SONGS OF
THE OPEN ROAD
DIDAKEI DITIES & GYPSY DANCES

Tunes & Words collected in Hampshire by

ALICE E. GILLINGTON

Music Arranged & Adapted by

DOWSETT SELLARS

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This collection of South Country ballads and dance tunes were gathered by the
Author in Hampshire and the New Forest.

Some of them date from Elizabethan days,—others are of more recent origin,—
they were danced and sung in the green Mayens at Whitsuntide, at the Merry and
Cherry Fairs, in farm-house kitchens at Christmas and in Public House Long Rooms,
on Quay Inn, and on Ferry Hard.

The Gypsy Lees were the chief musicians in the old days. Noah Lee and his three
brothers, George, Jim and Sack, played all round the country, at the corners of
cross roads, up at "the big houses of the high ones," as the gypsies say, and from
one inn to another, with their fiddles, triangles, drums and tambourines.

At the present day, the accordion has taken the place of the fiddle among Forest
dwellers; but after the day's labour in strawberry-field or hop-field is over, you may
see a gypsy dancing in the hay-field, swinging and swaying and circling, to the
tune of:—"Bonnets so blue," or a launi rakli from the tents among the Green
Bushes, the forest hollies, dancing a step-dance in the twilight, or the firelight
to "Pop goes the Weasel," or two Romani juvals walking round each other, skirt
in one hand and tambourine shaken in the other to the prelude of a country jig.

Between the dances, the old Didakei ditties are sung and the Romani gili
chanted.

The English gypsies compose these songs themselves, on some passing event
of the day or hour; such as travelling the road together, stopping at an ale house
for drink, leading the horses out to grass, sleeping in a barn, being taken up by
the police, or catching a rabbit. They sing, as they dance, naturally and sponta-
neously, just as the mood takes them, being always children in heart,— wild
children of the field and forest.

The music consists of a few bars, often in a minor key, either to a slow
measure, as in "The Shushai," or to a rapid movement as in "Mandy jall'd to
puv a grai," to which I have seen a rakli dance a few steps at the last chorus.

In conclusion, the words, the airs, the dances, must be sung and danced by
the gypsies or by those who have learnt direct from the gypsies, as the Espérance
Guild of Morris Dancers, to be understood and fully appreciated, and to this end I
now introduce them.

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.
March 1911.
The Yellow Caravan
Thorney Hill
New Forest, Hants.

J.W.15140.
SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD.

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J.W. 45440.
The Green Bushes.

New Forest Gypsy Ballad.

Andante assai.

As... I was a walking

one morning in Spring, For to hear the birds whistle and the

nightingale sing I espied a fair damsel, so.....

sweetly sang she, Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me!
The Green Bushes.

As I was a-walking one morning in Spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
I spied a fair creature and so sweetly sang she,
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me!

I'll buy you fine beavers and fine silken gowns!
I'll buy you fine petticoats all flounced to the ground!
If you will prove loyal and be constant to me,
And forsake your own true love, and get married to me.

I wants none of your beavers nor your fine silken gowns!
I wants none of your petticoats all flounced to the ground.
But if you will prove loyal and constant to me,
I'll forsake my own true love and get married to thee!

Come, let us be going from under these trees!
Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please!
For yonder is coming my true love, you see,
Down by the Green Bushes where he thinks to meet me.

And when he got there, he found she was gone!
He looked like young Linfred that was quite forlorn!
She's gone with some other, forsaking of me,
Down by the Green Bushes where she thinks to meet me!

I'll be like a school-boy, spend my time all in play,
Men never be so foolish to be deluded away!
No false-hearted young maid shall serve me so no more!
Here's adieu to the Green Bushes, for 'tis time to give o'er!
The Warminster Song.

Gypsy Ballad.

Allegretto.

Oh,

have you heard of a good little boy, A good little boy as any? Who will

run five miles in one half an hour, For to carry a letter to my

Georgie, For to carry a letter to my Georgie?
The Warminster Song.

O, have you heard of a good little boy?  
A good little boy as any?  
Who will run five miles in one half an hour,  
For to carry a letter to my Georgie,  
For to carry a letter to my Georgie?

My Georgie has not robbed house, nor land,  
Nor church, nor murdered any!  
He have only killed six of the King's fallow deer,  
And sold them in Goenni.  
And sold them in Goenni.

And when she reached to the King's fair court,  
There were lords and squires many,  
Down on her bended knees she fell,  
"O spare me the life of my Georgie!  
O spare me the life of my Georgie!"

Then up and spake the good lord Judge,  
Saying "Madam, you bide easy!  
For your own confession have hanged him now,  
So I pity you, fair lady!  
I pity you, fair lady!"

I wish I was on Shooter's Hill,  
Where kisses I've had many,  
With my broard sword and pistol too  
I would fight for the life of my Georgie!  
I would fight for the life of my Georgie!

My Georgie shall be hung in a chain of gold  
If he is hung in any!  
Because he was of royal, royal blood,  
And he courted a virgin lady!  
And he courted a virgin lady!

J.W. 5140.
III
Green grow the Laurels.

Andante con moto.

Gypsy Song.

Green grows the laur-els and

so does do you! Sor-ry was I when I parted from you Now you’ve re-

cresc.

-turn-ed, our vows well re - new, So change the green laur-els for the bonnets so

dim.

CHORUS.

blue Green grows the laur-els and so does do you! Sor-ry was

J.W.15140.
Green grow the laurels and so does do you!
Sorry was I when I parted from you!
Now I've returned, my vows I renew,
And we'll change the green laurels for the bonnets so blue!

Chorus. Green grow the laurels and so does do you!
Sorry was I when I parted from you!
So we'll change the green laurels for the bonnets so blue!

The first that she met it was a lord's man!
He gave her a gold ring to call her his own!
She called him her own, O! forty times over!
So we'll change the green laurels for the bonnets so blue!

Chorus. Green grow the laurels etc.

He gave her a gold ring, he called her his joy!
Before he'd a-gained it cost him five more!
She called him her own, O, forty times o'er!
So we'll change the green laurels for the bonnets so blue!

Chorus. Green grow the laurels etc.

J.W. 45140.
'Tis of a brisk and country lady!
All up to London she would go!
And the gay gold watches hung around her middle;
And the footmen behind her like lightning flew!

"Drive on, drive on, my jolly coachman!
Not one of your horses you can spare!
'Tis twenty minutes a-past eleven,
And by twelve o'clock, my boy, we must be there!"

He drove her up in twenty minutes;
Which caused every horse to die;
To see the people for that gay lady!
They all hung round in sorrow and cried!

J.W. 15140.
And when she reached the fair London city,
She boldly rang'd at the bell;
Who should come out but the jolly sailor,
And his canvas it was as white as snow!

Then she drew a brace of pistols from her bosom,
And lodged them in her right hand;
Saying, "The first that touches my jolly sailor,
Their life shall be at my command!"

Then the match was made to go a-hunting,
Down in those woods where briars grew;
And there they did the young man murder;
In the Brake of Briars there him they threw.

Then they rode home the same night after,
They rode home most speedily;
"You're welcome home, my own two brothers,
But pray tell me where's your servant man?"

"We lost him as we rode a-hunting,
Down in the woods where briars grew;
Where we lost him we could not find him,
And what became of him we do not know."

Then she went to bed the same night after;
She went to bed immediately,
She dreamed to see her own true loved one;
He was covered all over in great drops of blood.

She rose early the next morning,
To search the woods where briars grew;
And as she dreamed so there she found him;
In the Brake of Briars he was killed and thrown.

Then she pulled a handkerchief from her bosom,
And wiped his eyes as he lay as blind;
She ofttime weep'd in sorrow, saying,
"There lays a dear bosom friend of mine."

Then she rode home the same night after,
She rode home most speedily;
She poisoned herself and her own two brothers;
All four of them in one grave do lie!

J.W.45140.
Three Gypsies came to the door.

Ben moderato.

Gypsies came to the door, 'Twas they sang brisk and bonny, eil! And downstairs came the lady, eil! The

lady, eil, the lady, eil! And downstairs came the lady, eil!... She pulled off her

high-heeled shoes, And she put on her low-heeled clogs and away with the gypsies
Three gypsies came to the door!
’Twas they sang brisk and bonny, ei!
And downstairs came the lady, ei,
And downstairs came the lady, ei!

She pulled off her high-heeled shoes
And she put on her low heeled clogs
And away with the gypsies she did go,
And away with the gypsies she did go!

Home there came her own wedded lord,
Enquiring for his lady, ei!
His own serving maid she did reply,
She’s gone with the gypsy laddie, ei!

Come, saddle me my milk white steed,
Come, saddle me my dappled grey,
That I might ride for my lady, ei,
That I might ride for my lady, ei,

O! he rode high, and he rode low,
And he rode many a valley through;
Till at length he espied his own wedded wife,
Along with the gypsy laddie, ei!

Last night you laid in a good feather bed,
But to-night you must lie in the open field;
O, I’ll turn to my own wedded lord,
And adieu to the gyns’ia laddie, ei!

J.W.15440.
VI

Adieu to you judges and juries.

Allegretto.

The well-known song "Botany Bay" is founded on this ballad.  J.W. 15140.
Adieu to you Judges and Juries.

Here's adieu to you judges and juries,
And justice and baillies also!
Seven years you've strange-ported my true love,
Seven years you've transported you know.

Here's a-going to strange countries don't agree with me,
Nor leaving old England behind!
But it's all for the sake of my Polly dear,
And leaving my parents so kind.

Dear Polly, I'm a going for to leave you,
For seven long years, love or more;
But the time it shan't seem but one moment
When I turn to the girl I adore.

How oftentimes I've wished that the eagle,
Would lend me her wings for to fly
I would fly to the arms of my Polly dear
Once more in her bosom to lie!

How hard is the place of confinement
That keeps me from my own heart's delight!
With cold irons and cold chains I'm set-rounded
And a plank for my pillow at night.

Here is married as well as we single!
God knows what strange ports we goes through!
Here's adieu to you, judges and juries,
And justice and baillies, adieu!

J.W.15440.
There were seven Gypsies.

There were sev'n gypsies all of a row, And

they sang brisk and bonny O! They sang so high and they

sang so low, that down-stairs came the lady, O!
Seven Gypsies.

There was seven gypsies all of a row,
And they sang brisk and bonny O!
They sang so high and they sang so low,
Till downstairs came the lady, O!

They gave to she a nutmeg brown,
And a cake of the very best ginger, O!
But she gave to them a far better thing,
For she gave them the ring from her finger, O!

Now she pulled off her silken gown
And wrapped the blanket round her, O!
She was resolved and rakish too,
To gang with the draggle-tail gypsies, O!

When her own lord he did return,
Enquiring for his lady, O!
One of the servants did say, "Sir,
She's gone with the draggle-tail gypsies, O!"

"Come, saddle me my milk-white steed!
Come, saddle me my pony, O!
That I may ride O both night and day,
Until I find my lady, O!"

He rode high, and he rode low,
And he rode over the valley, O!
And who should he see but his own wedded lady,
Along with the draggle-tail gypsies, O!

"Now, how could you leave your houses and land?
How could you leave your babes also?
or how could you leave your own wedded lord,
To gang with the draggle-tail gypsies, O!

Last night you laid on a good feather bed,
Along with your tender babes also!
And now to-night in a cold open field
Along with the draggle-tail gypsies, O!

"I will return to my houses and land!
I will return to my babes also!
And I will return to my own wedded lord,
And forsake all the draggle tail gypsies, O!

Now, there was seven gypsies all of a row,
And they was hangéd all, just so;
And they was hangéd all of a row,
For stealing the yellow castle's lady, O!

J.W. 45440.
VIII

The Bushy Broom.

Con brio.

A wa - ger, a wa - ger, a

wa - ger I will lay, I'll bet you five guineas to your

one, That you wont ride unscathed to the bon-ny bush-y

broom, and unscathed to re-turn home a-gain

J.W. 45140.
The Bonny Bushy Broom.

"A wager, a wager, a wager I will lay!
I'll lay you five guineas to your one!
That you won't ride unharmed to the bonny bushy broom,
And unharmed to return home again?"

Come, saddle me my milk white team;
Come, bring to me my broad sword and gun!
That I may ride unharmed to the bonny bushy broom,
And unharmed to return safe again!

And when she got there, her true love lay asleep,
With a bunch of green broom in his hand;
And three times she walked to the sole of his feet;
And three times she walked to the crown of his head;
And three times she kissed of his red and cherry lips,
A-sleeping as he lay all on the ground.

She had a ring on her little finger;
She placed it on her true love's right hand;
To let him, let him know that a lady had been there,
That a lady has been here, but she is gone.

Then when he awoke, and awoken was he,
And very well awoken was him;
He stamp'd down his foot on the bonny bushy broom,
Saying, "The lady has been here, but she is gone."

O! had I awake, and the lady had been here,
Sure alive I should her heart's blood spill,
And every little bird in the bonny bushy broom
They surely must have drunk their fill!

O! what an hard-hearted man must I be!
My heart must be harder than a stone;
To murder the girl who so dearly loved me
All alone in the bonny bushy broom!

J.W.15140.
IX

The sleeping gamekeeper.

Allegretto.

My master turned me out of doors! Now wasn't that provoking? All for to catch the game by night, While the game-keeper was sleeping.

J.W. 1540.
The sleeping game-keeper.

My master turned me out of doors!
Now, wasn't that provoking?
All for to catch the game by night,
While the game-keeper was sleeping!

I have a dog and a good dog too!
I keep him for my sporting!
All for to catch the game by night,
While the game keeper lies sleeping.

Me and my dogs were out one night,
To view the habitation!
Out jumped an old hare and away she ran,
She ran through my plantation!

She squeaked, she hollaed, she made a noise,
As something stopped her running,
Says I to my dog, "It's time we were gone,
For the game keepers are coming!"

I picked her up, I broke her neck,
I put her in my pocket;
"Lay still, lay still, my puss!" I cried,
"For the game keepers are coming!"

I went down to my uncle's house
To see what they were fetching;
"A crown a brace, my boy!" he said,
"If you will bring me fifty!"

I went down to the public house
And drank till I was mellow;
For I spent that crown and put another one down—
Ain't I a good-hearted fellow?
Ripe it is the apple, love.

Moderato.

Ripe it is the apple, love

Soon will be a rotten, love! Hot it is the love that will soon grow cold! Young men's beauty

will soon be forgotten. And I pray, young woman, don't you be so bold!....

Ripe it is the apple that'll soon get a rotten, love! What care I for the world of treasure?
Hot it is the love that will soon get cold! What care I for the houses and land?
Young men's beauty will soon be forgotten; What care I for the gold and silver,
And I pray, young woman, don't you be so bold! So all I gain is a handsome man?

O Madam, O Madam, I have gold and silver! Handsome men are out of fashion!
Madam, O Madam, I have houses and land! Young women's beauty will not stay!
Madam, O Madam, I've the world of a treasure, Like the fairest flower in the midst of
And to be at your command! It will die and fade away. (summer,

J.W. 15140.

Allegretto.

O! can you rok-ka Romanes?

Can you play the bosh?

O! Can you kiss the pret-ty raw-ni?

Underneath the kaush?

O! can you rokka Romanes?

Can you play the bosh?

Can you kiss the pretty rawni?

Underneath the kaush?

J.W. 15140.
XII

N°2. Mandi jalled to puv a grai.

New Forest Gypsies.

Vigoroso.

Mandi jalled to puv a grai,

All around the stug-gas av-ri; A mush ovlwed to man-di To

lej mi av-ri. Man-di stripped off at him And delli'd him in the

yak! And sap mi di-ra datchel! Can't the mush kür well!

J.W. 15140.
Romani Gilla.

Mandi jall’d to puv a grai,
All around the stuggas avri;
A mush olv’d to mandi
To lel mi avri.

Chorus. Mandi stripped off at him
And dell’d him in the yak!
And sap mi dira datchel!
Can’t the mush kûr well!

It was all through mi rakli
A-making of the godli,
It brought the mush to mandi
To lel mi avri.

Chorus. Mandi stripped etc.

Mandi suv’d yek rardi
In the granze avri,
Along with the tawna rakli, Ol
And the gavmush olv’d to mandi
To lel mi avri.

Chorus. Mandi stripped etc.

Ov along, miri mush fakker!
Ov along of mandi!
Mandi a mang a kushti cart
From the kër among the trees.

But when mandi mang’d the cart
And nisher’d it avri
The gavmush olv’d to mandi
To lel mi meriben away!

Chorus. But what a kushti bit of fun
Mandi will lel,
Along with my Romani rakli gal!

J.W.154140.
Lento.

We all went on a Christmas Day there all we Dicka-kais jal!

Never mind the toehavis, never mind the cresc.
pud-dens, There all we Did-a-kais jail

Nev-er mind the din-ner! We'll all go home to-

gath-er, And we'll catch a Shu-shai to-mor-row!

We all went on a Christmas Day,
There all we Didakais ja!!
Never mind the chavis!
Never mind the puddens,
Never mind the dinner!
There all we Didakais ja!!
We'll all go home together,
And we'll catch a Shushai tomorrow!

J.W.15140.
Briskly.

Mandi wellà to

puv the grai All a-round the stig-gus a-kai,

Ov-va, here's a mush mi dai, Ov-ven' up the drom...........

Daw-dil Daw-dil! You'll get nor'd to-night...........

J.W. 15440.
Ovva tsha- vi, mush a-kai  Up the drom a-gain!

Daw-di!  Daw-di!  You'll get mord to-right.......

Mandi well'd to puv the grai
All around the stigges aka;
Ovva, here's a mush, mi dai,
Ovven up the drom!

Ovva, tshavi, mush akai,
Up the drom again!
Dawdi! Dawdi!
You'll get mord to-night.

J.W. 15140.
Bruton Fair.

Dorset.

Adagio assai.

When haz-zle boughs be yol-low, And
The gil-cups and the le-vers Ba-
And when we gets to Bru-ton, What

noo ears left to leaze; And zum-mer wi' the
dry and riv-ell'd all: The vields and 'oods and
laugh-en girls and bwoys, What drum-men and what

J.w.15140.
zwallow  Be  vled  a-thirt  the  seas,  Then  
ri-verse,  They  bear  noo  brooth  in  Fall:  But  
shoot-en  Do  da-ther  us  wi'  noise!  We  

all  zoo  trig  in  gram-fer's  heart  Hitch  in  the  wold  brown  
drush  and  sky-lerk  sweet-ly  zing,  A-whiv-veren  droo  the  
did-n't  ho  vor  drun-gein'  volk,  That  bawled  and  chippered  

meaire,  Wi'  smil-en  Jeane  by  broad  and  leane  At  
air:  There's  nar  a  rose  like  Jen-ny  shows,  And  
there:  Vor  in  our  mind  wer  thoughts  zoo  kind,  And  

breake  o'  mar-ren  to  de-part,  Im  gwyne  to  Bru-ton  Feair!  
heart  be  all  zoo  bright  as  spring,  A-gwyne  to  Bru-ton  Feair!  
love-zome  wer  the  words  we  spoke,  Thik  day  at  Bru-ton  Feair!  

J.W.15140.  8226
Bruton Fair.

When hazzle boughs be yollow,
And noo ears left to leaze;
And zummer wi' the zswallow
Be vled athirt the zeas,
Then all zoo trig in gramfer's keart
Hitch in the wold brown meäre,
Wi' smilen Jeäne by hroad and leäne
At breäke o' marnen to depart,
I'm gwyneto Bruton Feäir!

The gilcups and the levers
Be dry and rivell'd all:
The yields and 'oods and rivers,
They bears noo blooth in Fall:
But drush and skylerk sweetly zing,
Awhivveren droo the air:
There's nar a rose like Jenny shows,
And hearts be all zoo bright as spring,
Agwyne to Bruton Feäir!

And when we gets to Bruton,
What laughen girls and bwoys,
What drummen and what shooten
Do dather us wi' noise!
We didn't ho vor drungein' volk,
That bawled and chippered there:
Vor in our mind wer thoughts zoo kind,
And lovezome wer the words we spoke,
Thik day at Bruton Feäir.

When winds next Fall blows cwolder,
To Bruton I wull hride,
And zee again' my showlder
The feäce o' blushen bride:
Vor her sweet vaice have pledged me true
My hwome droo life to sheäre:
And when vull zoon we two be woone,
Dear Jenny, 'twill be me and you
Agwyne to Bruton Feäir!

J.W. 15440.
XVI
Sweet charming faces.
Swing Waltz.

Sweet charming faces, sweetest than all the roses,
Take them, my darling, I pluck them and bring them to you!

Place arms on each other's shoulders, facing each other, and dance two steps sideways to left and right, with a swinging movement, ending with a swing round.

J.W 15440.
XVII

All around my hat.
Ferry Dance.

Two-step swing waltz.

All around my hat
I wear this green willow,
All around my hat
For a twelve-month and a day... If anyone should ask me the reason why I wear...
it, it is because my true love has gone far away...

J.W. 15140.
XVIII
Polly said she loved me.
Ferry Dance.

Moderato.

Four-handed Reel.

Polly said she loved me, but yet she told a fib! She said she loved none other one, and yet I know she did.

J.W. 15140.
Briskly.


Twenty years he went to sea, Why! darnee don'tee know Jacky Robinson!

Two couples face each other (or two men face their partners). When the music strikes up, the first couple advance a step and hold each other by the right and left hands (as in the Grand Chain of the Lancers). Then they dance to each other; a heel and toe movement with a stamp at fourth bar. Then they change places, cross and whirli each other round in centre, and dance a jig step. Then the man comes behind his partner and holds up her hand, and she bends round and under his arm, perhaps half a dozen times. Then he leads her back, and the second couple begin.

J.W. 15140.
Play over the tune three times. Two couples meet in centre and dance with swing-waltz step, crossing hands. First right hands crossed and go round, then left, circling all the time. Pass under arms of top couple and join partner, and dance in couples, holding partner with one hand and skirt with the other. Meet in middle again and repeat.

As the tune changes, reverse the movement from right to left. Top couple then pass under hands, and the two couples join their partners and dance as before. If danced by a couple only, they raise right hands together, and swing them high two or three times before dance begins. Tambourines held in left hands.
Twelve couples or so dance round in a ring, the man holding up left arm, the woman's right hand holding skirt, the left arm interlinked with partner's right, to a short two-step with a slide between, turning round once at end of fourth bar, with stamp and pause before tune changes. Then repeat step and turn round again at end of last bar.
XXII.

Fernal up and down.

Swing song of the Tent-Dwellers.

Allegro assai.

O! Fernal up and down! He's gone to London Town!

To mar-ry Lu-cy Brown! He's gone to knock her down! O! Fernal up and down! He's gone to London Town! To mar-ry Lu-cy Brown!

Two children take hold of each other's arms, facing each other, or hands are placed on each other's shoulders, and dance three steps to each side alternately, (singing the words as they dance up and down with a swinging movement.) Then swing each other round to the next three bars.

J.W.15440.
O! Fer-nal up and down! He's gone to Lon-don Town!

To mar-ry Lu-cy Brown! He's gone to knock her down!

O! Fer-nal up and down! He's gone to Lon-don Town!

To mar-ry Lu-cy Brown!

J.W. 15440.
Oh! Fer-nal up and down! He's gone to Lon-don

Town! To mar-ry Lu- cy Brown! He's gone to knock her

down! O! Fer-nal up and down! He's
gone to Lon-don Town! To mar-ry Lu-cy Brown!

J.W. 15140.
XXIII.

Country Jig Step-Dance.

Moderato assai.

New Forest Gypsies.

J.W.15140.
A couple stand face to face and walk round each other bending low to the ground and holding skirt. Then dance face to face, some distance apart.

J.W. 15140.
XXIV
The Triumph or Four Hands Round.

Country Dance.

Old Hampshire.

(1) Changing sides.

Vigorously.

last time pause.

J.W. 15140-
(II) First couple up the middle.
Up the middle! Down the side! Don't you hurt my pretty little dear! Don't you tease her! Don't you squeeze her! Don't you hurt my pretty little dear.

(III) Swing Round.

Form long sides, as in Sir Roger de Coverley; men to left, ladies to right. Four girls and four men at top pass between, changing sides, to the tune (I) of the "Triumph." Then return to place and swing in couples. Top couple at opposite corners go down the room to the tune (II) of "Don't you hurt my pretty Dear" followed by the partner of the girl at top, who leads her back to her place. They then swing round with second couple, to tune III.

J.W.15140.
Fish and 'Taters.

Gypsy step dance of the tent dwellers.

Allegretto.

Ei! Ei! Ei! For the fish and taters Ei! Ei! Ei! For the fish and cod! La di du dudle du di, du di

Hummed La di du, as before.

La dudle du di, du day! La di du dudle du di, du di etc.

Two girls hold a stick horizontally, one at each end. One of them, holding on to her end of the stick, begins a heel-and-toe step, with an occasional back-sling of the right foot, the while she revolves and circles round, singing the words, and humming the bars between.

J.W.15440.
Ei! Ei! Ei! For the fish and taters!

Ei! Ei! Ei! For the fish and cod! La di du dudle

du di, du di! La du-dle du di, du day!

J.W.15140.
Glossary.

Romany gilla 1.
Rokka = Romanes = *Speak Romany.*
Rawni = *Lady.*
Kaush = *Hedge.*

2.
Mandi = *I, Myself.*
Puv a grai = *Put a horse out to grass.*
Lel mi avri = *Take me away.*
Dell’d him in the yak = *Hit him in the eye.*
Sap mi dira datchell! = *On my word and conscience!*
Kür = *Hit.*
Rakli = *Girl.*
Göśli = *Noise.*
Yek rardi = *One night.*
Suv’d = *Slept.*
Gränze = *Barn.*
Mang = *Begr.*
Kushti = *Pretty.*
Kör = *House.*
Nisher’d = *Stole.*

Gavmush = *Policeman.*
Meriben = *Life.*

3.
Didakai = *Gypsy.*
Shushai = *Rabbit.*
Jal = *Go.*

4.
Tshavi = *Child.*
Dai = *Mother.*
Grai = *Horse.*
Ovven = *Coming.*
Well’d = *Wenti.*
Drom = *Road.*
Puv = *Field.*
Stiggus = *Stack or Hedge.*
Dawdl = *O dear!*
Mord = *Killed.*
Mush = *Max.*
Akai = *Here.*

Pronunciation.

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J.W. 15140.