

# Ballad Sorting Boards



1. The opening part of a ballad.	2. A ballad with a moral.
3. An adventure story ballad.	4. A ballad with imperfect rhymes or uneven metre.

'I prithee sweetheart, cans't thou tell me  
Whether thou dost know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?  
'She's dead, sir, long ago.' -

'Oh stay, Oh stay, thou goodly youth!  
She's alive, she is not dead;  
Here she standeth by your side,  
And is ready to be thy bride.' -

# Ballad Sort

The webaddress for this activity is:

<<http://www.collaborativelearning.org/balladsort.pdf>>

This activity was last updated on 17th October 2019.

Collaborative Learning Project, 17 Barford Street, LONDON N1 0QB

The project is a teacher network, and a non-profit making educational trust. Our main aim is to develop and disseminate classroom tested examples of effective group strategies across all phases and subjects. We hope they will inspire you to use similar strategies in other topics and curriculum areas. We run teacher workshops, swapshops and conferences throughout the European Union. The project publishes a catalogue of activities plus lists in selected subject areas, and a newsletter available by post or internet: "PAPERCLIP".

\*These activities were influenced by current thinking about the role of language in learning. They are designed to help children learn through talk and active learning in small groups. They work best in mixed classes where children in need of language or learning support are integrated. They are well suited for the development of speaking and listening. They provide teachers opportunities for spoken language and other assessment.

\*They support differentiation by placing a high value on what children can offer to each other on a particular topic, and also give children the chance to respect each other's views and formulate shared opinions which they can disseminate to peers. By helping them to take ideas and abstract concepts and move them about physically they help to develop thinking skills.

\*They give children the opportunity to participate in their own words and language in their own time without pressure. Many activities can be tried out in mother tongue and afterwards in English. A growing number of activities are available in more than one language, not translated, but mixed, so that you may need more than one language to complete the activity.

\*They encourage study skills in context, and should therefore be used with a range of appropriate information books which are preferably within reach in the classroom.

\*They are generally adaptable over a wide age range because children can bring their own knowledge to an activity and refer to books at an appropriate level. The activities work like catalysts.

\*All project activities were planned and developed by teachers working together, and the main reason they are disseminated is to encourage teachers to work effectively with each other inside and outside the classroom. They have made it possible for mainstream and language and learning support teachers to share an equal role in curriculum delivery. They should be adapted to local conditions. In order to help us keep pace with curriculum changes, please send any new or revised activities back to the project, so that we can add them to our lists of materials

## Ballad Sorting Activity

### Notes for teachers

There are six different sorting boards with some overlap of the categories. After the first sort, groups may find that other groups can sort the ballad bits for which they cannot manage to find a category. We have provided a blank board template for you to write your own categories. We would also encourage you to add your own bits of ballads to the activity. You may find something local or relevant to your area. The activity is designed to structure and focus talk around the genre and not to provide complete answers.

The aim of the activity is for pupils to work together to begin to distinguish the characteristics of ballads, begin to see the differences between ballads written by poets and ones that have come from the people, and also see that ballads still have a purpose and direction nowadays which is why poets still employ their techniques.

The other aim is simply to encourage pupils to go on to read the rest of the ballads they have sorted or discover and look at other ballads.

We have other poetry sorting activities online which we hope you will try out.

# Ballad Sorting Activity - Instructions

This activity will introduce you to a range of different ballads and help you to understand what they have been and what they can become. Most ballads are quite long so you will only be looking a parts of them: beginnings, middles and ends.

Each group has a sorting board. Look through the ballad bits you have and try to sort them onto the board. Some ballad bits may not fit on the board. Some may be quite difficult to make sense of. Keep these on one side to talk about later.



# Ballad Sorting Activity - Instructions

This activity will introduce you to a range of different ballads and help you to understand what they have been and what they can become. Most ballads are quite long so you will only be looking a parts of them: beginnings, middles and ends.

Each group has a sorting board. Look through the ballad bits you have and try to sort them onto the board. Some ballad bits may not fit on the board. Some may be quite difficult to make sense of. Keep these on one side to talk about later.

# Ballad Sorting Board 1

1.

The opening part  
of a ballad.

2.

A ballad with a  
moral.

3.

An adventure  
story ballad.

4.

A ballad with  
imperfect rhymes  
or uneven metre.

5.

It looks like there  
is going to be a  
tragic/sad ending  
to this ballad.

6.

A ballad which  
makes a protest.

# Ballad Sorting Board 2

7.

A romantic ballad.

2.

A ballad with a moral.

9.

A horror story which might be true.

10.

A ballad with questions or riddles.

11.

Maybe the first time someone had to write a ballad.

12.

Could have been written by a poet rather than by the people (Anon).

# Ballad Sorting Board 3

13.

A ballad full of old fashioned words.

14.

This could be a modern ballad.

3.

An adventure story ballad.

10.

A ballad with questions or riddles.

17.

This ballad could be very old.

18.

A ballad that was sold on a sheet of paper to a crowd.

# Ballad Sorting Board 4

19.

A ballad sold at a hanging or an execution.

20.

A ballad with very fancy adjectives.

21.

A ballad with the devil in it.

5.

Looks like there is going to be a tragic/sad ending to this ballad.

7.

A romantic or sentimental ballad.

12.

Could have been written by a poet rather than by the people (Anon).

# Ballad Sorting Board 5

8.

A sensational ballad.

22.

A ballad that can be sung as well as told.

1.

The opening part of a ballad.

18.

A ballad that was sold on a sheet of paper to a crowd.

11.

Maybe the first try someone had to write a ballad.

14.

This could be a modern ballad.



# Ballad Sorting Board 6

22.

A ballad that can be sung as well as told.

6.

A ballad which makes a protest.

9.

A horror story which might be true.

13.

A ballad full of old fashioned words.

15.

This ballad was made near this place.

19.

A ballad sold at a hanging or an execution.

# Blank Ballad Sorting Board


'Now pray, where are you going, child?'  
said Meet-on-the-Road.  
'To school, sir, to school, sir,'  
said Child-as-it-Stood.  
'What have you got in your basket, child?'  
said Meet-on-the-Road.  
'My dinner, sir, my dinner, sir,'  
said Child-as-it-Stood.  
'What have you got for your dinner, child?'  
said Meet-on-the-Road.  
'Some pudding, sir, some pudding, sir,'  
said Child-as-it-Stood.  
'Oh then, I pray, give me a share,'.....

'Once - no matter when -  
There lived - no matter where -  
A man whose name - but then  
I need not that declare.

He - well he had been born,  
And so he was alive;  
His age - I details scorn -  
Was somethingty and five.

He lived - how many years  
I truly can't decide;  
But this one fact appears  
He lived - until he died....

They hear not sound, the swell is strong:  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along.  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock-  
'Oh Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He cursed himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!  
Our good ship sails the morn.'  
'Now ever alack, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.'

'I saw the new moon late yest'r-e'en  
With old moon in her arm;  
And if we go to see, master  
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud  
And gurly grew the sea.

'Oh what can ail thee knight at arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Oh what can ail thee knight at arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest done.

'I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.'

Childe Maurice hunted the Silver Wood,  
He whistled and he sung:  
'I think I see the woman yonder  
That I have loved so long.'

He called to his little man John,  
'You do not see what I see'  
For yonder I see the very first woman  
That ever loved me.

'Here is a glove, a glove,' he says  
'Lined all with fur it is;  
Bid her to come to Silver Wood  
To speak with Childe Maurice.

Good Christians all attend unto my Ditty,  
And you shall hear strange news from London City;  
The like before I think you ne'er did hear,  
Which well may fill our hearts with Dread and Fear.

Upon the Eighteenth of this present May,  
A Tempest strange, pray mind me what I say;  
So strange, I think the like was never known,  
As I can hear of yet by anyone.

Hailstones as big as Eggs a pace down fell,  
And some much bigger as I hear some tell;  
Who took them up as they lay on the ground,  
And measured, they were found Eight Inches round...

These things as judgements surely they are sent,  
That all poor Sinners timely may Repent;  
E're vengeance fall, for then 'twill be too late,  
For to Deplore your sinful wretched state.

In our Durham County I am sorry for to say,  
The hunger and starvation is increasing every day,  
For the want of food and coals we know not what to do,  
But with your kind assistance we will stand the struggle through....

The pulley wheels have ceased to move which went so  
swift around,  
The horses and the ponies too all brought from under-  
ground,  
Our work is taken from us now, they care not if we die,  
For they can eat the best of food and drink the best  
when dry.

The miner and his wife too, each morning have to roam,  
To seek for bread to feed the hungry little ones at home  
The flour barrel is empty now, their true and faithful  
friend,  
Which makes the thousands wish today the strike was at  
its end.

Come all you thoughtless young men, a warning take by me  
And think upon my unhappy fate to be hanged upon a tree;  
My name is William Corder, to you I do declare,  
I courted Maria Marten, most beautiful and fair.....

..With heart so light, she thought no harm, to meet him  
she did go.  
He murdered her all in the barn, and laid her body low;  
After the horrible deed was done, she lay weltering in her  
gore,  
Her bleeding mangled body he buried beneath the floor.

Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost run,  
On Monday next will be my last, when I am to be hanged;  
So you young men, who do pass by, with pity look on me,  
For murdering Maria Marten, I was hanged upon a tree.

'Twas when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind;  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclined.  
Wide oe'er the rolling billows  
She cast a wistful look;  
Her head was crowned with willows  
That tremble oe'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days.  
Why did'st thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why did'st thou trust the seas?  
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
And let my lover rest:  
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,  
To that within my breast.

You good folks of Nottingham I would have you draw near,  
And the feats of little Charly you quickly shall hear  
Little Charly in his youth a wandering boy was he,  
But now he's grown so great a man that an Overseer he  
be.

*Chorus :You good folks of Nottingham I pray you draw near,  
And the feats of little Charly you quickly shall hear*

By pinching his workmen and his runners likewise.  
He had brought them to poverty and gained himself a  
prize.  
By cheating the country with his one thread lace,  
He has ruined the trade and brought the town disgrace.

It fell about Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our good wife got puddings to make,  
And she boiled them in the pan.

The wind sae cold blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
'Gae out and bar the door.'

'My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
Good man, as ye may see  
An it should be barred this hundred year,  
It's no be barred for me.

They made a paction between them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That the first word whaeer should speak  
Should rise and bar the door.

'I prithee sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
Whether thou dost know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'  
'She's dead, sir, long ago.' -

'Then I will sell my goodly steed,  
My saddle and my bow;  
I will into some far country,  
Where no man doth me know.' -

'Oh stay, Oh stay, thou goodly youth!  
She's alive, she is not dead;  
Here she standeth by your side,  
And is ready to be thy bride.' -

'Oh, farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times and o'er!  
For now I have my own true love,  
That I thought I would have seen no more.'

The night before Larry was stretched,  
The boys they all paid him a visit;  
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched;  
They sweated their duds till they riz it;  
For Larry was ever the lad,  
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,  
Would fence all the duds that he had  
To help a poor friend to a sneezer,  
A warm his gob 'fore he died.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay!  
Alas! I am very sorry to say  
That ninety lives have been taken away  
On the last Sabbath day of 1879  
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,  
And the wind it blew with all its might,  
And the rain came pouring down,  
And the dark clouds seemed to frown.  
And the Demon of the air seemed to say -  
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

Lock me in that dungeon,  
Lock me in that cell,  
Lock me where the north-east wind  
Blows from the corner of hell.  
I shot my man 'cause he done me wrong.'..

Frankie sat in the jail-house,  
Had no electric fan,  
Told her little sister;  
'Don't you marry no sporting man.  
I had a man but he done me wrong.'

This story has no moral,  
This story has no end,  
This story only goes to show  
That there ain't no good in men  
He was her man but he done her wrong.

I live in the city, yes I do,  
I live in the city, yes I do,  
I live in the city, yes I do,  
Made by human hands.

Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown  
All together built this town,  
Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown  
All together make the wheels go round.

Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white  
Built the building tall and bright,  
Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white  
Filled them all with shining light

Come all you young bachelors merry and free,  
If you want to live happy be ruled by me.  
If you want to live happy all the days of your life,  
You must choose a lacemaker to be your sweet wife.

Lace makers rise early in the morning betimes  
And do their odd jobs before the sun shines,  
Then they sit down to their pillows complete,  
I love to see lacemakers work it so neat.

We all get together on a sun shiny day,  
Our pillows they shine like the blossom in May,  
Our fingers are lissom, our bobbins are small,  
And now I have told you the truth of it all.