year will bring my dear
An end to all my pain
Chorus

Now winters cloak of grey
Is gathered in today
And I'll not wait till summers at the gate
Farewell false love away

10-RAGLAN ROAD

By a Raglan Road on an Autumn day
I saw her first and knew,
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might someday rue.
I saw the danger yet I walked
Along the enchanted way.
And I said, "Let grief be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day."

On Grafton Street in November, we
Tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The true worth of passion's play.
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay;
Well, I loved too much and by such by such
Is happiness thrown away.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now,
Away from me so hurriedly

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My reason must allow.
That I had would not as I should
A creature made of clay,
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of day.

11 -PUNCH AND JUDY: (John Pole)

I am the showman and on me back
I carry's me actors, in me pack.
A puppet showman, that is yours truly
And the stars of me show are Punch and Judy
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Humpback and hook nose, 'e's a comical fella

The first one up is ole Punch, 'iself.
``Ladies and gents," 'e says, ``'ere's your good health."
'e carries a big stick wherever 'e goes.
It's thick and strong and as long as 'is nose.
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Long stick and big nose, symbolic old fella.

Now up comes Judy, Punch's old lady.
'Sayin 'I'm off out now, so mind the baby."
``No, I won't," says Punch. ``Yes you will," says Judy.
``Come 'old o' your kid, me lad, none of your old moody."
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Cocksure but 'en pecked, pathetic old fella.

The kid keeps 'owling, old Punch, 'e thumps it.
It bawls, 'e calms it down. Into bed 'e dumps it.
It bawls, 'e belts it. It bites 'is finger.
Punch up and throws it, through the bloomin' winder.
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
That'll learn the bleedin' brat to yell and beller.

Now back comes Judy. She's back 'ome again,
Not knowin' Punch 'as done the nipper in.
``Where's the baby, Punch?" ``Gone, gone to sleep," 'e says.
``Don't you know where your own son is?
You make me weep," she says.
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
``Oh, I bunged it out the window," 'e 'as to tell 'er.

She cries 'er 'eart out, ``Where's my lit'l son gone?"
Says Punch, ``There's plenty more, where than one came from."
She grabs a stick and clubs him something lovely.
He grabs it, kicks 'er kills 'er, ugly.
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Why keep a wife 'you 'ate, when you can kill 'er.

Up comes a copper, all dressed in blue.

``Say Mr. Punch, I'm arrestin' you.
I've got a warrant 'ere, to arrest you for what you've done."
``And I've got a warrant," says Punch, ``to knock you down."
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Knockin 'im arse over 'ead, right down to the cellar.

Well, the law soon catches 'im, and in a while
Before judge Blackcap, 'e's standin' trial.
``Killed wife and child," 'e says, ``you guilty wretch.
Go out and 'ang 'im, Mr. Ketch."
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
``'ang em all but don't hang me," 'e cries in terror.
``See this 'ere rope," says Ketch. ``Poke your 'ead through."
Old Punch lets on 'e don't know what to do.
``In 'ere, Mr. Ketch, or perhaps in 'ere?"
``'ang on," the 'angman says. ``I'll show you where."
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
Swingin' up the 'angman, 'e's a swinging old fella.

``Jack Ketch is dead," cries Punch. ``'oorah, 'oorah, I'm free.
Don't care if a devil from 'ell should call on me.
Jack Ketch is dead," cries Punch. ``hurrah I'll do 'em all."
Up pops the devil, tail, 'orns, 'oooves and all.
``That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
``Leave off! I'm your best friend. We're birds of a feather."

Well, the devil darts at Punch, 'cause 'e ain't 'aven it.
'e grabs a stick but Punch, 'e keeps grabbin' it.
'e lands a mi'ty swipe on Satan's nut and
The devil's out for the punch, as dead as mutton.

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"That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
'e's killed the devil, 'eroick old fella.

Now the show is ending, the dolls need mending.
The Punch and Judy's show is never ending.
Inside each one of us is a Punch and Judy.
In you sir, you, Ma'am, and me, yours truly.
"That's the way to do it," says Punchinella.
The Punch and Judy show goes on forever.

12-FAREWELL INDIANA (Andy Mitchell)

Farewell now Indiana, your green lands been good to me,
There I traveled there I settled, there I raised up my family,
But the cord has never severed, And the longing each day has grown,
So tomorrow I'll be leaving, for the land I call my home.

All my friends say I am crazy, going back to such poverty,
America is, so they say now, the land of opportunity,
But the shy hare runs so swiftly, and the heron slowly flies,
These are treasures from my homeland, all your money cannot buy.

But while our ship lies in the harbor, I'll look back upon that shore,
I'll feel sadness that I'm leaving, your green land forever more,
But while our ship lies on the ocean, and each day where out on the sea,
All the dreams I had for years now, drawing nearer reality.

So farewell now Indiana, your green lands been good to me

13-TURNING STEEL-FACTORY LAD (Colin Dryden)

You wake up in the morning the dawns as black as night
Your mothers shouting up the stairs and you know she's winning the fight.
You best venture out of bed me lad cause you know it's getting late
Then it's down the stairs and up the street and through the factory gate

Chorus

Turning steel how do you feel as in the chuck you spin?
If you felt like me you'd role right out and never turn again.

Wet and Bleak the morning as you squeeze in through the gate,
As you clog in the bell will ring eight hours is your fate,
Of comes your coat all wet and damp and right lads is the cry.
With an eye on the lath another on the c;lock you wish that time would fly.

The gaffers walking down the shop and so its work you must.
The dizzy grinding groaning metal the hot air and the dust.
But I'm often thinking of me gal and walking through the park
While gazing on the bluemine steel and a million flying sparks.

Old Tom Black last Friday his final bell did ring,
With his hair as white as his face beneath and his oily sunken skin.
Well he's made a speech and he's bid farewell to a life time working here
When I shook his hand I knew that he had labored fifty years.
And when at last my time it comes and I can leave this place.
I'll walk out past the charge hands desk and never turn me face
Out through them gates in to the sun, I'll leave this place behind.
With but one regret for the lads I've left to carry on the grind.

14-LANCASHIRE WEDDING SONG:

Some people think its jolly to lead a single life
But I believe in marriage and the comforts of a wife
A wife's the greatest blessing, if she's honest, brave, and true
So if you want to marry lads I'll tell you what to do

Get a little table and a little chair
Then a tiny house in a tiny square
Get a little wife and a little tin
And don't forget the cradle, for to rock the baby in.

Now a single man in lodgings can't have much delight
For there's no one to speak to him when he sits alone at night
Nothing to attract him and to pass the time away
For to quickly find the difference if he listens to what I say

Now a married man has comforts that a single man has not
For his clothes are always mended and his meals are always hot
At first they may have quarrels, just the odd one now and then
But it's hardly worthwhile falling out, for they make it up again

Now it's little use in asking a girl to marry you
Unless you have a little house and a room to take her to
For a good wife likes to see a house cozy, clean, and nice
So if you want to marry, lads, just take my advice.

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15-ROSE OF ALLANDALE:

Oh the sky was clear, the morn was fair
No breath came over the sea
When Mary left her highland home
And wandered forth with me
Though flowers decked the mountainside
And fragrance filled the vale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allandale
Sweet rose of Allandale
Sweet rose of Allandale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allandale

Where e're we wandered or the east or the west
My fate began to louver
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
Though tempest wreck my tiny barque
And rent the quivering sails
One maiden by me stood the storm
Twas the rose of Allandale
Refrain

And when my feeble lips were parched
On Africa's burning sands
She whispered words of happiness
And tales of foreign lands
My life would have been a wilderness
Unblessed by fortune or fame
Had fate not linked her love to me
Sweet rose of Allandale
Refrain

16-SILVER IN THE STUBBLE: (Sydney Carter)

Early in the morning, hear the razor roar,
There's silver in the stubble now it wasn't there before

For the leaves are getting greener and spring is on the way
Girls are getting prettier and younger every day

Silver in the stubble winter in the wood
Fare you well you wicked world I'm going to be good

Time to thing of haven time to think of hell
Time to go to church on Sunday's, Hark I hear the bell

If any girl is willing she's only got to say
I'll hang me halo on the hook until another day.

Early in the morning, hear the razor roar,
There's silver in the stubble now it wasn't there before

17-MEDWAY FLOWS SOFTLY: (George Gilbert)

On Ayelsford bridge one summers morning
A sudden fancy came to me
In my mind the idea dawning
The countless stones I'd go and see.

Chorus
Twisting turning wandering free
Flows Medway softly to the sea.

By the stones I saw her standing
Suns bright gold shining in her hair.
In her eyes the summers gladness
And this is sweet beyond compare

Together we walked by old Kits Coty
Cross Bluebell hill through Westfield wood
And all the birds made such sweet music
This was love we understood

Along the pilgrims way to Boxley
Oh the beauty of these downs
Here spring try's her fledgling fancy
Nature wears her finest gown.

Now by the dusty lane to Detling
The Cock Horse in for shade and rest
We made a key we knew for certain

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Would unlock loves treasure chest

18-DAUGHTERS AND SONS:

They wouldn't hear your music
And they pulled your paintings down
They wouldn't read your writing
And they banned you from the town
But they couldn't stop you dreaming
And the victory you have won
For you sowed the seeds of freedom
In your daughters and your sons

In your daughters and your sons
In your daughters and your sons
You sowed the seeds of freedom
In your daughters and your sons

Well your weary smile it proudly hides
The chain marks on your hands
As you bravely strive to realise
The rights of every man
And though your body's bent and low
A victory you have won
For you sowed the seeds of justice
In your daughters and your sons

Well, I don't know your religion
But one day I heard you pray
For a world where everyone can work
And children they can play
And though you never got your share
Of the fruits that you have won
You sowed the seeds of equality
In your daughters and your sons

Well, they taunted you in Belfast
And they tortured you in Spain
And in that Warsaw ghetto
Where they tied you up in chains
In Vietnam and in Chili
When they came with tanks and guns
It's there you sowed the seeds of peace
In your daughters and your sons

And now your music's playing
And the writings on the wall
And all the dreams you painted
Can be seen by one and all
And now you've got them thinking
And the future's just begun
For you sowed the seeds of freedom
In your daughters and your sons