

Songs from Deal & Beyond



Deal Beach from Pier (Looking North) - Public Domain Image

A Community Songbook for Schools,
Choirs and Community Groups

By Natasha Rose Douglas 2022

www.natasharosedouglas.com

Introduction

'Songs from Deal and Beyond' is a collection of original and traditional folk songs pertaining to life in Deal and beyond, weaving a story through the changing periods of time. The



Historical postcard of Deal – Courtesy of Chris Mansfield

songs in this book relate to Deal's coal mining, hop picking, smuggling, fishing, merchant navy, Royal Navy and Marines and migration history.

My aim in compiling this songbook is to share local stories and experiences through song and I hope that people from near and afar will connect with them and find them cathartic and meaningful.

The songs are fun, poignant, beautiful and easy to learn and are suitable for beginner or advanced singers and can easily be taught by ear (using the backing tracks and YouTube videos) or by using the musical scores.

Please find the YouTube learning videos using this link to [My YouTube Channel](#) or the QR code.

If you would like downloadable MP3 files of the songs, please contact me via my website: www.natasharosedouglas.com



The creation of this book was kindly funded by Arts Council England and is a free resource for all to use and share! Each song is accompanied by background information which helps to set the song into context and it is my hope that these songs will help to creatively enhance projects or themes that are being worked on by community groups or choirs. Please note, the text accompanying the songs may not be historically reliable and some information is anecdotal and its purpose is to help set the scene for the songs.

As this is an online community resource it can be added to and amended as time goes by, so if you would like to contribute a song to the collection then please get in touch. Also, the images and historical context surrounding the songs can be amended. Please contact me to suggest a change.

Acknowledgements and Thanks

My project has also been kindly funded and supported by Arts Council England, The Deal Music and Arts Festival, Music for Change and Bright Shadow. Many thanks to Jo Field for writing the words for many of the songs and for proof reading. Thanks also to Volker Schottdorf for his help with design and layout. Very special thanks to all who came to my '*Singing for Pleasure*' sessions over the years.

Many thanks to all who contributed pictures and photos for the songbook and to Kay Sutcliffe for giving me permission to use her poem '*Coal not Dole*'. Many thanks also to my parents who inspired the love of folk songs from a young age and who helped curate the yearly concerts with the Deal Music Festival and for all the musical guidance from my mum in creating the songs. Special thanks to Emily Watts (Music for Change) who helped put this project application together!



Tips for Song Leaders

- Learn the songs and their parts well yourself before teaching to others using YouTube learning videos and by downloading the scores and MP3 backing tracks from my website www.natasharosedouglas.com
- Divide the singers into highs, middles and lows (most of the songs are in 2 parts, high and low).
- Set the songs in some historical context before teaching them so that the singers can relate to the lyrics and the context of the song.
- Encourage singers to share their own stories that relate to the different themes.
- The MP3 files may be used as backing tracks when teaching the songs and the links can be given out to singers so they can continue learning the songs in their own time.

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Songs from Deal and Beyond

Chapter 1 - For Those in Peril

1 Jarvist Arnold

Anonymous words. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.



Jarvist Arnold – Courtesy of Deal Museum

The lifeboat gave Kingsdown its greatest hero, Jarvist Arnold, who with his crew put to sea in a south-easterly storm towards a sinking ship, the Sorrento, and saved the lives of the 31 crew and of 14 lifeboat men from Walmer who had become stranded on the ship. With remarkable bravery and seamanship, he manoeuvred the Kingsdown lifeboat, the Sabrina, alongside the Sorrento and gradually took every man

off, and then passed some from his fearfully overloaded boat onto the Walmer lifeboat.

The lyrics for the song are written on a plaque in the Kingsdown Village Hall and apparently were sung by children in the village.¹

¹ <https://thewillistree.info/jarvist-arnold-1815-1896-the-kingsdown-lifeboatman/>

Today the RNLI plays an important role in helping to rescue migrants who cross the channel and arrive along the Kent coast in perilous conditions. In December 2021 it was announced that RNLI lifeboat volunteers will be given the green light by Priti Patel to rescue asylum seekers in the Channel if their lives are in danger.²

Kent has long had a history of helping migrants and according to Kent Online: *'During a single day in mid-August 1914, around 16,000 Belgian refugees landed in Folkestone harbour, instantly doubling the number of people in the coastal town.'* Local people are said to have provided the new arrivals with up to 6,000 meals a day. Up the coast, the town of Sandwich in 1939 gave refuge to 4,000 Jewish men.³

² <https://inews.co.uk/news/politics/rnli-lifeboats-green-light-priti-patel-migrants-channel-1330184>

³ <https://www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2021/mar/24/the-welcome-party-how-a-secret-group-of-kent-residents-is-helping-small-boat-refugees>

Jarvist Arnold

God bless the lifeboat and its crew
Its coxswain stout and bold
Jarvist Arnold is his name
Sprung from the Vikings old

He made the wind and waves his slaves
As likewise we do so
Whilst still Britannia rules the waves
And the stormy winds do blow

The old cork float that safety brought
We'll hold in honour leal
And it shall grace the chiefest place
In Kingsdown hard by Deal

He made the wind and waves his slaves
As likewise we do so
Whilst still Britannia rules the waves
And the stormy winds do blow

Jarvist Arnold

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

Anonymous words

$\text{♩} = 68$ C C/B Am Am/G D⁷/F[♯] D⁷/F[♯]

Low

Solo verses God bless the life boat and its crew, its coxs_ wain stout and
The old cork float that safe ty brought We'll hold_ in ho nour

4 G G⁷ C C/B Am Am/G D⁷/F[♯] D⁷/F[♯]

Low

bold! Jar vist Ar nold is his name, sprung from_ the Vi kings
leal And it shall grace the chief est place in Kingsdown hard by

8

High

He made the wind and waves his slaves as like wise we_ do so! Whilst

All

Middle

He made the wind and waves his slaves as like wise we_ do so! Whilst

G G F G⁷ Am G C F G G⁷

Low

old He made the wind and waves his slaves as like wise we_ do so! Whilst
Deal

13

High

still Bri tan nia rules the waves and the stor my winds do blow

Middle

still Bri tan nia rules the waves and the stor my winds do blow

F G Am G⁷ C F G⁷ C C C C

Low

still Bri tan nia rules the waves and the stor my winds do blow

Natasha Rose Douglas

2 Pure Gold

Words by Jo Field, 2017. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

'In the city of London people make their living by outwitting their neighbours. If you are a seaman, you survive by depending on the guy working next to you, during atrocious conditions, rough seas, stormy weather, you've got to stand by the fellow next to you, and you've got to stick by people. Seamen breed a special type of loyalty. I think very few people understand this, that it builds a type of character that's pure gold when the going gets tough' (Tony Benn MP, 1988).



Deal Rowers – Courtesy of Deal Museum

These words were spoken at the time of the Merchant Navy Seamen strikes.

The Deal and Dover area, as a tight community of seafarers, felt the impact of these just as they did with the miners' strikes. The seafarers' strike was also supported by many miners and were significantly triggered by the announcement of further cuts by P & O Ferries following the Herald of Free Enterprise disaster (the car ferry capsized outside the port of Zeebrugge on the night of 6th March 1987 with the loss of 193 passengers and crew) the impact of which is still deeply felt locally. The 2,300 seafarers refused to accept these ultimatums, voted to strike and stopped work on 6 February 1988; many felt betrayed by a company to which some family members and friends had literally given their lives.⁴

⁴ <https://libcom.org/article/1988-1989-po-seafarers-strike>



Royal Daffodil – Courtesy of Deal Museum

Until the 1960's the Waverley and the Daffodil could be seen coming to the end of Deal pier to pick up passengers, to enjoy a passport-free trip where normal alcohol licensing rules didn't apply!

Pure Gold

In many walks of life
It's dog eat dog
But young or old, a seadog trusts his shipmates
'Cos he knows they're pure gold

*When tempests howl and timbers growl
When landlubbers cry 'Enough!'
A seaman bold will break the mould
He's made of sterling stuff!*

He'll slither on a storm-lashed deck
To batten down the hold
And for his mates he'll risk his neck
He's made of pure gold.

Seamen have pulled together
Wherever seas have rolled
To conquer evil weather
'Cos they're made from pure gold.

But bosses may not treasure him
And often he's been sold
Down the river by the comp'ny
For the sake of other gold.

Pure Gold

Jo Field 2017

Natasha Rose Douglas 2022

♩ = 75

Low

Verse 1 solo

7 C In ma ny walks of life, D it's dog eat dog G But young or D old A

Low

11 sea dog trusts, his ship mates 'cos he knows they're pure gold

High

Chorus after each verse

Low

When tem pests howl and tim bers growl when land lub bers cry E

When tem pests howl and tim bers growl when land lub bers cry E

15

High

nough! A sea man bold will break the mould, He's made of ster ling stuff!

Low

nough! A sea man bold will break the mould, He's made of ster ling stuff!

20

Low

Verse 2 solo

He'll sli ther on a storm lashed deck to bat ten down the

24

Low

hold And for his mates he'll risk his neck. He's made of pure gold

29

Low

Verse 3 solo

34 D Sea men have pulled to ge ther, G where ev er seas have rolled, to

Low

con quer e vil wea ther 'cos they're made from pure gold.

38

Low

Verse 4 solo

43 D But bos ses may not trea sure him, G and of ten he's been sold, D

Low

Down the ri ver by the comp'ny for the sake of other gold

Natasha Rose Douglas

3 The Wreck of the Preussen

Words by Jo Field 2012, tune based on traditional song
'*Blow the Man Down*'. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

The Preussen carried six square sails on each of her five masts, a magnificent sight. On November 5th 1910 she was rammed by the small British cross-channel steamer Brighton which had



The Wreck of the Preussen – Courtesy of Deal Museum

Brighton which had underestimated her speed (16 knots). A gale eventually drove her on to the rocks of Crab Bay, near Dover.

Crew and cargo were saved, including several pianos. Legend has it that those pianos found new homes in Dover...



Shipwreck Divers – Courtesy of Deal Museum

The Wreck of the Preussen

Pianos for cargo all lashed tightly down

Play, play, play piano

She sailed out from Hamburg, the pride of the town

Give it some welly and play piano!

With steam winch and capstan, it's anchors aweigh

Course, topsail and royal, topgallant and stay

Five masts fully rigged, she was built for top speed

They called her the Queen of the Queens of the Seas

She flew like a bevy of gulls on white wings

Her steel rigging thrumming like piano strings

As she hit the worst storm in the Channel for years

Our valiant Preussen had nothing to fear

She'd seen off Force 9s with no trouble before

Though she heeled and she juddered she'd surely take more

Yes that beautiful Preussen would be afloat now

If a whippersnap steamer had not crossed her bow

The squall smacked and cracked like the cat-o'-nine-tails

Shrieking like Lorelei practising scales

Rollers rose up and then crumbled like chalk

No bowsprit or foremast, she tossed like a cork

The deck buckled slick as a wriggling eel

While eight of us wrestled the great steering wheel

We were set for the Ocean, for Chile were bound
In Crab Bay, by Dover, our ship ran aground

And many hours later we had to agree
To abandon our Queen of all Queens to the sea

Now a hundred years on if you pass at low tide
You may see her old bones in the place where she died

The scar is dug deep in the cliff to this day
Where men and pianos were hoisted away

But when the wind's savage out there in the bay
You will hear the lament those pianos still play

The Wreck of the Preussen

Jo Field 2012

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas 2022

Based on the traditional song Blow The Man Down,

$\text{♩} = 70$

High

Solo verses

C C C C

Play Play

All

C C

Main

Pi an os for car go all lashed tight ly down! Play Play

Low

Play Play

4

Carry note over solo line

High.

Play pi an o!

Dm G⁷ G G⁷

Main

Play pi an o! She sailed out from Ham burg the

Low

Play pi an o!

6

High.

Give it some wel ly and play pi a no!

G G⁷ G G⁷ C C

Main

pride of the town! Give it some wel ly and play pi a no!

Low

Give it some wel ly and play pi a no!

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4 A Violin

Words by Jo Field, 2017. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

On the morning of 22nd September 1989 an IRA bomb exploded in the Royal Marine barracks in Deal, killing eleven bandsmen. This song was inspired by the story of a musician who was seriously injured by the bomb and was found lying on top of his shattered violin. As Sergeant Jay O'Neill was slowly nursed back to health, a craftsman in the instrument repair workshop painstakingly rebuilt his violin which was presented to him, weakened but certainly playable – a symbol of the indomitable spirit of The Royal Marines.



Marines Marching after the Bombing – Courtesy of Deal Museum

A Violin

There's music in a stream
Where the quick water flows
Music in the trees
When the wind comes and goes
There's music from the birds
Living in the trees
Music in the thunder
Music in the sea

*And where there are people
Anywhere at all
Whether they stand
Or whether they fall
There'll always be music, music
Always be music, music*

Here was a violin, sound as a bell
Before the bomb went up
Everything shattered
And the bandsmen fell

They picked it up, glued it together
Soundboard, belly, neck and waist
Every piece exactly placed
Chin-rest, pegs and four new strings
Again it sings, again it sings
And it will sing forever
And forevermore

*And where there are people
Anywhere at all
Whether they stand
Or whether they fall
There'll always be music, music
Always be music, music*

A Violin

Jo Field, 2017

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 55 Bm Em Bm F#7 Bm

Low

2

14

High

music Al ways be mu_sic music

Low

D F#7 Bm

music Al ways be mu_sic music

17

Bm G D A

[Solo] Here was a vi ó lin sound as a bell be fore the bomb went up,

21

F# G F# F#7 F#7 Bm Bm/A

every thing shat tered and the bandsmen fell! They picked it up glued it to

25

G F# Bm Bm/A G F#

ge ther. Sound board bel ly neckand waist E_very piece e xact ly placed.

28

Bm Bm/A G F#

Chin rest, pegs and four new strings a gain it sings a gain it sings and

30

High

And where there are peo ple

Low

Bm Bm/A G F# Bm Bm A A7

it will sing for e ver and for e ver more. And where there are peo ple

[All]

34
High a ny where at all, whe ther they stand or whe ther they fall They'll
D F#7 Bm
Low a ny where at all, whe ther they stand or whe ther they_ fall, They'll

37
High al ways be mu sic music_ Al ways be mu sic music_ And
A A7 D F# Bm F
Low al ways be mu sic music_ al ways be mu sic music_ And

41
High where there are peo ple a ny where at all, whe ther they stand or
A A7 D F#7
Low where there are peo ple a ny where at all, whe ther they stand or

44
High whe ther they_ fall They'll al ways be mu sic music_
Bm A A7 D
Low whe ther they_ fall, They'll al ways be mu sic music_

47
High Al ways be mu sic music_
F#7 Bm Bm Bm Bm
Low al ways be mu sic music_

Chapter 2 - Just Reproaches

5 A Smugglers Song

Poem by Rudyard Kipling, 1906.

Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

In the final years of the Napoleonic Wars, Napoleon allowed English smugglers entry into the French ports of Dunkirk and Gravelines, encouraging them to run contraband back and forth across the Channel.



Smuggling in Deal – Courtesy of Deal Museum

Gravelines catered for up to 300 English smugglers, housed in a specially constructed compound known as the '*City of Smugglers*'. Napoleon used the smugglers in the war against Britain. The smugglers arrived on the French coast with escaped French prisoners of war, gold guineas and English newspapers and returned to England laden with French textiles, brandy and gin.⁵

The author of the poem Rudyard Kipling lived for half his life at '*Bateman's*' on the Kent/Sussex border.

⁵ Gavin Daly. (2007). Napoleon and the '*City of Smugglers*', 1810-1814. The Historical Journal, 50(2), 333-352.

<http://www.jstor.org/stable/4140133>

A Smugglers Song

If you wake at midnight and hear a horse's feet
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street
Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie
Watch the wall my darling while the gentlemen go by

*Five and twenty ponies trotting through the dark
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the clerk
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie
Watch the wall my darling while the Gentlemen go by*

If you see the stable-door setting open wide
If you see a tired horse lying down inside
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore
If the lining's wet and warm – don't you ask no more

*Five and twenty ponies, trotting through the dark
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the Clerk
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie
Watch the wall my darling while the Gentlemen go by*

If you meet King George's men dressed in blue and red
You be careful what you say and mindful what is said
If they call you 'pretty maid' and chuck you 'neath the chin
Don't you tell where no one is nor yet where no one's been

*Five and twenty ponies, trotting through the dark
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the clerk
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie
Watch the wall my darling while the Gentlemen go by*

A Smugglers Song

Rudyard Kipling, 1906

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 88 A Capo 2nd fret G A A

Low

Solo Verses If you wake at midnight and hear a horse's feet, Don't go drawing back the blind or

4 G A A D G

Low

loo king in the street, Them that ask no questions is n't told a lie

7 A G G A A

Low

Watch the wall my darling while the gentlemen go by!

10

High

Five and twenty ponies trotting through the dark Brandy for the Parson

Chorus

Low

Five and twenty ponies trotting through the dark Brandy for the Parson

13

High

'Bac cy for the Clerk. Them that ask no questions is n't told a lie

Low

G A A D G

'Bac cy for the Clerk. Them that ask no questions is n't told a lie

16

High

Watch the wall my darling while the Gentlemen go by

Low

A G G A A

Watch the wall my darling while the Gentlemen go by!

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6 Deal Deal Deal

Based on Daniel Defoe's poem 1704.

Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.



A Rough Day At Sandown Castle 1978 –

Courtesy of David Skardon, <https://davidskardon.wixsite.com/skardons-world>

Daniel Defoe controversially wrote these words in his 1704 book, *'The Storm'*, on learning how the people of Deal salvaged goods before rescuing the drowning sailors. The town accused him of libel and refuted his allegations.⁶

William Cobbett passing through in September 1823 noted in his book *Rural Rides*:

*'Deal is a most villainous place. It is full of filthy-looking people. Great desolation of abomination has been going on here; tremendous barracks, partly pulled down and partly tumbling down, and partly occupied by soldiers. Everything seems upon the perish. I was glad to hurry along through it, and to leave its inns and public-houses to be occupied by the tarred, and trowsered, and blue and buff crew whose very vicinage I always detest.'*⁷

⁶ <https://www.dealpier.uk/history3.html>

⁷ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deal,_Kent

Deal Deal Deal

If I had any satire left to write	<i>Left to write!</i>
Could I with suited spleen indite!	<i>Spleen indite!</i>
My verse should blast that fatal town	
Drowned sailors' widows pull it down	
Deal Deal Deal!	

No footsteps of it should appear!	<i>Should appear!</i>
And ships no more cast anchor there	<i>Cast anchor there</i>
The barbarous hated town of Deal	
Should die or be a term of infamy	
Pitiful Deal!	

Until that's done,	
the town of Deal should stand	<i>Deal should stand!</i>
A just reproach to all the land	<i>To all the land!</i>
My verse should blast that fatal town	
Drowned sailors' widows pull it down	
Deal Deal Deal!	

Deal Deal Deal!

Based on the poem by Daniel Defoe, 1704

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 96$

High

left to write!

Low

C C C C C

If I had a ny sa tire left to write, left to write! Could I, with

5

High

Spleen in dite! My verse should blast that

Low

C G G⁷ C

sui ted spleen in dite! Spleen in dite! My verse should blast that

9

High

fa tal town, drowned sai lors wi dowspull it down! Deal Deal_ Deal

Low

C⁷ F F^m C G⁷ C

fa tal town, drowned sai lors wi dowspull it down! Deal Deal Deal

15

High

should ap pear

Low

C C C C C C

No foot steps of it should ap pear, should ap pear Andships no

21

High

cast an chor there! The bar barous ha ted town of Deal should

Low

C G G⁷ C C⁷

more cast anchor there, cast an chor there! The bar barous ha ted town of Deal should

26

High

die or be a term of in fa my pi ti ful Deal!

Low

F F^m C G⁷ C C

die or be a term of in fa my pi ti ful Deal! Un

32

High

Deal should stand!

Low

C C C C C

til that's done the town of Deal should stand, Deal should stand! A just re

37

High

to all the land, My verse should blast that fa tal town drowned

Low

C G G⁷ C C⁷

proach to all the land, to all the land, My verse should blast that fa tal town drowned

42

High

sai lers wi dows pull it down! Deal Deal Deal!

Low

F F^m C G⁷ C G⁷ C

sai lers wi dows pull it down! Deal Deal Deal!

7 The Breaking of Dover Gaol



Deal smugglers – Courtesy of Richard Platt, <http://www.smuggling.co.uk>

Anonymous poem written circa 1820. Based on the melody of a traditional sea song '*Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy*'.

Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

A revenue officer called Billy '*Hellfire*' Lilburn had caught eleven Folkestone and Sandgate smugglers on a run, and had them locked up in Dover gaol. Word soon got around, and the prisoners' fellows raised a huge mob which quickly broke down the door of the gaol. When it was discovered that the captured smugglers had been moved to the most secure cells, the mob started to literally pull the prison apart, pelting the troops that had by now been called in with a hail of stones and tiles. Eventually the smugglers were released, stopping at the Red Cow to have the conspicuous and unwieldy chains removed from their hands; meanwhile, outside, the mob continued to rampage through the town, smashing windows. The smugglers were never recaptured!⁸

⁸ http://www.smuggling.co.uk/gazetteer_se_14.html

The Breaking of Dover Gaol

We smuggling boys are merry boys
We're here and sometimes there
No rent nor taxes do we pay
But a man-of-war is our fear
'Twas on the 21st of May'
As you will understand
We sailed out from Boulogne Bay
Bound for the English land

But to our sad misfortune
And to our great surprise
We were chased by two strong galleys
Belonging to the excise
Oh, then my boys For Liberty
Was the cry of one and all
But soon they overpowered us
With powder and with ball

They dragged us up to Dover Gaol
In irons bound like thieves
All for to serve great George our King
And force us to the seas
The wives cried for their husbands
They were in such great distress
For children all around the gaol
Were crying fatherless

And sure, the sight was shocking
For everyone to see
But then the cry came from the mob
For death or liberty
Oh, then a hole all in the wall
Was everybody's cry
And Lilburn and McCulloch's men
Were soon obliged to fly

For bricks and tiles they flew so fast
From every point you see
And these fine men from Dover gaol
They gained their liberty
And now they've gained their liberty
They've the long wide world to range
Long life to the women of Dover town
Likewise, to the Folkestone men

The Breaking of Dover Gaol

Anonymous words circa 1826

Set to Traditional Song Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 85

High

We smug gling boys are mer ry boys, we're.
But to our sad mis for tune and.
They dragged us up to Do ver Gaol in.

Low

We smug gling boys are mer ry boys, we're.
But to our sad mis for tune and.
They dragged us up to Do ver Gaol in.

High

here and some times there! No rent nor tax es.
to our great sur prise We were chased by two strong.
i rons bound like thieves All for to serve great.

Low

here and some times there! No rent nor tax es.
to our great sur prise We were chased by two strong.
i rons bound like thieves All for to serve great.

High

do we pay, but a man of war is our fear! 'Twas
gal leys be lon ging to the Ex cise Oh.
George our King and force us to the seas The.

Low

do we pay, but a man of war is our fear! 'Twas
gal leys be lon ging to the Ex cise Oh.
George our King and force us to the seas The.

8

High

on the twen ty first of May as you will un der
 then my boys for li ber ty was the cry of one and
 wives cried for their hus. bands they were in such great dis

Low

C C F

on the twen ty first of May as you will un der
 then my boys for li ber ty was the cry of one and
 wives cried for their hus. bands they were in such great dis

11

High

stand, We sailed out from Bou longne Bay bound
 all But soon they o ver po wered us with
 tress For chil dren all a round the gaol were

Low

G G⁷ C F C

stand, We sailed out from Bou longne Bay bound
 all But soon they o ver po wered us with
 tress For chil dren all a round the gaol were

14

High

for the Eng lish land.
 pow der and with ball
 cry ing fa ther less

Low

C G⁷ C C C

for the Eng lish land.
 pow der and with ball
 cry ing fa ther less

8 Boney was a Warrior

Traditional folk song. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.



Lord Nelson – Courtesy of Deal Museum

In the summer of 1801, the British government decided to make an effort to destroy the flotilla Napoleon was creating off Boulogne. The Admiralty appointed Lord Nelson to be second-in-command of the Channel Fleet under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker. Nelson arrived in Deal on the evening of July 29,

1801 and after several attempts at landing on Deal beach, famously wrote, *'This is the coldest place in England most assuredly.'*⁹

'Boney was a Warrior' is a sea shanty which details the early rise and eventual demise of Napoleon Bonaparte (Boney). Napoleon came aboard the Billy Ruffian (sailors slang for HMS Bellerophon which was built near Rochester in Kent) so he could surrender to the ship's captain. The Bellerophon was also used to carry Nelson's body home (pickled in a barrel of brandy to survive the journey!) after the Battle of Trafalgar.

Shanties were banned by the Navy, perhaps because of the rebellious nature of them but also because absolute silence was needed on board so that commands could be followed. When Napoleon was captured, he said how much he was impressed by this silence.¹⁰

⁹ <http://www.northdowns.plus.com/dealweb/horatio-nelson-in-deal.html>

¹⁰ <https://ageofrevolution.org/200-object/boney-was-a-warrior-popular-ballad/>

Boney was a Warrior

Boney was a warrior A warrior and a terrier	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Boney fought the Russians The Russians and the Prussians	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Moscow was a-blazing And Boney was a-raging	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Boney went to Elba Boney he came back again	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Boney went to Waterloo There he got his overthrow	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Then they took him off again Aboard the Billy Ruffian	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
He went to Saint Helena There he was a prisoner	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>
Boney broke his heart and died Away in Saint Helena	<i>Way, hey ya!</i> <i>Jean Francois!</i>

Boney Was a Warrior

Traditional

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 108

High

Way Hey Ya!

Sea shanty, call and response

C C C Dm

Main

Bo ney was a war ri or Way Hey Ya! A

Low

Way Hey Ya!

5

S.

Jean Fran cois!

G G⁷ G⁷ C

A.

war ri or and a ter ri er Jean Fran cois!

A.

Jean Fran cois!

Chapter 3 - All Manner of Fish

9 Steep Shingle

Words by Jo Field, 2022. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

A song that celebrates a time when many working fishing boats were hauled up on the beach at Deal. There are still boats though, and some of them will take paying customers on fishing trips. Until the late 1970s, fishing boats could be seen operating from the steep shingle beach in front of the promenade at Deal. It was far from easy launching heavy wooden boats into choppy seas, and retrieving them later laden with the day's catch. Today, only one fisherman, Dave Lawrence, fishes from Deal, targeting herring, which he sells on the beach from time to time, keeping the past alive.¹¹



Deal Boatmen – Courtesy of Deal Museum

¹¹ <https://fishingnews.co.uk/features/deal-tradition-and-change/>

Steep Shingle

Heaps of Haddock and Bream and Skate
Are hauled aboard to meet their fate
Piles of Pollack and Plaice and Pout
Wriggle and thrash and flop about

Out in the Channel those laden hulls
Are followed home by greedy gulls
When fishing boats can hold no more
They turn with the tide to run ashore

Heaps of Haddock and Bream and Skate
Hauled aboard to meet their fate
Piles of Pollack and Plaice and Pout
No longer wriggle and thrash about

Smell of the winches' oily heat
Dragging boats up the pebble beach
Noise of the winches' grinding whirr
Growl, chug, judder and purr

Heaps of Haddock and Bream and Skate
Are hauled aboard to meet their fate
Piles of Pollack and Plaice and Pout
Wriggle and thrash and flop about!

Steep Shingle

Jo Field 2022

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 100$

Main

Heaps of Had dock and Bream and Skate are hauled a board to
Heaps of Had dock and Bream and Skate. Hauled a board to

C G⁷ F C F C

Low

Heaps of Had dock and Bream and Skate are hauled a board to
Heaps of Had dock and Bream and Skate. Hauled a board to

4

Main

meet their fate! Piles of Pol lack and Plaice and Pout no
meet their fate! Piles of Pol lack and Plaice and Pout no

G⁷ C C G⁷ F C

Low

meet their fate! Piles of Pol lack and Plaice and Pout no
meet their fate! Piles of Pol lack and Plaice and Pout no

7

Main

wrig gle and thrash and and flop thrash a bout!
lon ger wriggle and and thrash a bout!

F C G⁷ C

Low

wrig gle and thrash and and flop thrash a bout!
lon ger wriggle and and thrash a bout!

End here after 2nd repeat.

9

Main

Out in the chan nel those la den hulls are fol lowed home by
Smell of the winch es oi ly heat___ Drag ging boats up the

Low

F C F C F C

Out in the chan nel those la den hulls are fol lowed home by
Smell of the winch es oi ly heat___ Drag ging boats up the

12

Main

gree dy gulls When fi shing boats can hold no more they
peb ble beach___ Noise of the win ches grind ing whirr___

Low

D⁷ G⁷ F C F C

gree dy gulls When fi shing boats can hold no more they
peb ble beach___ Noise of the win ches grind ing whirr___

Repeat and finish song with first half of verse 1

15

Main

turn with the tide to run a shore___
Growl___ chug___ judder and purr___

Low

F C D⁷ G G G⁷

turn with the tide to run a shore___
Growl___ chug___ judder and purr___

10 The Herring's Head

Traditional song. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

This is a cumulative song, popular as a drinking song in many coastal areas of Britain, where one's sobriety is tested in the chorus! This song is found in a manuscript in 1831 and these types of cumulative songs were generally agreed to derive from sacred rituals concerning divine animals. The animal is sacrificed and its dismembered parts put to use in all sorts of unlikely ways for the benefit of the whole community. This pagan idea survives in the divine sacrament of the Christian church. '*How are ye the day*' would have been accompanied with shaking hands with your neighbour, reaffirming the benefits of the herring in bringing the community together.¹²



Deal Fishing Boats – Courtesy of Deal Museum

¹² <https://mainlynorfolk.info/cyril.tawney/songs/theherringsong.html>

The Herring's Head

What'll I do with the herring's head?
What'll you do with the herring's head?
I'll turn it into a loaf of bread
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

Of all the fish that are in the sea
The herring is the one for me
How are you the day
How are you the day
How are you the day
Mi hinny-o?

What'll I do with the herring's eyes?
What'll you do with the herring's eyes?
I'll turn 'em into puddings and pies
Herring's eyes, puddings and pies
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

What'll I do with the herring's fins?
What'll you do with the herring's fins?
I'll turn 'em into needles and pins
Herring's fins, needles and pins
Herring's eyes, puddings and pies
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

What'll I do with the herring's belly?
What'll you do with the herring's belly?
I'll turn it into a lass called Nelly
Herring's belly, a lass called Nelly
Herring's fins, needles and pins
Herring's eyes, puddings and pies
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

What'll I do with the herring's back?
What'll you do with the herring's back?
I'll turn it into a lad called Jack
Herrings back, a lad called Jack
Herring's belly, a lass called Nelly
Herring's fins, needles and pins
Herring's eyes, puddings and pies
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

What'll I do with the herring's tail?
What'll you do with the herring's tail?
I'll turn it into a boat that sails
Herring's tail, a boat that sails
Herrings back, a lad called Jack
Herring's belly, a lass called Nelly
Herring's fins, needles and pins
Herring's eyes, puddings and pies
Herring's head, loaf of bread
And all manner of things!

The Herrings Head

Traditional

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

110

High

Low

Solo

What 'll I do with mi her rings head

I'll

What 'll you do with ya her rings head?

Her rings head, loaf of bread and

turn it in to a loaf of bread, Her rings head, loaf of bread and

5

High

Low

all man ner of things

Of all the fish that are in the sea, the

all man ner of things

Of all the fish that are in the sea, the

7

High

Low

her ring is the one for me How are you the day How are you the day How

her ring is the one for me How are you the day How are you the day How

9

High

Low

are you the day, mi hin ny oh!

are you the day, mi hin ny oh!

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11 Dance to Thy Daddy

Traditional song. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.



Deal Fishing Boat – Courtesy of Deal Museum

This is a '*dandling*' song from the North East that would have traditionally been sung by a grandparent whilst looking after a child. This song can be dated back to about 1886 and to a time when people from the North East were exploited by their masters. This song shows they were hoping for their fortunes to change and to have something other than Herrings on their plate! This is reflected in the developing choruses which start with a small herring but end with the glorious Salmon!¹³

¹³<https://mainlynorfolk.info/shirley.collins/songs/dancetoyourdaddy.html>

Dance to Thy Daddy

Come here me little Jackie
Now I've smoked me baccy
Let's have a little cracky
Till the boat comes in

Dance to thy daddy, sing to thy mammy
Dance to thy daddy, to thy mammy sing
Thou shall have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shall have a fishy when the boat comes in

Here's thy mother humming
Like a canny woman
Yonder comes thy father
Drunk---he cannot stand

Dance to thy daddy, sing to thy mammy
Dance to thy daddy, to thy mammy sing
Thou shall have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shall have a haddock when the boat comes in

Our Tommy's always fuddling
He's so fond of ale
But he is kind to me
I hope he'll never fail

Dance to thy daddy, sing to thy mammy
Dance to thy daddy, to thy mammy sing
Thou shall have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shall have a bloater when the boat comes in

I like a drop myself
When I can get it sly
And thou, my bonny bairn
Will like as well as I

Dance to thy daddy, sing to thy mammy
Dance to thy daddy, to thy mammy sing
Thou shall have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shall have a mackerel when the boat comes in

May we get a drop oft
As we stand in need
And well may the keel row
That brings the bairns their bread

Dance to thy daddy, sing to thy mammy
Dance to thy daddy, to thy mammy sing
Thou shall have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shall have a salmon when the boat comes in

Dance to Thy Daddy

Traditional

Arr Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 110$

Low

F B \flat C 7

Come here me lit tle jac kie Now I've smoked my bac cy, Let's
 Here's thy mo ther hum ming like a can ny wo man—
 Our Tom my's al ways fudd ling He's so fond of ale But
 I like a drop my self when I can get it sly And
 May we get a drop oft As we stand in need And—

Solo verses

Low

3 F B \flat C 7 F

have a lit tle crac ky Till the boat comes in,
 Yon der comes thy fa ther Drunk he can not stand!
 he is kind to me I hope he'll ne ver fail
 thou my bon ny bairn will like as well as I
 well may the keel row that brings the bairns their bread

High

5 Dance Sing Dance
 F C 7 F

Low

8 Dance to thy dad dy, sing to thy mam my, Dance to thy dad dy,
 to thy mam my sing Thou shall have a fish y on a lit tle dish y
 C 7 F F B \flat C 7

Low

11 Thou shall have a fish y When the bost comes in,
 Change name of fish with each chorus!
 F B \flat C 7 F F

Low

Thou shall have a fish y When the bost comes in.

Chapter 4 - Hopping

12 Hopping Down in Kent

Traditional song. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

Until fairly recently this annual excursion to pick hops in Kent was the only holiday of the year for many Cockney families. It wasn't much of a rest for them, as this song indicates. Gypsies, too, were regular hop-pickers, going where the seasonal work took them. This anonymous song was collected from a gypsy singer, Mary Ann Haynes, born in 1905 in a Faversham Wagon.



Hop picking family – Courtesy of George King

Terry Yarnell sang Hopping Down in Kent in 2001 on his Tradition Bearers CD A Bonny Bunch. He noted: *'This song came from my grandmother (who called it 'The Hopping Song'), who, in her younger days frequently spent some weeks each year in the 'Holiday Resort' of a hop field in Kent. With a husband who had died in the First World War, and little money coming in, this was the only chance of a break for her and the children, and to earn a few 'bob' at the same time. Every September, hundreds of Londoners (East Enders) would pack up and go to the railway station for the trip to the Kent hop fields in the 'Hop pickers special'.*



Hop picking family – Courtesy of George King

In earlier generations of pickers, the conditions were appalling, with no facilities whatsoever, but by the time my own grandmother went, special sheds had been erected for their accommodation. The locals were very wary about the whole influx, and a common sign outside pubs was *'No dogs, gypsies or hoppers'*.

The following song refers to *'the measurer'*, a man who measured the number of bushels transferred from a collecting bin to the poke (a large sack) and could control how much a hop picker could earn. Now taken over by machines, hopping was in its day not just a crop harvesting, but a *'social phenomenon'*.¹⁴

¹⁴ <https://mainlynorfolk.info/guvnor/songs/hoppingdowninkent.html>

Hopping Down in Kent

Now, hopping's just beginning
We've got our time to spend
We've only come down hopping
To earn a quid if we can

With a tee-i-eh, Tee-i-eh, Tee-i-ee-i -eh.

Now, early Monday morning
The measurer he'll come round
'Pick your hops all ready
And you'll pick them off' the ground'

With a tee-i-eh, Tee-i-eh, Tee-i-ee-i -eh.

Now, early Tuesday morning
The bookie he'll come round
With a bag of money
He'll flop it on the ground

With a tee-i-eh, Tee-i-eh, Tee-i-ee-i -eh.

Says do you want some money?
'Yes, sir, if you please
To buy a hock of bacon
And a lump of mouldy cheese'

With a tee-i-eh, Tee-i-eh, Tee-i-ee-i -eh.

Hopping is all over
All the money spent
I wish to God I'd never done
No hopping down in Kent

With a tee-i-eh, Tee-i-eh, Tee-i-ee-i -eh.

Hopping Down in Kent

Traditional

Arr: Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 110

Low

G D⁷ G D⁷

Solo verses, sea shanty feel

Now hop pings just be gin ning we've got our time to spend We've
 Now ear ly Men day mor ning The mea surer he'll come round
 Now ear ly Tues day mor ning The boo kie he'll come round
 Says do you want some mo ney? Yes Sir if you please To
 Now hop ping is all o ver All the mo ney spent! I

4

Low

G D⁷ G

on ly come down hop ping to earn a quid if we
 Pick your hops all hop rea dy and you'll pick 'em off the
 With a bag of mo ney he'll flop it on the
 buy a hock of ha con and a lump of moul dy
 wish to God I'd ne ver done no hop ping down in

7

High

Rabato

With a tee i ay tee i ay tee i ee i ay!

ALL

Middle

With a tee i ay tee i ay tee i ee i ay!

D D⁷ G G G D⁷ G

Low

can't ground ground cheese Kent!

With a tee i ay tee i ay tee i ee i ay!

13 Hopping Mad

Words by Jo Field, 2018. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

A song based on the diaries of George Orwell from the time he spent with the Kent hop pickers. He wrote that they were mainly women and gypsies and *'too stupid'* to grasp the advantages of his proposed Union...

Nowadays there is a new way of hop growing and picking in the form of Deal Hop Farm which bears little resemblance to a conventional hop farm. You won't find fields with row after row of towering hop poles with a network of strings to support the growing bines. No sophisticated farm machinery either.



Hop picking in Deal today – Courtesy of Deal Hop Farm

Instead, there is a community of more than 250 individual, amateur growers dotted in and around the town of Deal, each cultivating hops in their own gardens, allotments and community spaces. There are even hops growing in the gardens of English Heritage properties, Deal Castle and Walmer Castle. The project, launched in February 2017 by the environmental group *'Deal With It'*, has proved phenomenally successful. Each grower pays a small joining fee which is used to buy their Prima Donna hop rhizomes. The variety is a dwarf hop, although the plants grow to well over 2m tall.

Steve Wakeford, the driving force behind the scheme, provides growing advice throughout the season and organises regular pub get-togethers for members.

The hops are picked on a number of harvesting days in September, with members bringing their produce to the Captain's Garden at Deal Castle for weighing. Some manage only a few grams, while others stagger in carrying several kilos of hops.

In 2021 the farm produced a massive haul of 230kg, with the harvest involving nearly 400 people.

Local brewery Time & Tide Brewing, the farm's partner since 2019, uses some of the hops fresh to make its Green Hop Pale Ale. The bulk of the harvest, though, is dried by a local commercial grower and is then used to make more beers throughout the year. To date, Time & Tide has brewed 18 different beers using Deal Hop Farm hops. They are all sold at local shops, pubs and cafés. Community members give their hops free of charge but are rewarded with some free beer and a reduced price for any more they buy.

The farm's growing season is normally rounded off with an Oktoberfest where members and their families and friends get together for an evening of food, fun, music and, of course, beer!

To find out more visit www.dealhopfarm.org.uk

[Words written by Cathy Tyce, 2022]

Hopping Mad

George Orwell he went hopping
In 1931
He came to Kent with the hop-pickers
To see how it was done

*Oh Mr Orwell, be careful what you say!
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
This is our holiday!*

When he came down for hopping
What do you think he saw?
He barely noticed the towering hops
Because all the pickers were poor

*Oh Mr Orwell, what is your problem pray?
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
This is our holiday!*

There were hops that reached to heaven
All fresh and ripe and green
And cheerful pickers were hard at work
Along the aisles between

*Oh Mr Orwell, our London lives are grey
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
This is our holiday!*

Now Orwell he was horrified
To find such degradation
He couldn't see the joyful side
But only exploitation

*Oh Mr Orwell, we're happy with our pay
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
This is our holiday!*

George Orwell didn't understand
He failed to comprehend
The freedom in weeks of hopping
Far from the bleak East End

*Oh Mr Orwell, why did you come to stay?
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
This is our holiday!*

He suggested a Hop-pickers' Union
The pickers were mystified
And carried on as they'd done before
'You're all too stupid!' he cried

*Oh Mr Orwell, this is our holiday
The weather is sunny, we'll not think of money
Please will you go away!*

Hopping Mad

Jo Field, 2018

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 95

Low

C C F G⁷ C

Solo verses

George Or well he went hop ping in nine teen thir ty one. He
When he came down for hop ping what do you think he saw? He
There were hops that reached to his ven All fresh and ripe and green And

2 C C F G⁷ C C⁷

Low

came to Kent with the hop pic kers to see how it was done
bare ly no ticed the to wering hops be cause all the pickers were poor
cheer ful pi ckers were hard at work a long the aisles be tween

4

High

Oh mis ter Or well be care ful what you say! The
Oh mis ter Or well, what is you're prob lem pray? The
Oh mis ter Or well, our Lon don lives are grey The

[All]

Low

F G⁷ C D⁷ G G⁷

Oh mis ter Or well be care ful what you say! The
Oh mis ter Or well, what is you're prob lem pray? The
Oh mis ter Or well, our Lon don lives are grey The

6

High

wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney
wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney
wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney

C Am

Low

wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney
wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney
wea ther is sun ny we'll not think of mo ney

7

High

This is our ho li day!
This is our ho li day!
This is our ho li day!

Low

F G⁷ C C C

This is our ho li day!
This is our ho li day!
This is our ho li day!

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14 Lousy Hops

Words recorded by George Orwell in 1931.

Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.



Hop pickers at work. Colour line block by Leighton Brothers after A. Hunt, 185-. Public Domain image

Orwell wrote in his diary, whilst he was working alongside the cockneys, gypsies and tramps in the Kent hop fields in 1931: *'Hops are soft things like sponges, and it is quite easy for the measurer to crush a bushel of them into a quart if he chooses. Some days he merely scoops the hops out, but on other days he has orders from the farmer to 'take them heavy', and then he crams them right into the basket, so that instead of getting 20 bushels for a full bin one gets only 12 or 14 – i.e. a shilling or so less. There was a song about this, which the old East End woman and her grandchildren were always singing.'*¹⁵

¹⁵ <https://hoppicking.wordpress.com/>

Lousy Hops

Our lousy hops, lousy hops!
Pick 'em off the ground
When the measurer he comes round
Pick 'em off the ground!

When he comes to measure up
He never knows when to stop!
Ay ay, get in the bin
And take the blooming (original word: f'ing) lot!

Words collected by
George Orwell in 1931

Lousy Hops

Natasha Rose Douglas 2022

♩ = 110

High

Our— lousy hops! lousy hops! Pick 'em off the ground, When the mea su rer

D⁷ D⁷ G G G D⁷ D⁷

Low

Our— lousy hops! lousy hops! Pick 'em off the ground, When the mea su rer

7

High

he comes round, pick 'em off the ground! When he comes to mea sure up he

D⁷ D⁷ G G G

Low

he comes round, pick 'em off the ground! When he comes to mea sure up he

12

High

ne ver knows when to stop! Ay Ay get in the bin and take the bloom ing

G⁷ C C C G D⁷

Low

ne ver knows when to stop! Ay Ay get in the bin and take the bloom ing

17

High

lot! take the bloom ing take the bloom ing take the bloom ing lot!

G D⁷ D⁷ D⁷ C D⁷ G C G

Low

lot! take the bloom ing take the bloom ing take the bloom ing lot!

15 The Hartlake Bridge Tragedy

Anonymous words circa 1853.

Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

The Hartlake Bridge is a bridge over the River Medway in Golden Green in the parish of Hadlow, Kent. On the evening of 20 October 1853, a wagon was taking around 40 hop-pickers and their families back to their camp site. One of the horses pulling the wagon shied on the bridge, causing one of its wheels to crash through the side of the bridge. This upended the cart, tipping its passengers into the river, which at the time was swollen in flood.

The victims were casual workers and either Irish or Romani people. The Romani's were all from one extended family. The 30 who died were aged between 2 and 59 years. In October 2013, on the 160th anniversary of the disaster, a new plaque carrying the names of the dead was added to the by-now weathered memorial.

The name of the youngest victim, a two-year-old girl, remains unknown as her parents died with her in the accident. This song is thought to have been composed around 1853, however folk songs such as these were passed down through oral tradition and it was only actually written down in the 1970's by local Romany Gypsy, Jasper Smith (listen to his version of the song on YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GUVqN4bGZYk>). This song would have been heard around the open fires at night after a day's work and its survival shows the importance and relevance it had in the community. This song is still sung by members of Jasper's family today.¹⁶

¹⁶ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hartlake_disaster

The Hartlake Bridge Tragedy

Now seven and thirty strangers
A hopping they had been
Employed by Mr Cox's farm
Down by old Golden Green
It was in the parish of Hadlow
Close by old Tonbridge Town
That's where they laid
Those poor souls
After they were drowned

Now some were men and women
The others girls and boys
They were crossing o'er the bridge
When the horses they took shy
They were crossing o'er the bridge
When everyone was drowned
Just to hear the screams
Of those poor souls
As they were going down

Now people came from everywhere
Just to see what could be done
But no one was saved on that sad day
They were drowned everyone
No one was saved on that sad day
Yes and everyone was drowned
Just to hear the screams of those poor souls
As they were going down

The Hartlake Bridge Tragedy

Unknown Circa 1853

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 70$

High

Now seven and, thir ty stran gers a - hop ping they had been. Em
 Now some were men and wo men the o thers boys and girls they were
 Now peo ple came from eve ry where just to see what could be done But

Am Am G Am

Low

Now seven and, thir ty stran gers a hop ping they had been. Em
 Now some were men and wo men the o thers boys and girls they were
 Now peo ple came from eve ry where just to see what could be done But

4

High

played by Mis ter Cox's farm, down by old gol den green. It was
 cros sing o'er the bridge, when the hor ses they took shy They were
 no one was saved on that sad day, they were drowned eve ry one No

Am Am G Am

Low

played by Mr Cox's farm, down by old gol den green. It was
 cros sing o'er the bridge when the hor ses they took shy They were
 no one was saved on that sad day, they were drowned eve ry one No

8

High

in the pa rish of Had low, Close by old Ton bridge town, that's
 cros sing o'er the bridge when eve ry one was drowned just to
 one was saved on that sad day yes and eve ry one was drowned Just to

C Am C E?

Low

in the pa rish of Had low, Close by old Ton bridge town, that's
 cros sing o'er the bridge when eve ry one was drowned just to
 one was saved on that sad day yes and eve ry one was drowned Just to

12

High

where they laid those poor souls, af - ter they were drowned.
 bear the screams of those poor souls as they were go ing down
 bear the screams of those poor souls as they were go ing down

Am Am G Am

Low

where they laid those poor souls, af - ter they were drowned.
 bear the screams of those poor souls as they were go ing down
 bear the screams of those poor souls as they were go ing down

Repeat verse 1 to finish

Chapter 5 - Under Ground

16 Think of Us

Words by Jo Field 2022. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

The Kent Mining Museum, in the Visitor Centre at Betteshanger Country Park, has many interesting stories to tell. The words of this song were suggested by some of them.



Durham, 1979 – Courtesy of Pamela Price

The heat at the coalface was often so intense that miners would work partially or even fully naked. A shift was eight hours long. Shifts ran without a break, day and night. The check or tally system was a crucial safety measure whereby each miner could be identified by his number in case of accident. It was obviously a hard life, but full of jokes and camaraderie.

Think of Us

When the sun's shining hard
and the world is quite cheerful
the green's full of daisies
and Spring has unwound
when the bright air is clean
and birds give you an earful
don't look for us here
we'll be deep underground

We'll have ridden the cage
down the shaft in the blackness
and stripped off our clothes
for the Earth's roaring heat
We'll be crawling the roadway
like tubs on the track, just
the lamps on our helmets
the boots on our feet

When they've had our eight hours
we will rise to the surface
and give up our tallies.
The sun will be gone.
All weary and aching
and smothered in coaldust
we'll head for the showers
another shift done

Think of Us

Jo Field, 2022

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 80

High

When the sun's shi ring hard and the world is quite cheer ful the green's full of
 We'll have rid den the cage down the shaft in the blackness and stripped off our
 When they've had our eight hours we will rise to the sur face and give up our

C C G⁷ A⁺ E⁺ F

Low

When the sun's shi ring hard and the world is quite cheer ful the green's full of
 We'll have rid den the cage down the shaft in the blackness and stripped off our
 When they've had our eight hours we will rise to the sur face and give up our

5

High

dai sies and Spring has un wound, when the bright air is clean and birds give you an
 clothes for the Earth's roa ring heat. We'll be craw ling the road way like tubs on the
 tal lies The sun will be gone. All wea ry and ach ing and smo thered in

C D⁷ G C G⁷ A⁺

Low

dai sies and Spring has un wound, when the bright air is clean and birds give you an
 clothes for the Earth's roa ring heat. We'll be craw ling the road way like tubs on the
 tal lies The sun will be gone. All wea ry and ach ing and smo thered in

11

High

ear ful don't look for us here, we'll be deep un der ground We'll be
 track, just the lamps on our hel mets the boots on our feet The
 coal dust we'll head for the sho wers, A no ther shift done A

E⁺ F C G⁷ C C

Low

ear ful don't look for us here, we'll be deep un der ground We'll be
 track, just the lamps on our hel mets the boots on our feet The
 coal dust we'll head for the sho wers, A no ther shift done A

17

High

deep un der ground we'll be deep un der ground
 boots on our feet The boots on our feet
 no ther shift done A no ther shift done

E⁺ A⁺ A⁺ F C C

Low

deep un der ground we'll be deep un der ground
 boots on our feet The boots on our feet
 no ther shift done A no ther shift done

Natasha Rose Douglas

17 Serbian Beans

Words by Jo Field 2022. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

Striking miners and their families faced very real hardship and even starvation. Food parcels were sent from collieries in other countries to show their support. Tins of beans from Serbia were among these parcels, and any surplus might be exchanged for other food and necessities.

Serbian Beans

Another strike, and times are hard
How will we feed our families?
Fellow miners across the sea
Send us parcels. Mainly beans

We rely on Beans. Serbian beans. In tins
We rely on Beans. Serbian beans. In tins
to feed us all, to feed us all, to feed us all

It's barter here and barter there
Beans for fuel and beans for beer
Beans for breakfast. Beans for tea
Too many beans for you and me

We've rabbits from the game keeper
Farmers give us milk and eggs
What have we got to trade for them?
Here's the answer, mainly beans

Serbian Beans

Jo Field 2022

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

J = 85

High

Verses

A no ther strike and times are hard. How will we feed our fa mi lies?
It's bar ter here and bar ter there Beans for fuel and beans for beer
We've rab bits from the game kee per Far mers_ give us milk and_ eggs

Low

G C G C

A no ther strike and times are hard. How will we feed our fa mi lies?
It's bar ter here and bar ter there Beans for fuel and beans for beer
We've rab bits from the game kee per Far mers_ give us milk and_ eggs

4

High

Fel low mi ners a cross the sea. Send us par cels. Mainly_ beans We re ly on_
Beans for break fast. Beans for tea Too many beans for you and me
What have we got to trade for them? Here's the an swer, main ly_ beans

Chorus

Low

G C G C D7 D7

Fel low mi ners a cross the sea. Send us par cels. Mainly_ beans We re ly on_
Beans for break fast. Beans for tea Too many beans for you and me
What have we got to trade for them? Here's the an swer, main ly_ beans

10

High

Beans, Ser bian Beans In tins. We re ly on, Beans, Ser bian Beans In tins

Low

G G C C D7 D7 G G C C

Beans, Ser bian Beans In tins. We re ly on, Beans, Ser bian Beans In tins

20

High

To feed us all To feed us all

Low

D7 D7 G C G D7 G

To feed us all To feed us all

27

High

To feed us all

Low

C G D7 G C G D7

To feed us all

Finish here after 3rd verse

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18 The Silence of the Band

Words by Jo Field, 2022. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

These words were prompted by a piece on the Betteshanger Colliery Welfare Band website:

'...Betteshanger Colliery went on strike in the 1960s, and the local press wanted to have a picture of the band. They asked if they could come on the following morning to take the band's photograph; however, the band were leaving very early the next morning. It was decided that the newspaper would arrive at 5.30am and the band would march up and down the street pretending to play...'



Royal Marines Marching – Courtesy of Chris Mansfield

The Silence of the Band

(Accompanied by a soft drone)
Trombone, horn, eupho-ni-um
Cornet, trumpet, all struck dumb

The band's tapping with their fingers
And puffing out their cheeks
But there's been no music round here
For many days and weeks

The winding gear's not winding
There's no one at the trap
And no wife will be minding
To make sure he's got his snap

The band's marching very smartly
They look as if they're playing
But the instruments are silent
No watchers are hooraying

A scab will be identified
Wherever he may run
He won't find anywhere to hide
Under the Kentish sun

The Silence of the Band

Jo Field, 2022 ♩ = 70

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

High

Am Am G Am Am G The The

Middle

Soft Drone

Low

Trom bone, horn, eupho ni um, Cor net trum pet all struck dumb!

3

High

band's tap ping with their fin gers And puf fing out their cheeks But
win ding gear's not win ding There's no one at the trap And

Middle

band's tap ping with their fin gers And puf fing out their cheeks But
win ding gear's not win ding There's no one at the trap And

Low

Trom bone, horn, eupho ni um, Cor net trum pet all struck dumb!

5

High

there's been no mus sic a round here For ma ny days and weeks
no wife will be min ding to make sure he's got his snap

Middle

there's been no mus sic a round here For ma ny days and weeks
no wife will be min ding to make sure he's got his snap

Low

Trom bone, horn, eupho ni um, Cor net trum pet all struck dumb!

Natasha Rose Douglas

19 Coal Not Dole

Poem by Kay Sutcliffe, 1984.

Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

Kay's husband lost his mining job in 1984. The title of Kay's poem was taken from a political slogan of the time: Coal Not Dole.



Coal Miners – Courtesy of Kay Sutcliffe

Chumbawamba sang Coal Not Dole in 2003 on their CD English Rebel Songs 1381-1984. They noted: Coal Not Dole, written by Kay Sutcliffe, is one of the most moving testaments of the Miners' Strike of 1984-5. Under attack from a government determined to end the power of the unions, the mining communities fought with a spirit in keeping with a proud tradition—a tradition of strikes, pickets and marches, for better pay and improved working conditions. In 1984 the miners were fighting for their jobs, and the strike became a landmark in English political history.¹⁷

¹⁷ <https://mainlynorfolk.info/watersons/songs/coalnotdole.html>

Coal Not Dole

It stands so proud, the wheels so still
A ghost-like figure on the hill
It seems so strange there is no sound
Now there are no men underground
What will become of this pit yard
Where men once trampled faces hard

So tired and weary their shift done
Never having seen the sun
Will it become a sacred ground?
Foreign tourists gazing round
Asking if men once worked here
Way beneath this pit head gear

Empty trucks once filled with coal
Lined up like men on the dole
Will they ever be used again
Or left for scrap just like the men?
They'll never realise the hurt
They cause to men they treat like dirt

Coal not Dole

Kay Satchell 1989

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 80$

High

It stands so proud the wheel so still A
So tired and wea ry their shift done Lined
Emp ty trucks once filled with coal C

Main

It stands so proud the wheel so still A
So tired and wea ry their shift done Lined
Emp ty trucks once filled with coal

1

High

ghost like fi gure on the hill It seems so strange there is no sound now
Ne ver ha ving seen the sun Will it be come a sacred ground?
up like men on the dole Will they e ver be used a gain? Or

Am Am Dm G⁷

Main

ghost like fi gure on the hill It seems so strange there is no sound now
Ne ver ha ving seen the sun Will it be come a sacred ground?
up like men on the dole Will they e ver be used a gain? Or

3

High

there are no men un der ground What will be come of this pit yard? Where
Fo reign tou rists ga zing round As king if men once worked here
left for scrap just like the men They'll ne ver re a lise the hurt They

C F Dm G⁷

Main

there are no men un der ground What will be come of this pit yard? Where
Fo reign tou rists ga zing round As king if men once worked here
left for scrap just like the men They'll ne ver re a lise the hurt They

Copyright © Natasha Rose Douglas

5

High

men once tram pled fa ces hard
 Way be neath this pit head gear
 cause to men they treat like dirt

Main

C F G⁷ Am G⁷ C

men once tram pled fa ces hard
 Way be neath this pit head gear
 cause to men they treat like dirt

7

High

Ooh Ooh

Main

C Am Am Dm G⁷ Am Am Am

Ooh Ooh

Chapter 6 - Migrations

20 The Migrating Miner

Words by Jo Field, 2020. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.



Snowdown Colliery – Courtesy of Kay Sutcliffe

In the late 1920s, miners, many of them blacklisted for troublemaking by other pits, made their way to Kent in search of work. Some cycled from Wales to Betteshanger.

The Migrating Miner

Away from the blacklist, from home and from hearth
I cycled through Cardiff and Bristol and Bath
Over hills of all sizes, I rode to Devizes
By orchard and meadow and garth

I pedalled up lanes and I pedalled down tracks
With ditches and potholes and cart-ruts and cracks
When I reached Basingstoke I was weary and broke
My legs were as shaky as wax

I pushed on to Farnham, round Guildford I went
Through Dorking and Reigate and on into Kent
I once lost my balance outside Sutton Valence
As into a corner I leant

By green and by forstal I pedalled and pumped
Past hedges and lynches all over the bumps
Through forest and weald until by Hothfield
My arms were as sore as my rump

The steep push from Folkestone it near did for me
But now my heart sang with the scent of the sea
I whistled through Dover, the ride almost over
And feeling as fit as a flea

What sort of a welcome awaited in Deal?
How did the good folk there make us Welshmen feel?
The answer: no welcome for miners.
They seldom would sell us a pint or a meal

The Migrating Miner, From Rhondda to Betteshanger

Jo Field 2019

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 55

C C/B Am Am/G F Em

Low

Solo Verses

A way from the black list, from home and from hearth I cycled through Car diff and
I pushed on to Farn ham round Guildford I went through Dor king and Rei gate and

4 Dm⁷ G⁷ C C/B

Low

Bristol on in and to Bath, Kent O'er hills of all sizes I
once lost my ba lance out

6 Am Am/G F Em

Low

rode to De vi zes by or chard and meadow and
side Sut ton Va lence as in to a cor ner I

8

High

Chorus

I pe dalled up lanes and I pe dalled down tracks, with di tches and pot holes and
By green and by For stal I pe dalled and pumped Past hed ges and lyn ches all

Dm⁷ G⁷ C C/B C/B^b A⁷ Dm⁷ Dm⁷/C

Low

garth. I pe dalled up lanes and I pe dalled down tracks, with di tches and pot holes and
lent. By green and by For stal I pe dalled and pumped Past hed ges and lyn ches all

12

High

cart ruts and cracks. When I reached Ba sing stoke I was
o ver the bumps Through so rest and Weald un

C/B G⁷ C C/B

Low

cart ruts and cracks. When I reached Ba sing stoke I was
o ver the bumps Through so rest and Weald un

14

High

wea ry and broke my legs were as shak ey as wad
nil by Hoth field my arms were as sore as my rump!

C/B^b A⁷ Dm⁷ G⁷ C G⁷ C

Low

wea ry and broke my legs were as shak ey as wad
til by Hoth field my arms were as sore as my rump!

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21 Botany Bay

Traditional song. Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

The song '*Botany Bay*' describes the period in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, when British convicts were deported to the various Australian penal colonies by the British government for seven-year terms as an alternative to incarceration in Britain. The second verse is about life on the convict ships, and the last verse is directed to English girls and boys as warning not to steal. The song '*Botany Bay*' is catalogued by the British Library as being from the 1780s.¹⁸



Botany Bay – Courtesy of Margherita Watt

Australia has been a destination for people who migrated there out of free choice but also for people who were forced into migration. Many of the migrants who came to Australia from Scotland were victims of the Highland Clearances – a series of forced

evictions from the mid-1700s to the mid-1800s. To allow for the introduction of sheep farming, landowners forced thousands of families from their homes in the Highlands and western islands of Scotland.¹⁹

¹⁸ [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Botany_Bay_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Botany_Bay_(song))

¹⁹ <https://kids.britannica.com/students/article/immigration-to-Australia/629933>

Botany Bay

Farewell to old England for ever
Farewell to my rum skulls as well
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey
Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing too-ral-li, Oo-ral-li, addity
Singing too-ral-li, Oo-ral-li, ay
Singing too-ral-li, Oo-ral-li, addity
And we're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is our commander
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
There's the first- and the second-class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

'Taint leaving old England we cares about
'Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows
But because all we light-fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes

These seven long years I've been serving now
And seven long more have to stay
All for bashing a bloke down our alley
And taking his ticker away

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Straight back to the arms of my Polly love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

Botany Bay

Traditional

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

$\text{♩} = 60$

Low

A E A A

Solo verses

Fare... well to old Eng land for e... ver Fare
There's the cap tain as is our com man der There's the

3 A D E E D E

Low

well to my rum skulls as well Fare... well to the well known old
bo sun and all the ships crew There's the first and the se cond class

6 A F#m A E

Low

Bai ley Where I used for to cut such a
pas sen gers Knows what we poor con victs go

8

High

Sin ging too ral li oo ral li ad di ty Sin ging too ral li oo ral li

Chorus

A E A E A A A D

Low

swell. Sin ging too ral li oo ral li ad di ty Sin ging too ral li oo ral li

12 through

High

ay Sin ging too ral li oo ral li ad di ty And we're

E E D E A F#m

Low

ay Sin ging too ral li oo ral li ad di ty And we're

13

High

bound for Bo ta ny Bay

A E A A A A

Low

bound for Bo ta ny Bay

Natasha Rose Douglas

22 Another Time

Words by Jo Field 2021. Music by Natasha Rose Douglas.

A song based on Antony Gormley's cast iron sculpture installed in 2017 on Fulsam Rock in the sea outside Turner Contemporary in Margate. The Another Time sculpture is part of a series of 100 solid cast-iron figures by artist Antony Gormley, who is known for his sculptures and installations that explore the experience of being human, of inhabiting a human body. Antony Gormley describes these isolated forms, cast from his own body as *'an attempt to bear witness to what it is like to be alive and alone in space and time'*.



Installation view of 'Another Time' by Antony Gormley at Turner Contemporary Margate.
Photo by Thierry Bal – Courtesy of Turner Contemporary

In 2017 the sculpture had a near miss when a 75-metre cargo ship ran aground at Fulsam Rock – just metres from the artwork.²⁰

²⁰ <https://turnercontemporary.org/whats-on/another-time/>

Another Time

There's a man who drowns on Fulsam Rock
with each incoming tide
Stands silent underneath the waves
you'd think he's surely died

But as the sea recedes
he's gradually seen
On the Rock that's covered with slippery weed
Standing naked there with his head exposed
Then shoulders, knees down to his toes
And all the bits between

He gazes out beyond and waits
to be drowned twice a day
Alive, alone in space and time
he never walks away

And as the tide comes in
he slowly disappears
His feet go first, his knees again
His thighs and stomach, waist and chest
His shoulders, chin, and all the rest
His mouth, his eyes, his ears

Another Time

Jo Field, 2021

Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 60

High

There's a man who drowns on Ful sam Rock with
He ga zes out be yond and waits to be

Low

There's a man who drowns on Ful sam Rock with
He ga zes out be yond and waits to be

2

High

each in co ming tide stands si lent un der
drowned twice a day A live a lone in

Low

each in co ming tide, stands si lent un der
drowned twice a day A live a lone in

5

High

neath the waves you'd think he'd sure ly died,
space and time He ne ver walks a way

Low

neath the waves you'd think he'd sure ly died,
space and time He ne ver walks a way But And

8

High

As the sea re cedes
As the tide comes in

Low

as the sea re cedes, He's gra du a ly
as the tide comes in He slow ly di sa

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11

High

seen di sa pears On the Rock that's co vered with
His feet go first His

Low

seen, pears On the Rock that's co vered with
His feet go first His

E E⁷

13

High

slip per y weed stan ding na ked there with his head ex posed, then
knees a gain His thighs and sto mach waist and chest His

Low

slip per y weed stan ding na ked there with his head ex posed, then
knees a gain His thighs and sto mach waist and chest His

Am G G⁷ C

16

High

shoul ders knees un to all his toes and
shoul ders chin and to all the rest His

Low

shoul ders knees un to all his toes and
shoul ders chin and to all the rest, His

B⁷ Em

18

High

all the bits be tween
mouth his eyes his ears

Low

all the bits be tween
mouth his eyes his ears

C B⁷ Em Em

23 Time to Go

Words by Jo Field, 2019 from the book *'Time to Go: A Journey from Old Deal to New Zealand'* by Jerry Vyse.

Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas, based on a traditional Irish folksong 'Fillimiooriay'.

This song is based on the story of the Deal Boatmen who left for New Zealand in 1858 in search of a better life for themselves and their families after the collapse of the Deal fishing industry, having faced poverty and extreme hard times in Deal.



Timaru – Courtesy of Karan O'Connor

Time to Go

In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight
The Boatmen of Deal were desperate
To hang around corners was their fate
A-smoking and a-swearing

*What'll we do to give us hope?
What'll we do to give us hope?
What'll we do to give us hope?
Sail to a different country*

Women who tried to make ends meet
That winter were sadly near defeat
No work, no money, no peace, no heat
Families are starving

When you've done all you think you can
The promise of a kinder land
With a decent livelihood to hand
Is certainly appealing

They packed up their lives: Robert and John
Braved the voyage, were quickly gone
With Henry and Morris, William and John
And all their wives and children

They left behind everything they held dear
And sailed for a quarter of a year
Through sickness and squalor
hope and fear
A-daring and a-praying

Across the globe, and up on deck
Into a different world they stepped.
Then for a hundred miles they trekked
To begin a whole new living

Never think that journey was wrong
Some died young but most lived long
Their children's children know this song
Will always be worth the singing

Time to Go, From Deal to Timaru

Jo Field 2019

Based on a traditional folksong 'Fillimoorai'
Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

♩ = 106

Solo verses

Low

Dm

In eigh teen hun dred and fil ty eight the
When Women who tried all you make ends meet That
They you've done think you can John
They packed up their lives Robert and
They left be hind eve ry thing they held dear,

1

Low

F

boat men of Deal were des pe rate to
win ter were sad ly a near de feat No
pro mise of kin der land with a
Braved the voyage were quick ly gone With
Sailed for a quar ter of a year Through

2

Low

Dm F G Dm

hang a round cor ners was their fate A smo king and a swea ring!
work no money no peace no heat fa mi lies are star ving
de cert live li hood to hand is cer tain ly ap pea ling
Hen ry and Mor ris William and John and all their wives and chil dren
sick ness and squa lor hope and fear, A dar ing and a pray ing

4

High

All

What'll we do What'll we do

Low

Dm F

What'll we do to give us hope? What'll we do to give us hope?

6

High

What'll we do Sail to a diff erent coun try!

Low

Dm F G Dm

What'll we do to give us hope? Sail to a diff erent coun try!

Sustain the last note over the verses

24 Pokarekare Ana

Traditional unofficial anthem of New Zealand.

Arranged by Natasha Rose Douglas.

Pokarekare Ana is a traditional love song, written in Māori and composed around the time World War One broke out. It enjoys widespread popularity in New Zealand and has been translated into many languages including Korean and Hebrew!²¹



Timaru Landing – Courtesy of Deal Museum

This song was taught to members of '*Singing for Pleasure*' by a choir member who learnt it at school whilst growing up in Timaru (the town where the Deal Boatmen settled in the 1800's). This song was taught to another choir member by her mother who had been evacuated to New Zealand as a small child during WW2.

²¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/P%C5%8Dkarekare_Ana

Pokarekare Ana

Pokarekare ana
Nga wai o Rotorua
Whiti atu koe hine
Marino ana e

E hine e
Hoki maira
Kamate ahau
Ite aroha e

Tuhituhi taku reta
Tuku atu taku ringi
Kia kite toe iwi
Raru raru ana e

Translation:

They are agitated
the waters of Waiapu
But when you cross over girl
they will be calm.

Oh girl, return to me
I could die of love for you.

I have written my letter
I have sent my ring
so that your people can see
that I am troubled.

Pokarekare Ana

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 58$

Arr. Natasha Rose Douglas, 2022

High

Po ka re ka re A na nga wai o Ro tu ru a Whi ti a tu ko e hi ne
 Tuhi tu hi ta ku re ta Tuku a tu ta ku rin gi Ki a ki te to e i wi

D D D G G A⁷

Middle

Po ka re ka re A na nga wai o Ro tu ru a Whi ti a tu ko e hi ne
 Tuhi tu hi ta ku re ta Tuku a tu ta ku rin gi Ki a ki te to e i wi

Low

Po ka re ka re A na nga wai o Ro tu ru a Whi ti a tu ko e hi ne
 Tuhi tu hi ta ku re ta Tuku a tu ta ku rin gi Ki a ki te to e i wi

7

High

ma ri no an a e E hi ne e Ho ki mai ra
 A⁷ Raru ru a na e D D⁷ G G D

Middle

ma ri no an a e E hi ne e Ho ki mai ra
 Raru ru a na e

Low

ma ri no an a e E hi ne e Ho ki mai
 Raru ru a na e

13

High

Ka ma te a hau i te a ro ha e e e
 D A⁷ A⁷ D D D

Middle

Ka ma te a hau i te a ro ha e e e

Low

ma Ka ma te a hau i te a ro ha e e

About the Author

Natasha is a musician from Deal and has always enjoyed composing songs, whether they be folk songs or her own songs as a singer songwriter. Natasha set up and ran '*Singing for Pleasure*' song groups in Deal and surrounding areas for over



Natasha Rose Douglas – Courtesy of Mike Owen

10 years and during that time discovered that the singing groups were not only a time to meet and sing but also a time to reflect on times gone by and the changing times of today.

The sessions were a time to make friendships, enjoy the natural release from singing and take a pause from the business of the day. It was during these sessions that

Natasha discovered a strong desire to combine local events and history with song and so the process of creating this songbook began. During this process it became clear that these songs also related to areas beyond Deal and in fact many of the songs contained common experiences for people up and down the country and so these songs began to take on a bigger meaning and relevance as well as staying very pertinent and personal to the town of Deal.

Over the 10 years of running these groups, Natasha (and '*Singing for Pleasure*') curated concerts in collaboration with the Deal Music and Arts Festival and her parents around poignant local themes such as Coal Mining, Hop Picking, Smuggling, Fishing, Migration. Many of the themes overlapped and Natasha was keen to formerly notate and record these new and old folksongs so as to preserve them and share them with other song leaders (and also as a means of looking back on all the wonderful times '*Singing for Pleasure*' had learning and singing them!).

Natasha now lives in Germany and still enjoys composing her own songs as a singer songwriter and looks forward to finding out more about her new local area and perhaps learning a few local songs and joining / starting up a new singing group.



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