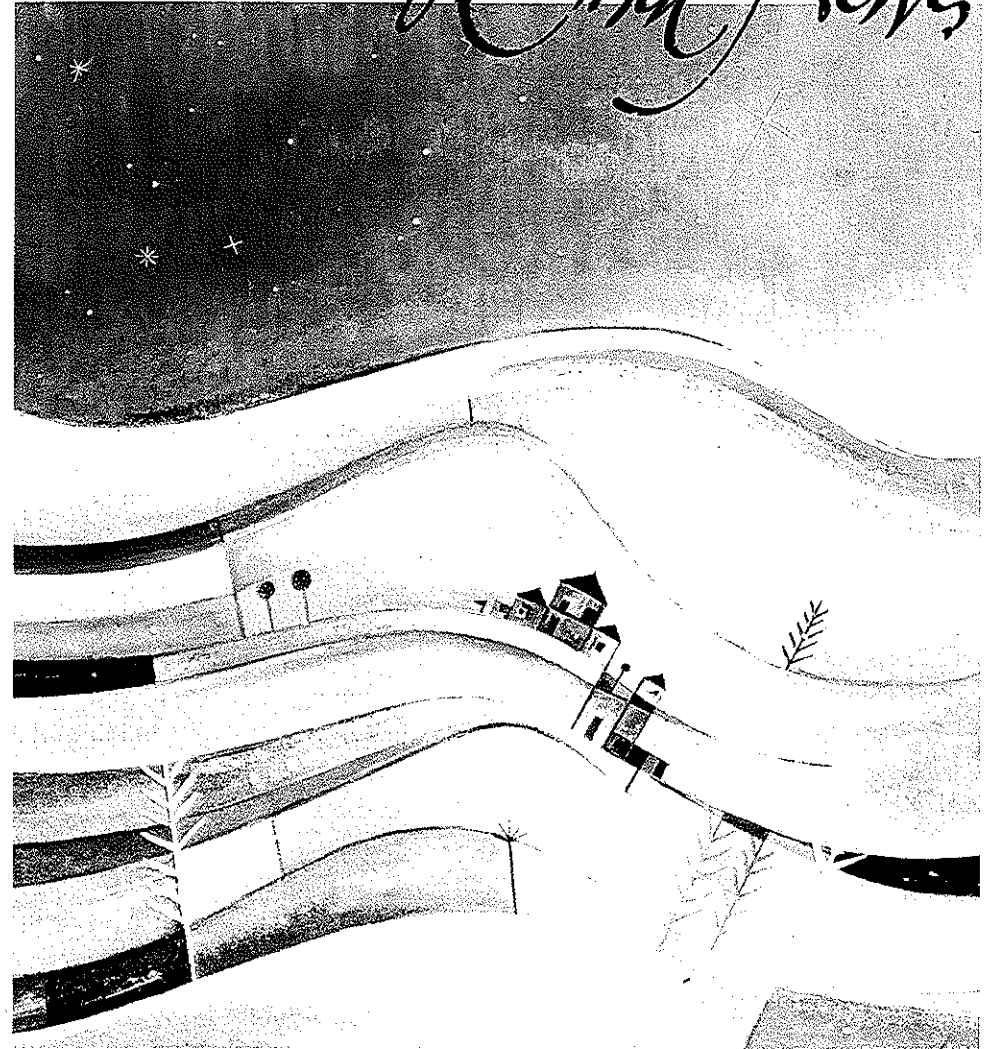


# Wark, Wark! It That News



Village Carols from the Royal Hotel, Dungworth

Published by Village Carols, Bridge House, Unstone, Sheffield S18 5AF,  
England

*Hark, Hark! What News*

Edited by Ian Russell

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Village Carols is a non-profitmaking organisation which exists to record and promote local carol singing traditions. Its main roles are:

*Fieldwork and Research*

This takes two main forms. Firstly, interviewing carol singers about their traditions and recording the actual singing (preferably, in correct context). Secondly, investigating record offices, libraries and archives for relevant references to local singing and music manuscripts.

*Organising the Collection*

The hundreds of tape recordings and manuscripts are steadily being indexed and organised into a usable archive to which there is public access. The recordings of the carols are being copied and the copies placed in the National Sound Archive (British Library) and in the Archives of Cultural Tradition at the University of Sheffield.

*Promoting Local Carol Singing Traditions*

This is largely done through the production of the cassette and book series. To date there are nine sets and more are planned:

1. *A Song for the Time: Village Carols from the Black Bull, Ecclesfield*, Village Carols, VC001, 1987
2. *Arise, Rejoice and Sing!: Village Carols from the Blue Ball Inn, Worrall*, Village Carols, VC002, 1989
3. *White Shepherds Watched Village Carols from the Fountain, Ingbirchworth*, Village Carols, VC003, 1989
4. *The Bells of Paradise: Village Carols from Castleton in the Derbyshire Peak*, Village Carols, VC004, 1991
5. *Peace o'er the World: Village Carols from Hathersage in the Peak District*, Village Carols, VC005, 1992
6. *To Celebrate Christmas: Village Carols from the Travellers Rest, Oughtibridge*, Village Carols, VC006, 1993
7. *On This Delightful Morn: Village Carols from Footow in the Peak District*, Village Carols, VC007, 1994
8. *Come Sing for the Season: Village Carols from Coal Aston in Derbyshire*, Village Carols, VC008, 1995
9. *Hark, Hark! What News: Village Carols from the Royal Hotel Dungworth*, Village Carols, VC009, 1996

Village Carols is directed by Ian Russell. He also conducts the fieldwork and research.

Cover Artwork Brian Walker

# HARK, HARK! WHAT NEWS

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Edited by Ian Russell

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Village Carols, Bridge House, Unstone, Sheffield S18 5AF

*Supported by funding from Ken Allan and Allan Comp Ltd,  
Norma Waterson, and Handsworth Traditional Sword Dancers.*

*This book accompanies a CD and cassette of the same title.*

## Preface and Acknowledgements

The Royal Hotel was only the second pub I visited to sing the local Christmas carols in December 1969. I was knocked out by the experience; a sea of ecstatic bodies singing their hearts out to the inspired accompaniment of Lol Loy on the organ. One ardent caroller was determined that I should not get a false impression. He collared me outside the pub: 'I don't want you to go away thinking we're a bunch of religious fanatics. I'm an atheist and I know at least another ten more in there who feel the same!' It was a fair comment, though I was never mistaken about their motives. The euphoria was and still is to do with the fellowship of singing, the pride that the carollers take in their local repertoire, and the celebratory atmosphere. Altogether it is a pretty heady mixture and it had me hooked. I have recorded the carolling at the Royal for Village Carol Archives most Christmases during the subsequent twenty-six years.

It was no surprise that when Leader Sound approached me in 1973 to make an L.P. of the local carols (*A People's Carol*), the Royal should be my first recommendation. Similarly, the Royal was the obvious choice to be featured in the Granada Television documentary in 1977 (*A Song for the Time*) for which I acted as consultant. Subsequently, the Royal has gone from strength to strength and achieved widespread fame through a centrepiece article in the *Melody Maker*, a second L.P., and further television and radio programmes broadcast in the U.K. and abroad. Despite all this deserved exposure, the carolling has retained its integrity, its vitality, its spontaneity, and its friendliness. Above all it remains a local affair, under the stewardship of Sue Heritage, and everyone joins in on this basis.

I have received a great deal of help and support over a number of years in bringing this project to fruition. I would first like to thank all the people who have generously offered local information: Lol Loy, Charlie Fretwell, Harry Green, Laurie Goodison, Marjorie Robinson (née Fretwell), Dorothy Dyson (née Fretwell), Mary Satterthwaite, John and Christine Fox, Graham Mills, David Smith, Neil Henderson, Eric and Margaret Walker, Billy Mills, Ivan Harper, Will Noble, Sue Heritage, Geoff and Marg Lester, Les Seaman, and Mike Smith. Inevitably several of the senior carollers that I first interviewed have died since my research began. I owe a debt of gratitude to Charles Green, Horace Fretwell, Jack Couldwell, Albert and Bernard Broadhead, and Wilf Daff. Of course, I am very grateful to Lee and Kath Bowskill of the Royal Hotel for their crucial support.

The work of Village Carols has never existed in a vacuum and I am appreciative of the continued support of the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library in London, the Centre for English Cultural Tradition and Language at the University of Sheffield, and Sheffield Local Studies Library. Thanks are due to fellow researchers who have generously shared their findings with me, Sally Drage and John Matthews. I am most grateful to David Bocking and Brian Shuel for permission to reproduce their photographs. Brian Walker kindly produced the cover design and Simon Shuel undertook the artwork for the C.D. and cassette. Once again the National Sound Archive has offered its expertise and I would like to thank the Engineer, Nigel Bewley, and the curator of International Music, Janet Topp Fargion. Tape and C.D. production has been handled by John Howson of Veteran Tapes and the printing of this book by Spire Graphics Ltd.

Finally I would like to express my sincere gratitude to the three sponsors of the project, Ken Allan of Allan Comp. Ltd., Norma Waterson, and Handsworth Traditional Sword Dancers, whose generosity has ensured the success of the project.

Each sale includes, by way of a royalty, a donation to the Children's Liver Disease Foundation, a charity which has strong local associations through the Sheffield Children's Hospital.

Ian Russell

## CONTENTS

### The Carols

Good News	4
Awake, Arise, Good Christians	4
Old Foster / Liverpool	5
Swaledale	6
Jacob's Well	6
Hail Smiling Morn	7
Tinwood	7
Hark Hark, Hark Hark	8
The Mistletoe Bough	9
Pentonville / Lyngham	10
Mount Zion	11
Back Lane	11
Reapers	12
The Christmas Tree	13
Tyre Mill	14
Diadem	14
Mount Moriah	15
Star of Bethlehem	16
Merry Christmas	16
Sweet Chiming Bells / Sweet Christmas Bells	17
New Celestial	18
Spout Cottage	18
Egypt	19
Pratty Flowers	19
Stannington	20
A Song for the Time	20
Malin Bridge	21
How Beautiful upon the Mountain	22
Carols for the New Year	23
Photographs and Illustrations	25
Carolling at Dungworth	35
Notes	47
References	47
Notes on the Carols	49
Index of Carols	52

## THE CAROLS

## GOOD NEWS

Hark, hark! What news those angels bring?  
 Glad tidings of a new born King,  
 Glad tidings of a new born King,  
 Born of a maid, a virgin pure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King,  
 Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing,  
 Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing;  
 Angels and men, with one accord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies.  
 Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,  
 Awake ye slumbering mortals rise.  
 Awake to joy and hail the morn,  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born.  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born.

## AWAKE ARISE GOOD CHRISTIANS

'Awake, arise, good Christians, let nothing you dismay,  
 Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.'  
 The self-same moon was shining that now is in the sky,  
 When a holy band of angels came down from God on high.  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah!' to Jesus we'll sing,  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah, our Saviour and King.'

'Fear not, we bring glad tidings, for on this happy morn,  
 The promised one, the Saviour, in Bethlehem's town was born.'  
 Up rose the simple shepherds, all with a joyful mind,  
 'And let us go in haste', they say, 'this Holy Child to find'.  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah!' to Jesus we'll sing,  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah, our Saviour and King.'

'And like unto the shepherds, we wander far and near,  
 And bid you wake, good Christians, the joyful news to hear;  
 Awake, arise, good Christians, let nothing you dismay,  
 Remember Christ our Saviour was born upon this day.'  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah!' to Jesus we'll sing,  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah, our Saviour and King.'  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah!' to Jesus we'll sing,  
 'Hosannah, Hosannah, our Saviour and King.'

## LIVERPOOL / OLD FOSTER

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around.

'Fear not', said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind;  
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind.'

'To you in David's town this day  
 Is born of David's line,  
 A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign.'

All glory be to God on high  
 And on the earth be peace;  
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease.

## SWALEDALE

I'll sing you a song that is dear to my heart  
Of a place where I always would dwell,  
And if you would kindly lend me your ears,  
A few of its beauties I'll tell.

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,  
How well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,  
Beautiful dale, home of the Swale,  
Beautiful, beautiful dale.

'Tis far far away from the noise and the din  
Of colliery and factory and mills;  
From the bustle and stir of town life shut in  
By verdant and radiant hills.

As oft times a lad as I wandered along  
Beside of the river so clear;  
The birds never failing to sing their sweet song  
And lend a charm to your ear.

And if fate compell me to leave the dear spot  
For other lands far away roam,  
My earnest wish, what e'er be my luck,  
Is to end my day here at home.

## JACOB'S WELL

At Jacob's well, a stranger sought  
His drooping frame to cheer,  
His drooping frame to cheer;  
Samaria's daughter little thought  
That Jacob's God was near,  
Samaria's daughter little thought  
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind  
For richer draughts had sighed,  
For richer draughts had sighed;  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied,  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.

This ancient well, no glass so true,  
Britannia's image shows,  
Britannia's image shows;  
Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
But who the stranger knows?  
Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
But who the stranger knows?

Yet Britain must the stranger know,  
Or soon her loss deplore,  
Or soon her loss deplore;  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!  
Behold, the living waters flow,  
Come drink and thirst no more!

## HAIL SMILING MORN

Hail! Smiling morn, smiling morn,  
That tips the hills with gold,  
That tips the hills with gold,  
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven,  
The gates of heaven,  
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven. [Repeated.]

All the green fields that nature doth enfold,  
All the green fields that nature doth enfold,  
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away,  
flies away,  
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away;  
At whose bright presence darkness flies, darkness flies away, flies  
away, flies away;  
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail! [Repeated.]

## TINWOOD

Come all ye weary travellers,  
Come let us join and sing  
The everlasting praises of Jesus Christ, our King;  
We've had a tedious journey and tiresome, it is true,  
But see how many dangers, but see how many dangers,  
The Lord has brought us through.

At first when Jesus found us,  
 He called us unto him,  
 And he pointed out the dangers,  
 Of falling into sin;  
 The world, the flesh and Satan will prove to us a snare,  
 Except we do reject them,  
 Except we do reject them,  
 By faith and humble prayer.

But by our disobedience, with sorrow we confess,  
 We long have had to wander in that dark wilderness,  
 Where we might soon have fainted,  
 In that enchanted ground,  
 But now and then a cluster,  
 But now and then a cluster of pleasant grapes we found.  
 Where we might soon have fainted,  
 In that enchanted ground,  
 But now and then a cluster,  
 But now and then a cluster of pleasant grapes we found.

### HARK HARK, HARK HARK

Hark, hark! Hark, hark! What news those angels bring?  
 Glad tidings of a new born King;  
 Born of a maid, a virgin pure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King!  
 Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing;  
 Angels and men, with one accord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, Behold, He comes and leaves the skies.  
 Awake ye slumbering mortals rise;  
 Awake to joy and hail the morn,  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born,  
 A Saviour of this world was born.

Praise God, Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him all creatures here below.  
 Praise Him above ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  
 Praise Him above ye heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

### THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall,  
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,  
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
 A keeping their Christmas holiday;  
 And the baron beheld with a father's pride  
 His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,  
 While she with her bright eyes seemed to be,  
 The star of the goodly company.

Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!

'I'm weary of dancing now', she cried,  
 'Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;  
 And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
 The clue to my secret hiding place.'  
 Away she ran and her friends began  
 Each tower to search, each nook to scan.  
 And Lovell he cried, 'Where dost thou hide?  
 I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride.' [Chorus]

They searched that night, they searched the next day,  
 They searched all around till a week went away.  
 In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
 Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.  
 And as years went by their grief at last  
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
 And when Lovell appeared all the children cried,  
 'See the old man weeps for his fairy bride!' [Chorus]

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,  
 Was found in the castle, they raised the lid;  
 A skeleton form lay mouldering there,  
 In the bridal wreath of a lady so fair.  
 Oh, sad was her fate, in sportive jest  
 She hid from her lord, in an old oak chest;  
 It closed with a spring and the bridal bloom  
 Lay withering there in a living tomb. [Chorus]

## PENTONVILLE / LYNNGHAM

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around,  
 And glory shone around.

'Fear not', said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind,  
 Had seized their troubled mind;  
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind,  
 To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day  
 Is born of David's line,  
 Is born of David's line,  
 A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign,  
 And this shall be a sign.'

All glory be to God on high  
 And on the earth be peace,  
 And on the earth be peace;  
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease,  
 Begin and never cease.

## MOUNT ZION

Mortals awake with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay,  
 And chant the solemn lay;  
 Joy, love and gratitude combine,  
 To hail the auspicious day,  
 To hail the auspicious day,  
 To hail the auspicious day.

Swift through the vast expanse it flows,  
 And loud the echo rolls,  
 And loud the echo rolls;  
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
 'Twas more than heaven could hold,  
 'Twas more than heaven could hold,  
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Hail, Prince of Light, forever hail!  
 Redeemer, brother; friend,  
 Redeemer, brother, friend;  
 Though earth and time and life shall fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end,  
 Thy praise shall never end,  
 Thy praise shall never end.  
 Though earth and time and life shall fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end,  
 Thy praise shall never end,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

## BACK LANE

Behold, the Grace appears,  
 The promise is fulfilled,  
 The promise is fulfilled;  
 Mary, the wondrous virgin bears,  
 And Jesus is the child,  
 And Jesus is the child,  
 And Jesus is the child.

'Go, humble swain', said he,  
 'To David's city fly, to David's city fly.  
 The promised infant born today,  
 Doth in a manger lie,  
 Doth in a manger lie,  
 Doth in a manger lie.

'With looks and hearts serene,  
Go, visit Christ, your King,  
Go, visit Christ, your King.'  
And straight a flaming troop was seen,  
The shepherds heard them sing,  
The shepherds heard them sing,  
The shepherds heard them sing.

All glory be to God  
And on the earth be peace,  
And on the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease,  
Begin and never cease,  
Begin and never cease.

Awake, awake, ye saints, awake!  
And hail this day our Saviour's born!  
Awake, awake, ye saints, awake!  
And hail this day our Saviour's born!  
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah, praise ye the Lord!

#### REAPERS

Oh, reapers in the whitened harvest,  
All feeble, faint and few;  
Come wait upon the blessed Master,  
Our strength, he will renew.

For they that wait upon the Lord  
Shall renew their strength,  
They shall mount up with wings,  
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary,  
They shall walk and not faint;  
They shall run and not be weary,  
They shall walk and not faint;  
They shall run and not be weary,  
They shall walk and not faint.

Too oft a-weary and discouraged,  
We pour a sad complaint;  
Believing in the blessed Master,  
Why should we ever faint?

Rejoice, for he is with us always,  
Lo, even to the end!  
Look up, take courage and go forward!  
All needed grace He'll send.

#### CHRISTMAS TREE

Who comes this way so blithe and gay  
Upon the merry Christmas day  
So merrily, so cheerily,  
With his peeked hat and reindeer sleigh,  
With lots of toys for girls and boys,  
As pretty as you e'er did see;  
Oh, this is Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

Ho ho! Ho ho! Ho ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!  
And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing,  
Right merry shall you be,  
And jingle, jingle, he comes this way,  
He comes with the Christmas tree,  
And welcome, welcome, welcome Kris,  
Right welcome shall you be,  
Oh, here he is, yes, yes, he is,  
'Tis Kris with the Christmas tree,  
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,  
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree!

His sleigh bells ring with a merry jing,  
As off its reefs the reindeer springs,  
Gee up, gee ho! How swift they go,  
Over the ice and the drifts of snow;  
For he must call on one and all,  
His master's pretty pets you see,  
Oh welcome Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.

With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums,  
And lots of pretty things he comes,  
So now be quick, your places take  
And all that merry circle make;  
For now he's near, he'll soon appear  
And his jolly face shall see,  
Oh, welcome Santa Claus's man,  
Kris Kringle with his Christmas tree.



## TYRE MILL

Hark, hark! What news those angels bring?  
 Glad tidings of a new born King;  
 Born of a maid, a virgin pure,  
 Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King,  
 Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing;  
 Angels and men, with one accord,  
 Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies.  
 Awake ye slumbering mortals rise.  
 Awake to joy and hail the morn,  
 A Saviour of this world was born.  
 Awake to joy and hail the morn,  
 A Saviour of this world was born.

## DIADEM

All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Let angels prostrate fall!  
 Bring forth the royal diadem  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at His feet may fall,  
 We at His feet may fall;  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

## MOUNT MORIAH

'Glory to God', the angels sing,  
 'Glad tidings, lo, I bring,  
 Glad tidings, lo, I bring!  
 In David's city lies a babe,  
 And Jesus is the child,  
 And Jesus is the child,  
 And Jesus is the child.'

'Glory to God', let man reply,  
 'For Christ, the Lord, is come,  
 For Christ, the Lord, is come;  
 Behold him in a manger lie,  
 A stable is His room,  
 A stable is His room,  
 A stable is His room.'

'Glory to God, let all the earth  
 Join in the heavenly song,  
 Join in the heavenly song,  
 And praise Him for a Saviour's birth  
 In every land and tongue,  
 In every land and tongue,  
 In every land and tongue!  
 And praise Him for a Saviour's birth  
 In every land and tongue,  
 In every land and tongue,  
 In every land and tongue!'

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM

When marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestrewed the sky,  
 The glittering host bestrewed the sky;  
 One star alone of all the train,  
 One star alone of all the train  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.  
 One star alone of all the train  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, Hark to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem,  
 From every host, from every gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing first in life's (night's) diadem,  
 I'll sing first in life's (night's) diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

We singers make bold, as in days of old,  
 To celebrate Christmas and bring you good cheer;  
 Glad tidings we bring of Messiah, our King,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

The shepherds amazed as upward they gazed,  
 Behold, holy angels to them drawing near;  
 Singing goodwill to men as onward they came,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Let's join heart and hand to keep God's command,  
 By loving to serve him throughout the New Year,  
 In an innocent way we'll be happy today,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas,  
 So we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!

## SWEET CHIMING BELLS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,  
 Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,  
 They cheer us on our heavenly way,  
 Sweet chiming bells,  
 They cheer us on our heavenly way,  
 Sweet chiming bells.

'Fear not', said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind,  
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day  
 Is born of David's line,  
 A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
 And this shall be a sign.'

All glory be to God on high,  
 And on the earth be peace;  
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
 Begin and never cease.

## SWEET CHRISTMAS BELLS (Chorus)

Sweet Chiming Bells,  
 Sweet Christmas Bells,  
 What happy news they bring,  
 They tell us that this day is born  
 A Saviour, Lord and King.

*Note* These words are also sung to 'Fern Bank', 'Crimond', and 'Lloyd, without the chorus.

## NEW CELESTIAL

Come let us all rejoice  
 To see this happy morn;  
 We'll tune our hearts and raise our voice,  
 This day our Saviour's born,  
 This day our Saviour's born,  
 This day our Saviour's born.

'Go humble swain', said he,  
 'To David's city fly,  
 The promised infant born today,  
 Doth in a manger lie,  
 Doth in a manger lie,  
 Doth in a manger lie.'

Glory to God on high,  
 And heavenly peace on earth;  
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,  
 At our Redeemer's birth,  
 At our Redeemer's birth,  
 At our Redeemer's birth.  
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,  
 At our Redeemer's birth,  
 At our Redeemer's birth,  
 At our Redeemer's birth.

## SPOUT COTTAGE

Remember the time when our Saviour was born,  
 No house for a home but a stable forlorn;  
 His birthplace no more than where oxen did lie,  
 Yet he for all people most surely did die.

So now He's ascended to Heaven above  
 And there to all nations revealed His sweet love,  
 While angels before Him in rapture doth sing,  
 In hymns most delightful makes the heavens to ring.

So now we will praise Him for what He has done  
 And trust in His mercy for what is to come;  
 Be true to your King while the battle is o'er  
 Then we'll sing hallelujah to God evermore.  
 Be true to your King while the battle is o'er  
 Then we'll sing hallelujah to God evermore.

## EGYPT

Christians awake, unclose your eyes,  
 Glad tidings, lo, I bring;  
 To us is born a heavenly prize,  
 Arise, rejoice and sing,  
 Arise, rejoice and sing,  
 Arise, rejoice and sing!

This prize, it is the Son of God  
 And Jesus called by name;  
 Great wonders he hath shown abroad,  
 Salvation by him came,  
 Salvation by him came,  
 Salvation by him came.

Therefore let us uplift our voice,  
 And hallelujah sing;  
 Forevermore let us rejoice,  
 In Israel's holy King,  
 In Israel's holy King,  
 In Israel's holy King.  
 Forevermore let us rejoice,  
 In Israel's holy King,  
 In Israel's holy King,  
 In Israel's holy King.

## PRATTY FLOWERS

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,  
 It was one summer, summer's evening clear;  
 Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,  
 It was one summer, summer's evening clear;  
 'Twas there I beheld a most beautiful damsel,  
 Lamenting for her shepherd dear,  
 Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was,  
 Ever, ever, ever with the lass I adore,  
 The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was,  
 Ever, ever, ever with the lass I adore;  
 Wilt thou go fight yon French and Spaniards,  
 Wilt thou leave me thus, my dear?  
 Wilt thou leave me thus, my dear?

No more to yon green banks will I take thee,  
 With pleasure for to rest myself and view the land,  
 No more to yon green banks will I take thee,  
 With pleasure for to rest myself and view the land;  
 But I will take thee to yon green garden  
 Where those pratty flowers grow,  
 Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.  
 But I will take thee to yon green garden  
 Where those pratty flowers grow,  
 Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.

## STANNINGTON

Sing all ye people of the earth today,  
 For Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day;  
 Ring out ye joyous bells in heaven ring on,  
 For Christ is born.

Born in a stable bare of humble birth,  
 Born of a virgin pure to dwell on earth;  
 Let all mankind rejoice on this great day,  
 For Christ is born.

He came to us that wars on earth may cease,  
 He came to bring us hope, and joy, and peace;  
 Worship all nations at his feet today,  
 For Christ is born.

Glory to God on high we all will sing,  
 Glory and praise we render to our King.  
 Peace on the earth, goodwill to men this day,  
 For Christ is born.

## A SONG FOR THE TIME

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime  
 Calling rich and poor to pray,  
 On this glad morn when Christ was born,  
 On the holy Christmas day. [Repeat for chorus.]

The squire came forth from his rich old home,  
 And the peasants by two and by three;  
 The woodman let his hatchet fall  
 And the shepherd left his tree. [Chorus]

Through the churchyard snow, in a goodly row,  
 They came both old and young,  
 And with one consent in prayer they bent  
 And with one consent they sang. [Chorus]

We'll cherish it now in the time of strife  
 As a holy and peaceful thing,  
 For it tells of His love, coming down from above  
 And the peace he deigns to bring. [Chorus]

In those good old days of prayer and praise,  
 'Twas a season of right goodwill,  
 For they kept His birthday holy then  
 And we'll keep it holy still. [Chorus]

## MALIN BRIDGE

Hark, the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new born King,  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Hail, the heaven born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him all creatures here below,  
 Praise Him above ye heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAIN

How beautiful upon the mountain,  
 How beautiful upon the mountain,  
 How beautiful upon the mountain  
 Are the fields, the fields  
 That bring us glad tidings.

How beautiful upon the mountain,  
 How beautiful upon the mountain,  
 How beautiful upon the mountain  
 Are the fields, the fields  
 That bring us glad tidings.

Glad tidings I bring,  
 Glad tidings I bring,  
 I bring you glad tidings,  
 Glad tidings I bring,  
 That promiseth salvation,  
 That saith unto Zion,  
 My God reigneth,  
 My God reigneth.

Break forth, sing together,  
 Sing together, sing together,  
 In the presence of Jerusalem,  
 For the Lord he hath comforted his people,  
 He hath redeemed Jerusalem.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
 Praise ye the Lord!  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
 Praise ye the Lord!

Break forth, sing together,  
 Sing together, sing together,  
 In the presence of Jerusalem,  
 For the Lord he hath comforted his people,  
 He hath redeemed Jerusalem.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
 Praise ye the Lord!  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
 Praise ye the Lord!

## CAROLS FOR THE NEW YEAR

ANOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED AWAY *As sung by the Big Set*

Another year has passed away, time swiftly speeds along,  
 We come again to praise and pray and sing our festive song.  
 We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,  
 We come, we come, we come with songs again!

We come the Saviour's name to praise, to sing the wondrous love  
 Of Him who guards us all our days and leads to heaven above.  
 We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,  
 We come, we come, we come with songs again!

We sing of mercies daily given through every passing year,  
 We'll sing the promises of heaven with voices loud and clear.  
 We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,  
 We come, we come, we come with songs again!

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME *As sung by Charles Green*

Now it's ten weary years since I left England's shore,  
 In a far distant country to roam.  
 How I long to return to my own native land,  
 To my my friends and the old folks at home.  
 Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream,  
 A dream that brought distant lands near.  
 I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,  
 To the heart of her sons ever dear.

Then I saw the old homestead and faces I loved,  
 I saw England's valleys and dell.  
 I listened with joy as I did when a boy  
 To the sound of the old village bell.  
 The log was burning brightly,  
 'Twas a night that would banish all sin,  
 For the bells were ringing the old year out  
 And the New Year in.

While the joyous bells rang swift I wended my way  
 To the cot where I lived when a boy.  
 As I passed by the window, yes, there by the fire  
 Was my parents, my heart filled with joy.  
 The tears trickled fast down my bronze furrowed cheek  
 As I gazed on my mother so dear.  
 I could tell in her heart she was raising a prayer,  
 For the lad who she thought was not near.

At the door of the cottage we stood face to face,  
 The first time for ten weary years.  
 Soon the past was forgotten, we stood hand in hand,  
 Father, mother and wanderer in tears.  
 Once more in the fireplace the old log burned bright,  
 And I vowed that no more would I roam.  
 As I sat in the old vacant chair by the hearth,  
 And sang that good song, *Home Sweet Home*.

WE'VE BEEN A WHILE A-WANDERING

As sung by Charles Green 25 May 1971

Transcribed by Ian Russell

$\text{♩} = 72$

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 72.

We've been a while a wan - der - ing a - mongst the leaves so green, And  
 now we come a - wes - sel - ling so fair to be seen.  
 Pray God send you, pray God send you,  
 Pray God send you a hap - py New Year!

We've been a while a-wandering amongst the leaves so green,  
 And now we come a-wesseling so fair to be seen.  
 Pray God send you, pray God send you,  
 Pray God send you a happy New Year!

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,  
 But we are neighbours children whom you have seen before.  
 Pray God send you, pray God send you,  
 Pray God send you a happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,  
 And all the little children that round their table go.  
 God send a happy, God send a happy,  
 Pray God send you a happy New Year!

Back Lane S. M.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged paper. The title 'Back Lane S. M.' is written at the top. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 72. The score is transcribed by Charles Green, as indicated by a signature at the end of the fourth staff.

Pray God send you, pray God send you,  
 Pray God send you a hap - py New Year!

Copied by Charles Green

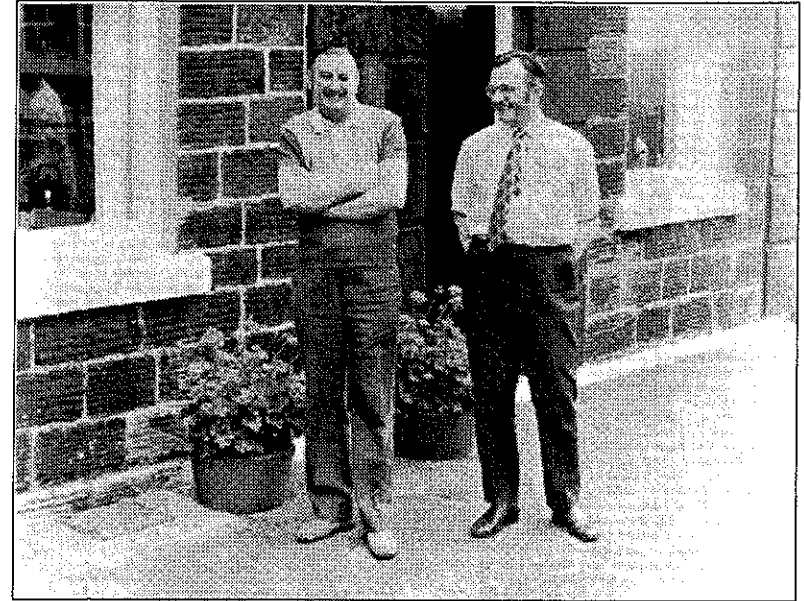
Figure 1 'Back Lane', transcribed by Charles Green, from Green-Fretwell MS, Dungworth, which dates from about 1910. From Dorothy Dyson.



**Figure 2** The Green family at St Mary's Croft, c. 1912. Standing: Aida, Willie, Lucy, Martha, Hedley, Lizzie, Gertrude. Sitting: Charles, Charles (snr), Hannah, Annie.



**Figure 3** Knurr and Spell champion, Hedley Green, at back of the Royal Hotel, c. 1926. Standing: Joe Wright, Jack Hawley, Charles Green, Harry Green, Albert Harper, Alan Grey, Andrew Hawksworth. Sitting: Horace Fretwell, Ernest Wragg, Willie Green, Johnny Poppleton, Bill Emsell, Fred Wright (crouching).



**Figure 4** Lol Loy and Charlie Fretwell in 1973. From the liner of the L.P., *A People's Carol*. Photograph by Janet Kerr.



**Figure 5** Wilf Daff sings a solo, Christmas 1986. Photograph by Brian Shuel.

# Christmas the country way

**COLIN IRWIN travels to the Sheffield area and discovers the heart of folk music—the Royal Hotel, Dungworth, at Xmas**



"A People's Carol", the Bill Leader-led production, was raised in 1974 (Leader LEE 4065). The above shows the Bill, a party of carollers who toured South Yorkshire on Christmas Day of the turn of the century.

IT'S a long way to go for a pint. Up in the land of the Don. Beyond the army of steelworks that dominate Sheffield, out into the rugged rural surrounds, stumbling across farmhouses and villages with unlikely names.

One such place is Dungworth. It perches modestly in the Loxley valley, just a few buildings surrounded by agricultural country that you cross across almost endless lanes. One of these buildings is titled — with almost comical grandeur — the Royal Hotel.

Not many people live in Dungworth. Mostly farmers, and farmers' wives and farmworker children. A few industrial workers who drive the five miles to Sheffield. Perhaps a teacher or two. People who smile at you with full, beaming faces, and immense character etched into lined, weathered faces. Mostly they've lived here all their lives. And mostly they can't remember a time when they didn't spend their Sundays during the Christmas period gathering at the Royal Hotel, settling down with a pint, passing an affectionate word of greeting to Lol, and then proceeding to sing their heads off with a verve and gusto that would make even the Watertons grumble.

Today — the Sunday before Christmas — it's magnificently evident that the South Yorkshire tradition of carol-singing is lustily intact. The Royal is shuddering at the walls with the volume of people. Burly flat-capped men are wedged in corners, elderly ladies sit demurely oblivious of mayhem, while striking out for the bar is a formidable enterprise. If you succeed, you'll do well to get a half-pint of beer.

And all the while there's this terrific barrage of singing. You can pour beer down their necks, you can charge them in the back, you can stamp on their toes, but nothing interferes with the singing. Lol Loy, a dancing figure in a daisy and white shirt, presides over it all, bunched over an organ with his back to the singer.

A cigarette hangs perennially from his mouth, the smoke rising almost to the ceiling, but at times he manages not to disturb it while attacking the organ with fighting vigour, and singing with a deep, booming voice that is still clearly distinguishable above the tearing torrent of vocal cords in the pub.

He doesn't say a word to the customers, but they follow his every move, engrossed, as he works his way through a well-established order of programmes. They don't know them off by heart, and they don't merely tolerate

resignedly. It is Christmas, after all. But the most fascinating aspect of it all — the ingredient that particularly makes the tradition the exclusive province of South Yorkshire — is the carols they sing. None of your "Good King Wenceslas" or "Away in a Manger", these are songs known only to this area, many of them written generations ago by people living in the area, and even given localised titles — like "Spout Cottage" or "Stannington", two of the songs popular at the Royal.

Other pubs in other villages, which also uphold the tradition, have a totally different repertoire. Some are well-known carols applied to different tunes — it's said there are over 20 different versions of "Come All Ye Faithful." We hear a few of them this lunch-time in Dungworth, hammered out with four-part harmonies, counterpoint harmonies, and a lustful adoration.

At one point, a smart, well-built gentleman, who might easily be taken for an accountant or a bank manager, rises wordlessly. Lol rests the organ, the throng automatically hush, and the man — Charlie Fretwell — sings a solo, "Mistletoe Bough."

How long have you been involved in this, he asked Lol, the organist. He suddenly lets out this awesome roar of a laugh and says "Oooh, how long? How old am I?" Here a blacksmith from Wadley, and his father before him was a prominent figure in the carol-singing in the old days. Then it was customary for a group of the leading carollers to group on Christmas Day and tour round the pubs and big houses in the villages. The pub singing in the weeks preceding Christmas served as preparation for it.

The preparation has gone ahead at most of those same venues — the Royal at Dungworth, the Fountain at Farbrothworth, the White Hart, Oughthorpe, the Black Bull, Ecclesfield, and numerous others, mainly in a group to the north of Sheffield but also stretching to Doncaster.

Five years ago Bill Leader and Ian

continued  
opposite



The Royal Hotel, Dungworth this Christmas: assorted farmers, steelworkers and farmworkers carol together around Lol Loy, identifiable by the cigarette at the end of the ash (Pic: John H. Dodds)

## Christmas country style

from opposite page  
Russell recorded the singing at the four pubs mentioned for the "People's Carol" album, which increased its fame. "We don't mind people — strangers — coming along as long as they sing. Sometimes you can't move for 'em standing there gawping," says one old guy to me as he staggers uncertainly homeward at the end. And, like the Padstow Obby Oss ritual, there are obvious dangers when a closely localised living tradition becomes the subject of outsiders' interest.

But probably even more so than Padstow it retains its purity, even though the rural isolation of the villages has to a large extent been dissipated by greater communication and the speed of modern life. But there's no jukebox at Dungworth, and the tradition still isn't widely acknowledged, even in the area. A casual visitor who'd learned he might hear some traditional carols in South Yorkshire would probably have trouble tracking them down without prior information.

So perhaps I shouldn't be telling you all this — if you go, just squeeze in at the back, scrounge a song book and sing. The locals, for their part, seem indifferent one way or the other to outside attention, and are blissfully oblivious of any importance in what they're doing. They're not consciously preserving an ancient tradition when they gather, they're just fulfilling a natural and hugely enjoyable part of their year's cycle, which is how it should be.

Mrs Mina Dyson is an unbelievably vigorous 85-year old. She lives in an attractive house in Stannington, and greets her unexpected visitors with no surprise and a volley of chatter. She's hard of hearing, but apart from that her faculties are extraordinarily alert.

Mrs Dyson wrote several of the works that remain prominent and popular in the tradition, notably "Bradfield", "Stawell" and "Stannington". Invariably these named their villages to personalise them, even though the lyrics themselves contain traditional Christmas sentiments. She wrote "Stannington" in 1932 and is gratified to find that it's still popular, though she doesn't sing it down the Royal to hear them sing it. "I'm teetotal, y'know," she says. "But I don't mind a drop in trifles."

She played the organ at Stannington Church for much of her life, and only retired a couple of years ago. She now only plays for her own pleasure, suddenly leaping up to plant herself at the piano in a corner of the room to play, and even sing, a couple of the carols that made her famous. In South Yorkshire anyway.

When did you start writing songs? She looks stern. "I don't write songs, I write hymns." But the answer is since she was a child — "My mother had a voice like Kathleen Ferrier, only sweeter." Mrs Dyson was one of 13 children — now the only one left — and her husband died a few years ago, a fortnight before their diamond wedding anniversary. "I still miss him, but I'm happy. My son can play, y'know, he can knock my head off. But he's a Bach fanatic . . . I like Bach but I prefer something a bit more musical."

She forages around in a drawer and emerges triumphant clutching some local press cuttings, and talks of a programme she did with Wilfred Pickles shortly before he died. I tell her I'll send her a cutting of what I write . . . "Yes," she says, "so I can check for inaccuracies." An astonishing lady is Mrs Dyson.

Back at the Royal, Lol Loy has swiftly upped from the Hammond and, briefcase under his arm, departed, stopping only briefly for a word or two on the way. Stan and Mary behind the bar efficiently go about their business tidying up and collecting glasses, but the singing goes on informally unaccompanied. If ever there were a scene to put folk music into perspective then this is it.

In South Yorkshire they'll tell you that every village which indulges in carols has an atmosphere, a tradition of its own. Some sing with the accompaniment of bands — Loxley Silver Band were scheduled to play at the Royal a couple of days later — some have accordions or fiddlers, and some even remain unaccompanied. All apparently are thriving, though they don't exactly leap out and grab you round the neck.

Through it all the thought strikes that the heart of the folk music isn't about grand concerts, probably not even about organised folk clubs. What it patently is about is the Royal Hotel, Dungworth at Christmas.

Figure 6 *Melody Maker*, 30 December 1978, pp. 26-27. Colin Irwin mistakes 'O Come All Ye Faithful' for 'While Shepherds Watched', and Charlie Fretwell for Laurie Goodison.





Figures 7 and 8 David Smith leading the carols in 1983. Photographs by Brian Shuel.



Figure 9 Billy Mills sings 'The Christmas Tree', 1992. Photograph by David Bocking.

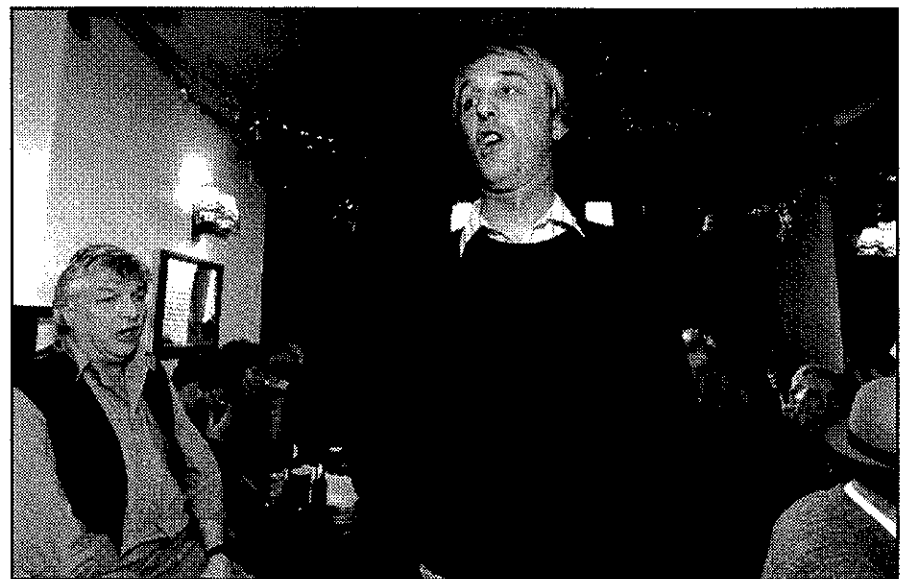


Figure 10 Neil Henderson in full voice, 1992. Photograph by David Bocking.



Figure 11 Queuing outside the Royal Hotel, 1995. Photograph by David Bocking.



Figure 12 The throng inside, 1995. Photograph by David Bocking.

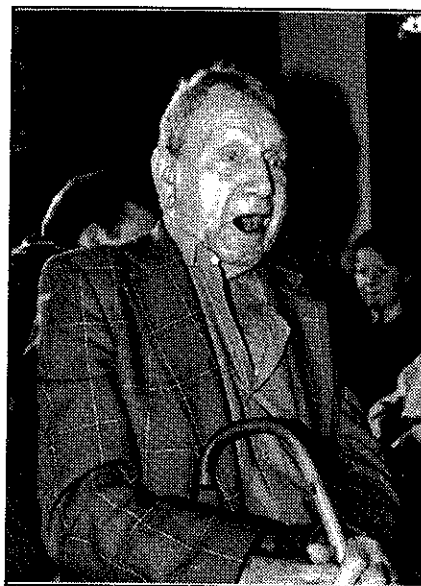


Figure 13 Albert Broadhead (87 years) singing in 1992.



Figure 14 Will Noble sings 'The Mistletoe Bough'. Photographs by David Bocking.



Figures 15 and 16 Singing heads. Photographs by David Bocking.



Figure 17 Front line carollers, 1995. Photograph by David Bocking.



Figure 18 Sue Heritage at the organ, 1995. Photograph by David Bocking.

## CAROL SINGING AT DUNGWORTH

These days the Royal Hotel at Dungworth is noted for its local carols and enthusiasts travel from near and far to be part of the singing. The carolling sessions are invariably packed and everyone seems familiar with the extensive repertoire of local carols, but was this always the case? And, if not, how has this come about?

### 1900-1960

At the turn of the century there is no doubt that the local carols were being sung in the Royal, as they were next door in the Methodist Church and at the George Inn at Hill Top. They were also being sung in people's homes and performed by groups of carollers from Storrs and other neighbouring settlements who toured the district 'house-visiting' during the night of Christmas Eve. Charles Green (1885-1977), who farmed at St Mary's Croft, recalled: 'Six or seven men from Storrs used to come in the middle of the night to sing carols. We'd have some Christmas cake baked and that sort of thing and there was always a barrel int' cellar, Strouts Brewery, only a shilling a gallon.'<sup>1</sup>

Like many villages near to Sheffield, Dungworth, an upland village situated above Damflask reservoir some six miles west of the city centre, was then a busy industrial settlement. Most men were employed either in the small metal trades of file making and spring knife cutlery manufacture, or at the nearby refractory brickyards of Wragg's, Marshall's, and Dyson's, and their associated clay mines. A lesser number of people were employed in agriculture, which was characterised by small mixed farms, producing and retailing milk and other produce for the city.

The social and commercial heart of the village was the Royal Hotel, which dates from the 1860s. Men (for women were only welcome in the kitchen or the clubroom) based their recreational, cultural, and sporting lives around the pub. They played cricket and football for the pub and went on fishing outings from there; they played knurr and spell on the Royal (Hotel) Field (Hedley Green, Charles's older brother, was a local champion); the village brass band was founded there, and the friendly society (the Oddfellows) met there.<sup>2</sup> Home-made music and singing was part of the whole social fabric at the time; almost every evening, every week of the year, men would sing in the pub: 'All the old men knew a bit of a song of some sort. Always used to be having a singsong [such as] 'Help a Lame Dog over a Stile'. [But] Sunday nights there were nowt, only hymns in pubs.' At that time, the beer sold for 'thruppence a pint and ale for tuppence ha'penny', though what made the difference between the two drinks is not clear. It was Charles's job as a ten-year-old to fetch a daily jug of ale for the school master, Mr Hibbert.

Charles, who was lame all his life, noted that dances were held every 5 November in the upstairs room of the Royal. He would know when they were in progress as the lamp in the taproom would shake. Once he popped upstairs to have a look: 'Old John [Jonty?] Gillott were sat int' corner wi' is eyes tight shut,

playing fiddle. [He diddles a jig.] And all these men and women were going round holding hands up, like, playing at "duck-under-water"! Mr Gillott was sexton at Bradfield Parish Church and the local postman.

Before and after the First World War, when Joe Wright was the landlord (died 1928), suppers were held at the Royal. Foursomes would play each other at dominoes, bagatelle, or crib, and the winners would pay fourpence each and the losers eightpence towards the cost of the meal. 'Beast-heart supper' was the great favourite with Yorkshire pudding or seasoned pudding for starters, followed by the heart with two vegetables. Other suppers were black pudding and leg of mutton, and a singsong always followed the supper. Charles was usually asked to sing, perhaps 'The Fields of Waving Corn', his favourite song, or, at Christmas, 'The Mistletoe Bough'.<sup>3</sup>

In the 1920s Charles's niece, Myra Green, would play for the carol singing in the pub and she would be joined by 'Chinny' Wragg from Storrs, who would play the fiddle. He excelled at the symphonies. Mary Satterthwaite (born 1913, née Green), Myra's younger sister and granddaughter of Joe Wright, recalls: 'When it was turning-out time, they sang the last few carols on the pitchings in front of the pub. Mum would say it's time to be going.'

The Royal was a centre for buying and selling, although there were two shops/general stores in the village. Charles remembered the cheapjacks (hawkers) who came selling their wares, pots, cotton, fish, patent medicine, even ice cream; some transported their goods on their heads. The pot seller would set out his stall in front of the Royal on the 'pitchings' or upstairs in the club room, and the sale would be announced by the ringing of a bell. On one occasion the pub even hosted an American-Organ grinder and his monkey.

The village brass band performed the local carols. It dates from before 1900 and was wound up in the 1920s. Charles and his best friend, Horace 'Punch' Fretwell (Charles' sister, Annie, married Horace), were both members of the band, Charles on cornet and Horace on baritone horn. The manuscripts for the band were painstakingly transcribed (and transposed?) by Horace's brother, Joe Fretwell, who was the conductor.

Charles was a prolific singer and knew fifty or more songs, besides the carols. Dorothy Dyson (née Fretwell) observed: 'Uncle Charles lived for singing. You could always hear him', and Marjorie, her sister, noted 'He'd a lovely voice.' He would sing as he did his farm tasks, whether it was milking the cows or feeding the pigs, and during the last fifteen years of his life, when he was confined to a wheelchair, singing was his one and only recreation. His reputation was such that, before the Second World War, members of the Worrall 'Big Set' carol party (Walt Colley, Jack Couldwell, Len Couldwell and others) used to visit him during the Christmas season to sing with him at the Royal and afterwards in the parlour of St Mary's Croft. Here the Greens would be joined by their neighbours, the Fretwells, and by Harry Revitt.

The Fretwells were similarly a musical family. Horace (1886-1975) had a fine bass voice, his wife Annie (1890-1944) played the piano (she had been taught by the schoolmaster, Mr Leach). The three children all sang, Dorothy

(born 1918) sang alto, Marjorie (born 1920) sang soprano, and Charlie (born 1923) sang tenor to complete the vocal quartet. Every Sunday evening before the Second World War, the family would gather round the piano to sing hymns, mostly from Sankey's collection.<sup>4</sup> Whilst at school Charlie was recruited by Reverend Thompson to join the choir of the Parish Church at Bradfield, and the sisters Marjorie and Dorothy both played the organ at Chapel. Horace, like Charles Green, loved to sing in the pub and was noted for his rendition of 'The Farmer's Boy'. Charlie remembers: 'My dad loved carolling. If he saw a gathering, even if it was only enough for a quartet, he'd say let's have a sing.' Like the Greens, the Fretwells too kept 'open house', especially at the time of the chapel Anniversary or 'Sermon Sunday' (first Sunday in July), and regular guests would include the Colleys from Wadsley, the Couldwells from Worrall and 'Chinny' Wragg from Storrs.<sup>5</sup>

Another great enthusiast for the carols at this time was Celia Robinson's father, Harry Gillott, who was the organist at the chapel before Dorothy and Marjorie. Harry wrote out several manuscript collections of the local carols, one of which, revised by Leonard Horton of Stannington in the 1930s, is the source for thirty of the carols in the Jack Goodison collection published in 1992. Surprisingly, it would seem that the local carols did not feature in the annual carol service at the chapel - 'The visiting preachers didn't know them' - however, the chapel members would strike them up informally afterwards. In addition, a carol party used to go out from the chapel to sing the local carols on Christmas Eve round the village, usually led by the choirmaster and chapel superintendent, Albert Hallam, who pitched with the aid of a tuning fork. Marjorie remembers that every house had its special request and one family from Derbyshire, always insisted they sang 'Castleton' ('Peace o'er the World'). They collected money for a charity, the National Children's Homes.

'Whistling' Harry Revitt, a farmer/milkman from Damflask, played the piano in the Royal for singing before, during, and after the Second World War. He earned his nickname, because, as someone who played by ear, whistling helped him memorise the tunes. He would keep hold of a new tune by whistling it until he could get home to his piano and work it out. Charles Green had a high regard for him: 'He knew all the songs we'd, you know. His song book, it were a piece of paper . . . in his pocket. He'd put on whose song it wore - owt that you'd want to sing'. With his handlebar moustache, sat at the piano with his legs crossed, and a sack tied round his waist (he often came straight from the fields), he must have been quite a character. And he made corn dollies. Charlie recalls that 'Whistling' Harry also played for the excellent carol singing session at the old Shoulder of Mutton at Worrall in the early 1950s, when the Sick and Divide Club held its annual share-out on the Thursday before Christmas.<sup>6</sup>

#### 1960-1982

Prior to 1960 carolling at the Royal was primarily a local affair. Few people came from outside the village with the exception of the annual visits made by members of the Big Set from Worrall and Wadsley. This is scarcely surprising

and would have been equally true of the two neighbouring pubs in Low Bradfield, the Cross and the Plough, and similarly in Stannington, the Peacock and the Hare and Hounds, all four had carol singing. There were no set times for singing, but it invariably happened, especially at weekends, as part of the momentum of the evening's socialising. During the 1950s and 1960s, the increase in private car ownership led to some bizarre migrations, especially from the city, as people forsook their 'Saturday night' local pubs and drove into the country in search of something more exotic and idyllic. The changes that took place at this time may, with hindsight, have seemed rather rapid and fundamental but for those who lived through them, they were more gradual and almost imperceptible.

Lawrence (Lol) Loy (born 1919) worked with Charlie Fretwell at Wragg's brickyard in the Loxley valley. Charlie was a moulder and Lol was a blacksmith. Charlie had moved to Brick Row, Worrall in 1949 when he got married and became a near neighbour to Lol at Townhead Wadsley. Charlie and Lol had a lot in common, their love of singing and especially the local carols. In fact, the two families became so close that they would go on holiday together. Lol's father, Len (1893-1969), had been a member of the Big Set and both Charlie and Lol joined the group for the two post World War Two reunions. Lol was determined that he should learn to play for the carols; he had organ lessons from Frank Horsfield and had over a number of years transcribed (with his father's help) his own set of carols from a manuscript belonging to Duncan Colley. He soon realised that these settings, along with the local collections of carols by Goddard and Morris, were all pitched too high for singing in the pub. For someone who plays by ear this does not necessarily cause a problem (they can usually transpose), but for someone like Lol, who plays from music, the only remedy was to retranscribe them in a lower key. This Lol did with great success.

Len, who was brought up in Stannington, was instrumental in setting up Lol's debut as carol musician in a pub at Christmas 1960. Len was a lorry driver and had acquired a car, which made them mobile. A Sunday lunchtime session was arranged for the Haychatters Inn at Low Bradfield. Lol recalls: 'Word had got round the village, the works, everywhere. When we got up to the Haychatter that Sunday dinnertime, by! it were smashing, all men, no messing. Me dad had invited all old uns and I played the piano. There was Dunc [Colley], Lonza [Colley], Walt [Colley], and Doug [Colley] sang 'The Christmas Tree.'

With the success of this venture behind him, it was just a matter of time before Lol would receive a suitable invitation to play. This was given in time for the following Christmas carolling season by Stan and Mary Harper, who had recently taken over the Royal Hotel at Dungworth; most opportunely this was Charlie's 'old stamping ground'. It is not clear whether Lol took over directly from Harry Revitt or if there had been other accompanists. At first the singing took place in the taproom (front room on the left) and Lol played a piano, but this was soon upgraded to a large white electric organ. A few years later, when the pub was altered, the carol session was moved to the newly enlarged lounge or

concert room.

Initially Lol was ably supported by several members of the older generation, especially a close family friend from Stannington, Wycliffe (Wyc) Harper. Lol had drawn largely on the Worrall tradition for his music. Wyc supplied Lol with Stannington versions and a few of these Lol came to use in preference to his originals. A case in point was 'Angels from the Realms of Glory'. Harry Green recalls how Wyc would stand up and conduct everyone in this complex 'two-tune' carol so that they did not go wrong and he would insist that they sang quietly in the appropriate places.

The younger generation of singers who sang with Lol included Charlie Fretwell, who sang 'The Christmas Tree' (a 'Worrall' Carol), Laurie Goodison (born 1916) who sang 'The Mistletoe Bough', and Harry Green from Stannington (born 1919), who later came to sing 'A Song for the Time' as a solo. This carol and 'Crimond' were also sung as a solo by Lol's wife, Madge, who is a soprano. Other notable soloists who sang with Lol included Wilf Daff (noted for 'Stannington') and John Fox (noted for 'The Mistletoe Bough'). When John first heard the carol singing, he was upstairs in the clubroom having a snooker lesson from his future father-in-law: 'The first time I heard "Kris Kringle" being sung, I came down the stairs at the Royal and I honestly thought the roof was being lifted off its rafters when they went into the "Yo-hos!" Such a crescendo! Here endeth the snooker lesson.' Lol's reputation as an accompanist grew and grew such that within a few seasons, the sessions became so popular that people were queuing to get in, long before the pub opened at 12 o'clock. John Fox recalls: 'It was wall to wall, and the walls must have been made of rubber . . . You held your beer glass at high port because you couldn't put it down . . . Beer was passed from one side of the room to the other, 'cos you certainly couldn't make your way to the bar.' John learnt the bass part from watching Lol's left foot as he played the pedals of the organ.

Harry remembers that very few people had copies of the words, although the Stannington collection by Edward Hall was available and was sold at the session. There were a few word books around and one of these was beautifully hand written and decorated by Ernest Pilkington and ink duplicated in three colours. Some singers kept their own handwritten books of words, but most sang from memory. Harry Green remembers that he got quite a shock when he first saw the carol texts in print and realised that for years he had been singing different words that sounded the same.

It is also surprising to learn that in the early days of Lol's playing, some of the carols, now so popular, were not generally known, such as 'Hail Smiling Morn' and 'How Beautiful upon the Mountain'. There were even carols which sometimes broke down after people had gone wrong with the parts, such as 'Old Foster', which has a bass lead. Several carols were comparative newcomers such as 'Mount Moriah' and 'The Christmas Tree' from Worrall, 'Stannington' from Mina Dyson of Stannington, 'A Song for the Time' from Grenoside, and 'Sweet Chiming Bells', all of which were first sung in the Royal with Lol.

Behind these innovations, within the context of the overall success of the



sessions, two factors are identifiable. The first was Lol, himself. His genial manner and good nature, his dedication and knowledge of the tradition combined with musical competence were crucial to a well managed pub session. Lol had an agenda clearly in mind and his delivery of this in a gentle but firm manner was part of his artistry. He understood that the rhythm of the session (frequency of carols) was crucial to its flow and momentum. He never left the carollers too long before he struck up a new carol and he appreciated intuitively how to get the best out of the singers, the best tempo, the best pitch and effective phrasing.

He also knew the importance of ordering the session both according to traditional usage and spontaneity. There were certain carols to start off with (such as 'Good News' and 'Liverpool'), many to fill the middle (such as 'Jacob's Well' and 'Tinwood') - one singer described this as 'a mystery tour' - and a few to mark the climax and the finale (such as 'Diadem' and 'Old Foster'). The whole session would be punctuated by the solos (such as 'The Christmas Tree') and framed by 'Merry Christmas'. At the Royal, Lol was never so dogmatic to become a perfectionist, nor was he infallible and this added to the warmth and respect felt for him by the singers. When Lol laughed at his own mistake everyone laughed with him, when Lol led a carol to near perfection no-one wanted it to finish and everyone spontaneously cheered and applauded.

The other factor behind the success of the carol session at the Royal was Lol's network of friends and contacts. This network had its roots in Worrall and consisted of the inheritors of the Big Set tradition. It was centred around Bert Sorsby and his cousin Jack Couldwell, both of whom were also connected with the annual carol service at Worrall Independent Chapel and local chapel anniversaries. It was Bert and Jack, with Lol Loy, Harry Green, Wycliffe Harper, Charlie Fretwell, Laurie Goodison, and others, including several women, who set up the Bradfield Choral Society in 1964, following the Worrall Chapel Anniversary. The Choral Society took its name from the comprehensive school in Worrall, where they practised each week as a night school class. It was indirectly through Bert Sorsby and his contacts that Lol's repertoire and that of the Royal grew; and it was the publication in 1969 of the Society's carol collection, largely the work of Jack Couldwell, that provided an accessible source for 'new' tunes as well as some of the symphonies, which Lol was pleased to draw on for use in the pub.

Throughout the 1970s the success of the carol session at the Royal was further reinforced by an L.P. record and a television appearance. Gradually the constituency of the carollers widened; in the 1950s it had been largely a Dungworth affair, in the 1960s with Lol in charge the singers were coming from all over the Loxley valley including Stannington, Bradfield and Loxley; by the 1970s this had widened to include most parts of West Sheffield, particularly Crosspool and Lodge Moor and further north including Stocksbridge; by 1980 it was not unusual to be singing next to someone who had travelled a considerable distance to be there, Chesterfield, Holmfirth, Hull, Newcastle upon Tyne, London, and even occasionally from abroad. The various grapevines operated to spread the fame of the singing, the rambling fraternity (especially the Sheffield

Club), various choir groups (including the male voice choirs), and the folk revival network (including morris dance and song clubs). In fact, the busiest lunchtime in the 1970s was usually the first Sunday in December, when the Sheffield Club programmed the pub singsong into its monthly ramble.

Neil Henderson of Crosspool (born 1943) remembers what took him to the Royal: 'It was the name of it . . . it was one of those places that was spoken of with reverence . . . You heard about it and you knew about it and it was one of those things you just felt, crikey, I must get over there and join in!' He added that when he first went: 'I didn't feel like a fish out of water. . . You were conscious that you were new . . . therefore you stood more towards the back'. Another singer, Geoff Lester, when he first went was conscious that there was 'an etiquette' in operation, but, as Neil saw it, it was non-threatening because you could participate at any level: 'It was good to be part of . . . because of the fact that it was so single-minded'. Geoff Lester is conscious of this obligation to participate but not to undermine: 'People tended not to push themselves forward. It's the sort of singing in which you don't have any stars . . . other than the soloists who have that sort of respect, but they're not pushy in any way.'

One way in which this 'etiquette' worked, and still does, was in the operation of a hierarchy of carollers. Identifying this in the 1970s was a simple matter; it was Lol and his friends. Then quite unexpectedly in 1982 Lol finished with the Royal and took over the session at the Blue Ball. From Lol's perspective the move was entirely logical. The Blue Ball needed someone to take over from John Dawson, the pub was much nearer to home for Lol, in fact, it was his local (though not the nearest), and his old friend, Stan Harper, the landlord of the Royal had died. It seemed, at first, that Christmas 1982 at the Royal might, as far as the carols were concerned, be void, especially as Lol's friends, Charlie Fretwell, Harry Green, and Laurie Goodison also left. The singers need not have worried. Stan's widow, Mary, arranged for Ivan Harper, a relative of hers, to step in for the first two weeks and play the organ and then the services of David Smith were secured.

### 1982-1992

Although the replacement of the organist did result in a small number of significant changes, for most singers the change-over was almost seamless and the carolling continued as it had done before, with every bit as much enthusiasm. David Smith (born 1942), learnt the local carols from his father and had sung carols at Stannington, Lodge Moor, Crosspool, and Rivelin for many years. He is a very talented musician, a much admired singer, and a very experienced pianist and organist. Not only had he been the organist at Stephen Hill Chapel for many years, but he had also been the pianist for carol sessions at other venues, most notably the Bell Hagg Inn at Crosspool.

David's musical accomplishment includes the ability to play from music or by ear, and as far as the local carols are concerned he always played by ear. This had the advantage that he could instantly pitch a carol to suit the singers, though David's knowledge of the symphonies was never as complete as Lol's.

Like Lol before him at the Royal, David sang as he played and this ensured that his accompaniment was fully in tune with the subtleties and idiosyncrasies of the individual carols. More than that, David would often excite and encourage the singing to 'fever pitch' with suitable exhortations and good-natured banter. With David in charge, the sessions assumed a more leisurely pace; the repertoire didn't shrink but, instead of the discipline that Lol had exerted by fitting in twenty or more carols between 12.00 and 2.00 pm (the licensing hours), David drew out the session and often it didn't finish till long after the bar had closed at 3.00 pm.

Inevitably a new hierarchy of singers and soloists emerged and it was predictable that some of the senior carollers with whom David sang at Crosspool and Lodge Moor should feature in this. Most notable of these was Albert Broadhead of Crookes (1905-1996). Albert with his brother Bernard and sister Ethel had been regulars at the Royal since Lol first played, and were great enthusiasts for singing at all times of the year. They had been regulars at the Three Merry Lads at Lodge Moor since 1950 and over the twenty or more years that Albert frequented the pub, the regular Saturday evening singsongs earned a deservedly high reputation. They were always unaccompanied, ad hoc and informal, and Albert pitched and prompted most of the songs which everyone sang in chorus. Billy Mills notes: 'Albert was striker. He could soon get one [a song] going - a wonderful man'. Other regulars at these sessions included Frank Hinchliffe, John Taylor, Billy Mills, Graham Mills, Stanley Marsden, Harry Broomhead, Edith and Percy Lawson, and George and John Lawson, several of whom were fine singers in their own right.

At these Saturday night singsongs, Albert and Bernard, would perform songs that they had picked up on their travels, for both were ardent rambler. Such a song is 'Swaledale' ('The Song of Swale Dale'), which had been learnt in the Yorkshire Dales from a close friend, Edgar Tissiman, who was a National Park Warden. At the Royal, David Smith looked to Albert with great respect as the most senior caroller and would invite him to contribute a song. Albert chose 'Swaledale'; it was not intended to be sung as a carol, but, like several examples from the past ('Jacob's Well', 'Hail Smiling Morn' etc.), its connotation with the Christmas season at Dungworth has since become inseparable. Geoff Lester explains: 'David had a soft spot for Albert, who sang it with the rambler . . . People were happy when David introduced it. It can be sung well or badly in the verses, but everybody's waiting to join in the marvellous chorus . . . Sometimes looking out through those windows at Dungworth, across the hills with the sun shining on the snow and that ringing in your ears. It's a marvellous feeling.'

Two other items first sung in the Royal with David Smith are 'Reapers' and 'Mount Zion'. 'Reapers' is the 'Sankey' hymn, 'They that Wait upon the Lord',<sup>7</sup> which was for many years a favourite at the harvest festivals at Mayfield Chapel near Fulwood. David learnt it from Ben Broomhead of Moscar House Farm, where David worked for Eric and Margaret Walker (Ben's daughter). Known by most of the singers from Crosspool and Lodge Moor, it quickly caught on at the Royal and has become a great favourite. Although 'Mount Zion' was known and performed at Lodge Moor by Albert and others, it was sung to 'While

Shepherds Watched'. Lol knew it as 'Mortals Awake' but had not played it at the Royal. David and Neil Henderson, heard the Bradfield Choral Society performance of it; they liked the carol and consciously introduced it into the repertoire at Dungworth, where it is now firmly established.

Throughout the 1980s David looked to another senior caroller, Wilf Daff of Stannington (1908-1994). Wilf had a fine tenor voice and sang 'The Christmas Tree', 'Stannington', and 'A Song for the Time' with great panache, always preferring to sing standing up with a knowing twinkle in his eye. Wilf, an electrician by trade, was a noted singer in pubs in the district where singing featured throughout the year, such as the Fox Inn at Wadsley Bridge. For Mike Smith (born 1941 at High Green, now living at Ranmoor), who has been singing regularly at the Royal since 1972, Wilf's singing of the 'top' tenor part in the carols added an extra dimension. Marg Lester notes that Wilf went out of his way to welcome and encourage young people who were new to the session.

Among the group of singers that sang with David at the Bell Hagg and the Royal are Billy Mills, Graham and Anthea Mills, and Eric and Margaret Walker. Eric (born 1926) was brought up in Tideswell in Derbyshire and wasn't aware of any local carolling traditions until after he started sheep farming at Moscar. His introduction to the carols was at the Three Merry Lads in 1950 through contact with friends of his wife, Margaret (née Broomhead). Eric talked about learning the carols which he did without reference to a book: 'The carols are like times tables. Once you've learned them, as soon as somebody rears one up, it's there. You know what's coming. All the words just seem to come out.' Eric notes that two special songs were reserved for New Year - 'Another Year Has Passed Away' and 'The Miner's Dream of Home'. Often at the invitation of the Walkers several of the carollers would adjourn to their farm for a second round of carols.

Billy Mills (born 1923) is also a retired farmer; his upbringing was at Peat Farm, Lodge Moor, which he later farmed himself, first as a dairy farm with a milk round and latterly as a beef farm. His father, Harry, taught him the carols and on Christmas morning as a youngster he would tour the farms and cottages around Redmires Reservoirs singing from door to door such local carols as 'Back Lane'. His first carol singing in the pub dates from 1940 when Fred Marsden kept the Three Merry Lads. Fred led the carol singing on his fiddle. Billy remembers that the singing took place in the taproom on the right: 'Fred played twiddly bits, symphonies. . . If anyone was talking, he hit them on the head with stick [bow]. He was landlord!' Billy had been an active caroller for almost fifty years when he first started to sing solos at the Royal. At first he took over 'Swaledale', when Albert Broadhead could no longer manage it, and then Billy stepped in for Wilf Daff to sing 'The Christmas Tree'.

Two other singers are worthy of note. Billy's cousin is Graham Mills (born 1937) from Lodge Moor. Graham, a milkman and farmer by trade, always used to go with his friend, Arnold Harrison, to Dungworth. He too has been carolling at the Royal since the early 1960s and remembers singing in the little taproom on the left with Lol: 'A fire'd be burning in the grate, we'd be shoulder to shoulder,

and smoke coming down the chimney. I thought it was marvellous!' Graham had learnt the local carols from his father Jack Mills in the 'cow'ouse' at Wyming Brook Farm below Redmires Reservoirs. By contrast, Will Noble (born 1943) a builder and stonemason from Shepley, is a comparative newcomer. He had learnt his carols at the Fountain, Ingbirchworth, but since 1986 has preferred to sing at the Royal: 'They made me really welcome there. The singing is wonderful. There're so many more carols! Will is now the regular soloist for 'The Mistletoe Bough', which he first heard sung by his grandfather Matthew Noble (1862-1960) of Deershaw Farm near Shepley.

David Smith's years at Dungworth with Albert Broadhead and Wilf Daff are celebrated in a private L.P. *We Singers Make Bold*, recorded by Bill Leader in 1986 and produced by Rod and Sue Senior to help raise funds for Bradfield Parish Church.

In 1986 Mary Harper sold the pub to her distant relative Ivan Harper, mentioned above. In 1989 Ivan sold it to Gordon Shaw, and the current owners, Kath and Lee Bowskill, took over in 1993. Ivan Harper was himself an experienced organist, having played for Saturday night singalongs at several pubs, especially the Dog and Partridge, a remote pub high on the A628 Woodhead Pass above Langsett Moor. In 1988 when David Smith was unavailable to play, once again Ivan stepped in. The following year, 1989, Ken Outram was engaged by Gordon Shaw to play. David again played in 1990 and 1991, but in 1992 he chose instead to play for the carols at his local, the Rivelin Hotel near Stannington. David commented that Gordon Shaw had replaced the Hammond organ with one that he felt was not up to the job. Moreover, David welcomed the idea of being nearer to home and was pleased to accept the invitation from the landlord of the Rivelin, where he has played subsequently. Gordon Shaw looked to Ivan Harper to play for Christmas 1992, and in 1993 Jack Goodison of Stannington played for the first week followed by Sue Heritage from Oughtibridge (born 1962), who has played subsequently.

### 1993 onwards

Sue Heritage openly admits that she was very nervous when she first played. Like David Smith she was an organist at a chapel (the Zion Chapel, Oughtibridge), where she had played since she was twelve. She had also played since 1987 at the Travellers Rest in Oughtibridge in the tap room for the Saturday night carol session, but this was and is a much smaller more intimate occasion with a 'party' feeling to it. By contrast the singing at the Royal seemed to her more focused: 'People want to sing rather than listen . . . It's more intense, I think.' The vigour and enthusiasm of the singing made an instant impression on her: 'People are singing to [the best of] their ability and enjoying themselves. . . and that comes out in their voices, their expressions and the total sound . . . It's very powerful singing.'

Sue's reason for being so nervous was understandable; she had only been to one previous session at the Royal and that was in 1990 when David Smith was playing. She did not feel overawed by the situation but rather she felt that she

lacked the relevant knowledge and experience of the Dungworth tradition. She wasn't sure which carols to play and in what order; she wasn't sure how fast to play them, how many verses were sung, and whether a section was repeated. In short she did not want to: 'undo the pub's traditions'. 'The tradition belongs to those people [the soloists and the regulars] and not to me.' In this respect she sees her role as altruistic, an accompanist playing for the singers rather than leading them.

Of course, Sue has received the support of the carollers to help her to successfully come to terms with the Dungworth tradition. Geoff Lester had recommended her to the Bowskills, Mike Smith had written her a list of what to play and a sample order, and Neil Henderson (the leading singer) gave her help with the number of verses to play, when to repeat a section, who was to sing the solos, and other vital information. Sue is also grateful to Roy Needham for his moral support; Roy acts as the M. C. for the Travellers Rest carol session and sits by her side at the Royal. In this way, Sue is trying to ensure that a bit of distance is kept between the Oughtibridge and Dungworth traditions. She notes perceptively: 'You get used to people and they get used to you and from that you build really, don't you.'

In many ways, Sue's approach to the carols reflects that of Lol Loy. She plays from music, much of it in manuscript transcribed and transposed down by herself or friends; she works with the singers and is sensitive and responsive to their wishes; and she ensures that the frequency of the carols is kept up. Her attitude gains the full approval of Neil Henderson who comments: 'Sue plays one carol after another . . . exactly how I like it. What I don't like is to have big long gaps in between. I like to get on and sing.' Moreover, Sue believes that the symphonies are an integral part of the carols and she has taken great care to include them and makes sure that she performs them well. Her efforts do not go unnoticed. Neil thinks the symphonies are 'marvellous - all part of it . . . there's no talking while they're on. You need to listen so you don't come in with the wrong verse. You have to keep your mind on it.'

Whereas Sue feels an obligation to keep all the carols in the repertoire 'alive', she is determined that it should be an enjoyable experience: 'It's a big part of my life from November onwards, every Saturday and Sunday is dedicated to playing carols . . . I do it because I enjoy it. The singers are very appreciative. It's a nice feeling when people clap. If I was looking at it as a job, for example, and I was measuring job satisfaction, I'd give it ten out of ten.' For Sue the feedback is what makes it worthwhile; she's even received Christmas cards from people she doesn't know, thanking her for playing, saying how much they've enjoyed the singing, and hoping that it will continue next year.

The seasonal cycle of continuity is an aspect of the tradition at the Royal in which all participants remark, particularly in respect to the renewal of friendships. That first Sunday of singing (the first Sunday after Armistice Day - 11 November) is a time of great excitement and anticipation as carollers greet each other after a long period of absence. Who will be playing this year? Will the licensee want the singing to continue? Will the pub have been altered? Who



will be there? Who will be missing? Will it be as good as last year? One elderly gentleman, Ken Roberts, from Storrs, who always wore his trilby and sat close to the organ, was sorely missed when he died. The story went round the pub that, at his funeral, a cock robin had perched on his coffin and sang lustily, to the amazement of the mourners. The comment passed among the carollers was: 'The robin must have known he was from the Royal'. Subsequently, if anyone is missing from the regulars, a singer will ask discreetly if it is 'a robin-on-the-grave job'.

All the uncertainties and rumours quickly evaporate in the singing of the first carol. The extraordinary happiness, almost relief, in everyone's face as they realise that they are together again and singing the carols. Norma Waterson, a well-known folk singer who always tries to make a visit each year, sees this continuity as something very special, even wonderful: 'It takes so little to stop it. It hangs by a thread. It only takes one thing to break and it's gone.'

The availability of published collections of the local carols as well as recordings has been a godsend for newcomers to the tradition. There is no longer the need for them to keep mouthing the words session after session as they desperately try to learn them by lip reading, as John Fox remembers others doing. Nor is there a risk that newcomers will start chattering out of ignorance of the local carols. Geoff Lester, for instance, always carries sets of words just in case there is someone who needs them and might otherwise be excluded. However, David Smith feels that the availability of local carol collections runs counter to the tradition and inhibits the singing. He doesn't like to see people with their heads buried in a book. This distrust of books is borne out by some of the carollers at the Royal. They treat the ability to sing the carols from memory without reference to a copy of the words or the music as part of a symbolic initiation into the carolling fellowship and a point of honour.

Newcomers to the Royal are often taken aback by the singing of repeats at the end of certain carols. It seems as if the carols have been so good that the singers do not want to finish or relinquish them. In the words of 'Back Lane': 'Begin and never cease!'. These repeats were not much in evidence in Lol Loy's days, but increasingly became a feature of the tradition with David Smith. Some carollers, such as Neil Henderson, feel that there is a danger that this can be overdone. He sees the reason behind the urge to repeat as an acceptable part of the 'chemistry' of the session. He feels, however, that it should be spontaneous and not predictable; it should reflect the momentum of the session and perhaps its proximity to Christmas. This does not allow for the fact that the momentum of the session is almost always in 'top gear'. The carols are invariably performed to everyone's great satisfaction; they almost always go well, and the responses and comments that follow each carol reflect a high degree of satisfaction and self-congratulation. When the quality is so high (by their own evaluation), any notion of the superlative is hard to distinguish and becomes the norm.

### Afterword

The continued success of carolling at the Royal is indisputable and in this article I

have tried to identify what the carollers themselves feel is the reason for this, as well as documenting the recent history. The article intentionally does not trace the history of the wider carolling tradition before 1890,<sup>8</sup> nor other seasonal customs connected to the Royal, such as Caking (Kakin) Night.<sup>9</sup> The reader who would like to find out more is directed to the references. Should readers identify important aspects or episodes in the Dungworth context that I have overlooked, I would be delighted to hear from them and will keep the information safe in the Archives of Village Carols for the next time!

### Notes

1. All quotations are taken from tape recorded interviews. See Russell (1977), I, 41-53; Russell (1973); *A Walk into History*, pp.26-27; and liner notes to L.P. *A People's Carol*. There is an account of the carolling at the Royal Hotel in Brian Shuel, *The National Trust Guide to Traditional Customs of Britain* (Exeter: Webb & Bower, 1985), pp.66-68.
2. See *A Walk into History*, pp.4-6.
3. See Russell (1977), II, Gre 11 and Gre 26.
4. Ira D. Sankey, *Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns Combined* (London: Morgan & Scott, n. d.). There have been many editions of this hymnbook.
5. See *A Walk into History*, pp.10-11.
6. Owen Woolhouse also played carols for the Sick and Divide Club at the Shoulder of Mutton.
7. Sankey, no. 607.
8. See Gammon (1981), Gammon (1991), Temperley (1979), MacDermott (1948), Woods (1995), and Keyte and Parrott (1992).
9. See *A Walk into History*, p. 17; Homer Sykes, *Once a Year: Some Traditional British Customs* (London: Gordon Fraser, 1977), pp.131-132; and David Clarke, *Strange South Yorkshire: An Alternative Guide* (Wilmslow, Cheshire: Sigma Press, 1994), pp.70-72.

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- While Shepherds Watched: Village Carols from the Fountain, Ingbirchworth*, cassette VC003, Village Carols, 1988, 40-page book by Ian Russell.

## NOTES ON THE CAROLS

- A SONG FOR THE TIME** Central to tradition. Known in Ecclesfield where attributed to Revd Alfred Gatty (1813-1903). An Ecclesfield MS (Baxter) attributes music to his son, Alfred Scott Gatty (1847-1918). Published locally, e.g. Worrall MVC, Bradfield CS.
- AWAKE ARISE GOOD CHRISTIANS** Central to tradition. Attributed to William Mount of Worrall, before 1880. Widespread near Sheffield. In Bradfield C.S. and Worrall M.V.C.
- BACK LANE** Central to tradition. Words by Issac Waits (1674-1748). Published in broadsheets and chapbooks, see *A Good Christmas Box*. Music attributed to W. Womack, according to Morris. W. Womack may be 'Willis' Womack, Stannington huntsman, mid-19th century. Source of coda not known, but in MSS. Widespread in S.Yorks near Sheffield. In W. and J. Goddards', Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- CHRISTMAS TREE, THE** Central to tradition, as a solo. Composed by an American, Wm B. Bradbury. See 'The Christmas Tree, or Kriss Kringle' in William Bradbury, *Bradbury's Fresh Laurels, for the Sabbath School: A New and Extensive Collection of Music and Hymns* (Boston, Mass: Henry A. Young, [1867]), pp.148-149. I am grateful to Sally Drage for tracing this elusive reference. John Dawson once saw a printed copy called 'Kris Kringle Comes', in possession of Joe Mount. In Bradfield C.S. and Worrall M.V.C.
- DIADEM** Central to tradition, also Whit. Words by Edward Perronet, 1779. Music by James Ellor, hatmaker of Droylsden, Lancs. (1919-1899). Written for 1838 Anniversary. Widespread in S. Yorks.
- EGYPT** Central to tradition. Called 'Glad Tidings' in MSS. Attributed to W. Womack of Stannington (also 'Back Lane' and 'Tinwood'). In W. Goddard's and Worrall M.V.C.
- FERN BANK** Central to tradition since WWI. Music by J. W. Drake of Sheffield. Set to 'Jesus, the very thought of Thee' in W. Goddards.
- GOOD NEWS** Central to tradition. Music attributed to John Hall of Sheffield Park. Probably

- from his 'Selection of Sacred Music on the Nativity', performed at the Hospital Chapel, Sheffield, 26/12/1792. According to local hymnsheets it began evening service on Christmas Day in Methodist Chapels on Sheffield's West Circuit 1820-50. In other villages called 'Good News' or 'Oughtibridge', in Wadsley and Worrall MSS called 'Malin Bridge', in a Stocksbridge MS 'Old Hark', and further north 'Swaine Hark' (after Hoylandswaine). Text appears in broadsheets and chapbooks in early nineteenth century, e.g. *A Good Christmas Box*. Widespread in S. Yorks. In J. Goddard's, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- HAIL SMLING MORN** Central to tradition. By Reginald Spofforth (1770-1827) from *A Set of Six Glees* (1810), no. 6. In Worrall M.V.C. Widespread in England in different versions.
- HARK HARK, HARK HARK** Central to tradition. Unattributed. Text widespread on broadsides and in chapbooks, see *A Good Christmas Box*. Published locally in W. Goddards; in *Invicta*, I, as 'Glad Tidings'. Local to N. Derbys and S. Yorks.
- HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAIN** Central to tradition. Music by R. A. Smith, Precentor of St George's Church, Edinburgh, c. 1827. Words, *Isaiah* 52, 7. Widely published, e.g. *Invicta*, no. 2; Banks' Sacred Series, no. 197. In Worrall M.V.C. All published versions differ from local version.
- JACOB'S WELL** Central to tradition. Words attributed to Hugh Bourne, founder of Primitive Methodists (before 1800). Published in broadsheets and chapbooks, see *A Good Christmas Box*. Music by James Leach of Wardle, Lancashire (1762-1798), see James Leach, *A Collection of Hymn Tunes and Anthems for a Full Choir* (Manchester: Posthumously for the Author, c. 1798), in 'Advent' (I am grateful to Sally Drage for tracking this down.). Widespread in England. In W. Goddard's, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- LIVERPOOL** Central to tradition. Music, wrongly attributed to John Hall, is by Edward Harwood of Liverpool (1707-1787). In W. Goddard's and Worrall M.V.C. Widespread in S. Yorks.
- LYNGHAM** Occasionally sung. Music by Thomas Jarman, a tailor from Clipstone, Northants (1821), who called it 'Nativity'. Widespread in England. In Worrall M.V.C.
- MALIN BRIDGE** Central to tradition. Words by Charles Wesley (1739). Tune also known as 'Ann' or 'Beautiful Zion'. Sung to 'Bright and Joyful' in Ecclesfield. Widespread in Yorkshire. In W. Goddard's and Worrall M.V.C.
- MERRY CHRISTMAS** Central to tradition. Associated with Mount family of Worrall and the Big Set. Different versions throughout country, eg. in Somerset - Somerset Federation of Women's Institutes, *Carols from Somerset* (Somerset F.W.I., 1967), 'The Singers Make Bold'. In W. and J. Goddards, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- MISTLETOE BOUGH, THE** Central to tradition. Words by Thomas Haynes Bayly. Music by Sir Henry R. Bishop (c. 1840). There are several putative sources for the legend. One is ascribed to Constance Seymour of Marden Castle, Northumberland, engaged to Harry Lovell, wore her bridal gown (formerly her great grandmother's) before the ceremony, thus invoking 'bad luck'. Widely published in sheet form e.g. Manchester: Marks and Spencer, Albion Edition, no. 37. Local version of tune varies from printed copy.
- MOUNT MORIAH** Central to tradition. Words anonymous (Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 429, lists 'Glory to God, the angel said', as first published in 1821, with a possible attribution to Miss D. A. Thrupp). Composer not known. Also known as 'Glory to God'. In J. Goddard's, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- MOUNT ZION** Central to tradition. Tune known as 'Christmas' in Hathersage and Mosborough, where it is sung to 'While Shepherds Watched'. Versions of tune, sometimes called 'Octave Drop' or 'Deep Drop', are found in various parts of England. Music attributed to Thomas Clark, the Canterbury shoemaker, and called 'Providence' in Blackburn, II, no. 16. Also called 'St Albans'. In Worrall M.V.C. and Bradfield C.S.
- NEW CELESTIAL** Recently introduced from Worrall and Oughtibridge. Text not traced on broadsides. Words of second verse same as 'Back Lane'. Composer not known. In J. Goddard's, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- OLD FOSTER** Central to tradition. Music by John Foster (1752-1822), Coroner, of High Green House. Published in his *Sacred Music*, Vol. 2 (York, c. 1820) as '47th Psalm'. Sung to 'My God the Spring' in Ecclesfield. Called 'Foster' in Ingbirchworth, 'Burdett' or '47th Psalm' in Nichols MS, Stocksbridge. In W. and J. Goddards, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C. In *New Oxford Book of Carols*, no. 47 (vii). Widespread in S. Yorks.

- PENTONVILLE** Central to tradition. In 'A Selection of Hymns for Christmas Day, 1833, to be sung at Wesleyan Chapels, Carver Street and Ebenezer, Sheffield' (Sheffield: J. Pearce), hymn no. 4 (see 'Selection of Methodist Hymns for Christmas'). Music by William Marsh of Canterbury; see his *A set of new psalm and hymn tunes composed in a familiar style* (n.d.). Reference from Sally Drage. Formerly sung in Worrall and Wadsley to 'Let all adore the Immortal King, Maker of heaven and earth'. In Worrall M.V.C.
- PRATTY FLOWERS** Also known as 'Holmfirth Anthem' and 'Abroad for Pleasure'. Central to tradition, popular throughout the year. Adapted and arranged (from an 'ancient ballad') by Joe Perkin (not Perkins) of Cliffe, Holmfirth, 1857, conductor of the Holmfirth Choral Society. Widely published in Yorkshire, notably by Eli Collins, Express Office, Holmfirth, 1912 reprinted from 'Original Plates', 1857). Widespread in S. Yorks. In Worrall M.V.C. and Goodison.
- REAPERS** Central to tradition in Dungworth since 1982. Called 'They that Wait upon the Lord', in Ira D. Sankey, *Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns Combined* (London: Morgan & Scott, n.d.), no. 607. Words *Isaiah* 40, 31. Music by J. McGranahan. Favourite at Mayfield Chapel, Fulwood, at harvest festival.
- SPOUT COTTAGE** Central to tradition. Music attributed to F. Thorpe (of Stannington - also wrote 'Somerset'). Thought to be named after cottage that stood at side of Spout House, Stannington, once licensed for worship (see F. T. Wood, *A History of the Underbank Chapel*, Stannington (Sheffield, 1944). In W. Goddard's, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- STANNINGTON** Central to tradition since 1950s, usually as a solo. Written by the late Mina Dyson of Stannington (née Gee - born 1890 - also wrote 'Bradfield' in 1971). Tune (c. 1945) originally set to anniversary hymn, 'God Send You Many Days as Sweet as This' by Edward Lockton. Words, 'Sing all ye people', written for Christmas 1952. In Bradfield C.S. and Worrall M.V.C.
- STAR OF BETHLEHEM** Central to tradition. Attributed to T. Dungworth (also 'Portugal'). Words by Henry Kirke White of Nottingham (1785-1806). First published in 1812 (see Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 1271). In 'A Selection of Hymns for Christmas Day, 1826, to be sung at the Methodist Chapels in Sheffield viz. Norfolk-Street, Carver-Street, Ebenezer, and Bridgehouses' (Sheffield: William Ford), hymn no. 6 (see 'Selection of Methodist Hymns for Christmas'). Sometimes sung to 'Hark! Hear ye not a cheerful sound' in Stannington. In Bradfield C.S. and Worrall M.V.C.
- SWALEDALÉ** Also known as 'The Song of the Swale'. Source of words and music not known. Learnt by Albert Broadhead in Swaledale. Used to be sung by the Keld Singers. Sometimes confused with 'The Ballad of Swaledale', chorus of which begins 'Beautiful Swaledale, land of rest, Beautiful Swaledale, I love thee the best'. In Goodison.
- SWEET CHIMING BELLS** Introduced in late 1950s. Composer not known. In *Popular Collection*, III, p. 6; *British Melodist*, II, no. 33, unattributed, no date. Also with different words in Salvation Army, *Christmas Praise*, 'The bells ring out at Christmas time'. Widespread in England. In Bradfield C.S. and Worrall M.V.C.
- SWEET CHRISTMAS BELLS** Sung occasionally in Dungworth. Source of music not known. In Gillott MS. In Goodison.
- TINWOOD** Central to tradition. Called 'Weary Travellers' in MSS. Morris, Set No. 1, attributes it to 'Rose and Womack' before 1877 (Stannington huntsmen?). Published on broadsheets. Extra verse sung at Oughtibridge, 'Now to the King Immortal'. In W. and J. Goddards, Bradfield C.S., and Worrall M.V.C.
- TYRE MILL** Central to tradition. Named after part of Stocksbridge Works (Samuel Fox) - 'Tyremill' 1888-1929. Music by one of the workers at the mill, George Rees of Stocksbridge, c. 1910. Sang notes in tonic solfa to a friend, who notated it (J. B. Nicholls?). I am grateful to George Rees's daughter, Irene Whitworth, for this information, and to Trevor Lodge for information about the Works. In Worrall M.V.C.
- WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED** Words by Nahum Tate, first published 1700. See 'Fern Bank', 'Liverpool', 'Lyngham', 'Old Foster', 'Pentonville', 'Sweet Chiming Bells', and 'Sweet Christmas Bells'.

## THE CAROLS

Abroad for pleasure	19
All hail the power of Jesus' name	14
Another Year Has Passed Away	23
A Song for the Time	20
At Jacob's well a stranger sought	6
Awake, Arise, Good Christians	4
Back Lane	11
Behold, the Grace appears	11
Christians awake, uncloset your eyes	19
Christmas Tree, The	13
Come all ye weary travellers	7
Come let us all rejoice	18
Crimond	17
Diadem	14
Egypt	19
Fern Bank	17
Glory to God, the angels sing	15
Good News	4
Hail Smiling Morn	7
Hark, hark! What news	4, 14
Hark Hark, Hark Hark	8
Hark, the herald angels sing	21
How Beautiful upon the Mountain	22
I'll sing you a song	6
Jacob's Well	6
Liverpool	5
Lloyd	17
Lyngham	10
Malin Bridge	21

Merry Christmas	16
Miner's Dream of Home, The	23
Mistletoe Bough, The	9
Mortals awake, with angels join	11
Mount Moriah	15
Mount Zion	11
New Celestial	18
Oh, reapers in the whitened harvest	12
Old Foster	5
Pentonville	10
Pratty Flowers	19
Reapers	12
Remember the time	18
Sing all ye people of the earth today	20
Spout Cottage	18
Stannington	20
Star of Bethlehem	16
Swaledale	6
Sweet Chiming Bells	17
Sweet Christmas Bells	17
The mistletoe hung	9
There's a song for the time	20
Tinwood	7
Tyre Mill	14
We singers make bold	16
We've been a while a-wandering	24
When marshalled on the nightly plain	16
While Shepherds Watched	5, 10, 17
Who comes this way	13