The Ballad of Mary Bateman Activity

*The Ballad of Mary Bateman* uses the tune of an old folk song called Jack Hall to retell the major events of Mary’s Life. Are there any other tunes – either ancient or modern - that might have the right tone or mood for a story like Mary’s? Using the simplified story above, split the class into small groups and ask each group to write a verse that retells part of Mary’s story. It might be useful to work out how many beats/ syllables are needed in each line as in the example below. You might also want to provide them with a sample verse using the tune that you have chosen. The words of *The Ballad of Mary Bateman* and the original song, Jack Hall, on which it is based, are included below.

1. My name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep,

*Mary Bateman is my name, yes it is, yes it is.*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **(12 beats)**

1. My name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep.

*Mary Bateman is my name, yes it is.*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **(9 beats)**

1. My name it is Jack Hall and I've robbed both great and small,

*They hung me up on high, on the gallows, I did die.*

*\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_* **(13 beats)**

1. And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die.

*They dug out my tongue and eye, yes they did, yes they did.*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **(13 beats)**

1. And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

*They dug out my tongue and eye, yes they did.*

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**Jack Hall (As recorded by Walter Pardon)**

My name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep,  
My name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep.  
My name it is Jack Hall and I've robbed both great and small,  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die.  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

All on the King's highway night and day, night and day,  
All on the King's highway night and day,  
All on the King's highway I've robbed lords and ladies gay,  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die.  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

I've one hundred pounds in store, that's no joke, that's no joke,  
I've one hundred pounds in store, that's no joke,  
I've one hundred pounds in store and I'll rob for hundreds more  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die.  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

At the trial they told me, “You shall die. You shall die.”  
At the trial they told me, “You shall die.”  
And they flung me into gaol where I'll drink no more strong ale,  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die, when I die.  
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

They drove me up Tyburn hill in a cart, in a cart,  
They drove me up Tyburn hill in a cart,  
They drove me up Tyburn hill, that's where I made my will.  
The best of friends must part; fare you well, fare you well,  
The best of friends must part; fare you well.

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke,  
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke.  
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman fixed the rope.  
But never a word said I coming down, coming down,  
But never a word said I coming down.

**The Ballad of Mary Bateman**

Mary Bateman is my name, yes it is, yes it is,

Mary Bateman is my name, yes it is,

They hung me up on high, on the gallows I did die

They dug out my tongue and eye, yes they did, yes they did

They dug out my tongue and eye, yes they did.

I moved away to Leeds, Where I’ll die, Where I’ll die

I moved away to Leeds, Where I’ll die.

I moved away to Leeds – to hide all my misdeeds

I moved away to Leeds Where I’ll die, where I’ll die

I moved away to Leeds, Where I’ll die

I met a man in Leeds, who I wed, who I wed

I met a man in Leeds, who I wed.

I met a man and wed and then I said your father’s dead

It was a cruel and wicked lie, wicked lie, wicked lie

It was a cruel a wicked lie, wicked lie.

I told my new husband to go home, duty calls, duty calls,

I told my new husband to go home, duty calls

I told my husband to go home, and to Thirsk-wards he did roam

Then I sold his life down to his comb, sold it all, sold it all,

I sold his life down to his comb, sold it all.

When the factory burned down, I saw my chance, saw my chance

When the factory burned down, I saw my chance

I said my child had died, but it turned out I had lied

And no tears I ever cried, none at all, none at all

No tears I ever cried, none at all.

My hen did poop God’s truth, yes it did, yes it did

My hen did poop God’s truth, yes it did

The eggs it laid were small, but they fooled them one and all

Now the writings on the wall, yes it is, yes it is

Now the writings on the wall, yes it is.

I also charmed the loving couple, Perigo, Perigo

To keep me in their money – even so,

They believed me for so long but they were fools and they were wrong

They believed me for so long - even so, even so,

They believed me for so long - even so.

I poisoned man and wife, yes I did, yes I did,

I poisoned man and wife, yes I did.

My poison took her life, it was more deadly than a knife,

I made a trifle full of strife, poison pie, poison pie,

I made a trifle full of strife, poison pie.

Miss Blythe’s my other name, and she won’t die, she won’t die

Miss Blythe’s my other name, and she won’t die.

I’m greedy and I’m clever but I can’t do this for ever

If they catch what I am doing, I will pay, I will pay

If they catch what I am doing, I will pay

They found me out and tried me for my crimes, for my crimes,

They found me out and tried me, for my crimes

I made Rebecca eat the cake and she did puke and have an ache

Her tongue was black and swollen- her last breath, her last breath

Her tongue was black and swollen, her last breath.

I said I was with child, another lie, another lie.

I said I was with child, another lie

Then I was flung in jail and hung, and they pickled my rotten tongue,

Now my song is almost sung, yes it is, yes it is,

Now my song is almost sung, yes it is.

Mary Bateman is my name, it’s my name, it’s my name

Mary Bateman is my name, it’s my name

They hung me up on high, on the gallows I did die

But even after I had died, my name lives on, my fame lives on

Even after I had died, my name lives on.