

Merv Davey Appendix 2.8: Jan Knuckey (See contents page for link to mp3 audio clip of this tune)

2.8 Jan Knuckey

Sources

Publications (Book / Album)

Sandys, William (as Uncle Jan Trenoodle), *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect*, (London, John Russel Smith, 1846).

Dunstan, R, *Cornish Dialect and Folk Songs*,(London, Ascheberg, Hopwood & Crew Ltd, 1932), p.10.

Brenda Wootton. *Way Down to Lamorna*, Sentinel, SENS 1056, 1972.

Brenda Wootton *No Song To Sing*, with Robert Bartlett and "guest" Alex Atterson on piano - Sentinel, SENS 1021, 1974.

Pol Hodge and Mike O'Connor, *Sengen Fiddee: Songs in Cornish Dialect*, (Wadebridge, L yngham House Press, 2003), p.15.

Notes

Dunstan, R, *Cornish Dialect and Folk Songs*,(London, Ascheberg, Hopwood & Crew Ltd, 1932), p.10: *The verse are based on a Cornish tale in Wm Sandy's Jan Trenoodle (1847). The chorus and its tune were communicated by Capt Thos .Collett of Polglaze, Perrancoombe, on Dec 25th 1929, as he heard them from a Penzance man in S Africa 1887.*

Observation

Sung occasionally at sessions in London Inn, Cornish Arms and Ring of Bells 2005 - 2011

Sung in Cornish singing session in Old Ale house 5th March 2011

Interview

Paul Holmes Telephone Interview 19th November 2010-11-19, following up conversation at Lowender Peran Festival in October 01209 842 292.

Jan Knuckey regular part of his repertoire since 1960s: Sang in pubs etc at 15, attended Count House 1964 -1965 (went to London in 1969, Sat in a circle about 20 of them, took in turns to sing – a sing around 2 or 3 songs each night. Used to sing at the Uxbridge Folk Club In 1974 Brenda came – he sang Jan Knuckey with her

Correspondence

Listed amongst possible tunes for “Prys Ton – Session tunes project” 2007

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Lyrics and Music

Session Tunes Project 2007:

Jan Knuckey

Trad.

Repeated with extemporised harmony.....

Sandys 1846

<p style="text-align: center;">JAN KNUCKEY AND GRAACEY.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: auto;"/> <p>Jan Knuckey were a miner bould As ever was to Bâl, And cruel good eu'd wrastle too And thraw a tidy fall.</p> <p>When princk'd too en es Soonda' cloase He braave and proper seem'd, At Church too the base viol scraaped Until the great crowd scream'd.</p> <p>Now, up along to Church-town lived A fine and thoomping daame She were pure stout, as were her poorse, Aunt Graacey were her naame.</p> <p>Now Graacey had for many years A little shop like keep'd Where things for ould and childer too Promiskusly was keep'd.</p> <p>Tea, doat figs. and poldavy too Cloam buzzas on the planching, Seaal'd cream. and crocks, and coajer's end, And apples ripe for seranching.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">JAN KNUCKEY AND GRAACEY. 39</p> <p>'Baccy, with cowals for the chowters, Saalt pilchers, and some 'tatics, Eggs, elidgy, traade, and hoganbags, Gowks, sparables, and lattice.</p> <p>Aunt Graacey had some mahjers too, A pig's-crow and a midden, And sometimes sould a fine fat fowl, Sometimes the piggy-whidden.</p> <p>Some cobshans she'd a saaved away ; Jan hadn't a got none ; Yet, thof she were a titch too ould, He thoft they might be one.</p> <p>But Graacey were a keen chap too, She were no drumbledrane ; And weth her fangings or herself, To part she dedu't a meane.</p> <p>Well Jan, he fetch'd es coorse one day To tell es mind to Graace, But when he got un ento doors She were not en the plaace.</p> <p>A kicklish fuss he heerd up stairs, And soon 'caase why he knew, The seeling being deaf was seat And Graace fell half way through.</p>
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Pol Hodge and Mike O'Connor, *Sengen Fiddee: Songs in Cornish Dialect*, (Wadebridge, Lyngham House Press, 2003) p15.

Aw Jon - nee will ee cum a long now? or
 Jon - nee will ee waet fer a wile? Than
 cum a long Jon weth yer big boots awn, Er
 Jon - nee will ee waet fer a wile?

Aw Jonnee will ee cum a long (cum a long) now?
 or Jonnee will ee waet fer a wile? (fer a wile?)
 Than cum a long Jon weth yer big boots awn,
 Er Jonnee will ee waet fer a wile?

Jan Knuckey waz a miner bold
 as ever woz t' Baal,
 An cruel good cud raassel too
 An thraw a tidy faall.

Now up along t' Churchtown livd
 a fine an thumpen daam.
 She woz pure stout – so was er purs
 Aant Graasee wer er naam.

Aant Graasee ad fer many ears
 a liddel shoap like keepd,
 Wer goods fer oald an chelern too
 wer oll together eepd.

Wae'll Jan ee fetchd es coos waun day
 ta tell es mind to Graas,
 But wen ee got enside tha dooer
 ee dedn av tha faas.

At laas sez ee "I do ee luv
 wen shall us be axed owt?
 lev me an you keep comnee"
 tha anser woz a clowt!

"Aw lev us av noa fuss" sez Jan
 "an doant ee taak t amess.
 Ef that I ax afooer we part
 a liddel crum ov kess."

But Graasee's dander now woz up.
 She screechd an jawd be turns,
 an then she took un be tha scruff
 an fochd un thoo tha durns!

