

Nottingham Gates v3 (in G) Cantandi # 46v3

A Nottinghamshire Folk Song

"Nottingham Gates", written in the 1960s by Richard Ball of the band Hemlock Stone.

As sung to us by Kate Broughton one of our club members, See also very different but related Youtube offering by Paul Carbunkle, himself having listened to it sung by Quentin Hood (v1 / #46v1)

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qg3X2jJqCl&t=41s>

Intro: ♩ = 120
C D7 G C G G D7 G NC C G

Verse 1

In Wheel-er Gate a hand I lent, with a bonespoke shave to thee

Verse 2

7 D7 D7 G D G C D7 G G
bench was sent, E'er one day had passed I could plain-ly see, This was no place for me In Bark er Gate there

14 D7 G NC C G D7 D7 G G
leath-er was tanned, And I hamm-mered sheepskin with my own right hand, But the burn ibg-gorse made

Chorus:

19 D7 G C D7 G G C G D G D
such a foul reek, I were out that place in a week. Un-to Wheel-er, Bark-er Cart-er, List-er Flet-cher Fish er

25 G D7 NC G C G D C D
Gates I've strayed, Been an ar-row man, leath-er man, lace made, For I am a Nott-ing-ham

31 G G **Verse 3** G D7 G NC C G D7 D7
jack of all trades In Cart-er Gate I made bottles of glass But there's hard-ly room for a man to pass,

Verse 4

37 D7 G D G C D7 G G G
For carts full of coal roll by-all day, so from there I made me way. To List er gate I

43 D7 G NC C G D7 D7 G G D G
went after that: Car-ried yards of cloth to the boil-ing vat. With Scour and dye me hands-Turne-d blue So I

49 C D7 G **Chorus:** G C G D G D G D7

left with-out more a do. Un-to Wheel-er, Bark-er Cart-er, List-er Flet-cher Fish er Gates I've strayed,

55 NC G C G D C D G G

Been an ar-row man, leath-er man, lace made, For I am a Nott-ing-ham jack of all trades

61 **Verse 5** G D7 G NC C G D7

In Fletch-er Gate there ar-rows were made And the grey goose feathers all a-round were laid:

66 D7 G D G C D7 G **Verse 6**

They went up me nose and they made-me sneeze: I were out that pnce with speed. Our

71 G G D7 G NC C G D7 D7 G G

pike and our trout from the Trent it came: To Fish-er Gate which had no drain! I pegged up me nose 'till I

77 D G C D7 G **Chorus:** G C G D G D

made it sore, I'll never go there no-more Un-to Wheel-er, Bark-er Cart-er, List-er Flet-cher Fish er

rall. - - - - -
2nd Time

83 G D7 NC G C G D C D G

Gates I've strayed, Been an ar-row man, leath-er man, lace made, For I am a Nott-ing-ham jack of all trades