

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Four Drunken Maidens (2)

Four Drunken Maidens (2)

There was four drunken maidens
came from the Isle of white
They drank from munday morning
till saturday at night
before they would give out
and the four drunken maidens
shall have the other bout

T]hen in came peggy sanders
She was as brisk as bloom
C]ome sit about four
and mecke for me some room
ill be worthy of my seat
before I will give out
and the four drunken maidens
shall have the other bout

There was Peacok and Kapon
there was Rabits an hare
and all sorts of Dainties
no] sarcities was there
There was fourty pints of malaga
they freely drank it out
The four drunken maiden
Shall have the other bout

There came four farmers
of courage stout and strong
and giving to each maiden
a p---k nine inches long
a p---k nine inches long
beside the very snout
and the four drunken maidens
will have the other bout

They called for the Drawer
the reconning for to pay
there's eight and fourty pound
and make it no delay
This was twelve pound the piece
before the(y) would give out

and the four drunken maidens
will have the other bout

As peggy was a going home
she met her mother gay
Where have you been dear daughter
this leeve long summers day
I have been Fering(?) a sick wife
that's freely tuml'd out
and the four drunken maidens
shall have another bout

Where are your fine clothen
you had the other day
and likewise your fine ferbeloes
that was so fine and gay
They were neither fine nor gay mother
so make no more adoe
for the ranting roerring maidens
shall have the other bout

The above is an unpublished text from a MS copy, c 1740-50, in the National Library of Scotland, NLS MS 6299. Although somewhat defective, I couldn't resist the striking fourth verse of this version, and this illustrates how later versions were revised.

A. L. Lloyd sang a version of this song on a recording 'English Drinking Songs' Riverside RLP 12- 618, about 1960. From his notes it would appear that he got it pub singers, possibly collated with a chapbook of about 1760, <<Charming Phyllis's Garland>>. He does not say where he got his tune, which is vaguely similar to the one here. Lloyd's version has many minor verbal differences, but his last verse is significantly different and I append it following the main text.

The tune has recently been published from the Northumberland Vickers' manuscript of c 1770-5, by Matt Seattle in <<The Great Northern Tune Book>>, #527, 1987, but I use another copy which differs slightly in timing in the last half of the two middle measures of each strain. It is the last tune in a manuscript collection of song and dance tunes, Folger Shakespeare Library MS V.b. 410, which is, in my estimation, of about 1760-2. The two latest tunes in it are dated c 1760 in BUCEM, Arne's "Jessy" from <<The Merchant of Venice>>, and James Oswald's "The maid that's made for love and me." The earliest copy of the tune, one I have not seen, is in Book 4 of Walsh's <<Caledonian Country Dances>>, c 1744.

Logan's text in <<The Pedlar's Pack>>

The Four Drunken Maidens

Four drunken Maidens came from the Isle of Wight,
Drunk from Monday morning till Saturday night;
When Saturday night came they would not go out,
And the four drunken Maidens they pushed the jug about.

In came Bouncing Sally and her cheeks like any bloom,
"Sit about dear sister and give me some room,
I will be worthy of my room before I do go out"
And the four drunken Maidens they pushed the jug about.

There wa wood-cock and pheasants, partridges and hare,'
And all sorts of dainties; no scarcity was there;
There was forty quarts of Malaga, they fairly drank it out
And the four drunken Maidens they pushed the jug about.

Down came the landlady to see what was to pay,
This is a forty pound bill to be drawn on this day;
There is ten pounds apiece and they would not go out,
And the four drunken Maidens they pushed the jug about.

Sally was a walking along the highway,
And she meet with her mother and unto her did say;
"Where is the head dress you had the other day?
And where is your mantle so gallant and so gay,"
"So galant and so gay we had no more to do,
We left them in the alehouse; we had a randan row"

A. L. Lloyd's last verse

O! where are your feathered hats, your mantles rich and fine?
They've all been swallowed up in tankards of good wine.
And where are your maidenheads, you maidens brisk and gay?
We've left them in the alehouse, we've drunk them all away.

WBO
Apr98