

Seasons for Sale

*A musical journey through the seasons
with Old Johnson the pedlar*

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Picture drawn by:
Stuart Grant aged 7, Manor Field First School, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

Once in each season *Old*

*There was a time, not so very
long ago, when the peace
of the countryside was not
disturbed by the roar of traffic
and jet aeroplanes,*

Johnson comes walking

*when only the stamp
of horses' hooves and the
rumble of cart wheels
echoed along the cobbled
streets and leafy lanes.*

*It was a time when pedlars -
travellers, knights of the road,
carried their packs, and pushed
their barrows and carts from*

*town to town,
village to village,
day after day,
year in,
year
out.*

and pushing his barrow

*We return to that
bygone age and see,
through the eyes of
Old Johnson the pedlar,
a vanished way of life.*

Picture drawn by:
Nicholas Chubb aged 7,
Oakfield First School,
Windsor, Berkshire.



*So come with us now
and meet Old
Johnson.*

*The wind
blows him
north,
south, east
and west;*

*he has been everywhere
and seen everything
- a travelling man
who has seasons for sale...*

down our village street...

Old Johnson

Once in each sea - son Old John - son comes walk - ing and
 push - ing his bar - row down our vil - lage street;
 The sound of his wheels sets the wo - men all
 talk - ing, his bell brings the dogs bark - ing round by his
 feet. He sets up his stall by the
 pump on the com - mon and sum - mons the peo - ple his
 wares for to see; "There's some - thing to please ev - 'ry
 child, man or wo - man, Old John - son is here a - gain,
 hast - en to me."
CHORUS
 Come young and come old, come mar - ried or
 sin - gle, there's some - thing for ev - 'ry - one, hast - en to me.

1. Once in each season Old Johnson comes walking
And pushing his barrow down our village street;
The sound of his wheels sets the women all talking,
His bell brings the dogs barking round by his feet.
He sets up his stall by the pump on the common
And summons the people his wares for to see;
“There’s something to please every child, man or woman,
Old Johnson is here again, hasten to me.”

CHORUS: Come young and come old, come married or single,
There’s something for everyone, hasten to me.

2. In springtime the birds in the woods are all singing,
The sun traces green on the bushes and trees;
Old Johnson arrives, you can hear his bell ringing,
His hat decked with may, all the ladies to please.
He’ll sell you bright ribbons or posies of flowers,
Patches of lace, cotton ‘kerchiefs to trim;
Seeds for your garden and hats for spring showers
And corsets for ladies who like to look slim.

CHORUS: Come young and come old...

3. Summer is turning the common to yellow,
Old Johnson arrives with his collar studs gone,
His waistcoat unbuttoned, but no idle fellow,
He peddles his wares in the heat of the sun:
Straw hats and parasols, fans and corn plasters,
Pills for your liver and scent for your brow,
Charms from the gypsies to ward off disasters,
Sherbet and shirt buttons, come and buy now.

CHORUS: Come young and come old...

4. Autumn days come and the ripe fruit is falling,
Green turns to golden and winter is near;
Leaves they are drifting and Johnson is calling,
His bell loudly ringing for all souls to hear:
Old jugs and bottles and tin cans and kettles,
Flagons of vinegar, old bones and rags,
Bunches of heather and beer made from nettles,
Candlestick holders and calico bags.

CHORUS: Come young and come old...

5. And Johnson is here when the winter wind’s blowing,
His bell sounds like ice on the edge of a stream,
With old coat and muffler, his red face a-glowing,
His call ringing out like a voice in a dream:
Chestnuts for roasting and pipes of sweet briar,
Old penny ballads by hearthside to sing,
Pinches of spice for wine mulled on the fire
So, drink to Old Johnson’s return in the spring.

CHORUS: Come young and come old...

Spring has arrived - Old Johnson's first visit of the year - and the village is awakening.

Doors and windows stand open; women stop to chat in the high street and men stand and admire the crops growing in the fields. Children are out early chasing and fighting on the common.

Everyone breathes in the fresh, spring air and all are glad to be out now that winter is over, and the sun rises again.



The Sun Will Rise Again

Be-neath our feet the earth is wak - ing, Wa-ter's flow - ing
 through the land; Soil fast held by i - cy fin - gers
 Now is stirred by gen - tle hand. Prim-ros - es be-
 deck the morn - ing, black - thorn blos - soms down the lane;
 Birds in chor - us, day is dawn - ing, now the sun will ri - se a - gain.
CHORUS Rise a - gain, rise a - gain, Now the sun will ri - se a - gain.

1. Beneath our feet the earth is waking,
 Water's flowing through the land;
 Soil, fast held by icy fingers
 Now is stirred by gentle hand.
 Primroses bedeck the morning,
 Blackthorn blossoms down the lane;
 Birds in chorus, day is dawning,
 Now the sun will rise again.

CHORUS: Rise again, rise again,
 Now the sun will rise again.

2. Grass is springing in the meadow,
 Sheep are driven from the fold,
 Cattle wander out to pasture,
 This new day is ages old.
 In the fields the corn is growing
 Fresh and green with gentle rain;
 In the east the pale sky showing,
 Now the sun will rise again.

CHORUS: Rise again, rise again,
 Now the sun will rise again.

3. In the village people stirring,
 Early birds the worm to catch;
 Bread is baking, kettles purring,
 Sparrows squabble in the thatch.
 High above a lark is singing,
 Mad hares dash across the plain;
 Winter's cloak away we're flinging.
 Now the sun will rise again.

CHORUS: Rise again, rise again,
 Now the sun will rise again.

*Old Johnson thinks of all the
spring suns he has seen and how
it's magic touch turns the trees
and hedges to green and pulls
the bright, first flowers towards
its warmth.*

*Every year the land becomes
young again...*

...and Old Johnson remembers when he was young and when, on a fine spring morning, he set off down the road to begin a journey that has lasted all his life and is still not at an end.



Picture drawn by:
Emily Mitchem Lines aged 7, Kings Furlong Infants School, Basingstoke, Hampshire.

The Old Man on the Road

When I was a lad I was ear - ly out walk - ing, the
 birds they were sing - ing, the grass was all dew, Down the road slow - ly and
 to him - self talk - ing a dust - y old tra - vel - ler came in - to view.
 He stopped in the lane and he looked me all ov - er, his
 eyes were as deep and as blue as the sea, says he, "You'll be lead - ing the
 life of a rov - er and wan - der the wide world for ev - er like me."
CHORUS
 The moon at night and the sun in the morn - ing and
 nev - er for - get the old man on the road

G C G C G C G C
C G C C G C C G C
C G C G C G C G C
C G C G C D C Bm
C G G C C
Bm Am C D
G C G C C G C
C G C G

1. When I was a lad I was early out walking,
The birds they were singing, the grass was all dew,
Down the road slowly and to himself talking
A dusty old traveller came into view.
He stopped in the lane and he looked me all over,
His eyes were as deep and as blue as the sea,
Says he, "You'll be leading the life of a rover
And wander the wide world for ever like me."

CHORUS:

The moon at night and the sun in the morning
And never forget the old man on the road.
The moon at night and the sun in the morning
And never forget the old man on the road.

2. So I left my home and I started to wander,
I pushed an old barrow to peddle my wares;
As the wheels rattled my heart it grew fond of
The life of the road without worries or cares;
I saw the high hills and the misty low valleys,
I stepped beside rivers where cold fishes lie,
Walked city high streets and grimy back alleys,
My feet on the land and above me the sky.

CHORUS: The moon at night ...

3. I've travelled the road with the summer sun shining
And battled my way through the wet and the cold;
Turned to the south when the year is declining
And north when the early spring flowers unfold;
Sitting by camp fires when darkness is falling
Young and old tell me their travellers' tales,
Songs of blue distances forever calling,
Ships on the sea with the wind in their sails.

CHORUS: The moon at night ...

4. How the years pass in the life of a rover,
My beard is all silver, my footsteps are slow;
All my days tramping the countryside over
And talking to people wherever I go.
I met a young lad as the dawn was first breaking
I stood gazing on him as early cocks crowed;
Says I, "To the travelling life you'll be taking
But never forget the old man on the road."

CHORUS: The moon at night ...

*With its fresh, scented air,
sparkling light and blue colours,
a spring day such as this can
make even Old Johnson feel
young again.*

*But this is no ordinary spring
day! This is May Day - the most
important day of Spring!*

*Everyone is in holiday mood and
expecting strange and exciting
things to happen and to meet
some unusual characters too.*

*The morris men
will be dancing
in front of
the village inn, there
may be a visit from
the Green Man of
spring and a
dancing hobby horse.*

Picture drawn by:
Harry Targett aged 7, Kings Furlong Infants School,
Basingstoke, Hampshire.



*The May Queen must
be chosen and crowned
and there will be
dancing for all around
the maypole on the
village green.*



Picture drawn by:
Bronwyn Mauchline aged 5, Kings Furlong Infants School, Basingstoke, Hampshire.

*And the ancient village contest
will be held to find the
Champion Liar!*

May Day Liars

CHORUS

Come to the green, such sights to be seen for it's May Day in all its glo - ry, You li - ars bold, both young and old, come and tell your tall - est sto - ry.

VERSE

Well, up steps Jack with his cap in his hand and a gleam all in his eye, "In yon - der wood I saw a tree that reach - es to the sky. It's hung with rain - bows to the ground and decked with the flow - ers of spring And round and round in robes of white, small folk dance and sing."

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The chorus consists of two lines of music. The verse consists of six lines of music. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHORUS: Come to the green, such sights to be seen
For it's May Day in all its glory,
You liars bold, both young and old,
Come and tell your tallest story.

1. Well, up steps Jack with his cap in his hand and a gleam all in his eye,
"In yonder wood I saw a tree that reaches to the sky,
It's hung with rainbows to the ground and decked with the flowers of spring
And round and round in robes of white, small folk dance and sing."

CHORUS: Come to the green...

2. Then crafty Kate she rises up and steps into the fray,
"A queen was born this very morn who lives just for one day,
And framed by garlands of the may, her beauty, like the sun,
Dazzles men who dare to look until their wits are gone."

CHORUS: Come to the green...

3. So Jack the liar takes his turn, "I've in the forest seen
A man who's taller than the trees and wears a suit of green;
Mighty branches are his arms, his strength beyond compare,
But creatures small sleep at his feet and birds nest in his hair."

CHORUS: Come to the green...

4. But Kate replies, "There is a horse that dances all the day,
But takes no drink from dawn to dusk, nor yet a bite of hay
And all day long, to pipe and drum, it prances round about
And bids the people to rejoice now that May is out."

CHORUS: Come to the green...

5. So Jack and Kate they told their tales through all the bright day long,
Of magic queens and giants green and trees with rainbows hung,
Of horses dancing dawn to dusk to welcome in the May
And which one told the tallest tale no-one there could say.

CHORUS: Come to the green...

*The year turns,
the sun is high in
the sky and the
heat dances
on the land.*



*Old Johnson is
here again with the
Summer reflected in the wares
on his barrow.*

*But it is so hot! The air is still
and the common starts to
shimmer. No-one feels like
working, and it's much too hot to
hurry beneath a summer sky...*

Beneath a Summer Sky

The riv - er's ly - ing id - le, the fish are half a -
 sleep, They're bask - ing in the shal - lows where weep - ing wil - lows weep;
 Dra - gon - flies are hunt - ing a - long the stand - ing reeds And
 drow - sy bees are hum - ming from the flow - ers in the meads.
CHORUS And there's no need to wor - ry, though time is drift - ing by, It's
 much too hot to hur - ry be - neath a sum - mer sky

1. The river's lying idle, the fish are half asleep,
 They're basking in the shallows where weeping willows weep;
 Dragonflies are hunting along the standing reeds
 And drowsy bees are humming from the flowers in the meads.

CHORUS: And there's no need to worry, though time is drifting by,
 It's much too hot to hurry beneath a summer sky.

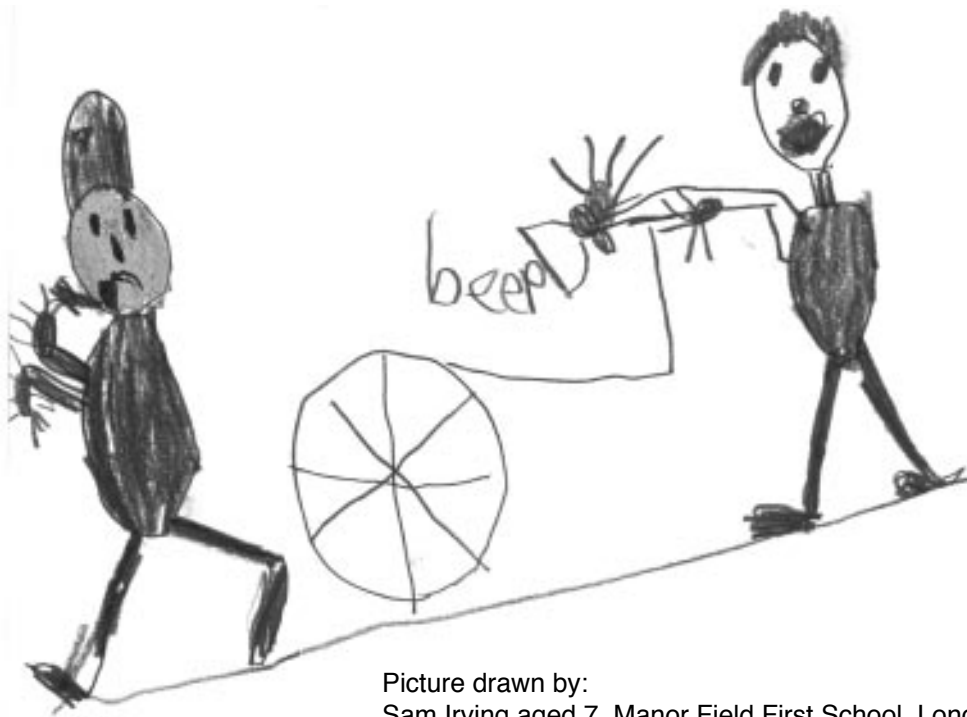
2. Beside the mirror mill pond the miller's fast asleep,
 The shepherd on the hillside is dozing with his sheep.
 Down in Summer Meadow the men are making hay,
 The horses' tails are lashing to keep the flies away.

CHORUS: And there's no need to worry, though time is drifting by,
 It's much too hot to hurry beneath a summer sky.

3. The carter and the blacksmith are sitting in the shade,
 Beneath the spreading chestnut tree they're sipping lemonade.
 Cattle seek the shady groves up in Manor Park
 And in the woods a panting fox is waiting for the dark.

CHORUS: And there's no need to worry, though time is drifting by,
 It's much too hot to hurry beneath a summer sky.

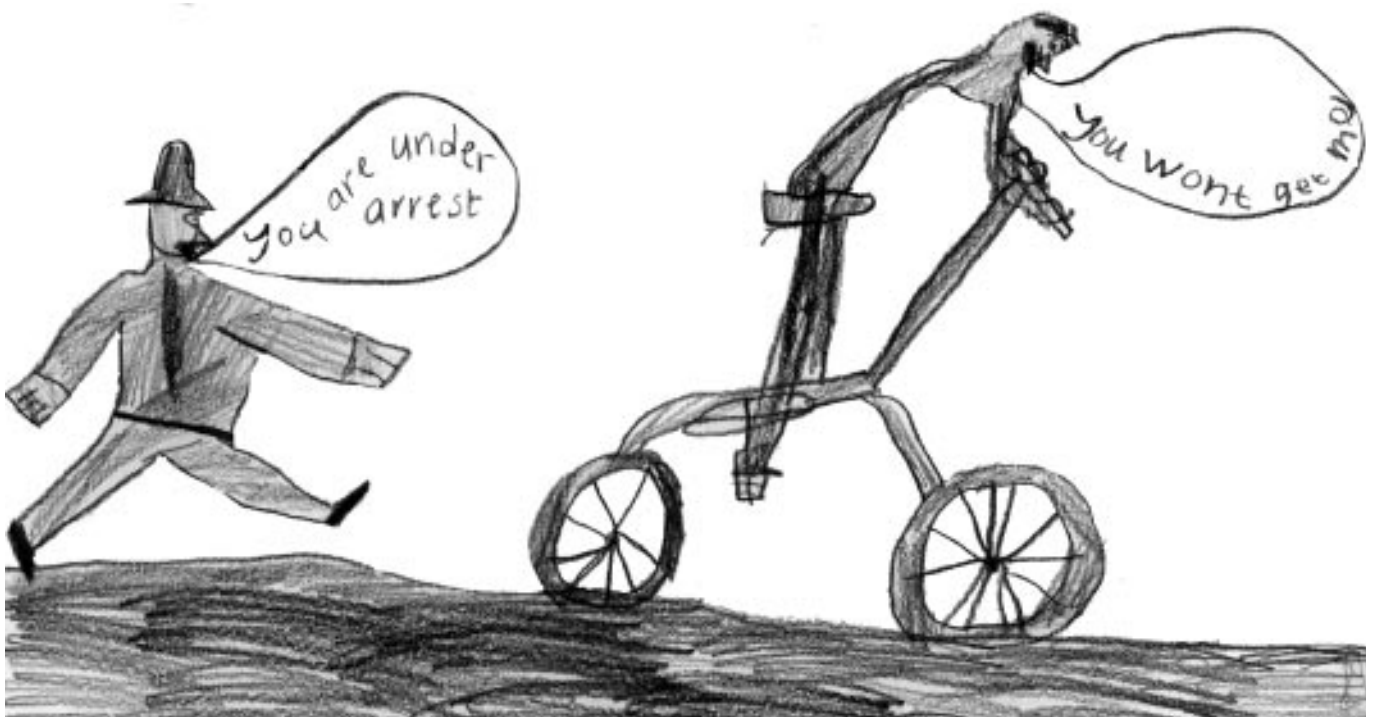
Everyone longs for a breath of fresh air - and what better way to get one than on a bicycle ride?



Picture drawn by:
Sam Irving aged 7, Manor Field First School, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

Just lately, bicycles have become all the fashion, and everyone seems to have one.

But some people seem to have a lot of difficulty riding them!



Picture drawn by:
Matthew Williams aged 6, Coomb Briggs Primary School, Immingham, N.E. Lincolnshire.

Bicycle Ride

F B \flat F Dm C F Dm
 They told me it was all the rage, the ve - ry lat - est
 Am B \flat F Dm C F Dm
 thing, Pedal - ling round the coun - try - side with a shin - y bell to
 C F B \flat F Dm C F Dm
 ring. They said I'd win the la - dies' hearts, a knight on i - ron
 Am B \flat F Dm C F C
 steed, They did - n't say how ma - ny splints and band - a - ges I'd
 Dm CHORUS F B \flat F Dm C F Dm
 need! Dogs they howl, farm - ers scowl, po - lice - men run and
 Am B \flat F Dm C
 hide, Hor - ses rear and child - ren cheer when
 F C Dm Am B \flat C F
 I'm on a bi - cy - cle ride, I'm on a bi - cy - cle ride.

CHORUS: Dogs they howl, farmers scowl, policemen run and hide,
Horses rear and children cheer when I'm on a bicycle ride,
I'm on a bicycle ride.

1. They told me it was all the rage, the very latest thing,
Pedalling round the countryside with a shiny bell to ring;
They said I'd win the ladies' hearts, a knight on iron steed,
They didn't say how many splints and bandages I'd need!

CHORUS: Dogs they howl...

2. From day to day I toiled away to master this new art,
But wheels and me could ne'er agree, so saddle and I would part;
Angry pigs, horse drawn gigs, bees from out the hive
Chase after me as I ride by, it's a wonder that I'm alive!

CHORUS: Dogs they howl...

3. I've broken arms, broken legs, collarbones and toes,
Lost my teeth and spectacles and modified my nose;
Pedalling on my bicycle it comes into my mind
That fashion keeps you out in front, but leaves you sore behind!

CHORUS: Dogs they howl...

4. I've lain enough in ditches, I've had enough of spills,
I've drunk my share of duck ponds and I'm tired of doctors' bills;
I'm fed up with the fashion of being black and blue,
I'll buy a horse and saddle and bid bicycles adieu!

CHORUS: Dogs they howl...

*The fierce, yellow sun of summer
turns to the rich gold of autumn.*

*The cuckoo has
long been silent
and the swifts
that chased and
screeched among
the houses have
gone.*



*Over the common the swallows
are flocking in readiness for their
long journey south.*

Old Johnson, the eternal traveller, appears once more, his barrow bearing things that will help the villagers during this time of plenty, of ripening and gathering.

Fruit in the orchards is ripe for picking and in the fields roots, vegetables and cereals are ready to bring in. Harvest time means work for everyone and many hands are needed down on the farm.

But with so many people there's bound to be someone who isn't up to the job!

Bill's Harvest

The corn is gold - en in the fields and rea - dy to cut
 down, With sick - les sharp we sway in time a - cross the har - vest
 ground. But Bill he's like a mer - ry - go - round and all the men have
 fled, So diz - zy is he, he can't stand up, so he crawls off home to his
 bed. The crops are wait - ing in the fields it real - ly is a
 sin, 'Cause Bill spends too much time in bed to get the har - vest in.

Chords: D, G, A, F#m, Em, D, G, A

1. The corn is golden in the fields and ready to cut down,
With sickles sharp we sway in time across the harvest ground,
But Bill, he's like a merry-go-round and all the men have fled,
So dizzy is he, he can't stand up, so he crawls off home to his bed.

CHORUS: The crops are waiting in the fields, it really is a sin
'Cause Bill spends too much time in bed to get the harvest in.

2. The peas are swollen in the pods so fat and green and sweet,
But as we pick them from the vine, old Bill begins to eat;
He eats as many as he picks, 'til his stomach feels like lead,
Then greener than the peas themselves, he hurries home to his bed.

CHORUS: The crops are waiting...

3. Potato picking comes around and we all bend our backs
To fill our baskets up with spuds and tip them in the sacks;
As soon as Bill he bends his back he hollers to wake the dead,
'Cause he can't straighten up again, so he hobbles home to his bed.

CHORUS: The crops are waiting...

4. The onions standing in the field are ripe and plump and dry,
We pull them out and tie them up and pile the wagons high;
As soon as Bill steps in the field he sobs and shakes his head,
Then weeping like a baby boy, goes roaring home to his bed.

CHORUS: The crops are waiting...

5. So, harvest supper comes around and all are gathered here
To eat and drink and dance and sing and be all of good cheer;
Well Bill, light-headed with good beer and with good food well fed,
Sings a song of harvest home, and is carried home to his bed.

CHORUS: The crops are waiting...



Picture drawn by: Alexandra Gardiner, aged 8, Sheet Primary School, Sheet, Hampshire.

The beans and grain are piled high in the barns.

Potatoes are buried in the fields in long, earth clamps.

*Onions hang from the rafters
in nets.*

The apple loft is full.

Fruit is dried and bottled.

The harvest is over!

*Now we can celebrate under a
harvest moon...*

Under a Harvest Moon

CHORUS

Au - tumn days, au - tumn nights,
 Win - ter com - ing all too soon;
 Au - tumn days, au - tumn nights,
 Danc - ing un - der a har - vest moon.

VERSE

The sun goes down in a
 blaze of gold and lights the field where
 pheasants roam Pick - ing grain from the
 stub - ble mould Where corn was cut and
 car - ried home.

CHORUS: Autumn days, autumn nights,
Winter coming all too soon,
Autumn days, autumn nights,
Dancing under a harvest moon.

1. The sun goes down in a blaze of gold
And lights the field where pheasants roam
Picking grain from the stubble mould
Where corn was cut and carried home.

CHORUS Autumn days...

2. The leaves are turning gold and red,
Stags are roaming through the trees,
Spiders spin their autumn web
And set them sailing on the breeze.

CHORUS Autumn days...

3. The orchard's bare, the apples gone,
Thrushes peck the windfall fruit;
In their houses folk put on
Flowered dress and Sunday suit.

CHORUS Autumn days...

4. For work is done, it's time for song,
To celebrate with merry tune,
And you'll find us, all night long,
Dancing under a harvest moon.

CHORUS Autumn days...

*The sun sinks lower in the sky
and the first frosts pattern the
windows and freeze the puddles
down the lane.*

*For one, last time this
year the wheels of Old
Johnson's barrow can
be heard rumbling down the
high street and his bell ringing
across the common.*



*In this, the last season of the
year, Old Johnson's wares tell a
tale of home and shelter, of
fireside and cosy warmth, of
short days and long cold nights,
of feasting and good company.*

*Old Johnson blows his fingers
and wraps his coat around him.
It has turned very cold, so cold
that the ditches and
rivers have frozen.
North winds blow
and doors and
shutters are closed
fast against the
draught.*



*The men can't work on the frozen
land, but there are plenty of other
things for them to do to get ready
for winter; and the women, with
Stir Up Sunday getting near,
have special puddings to make...*

Stir Up Sunday

CHORUS **D**

Bring us here no fowl, nor fish, Now we make a state - ly dish,

D **Em** **Bm** **D** **G**

stir the pot and make a wish, for to - day is Stir Up Sun - day.

VERSE **G** **D** **Em** **C** **D** **G**

Days grow cold and nights are long, old No - vem - ber's dy - ing;

G **D** **Em** **C** **D** **G**

Winds are sing - ing win - ter's song and a - round the hous - es sigh - ing. This

G **D** **Em** **Bm** **C** **Bm** **Am**

sab - bath work we all must share, Drive the cold a - way; The

G **D** **Em** **Bm** **C** **D** **G**

dish to grace our Christ - mas fare will be made to - day.

CHORUS: Bring us here no fowl, nor fish,
Now we make a stately dish,
Stir the pot and make a wish,
For today is Stir Up Sunday.

1. Days grow cold and nights are long, old November's dying;
Winds are singing winter's song and around the houses sighing.
This sabbath work we all must share, drive the cold away;
The dish to grace our Christmas fare will be made today.

CHORUS: Bring us here...

2. From old Canary comes good sack: lemon, hock and sherry;
Sugar, raisins, currants black, mix them in so merry;
Prunes and cochineal and cloves, cinnamon so fine,
Thicken all with nut brown loaves and douse with brandy wine.

CHORUS: Bring us here...

3. Our pudding is a noble dish, as around the pot we gather;
Each must stir and make a wish, then add but three things further:
A coin, a thimble and a ring in the mixture go,
For wealth and blessedness they bring - wedding bells also!

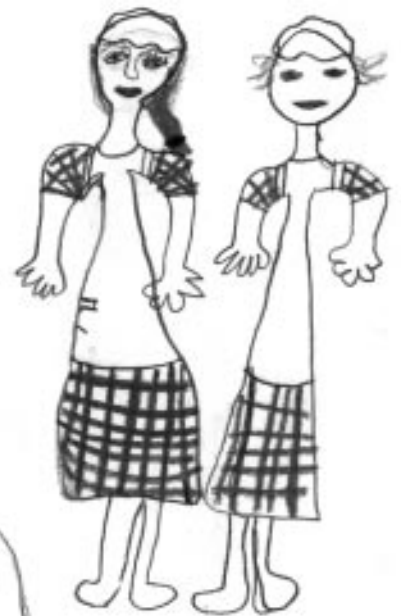
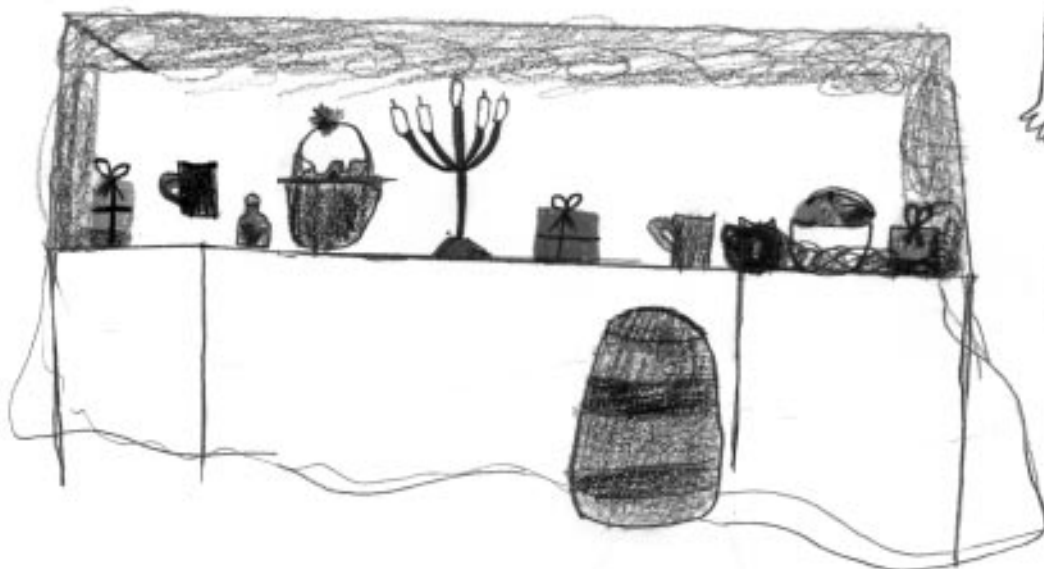
CHORUS: Bring us here...



There is beer in the barrel, wine in the cask and the logs burn brightly in the grate.

Picture drawn by:
Daniel Carl Funnell aged 6, Tweseldown Infants School,
Church Crookham, Fleet, Hampshire

Now is the time to keep out the cold with feasting and merrymaking, to see out the year and forget the hard winter outside.



Picture drawn by:
Laura Kiddle, aged 8, Sheet Primary School, Sheet, Hampshire.

Winter is Here

Wild geese they call from a frozen blue sky, For the
 win - ter is here, the win - ter is here, And
 we'll feel the teeth of the wind by and by,
 Set the logs roar - ing and sit by the fire.

1. Wild geese they call from a frozen blue sky,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 And we'll feel the teeth of the wind by and by,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

2. Foxes are calling from out of the wood,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 And deer paw the frozen earth searching for food,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

3. Cattle and sheep are brought home to the barn,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 The men in their greatcoats, they sit round and yarn,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

4. To keep out the weather we eat and we drink,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 For now is the best time for feasting we think,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

5. Holly and ivy we now will bring in,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 And mistletoe berries, a kiss for to win,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

6. The meat in our larders won't last winter through,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 So make pies and puddings and rare gamy stew,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

7. And serve it all up with fine wine and good beer,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 We'll feast and be merry to see out the year,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

8. The logs in our hearth will burn hot and burn bright,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 A sun for to warm us by day and by night,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

9. Wild geese they call from a frozen blue sky,
 REFRAIN: *For the winter is here, the winter is here,*
 But we'll feel the teeth of the wind by and by,
 REFRAIN: *Set the logs roaring and sit by the fire.*

*Old Johnson has brought us
each season in turn - spring,
summer, autumn and winter.*

*Now the land is frozen, but soon
the sun will return, the ice will
melt, birds will sing and buds
will appear on the bushes and
trees.*

*Across the fields drifts the
rumble of cartwheels and the
ringing of a bell telling us that
Old Johnson is on his way, his
wheels forever turning, bringing
the spring back to the village
once more.*

The Wheel Forever Turning

CHORUS

F C Gm

The win - ter wind will blow and the sum - mer sun keep

Dm B \flat F C

burn - ing As round the sea - sons go with the wheel for - ev - er

Dm Cm 7 F Cm 7 C

turn - ing The wheel for - ev - er turn - ing.

VERSE

F Gm F Dm C

O - ver the hills see the road lead to to - mor - row,

C Dm Am B \flat Dm C

Far voic - es cal - ling to happ - i - ness or sor - row, I will

Dm C B \flat Am Gm F Gm C

walk the sea - sons round, my fan - cy there to guide me And the

F Cm 7 Gm 7 Dm C

sun will light my days, the dark of night will hide me.

CHORUS:

The winter wind will blow and the summer sun keep burning
As round the seasons go with the wheel forever turning,
The wheel forever turning.

1. Over the hills see the road lead to tomorrow,
Far voices calling to happiness or sorrow,
I will walk the seasons round, my fancy there to guide me,
And the sun will light my days, the dark of night will hide me.

CHORUS:

The winter wind will blow...

2. Flowers of the spring dance the old wayfarer's measure,
Birds on the wing bring the summer for my pleasure;
When there's mist upon the moor, then autumn fires the heather
But when winds of winter roar, I wait for better weather.

CHORUS:

The winter wind will blow...

3. I travel the north where the snowy mountains glimmer,
South where the sun sets the rolling downs a-shimmer,
To the east and to the west where restless seas are sighing
I will stand upon the shore and hear the sea birds crying.

CHORUS:

The winter wind will blow...

4. When wheels they are still and the travellers' sun is waning
I'll sit by the fire, and recall without complaining
All the sights that I have seen, the memories of a rover,
For the road is at an end, but the journey's never over.

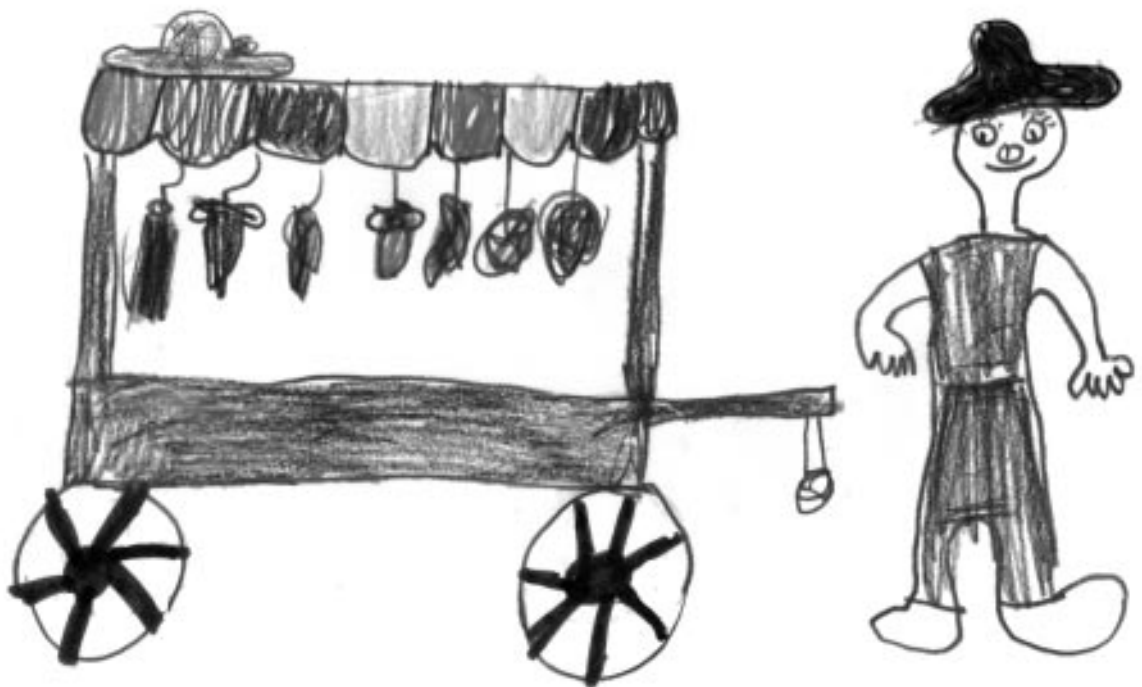
CHORUS:

The winter wind will blow...

*Once in each season
Old Johnson comes
walking and pushing
his barrow down our
village street...*

Once in each season Old

Johnson comes walking



Picture drawn by:
Megan Louise Bradsworth aged 8, Kinsale First School, Hellesdon, Norfolk.

COUNTRYFOLK, AGRICULTURE AND WILDLIFE

In the first half of the last century life in the countryside was very different from today. People belonged to distinct social classes: the nobility and great landowners; the landed gentry, gentlemen farmers, yeomen farmers, tradesmen and, lowliest of all, the labourers and servants. All knew their place in the world and few aspired to move up the social ladder.

Farm labourers could expect a life of hard, repetitive work in conditions that were frequently harsh and unhealthy. In arable areas farm gangs were often made up of women and children who were cheaper to employ than men. They were under the hard and ruthless control of a 'gangmaster' or 'ganger'.

Things began to improve in the second half of the century with the 'Gang Act' of 1868 banning the employment of children under the age of eight and introducing 'gangmistresses' for women and girls while compelling gangmasters to hold licences. It was, however, the Education Acts of 1876 and 1880 that did most to end child labour on the land.

So, by the end of Queen Victoria's reign, it was possible for a farm worker to make a reasonably secure and honest living but the work was still hard, the hours long and the wages meagre.

A system that was hard for the labourer was, however, beneficial to the wildlife of the countryside. Most work was done by hand with horses providing the power for machinery and transport - a system far kinder than the intensive, highly mechanized farming industry of today. Agro-chemicals were unknown and the land was enriched with wholesome, farmyard manure rather than pelleted, chemical fertilizers.

Of course, in order to feed the ever-growing population, farming was bound to move on and this century, particularly since the Second World War, has seen greater changes in the countryside than ever before. Small fields have been joined together with the removal of dividing hedges and ditches and the resulting large, sometimes huge, fields require bigger and better machines to cope with them. Now only a few people work vast areas of land thus bringing about one of the most important changes in the countryside - most of the people living there no longer work on the land that surrounds them!

Imagining ourselves back at the turn of the century we find a very different picture of life in the village and the countryside. Most of the inhabitants are employed on the land and, depending on the crop and the time of year, they will be out in the modestly-sized fields working, talking, joking, laughing, arguing, sometimes fighting and, very briefly, resting.

Grass meadows, surrounded by hawthorn and blackthorn hedges, contain farm animals ranging freely while the villagers' own livestock - a few cattle, some sheep, geese and chickens - are loose on the village common. The lowly, labourers' cottages have neat, productive vegetable patches and, in one corner of the small garden, the family pig in its sty.

Copses, woods and forests are more plentiful than in today's landscape and they are home to deer, badgers, foxes, stoats, weasels and animals rarely seen nowadays such as polecats, pine martens, red squirrels and wildcats.

There are undrained marshes and meres, habitat for plentiful wildfowl and water-birds and echoing to the boom of the now scarce bittern.

The wildlife-friendly fields can contain up to twenty hares where, a century later, we may find only two or three. Plovers and stone-curlews can often be seen while the grating call of the secretive corncrake is forever in our ears.

Yes, life in the countryside was very different when this century began: quieter, slower, more predictable and with many animals, birds, insects and plants quite abundant that are now all too rare. But, the inequalities in society were so much more apparent than today and, were we to find ourselves living back in Victorian England, it would be well, in order to avoid a lifetime of ill-rewarded toil, to be born into the privileged classes!

MAY DAY

Although many of our May Day customs have their origin in the Roman festival dedicated to Flora, the Goddess of fruit and flowers, our ancestors were celebrating the beginning of summer with rituals, rites and festivities long before these times.

May Day was a major countryside festival and many of the customs and traditions are still practised today. Some are nationally or even internationally recognised, some may be found in several different parts of the country and some are peculiar to one particular area, town or village.

Maypole dancing is well known and nearly every school in the land boasts its own maypole but the dancing with plaited ribbons performed by children today dates only from Victorian times. Originally the maypole was part of an ancient tree worship when whole trees, usually pine, larch, elm, birch or ash, were brought from the forest, decorated with flowers, herbs, strings, paint, handkerchiefs and flags, set up and used as the centrepiece for ancient circle dances which could involve up to three hundred men, women and children.

In schools and on village greens all over the country May Queens are still chosen and crowned. In olden times they took no part in the dancing and games but sat on a flower covered throne partnered by the Lord of the May or May King who wore handkerchiefs on his arms and legs and carried a sword.

An ancient, May Day character, seen less often nowadays, is the Green Man or Jack-in-the-Green. Covered in leaves and twigs, he symbolizes the spirit of spring and carvings of him, perhaps only his face, can sometimes be found in old churches. He was adopted by chimney sweeps whose annual holiday was on May Day and he would be seen dancing amongst them through the streets collecting money.

Hobby horses can be seen in several places on May Day and they are really ancient beasts, part horse, part man and have been found depicted in paintings in the tombs of the Egyptian Pharaohs. Among the best known in England are the two Hobby Horses at Padstow in Cornwall, "Old 'Oss" and "Blue Ribbon 'Oss". Accompanied by musicians and singers they dance through the streets, every so often sinking to the ground as though dying then rising up again representing the death of the old year and the birth of the new.

As for the story telling competition to find the greatest liar, this comes from the village of Temple Sowerby in Westmorland and was held on May Day up until the last century.

THE BICYCLE

Until the end of the nineteenth century cycling was quite an exhausting and uncomfortable pastime. Early bicycles were heavy, had wood or iron rimmed wheels and some, like the old 'Boneshaker' had no pedals, but required the rider to straddle an unsprung seat and scoot along with his feet on the ground. In the 1870's the Penny Farthing appeared - an improvement since this, at last, had pedals directly attached to the huge front wheel. It was, however, difficult and tiring to ride and impossible for ladies in the prevailing fashions.

When the first 'Safety Bicycles' appeared in 1886 cycling began to grow in popularity and with Dunlop's Pneumatic Tyre of 1888 it became a nationwide pursuit.

Cheap transport was now available to most members of society for travel, leisure, sport and work. Cycling clubs were formed, cycle races were held, postmen now delivered the mail on bicycles, labourers could ride rather than trudge to work, townsfolk began to see more of the countryside and countryfolk could visit the towns.

Women took enthusiastically to cycling and this was an important step in their emancipation as men and women could now meet on equal terms and in more informal circumstances than had hitherto prevailed,

Unlike former liberating inventions and ideas which mainly benefited the upper classes the bicycle brought to the middle and lower classes the chance to experience new freedoms and adventures.

HARVEST

The farming year, during which the crops have been carefully planted, fed, nurtured and protected, culminates in the harvest. Just the word 'harvest' conjures up a picture of golden corn being cut and gathered beneath the hot sun of late summer but in many parts of the country arable farms grow a wide range of crops each with its own requirements and time of ripening.

In recent years many farmers have concentrated on cereal production with perhaps only yellow fields of oilseed-rape to break the monotony of vast acres of regimented, early-maturing, short-strawed wheat. On a true, mixed arable farm, perhaps more like we would have found at the turn of the century, we would find a varied rotation of cereals, root crops, oilseed crops, vegetables and pulses. Each of these crops requires its own time and method of gathering, so, in arable farming, the harvest can last for several months.

Nowadays, with cereal varieties bred and favoured for their early maturity, the corn may well be the first crop to be harvested but, in the old days, some vegetables, onions, peas and beans may have been gathered first with barley being cut in late summer and wheat not gathered until the autumn. Potatoes, always an important crop, would be dug in late autumn and lastly, often extending into the winter months, would come the root crops: turnips, swedes, mangelwurzels, beets and carrots.

Nowadays nearly all harvesting is done with machines specially designed for each particular crop and the process from field to supermarket is mechanized at every stage. In the past most of the work was done by hand by men women and children working long, hard days out in the fields.

The arrival of the horse-drawn reaper-binder brought a gradual end to scythes and sickles for corn-cutting though the sheaves of corn still had to be stacked, or 'shocked', for drying by hand. Steam power brought traction-engines to run threshing-machines so that the grain no longer had to be threshed with hand-held flails on the threshing-room floor but many people were still needed for loading, bagging and working the machinery.

Despite the coming of diesel-engined tractors most crops required a high input of manual labour and this remained so right up until the Second World War when the urgent need for greater food production brought about the immense changes in the countryside that have resulted in the intensive farming industry we now have. Until then the fields at harvest time were anything but the lonely places they are today.

STIR UP SUNDAY

Stir Up Sunday, the last Sunday before Advent, is traditionally the day on which all Christmas puddings should be made. Each member of the family should take a turn at stirring the mixture and as they stir they should make a wish.

In Suffolk the method is to stir three times in the direction of the sun's rotation and to make three wishes although only one of these will come true.

The old, Christian tradition requires that puddings should be made from thirteen ingredients, one for each Apostle and one for Jesus, should be stirred with a wooden spoon, recalling the manger and again in a sunwise direction retracing the journey of the Three Wise Men. Even nowadays, in some households, thirteen puddings are made, the last one being called the 'Judas Pudding' which is usually thrown away.

A final, traditional belief says that anyone managing to eat pudding in thirteen different homes between Christmas Day and New Year's Day will enjoy great happiness for the following twelve months.

In medieval times Christmas puddings were savoury dishes containing quantities of spiced meats. It wasn't until the early nineteenth century that these were gradually replaced by the spicy fruit puddings similar to those enjoyed today.

The name 'Stir Up Sunday' comes from the prayer traditionally read in church on this day which says: "Stir up we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

LIFE ON THE ROAD

Nowadays people travel more and further than ever before. We are used to the idea of commuting daily between home and the work place and the crowded roads and choking fumes of hectic rush-hours indicate that this is the pattern of life for most working people.

In quieter times, before motor-vehicles were a common sight on the roads, many people travelled the highways and byways of England in pursuit of their trades but here travel tended to be a part of their lives and businesses rather than just 'getting to work'.

The gypsy community has always been on the move though their travel, in common with other roving land workers, tended to be of a seasonal nature following the farm work to different areas through the year. Spring and early summer might see them in East Anglia and Lincolnshire picking bulbs, flowers, soft fruits and salad vegetables; hops and fruit-picking would take them to Kent and the south and west in summer and autumn while, in late autumn, potato-picking could take them up to Scotland. Then, as winter approached, back they would go to East Anglia to harvest root-crops, celery and carrots.

Other travellers took their livelihood with them and plied their trades regardless of the seasons though they may have been deterred by hard, winter weather. Any number of them could pass through the neighbourhood in the course of a year: commercial travellers with their samples; pedlars with their barrows and hand-carts; packmen bearing great bundles; drovers with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, turkeys and geese; travelling showmen with performing bears and dogs or Punch and Judy shows; chimney-sweeps with brushes and rods over their shoulders; rabbit-sellers with their wares tied to a long stick; knife-grinders, travelling locksmiths, fortune-tellers, street-musicians and broadsheet ballad-sellers.

In addition to those pursuing a trade on the road there were tramps and beggars who hoped to survive through the charity of those they met on their travels.

Where are all the travelling people now? A few are still to be found following what little manual land-work there is; every spring the show-people, with their splendid fairground rides, set out for the summer resorts and commercial travellers, or their modern counterparts - the sales representatives, zoom up and down the motorway in company cars whilst clinching deals on their mobile 'phones.

Even travelling bakers, butchers, fishmongers, soft drinks, encyclopaedia and cleaning salesmen have largely been consigned to the past by supermarkets and mail-order companies. Now, the world moves too fast for the old, gentle ways of the road.

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Roy Griffiths, Barbara Griffiths, John Crowe form **The Tollhouse Company**, a professional touring musical theatre company who **as well as** working in schools presenting history based musical shows for 4 - 11 year olds **also has an on-going policy of providing musical theatre for adult audiences.**

SCHOOL/FAMILY SHOWS

Touring extensively since 1990 The Tollhouse Company has used its many talents to "...delight, entertain and enlighten..." children in Primary schools all over the Country. The 'Tollhouse Box Shows' combine traditional and original music, song, drama and dance, blending learning with fun, to bring to life many aspects of bygone times. The children are involved in singing choruses, holding props, wearing costumes and simple role play.

This book and accompanying CD 'Seasons For Sale' - a musical journey through the seasons with Old Johnson the pedlar.- is a new show developed with financial support from the National Lottery.

MUSICAL THEATRE FOR ADULTS

The Tollhouse Company's first production, 'Between the Flat Land and the Sky' - A Fenman's life in song, music and dramatic performance' - touring theatre for village halls and similar venues - was first performed in November 1996 in four venues in East Cambridgeshire with the support of ADEC (Arts Development in East Cambridgeshire) and further tours throughout 1997 gained support and promotion from Huntingdonshire Arts, Fenland Leisure Services and Forest Heath Leisure Services and 1998 saw further support from Norfolk Rural Touring Arts and Lincolnshire Rural Arts.

A new production is currently being written.

The Tollhouse Company has also worked in many community based projects including the Ely Dance Summer School, the Cambridge Elgar Festival, The Welwyn Garden City Schools Music Festival, The Cricklade Music Festival and the Huntingdon Summer School as well as a ten day tour of the Channel Islands organised by the Channel Islands Music Council and two concerts at Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire as part of the National Trust Centenary Celebrations.

Since 1990 a series of successful week long Summer Schools for 6 - 11 year olds have taken place in Huntingdon, Ely and Cambridge.

Previously, working under the name Witcham Toll, Roy, Barbara and John performed at folk clubs and folk festivals throughout England, at Snape Maltings as part of the British Telecom Proms Season and have made several appearances on National and Local television and radio.

The Tollhouse Company also play for **Barn Dances** - an evening's dancing for young and old alike - and specialise in family events.

Other recordings and books are also available including

"Horses, Housemaids and Hard Old Times" (Victorian life through song) [A4 BOOK & CD]
and **"Between the Flat Land and the Sky"** (A Fenman's life through song and narrative) [DOUBLE CD]

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