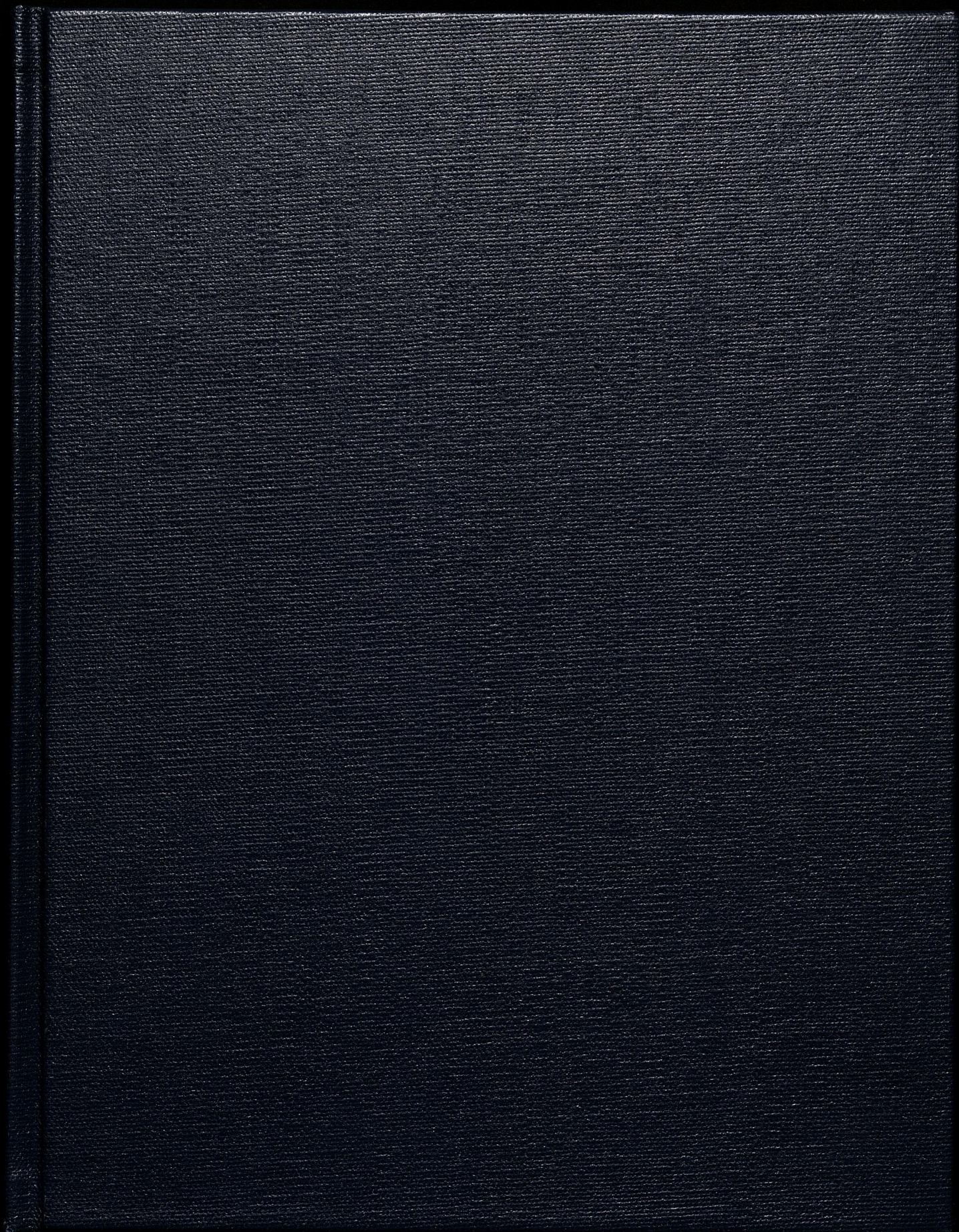






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# TRADITIONAL BALLADS

MAINLY FROM

## WEST VIRGINIA

BY

### JOHN HARRINGTON COX

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Introductory Essay and supplementary references

by

Herbert Halpert

American Folk-Song Publications #3

Edited by Dr. George Herzog and Herbert Halpert

Issued by Folk-Song and Folklore Dept.

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Interpretive Essay and supplementary references

by

Robert H. Hays

American Folklife Publications 41

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TRADITIONAL BALLADS Mainly From WEST VIRGINIA

Collected under the auspices of the West Virginia Folklore Society,  
John Harrington Cox, President and General Editor. A few contri-  
butions from personal friends of the General Editor have come from  
other parts of the country.

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#### EDITORS' STATEMENT

The National Service Bureau of Federal Theatre has issued two publications concerned with American folk-song: an unprinted collection of folk melodies from the south (FOLK TUNES FROM MISSISSIPPI, by Professor Arthur P. Hudson), and a compilation which reprinted important articles on various types of folk-song in the United States (FOLK-SONGS OF AMERICA by Mr. Robert W. Gordon). The reception of these was so favorable that it has been thought worth while to continue publication of similar volumes as a series, AMERICAN FOLK-SONG PUBLICATIONS, in which the present collection has been given the number 3.

The Federal Theatre Project produces plays based on various aspects of American folk culture, history, and rural life, in which there is need for authentic and easily available folk-song material. This series is devised to satisfy that need. The editors feel, however, that this mode of publication may be of service in other ways. Its circulation is not limited to the Federal Projects; the volumes are available to the public at large. The aim of the series is to present in popular form folk-song materials which otherwise would be greatly restricted in use. Two types of collections are envisaged: (1) Songs which for various reasons are not accessible through regular channels of publication. (2) Contributions to the study and appreciation of folk-song, which are out of print or difficult to obtain. It is planned, however, to go beyond mere assembling, and to stimulate discussion through the introductory essays. As far as feasible, the musical side of folk-song will be stressed. The melodies will be given in the form which they have in their native setting -- without harmonizations. It is intended to touch gradually upon as many geographic sections of the country as possible.

A number of individuals active and interested in the study and preservation of American folk-song have agreed to act as sponsors of the series. Responsibility for the contents of the publications, however, will rest primarily with the authors or collectors, and the editors.

George Herzog, Columbia University

Herbert Halpert, National Service Bureau

February 1939  
New York City



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## P R E F A C E

One important group of folk songs from the large collection (containing folklore of many types) which has been assembled by Professor John Harrington Cox, under the auspices of the West Virginia Folklore Society, was published under his editorship in FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH, Harvard University Press, 1925. Professor Cox's exhaustive headnotes and references for individual ballads and songs made that book a standard work. However, since its appearance much additional material has been assembled. Although the whole of this will be put into book form at some future date, Professor Cox has generously permitted us to issue in this series most of the folk tunes accompanied by texts from the unpublished collection. This volume contains almost all of the group of songs of British ancestry, which are mainly ballads. A few children's songs also included in this 'imported' group have been omitted here for lack of space and will probably appear in some later number of AMERICAN FOLK-SONG PUBLICATIONS.

We are fortunate in having very full notes and references on the ballads furnished by Professor Cox. I have, in addition, supplied some supplementary ones to bring them up to date. My responsibility is indicated by an asterisk preceding those items which I have included in the bibliography, and by parentheses enclosing additions to the notes which follow the original notes and references. Mentions of a few title changes have also been placed in parentheses, and will be found immediately after the added references.

Dr. George Herzog of Columbia University is responsible for editing the melodies. A few slight changes seemed necessary for clarity's sake. These are referred to in the notes and follow the additions and title changes. Since the interpretation of our folk melodies as major or minor in tonality is often unwarranted, the number of sharps or flats in the signatures does not follow conventional notation: only those sharps and flats are placed there which actually occur in the melodies.

The thirty-seven folk tunes and forty-nine texts (fragments and variants included) in this volume make an important addition to FOLK SONGS OF THE SOUTH, in which only twenty-nine tunes accompanied the large collection of texts. Seven of the ballads and songs given here were not represented in the earlier book: "Edward", "Lizie Lindsay", "The Jolly Beggar" (Child Nos.\* 13, 226, 279), "The Boatsman and the Chest", "Babes in the Wood", "The Jolly Thresherman" and "The Nightingale". Of these, "Lizie Lindsay" and "The Jolly Beggar" are quite rare in the United States. Fourteen of the titles of ballads and songs given here with tunes appear in the earlier book as titles of texts without tunes. The eight remaining titles in this volume supplement texts and tunes in FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH with variants.

As the title of the volume indicates, the songs in the collection come mainly from West Virginia. Taking them by states, twenty-eight come from West Virginia, ten from Kentucky, six from California, two from Indiana, and one each from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York. A longer history of their travels has been supplied for seven of the songs by the persons communicating them, and is found with those songs as part of the acknowledgement of source.

H.H.

\* Refers to the numbers in the standard ballad compilation, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS, by Professor F. J. Child.



## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

### Truth in Folk-Songs - Some Observations on the Folk-Singer's Attitude.

The fact that ballads and songs of British ancestry are still sung over large sections of the United States is now taken for granted. Save for Negro spirituals, no other group of American folk-songs, or American by adoption, to use Phillips Barry's phrase, has received such generous attention from collectors. Yet the problems of the human relationships to the song, which not only should be of interest to collectors and sociologists but would appeal to people at large, have been generally ignored.

Why these songs and ballads are still sung, and what they mean to those who sing or hear them are pregnant questions. Indeed, what does it mean for people in a democracy and particularly those living a rural, pioneer form of life to sing about "Lord Bateman", and about "Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy"? What does it mean to an inland people, most of whom have never seen the sea, to sing about a cabin boy sinking an enemy ship?

Dr. Herzog has suggested that one method of gathering such data was ready at hand for any collector and could be gathered through reporting incidental observations, comments of singers, and so on.\*

When I followed the trail of just such material in the summer of 1937 among the "Piney's" of southern New Jersey and with singers along the Delaware River in New York State, I made observations which probably would be paralleled elsewhere. For that reason it seems justified to discuss them in a volume of ballads which stem from the same tradition even though not from the same locale. The study in New Jersey branched out in various directions. Similar investigations will have to be made elsewhere to broaden the basis of the validity of my generalizations. One aspect was to examine the feeling and belief which the singer has in singing the older ballads and songs.\*\*

To me a most striking phenomenon was the folk singer's intense belief in the factual basis of his songs. This was expressed in different ways. One singer, who had sung for me several Civil War songs, gave me a fragmentary version of the ballad Geordie. Now in most versions, George has stolen some of the king's horses, "white steeds," and sold them. At his trial, his true love attempts to have him freed, but in the more common versions she fails and George is hanged - with something better than a common rope as is demanded by his rank. What my singer recalled was that

"He was hung by a golden chain,

Such chains there are not many". . .

but it was because he had stolen "six of the king's white slaves, and sold them in Virginny". Then to my surprise he informed me that George had stolen the slaves from the king of England, sailed to Virginia and sold them; there he had been captured and returned to England for hanging. Here was a complete hypothesis, so matter-of-fact that I confess I failed to

\* See Southern Folklore Quarterly, Vol. 2, No. 2.

\*\* This section of the essay was first used as part of a paper read before the American Folk-Lore Society in New Haven, Dec. 28, 1937.



ask the singer whether Virginia ever had had white slaves.

Of course, this ingenious theory may have arisen simply through misunderstanding. One informant in a long version of "Brennan on the Moor" came to the stanza describing how the highwayman, Willy Brennan, was captured. He sang one line which stated that Willy 'was based to lead a trey'. "A trey is a three in cards," he said, "but I can't figure out just what it means here 'to lead a trey'." And it saved me from many complications when I realized that Brennan probably "was basely betrayed".

Equally startling were lines from "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor":  
"He dressed himself in a gallyant stray  
Where all his deers were seen" --  
which another singer remarked "must have been the girls he went with".

But one cannot be too sure that such changes have come purely through mishearing or misunderstanding. Singers sometimes take matters into their own hands. A singer told me he had heard the last line of a song as "while the nightingale(s) sing", but thought that it made more sense to sing it "while the night and one sing." I could take my choice!

But this phase of the folk singer's belief that a song makes sense, is not as readily apparent as his intense emotional participation in the song narrative. In one version of The Golden Vanity, the little cabin boy, on the promise of a reward, has single-handedly sunk the enemy ship, but when he swims back to his own ship, the captain refuses to take him on board. He sings:

"If it wasn't for the love I had for your men,  
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,  
I'd sink you in the low, the lowlands so low".

My singer interjaculated vehemently: "I'd have sunk them anyway!" And a woman who sang a different version of the ballad asked me, "Can you understand how anyone can be so mean?" Mackenzie tells of one Nova Scotian singer who interrupted himself at one point in a ballad describing a treacherous murder with "a howl of rage" and wished he were behind the traitor with a sword in his hand so that he could drive it through his body.\* Randolph also describes the emotional participation of singer and audience in the songs.\*\*

Another widespread phenomenon which exhibits the folk-singer's belief in the actuality of the events in a song is the tendency to localize songs. The extremely well known "Butcher Boy", hails variously from London, New York, Jersey City, and points south, and the nearly as familiar "Boston Burglar" apparently shifts his native habitat with equal ease. The version in the present collection, as seems only proper, has him "born in West Virginia, a place we all know well."

This statement indeed reaches the heart of the matter. It is "a place we all know well" in almost all cases. Cecil Sharp says of the English folk singer, "To him there is no tale like the true tale; and to heighten the sense of reality, he will often lay the scene of his story in his own locality. I have heard "Torquay" substituted for "Turkey" in the ballad of "Lord Bateman" - though this may admit of another explanation.\*\*\* Of course, this is a little shocking to the city person inter-

\* W. Roy Mackenzie, "The Quest of the Ballad", p. 237

\*\* Vance Randolph, "The Ozarks", pp. 173-174

\*\*\* Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Song: Some Conclusions, p. 93



ested in the ballad. We like the antique charm of "Scarlet Town" from which Barbara Allen comes in a very well known version, and we feel sharply the loss of this aura when Barbr'y Ellen sings:

"In Jersey City where I did dwell,  
On Broadway was my dwellin' " -

It seems like the jump from an old story to a newspaper account. But this giving of a local habitation and a name to a song strengthens the folk audience's belief in it. You have brought in a new though mute witness to the truth of your story - a known place. Dickens recognizes the strength of this appeal to concrete evidence when he makes Rogue Riderhood protest, " 'E told me 'e did the deed right outside the Six Jolly Fellowships and there is the Six Jolly Fellowships. Now call me a liar."

This offering in evidence anything which can be pointed to as actually existent, no matter how irrelevant it may be to the point at issue, is common with folk singers. Such corroboration frequently takes the form of personal testimony. For example, in New Jersey a ballad written after a very famous murder that had been widely reported in the newspapers fifty years before, is still sung by many singers, each of whom is confident that his version is the only accurate one. Garbled texts, where even such readily verifiable facts as the names of the protagonists were incorrect, are staunchly vouched for with such reasons as a claim that the singer's father was on the jury, or that a relative owned a piece of property mentioned in the song.

With no attempt to give even such proofs, other informants are equally dogmatic as to the truth and accuracy of their versions of other ballads. As Phillips Barry said: "The way a certain folk singer sings a certain song is, for him, the right way; it may be sung differently by other singers whose deviations from his way meet, now with kindly tolerance, now with bitter intolerance."\*

To verify the implications of the material collected some two years ago, Dr. George Herzog suggested the method of direct questioning for use in the field. With his assistance I devised a questionnaire, and on a new expedition last summer\*\* returned to the same areas with the express purpose of getting more explicit data on the singers' attitudes to their songs. The items of the questionnaire were phrased very simply, and were presented to each singer during an informal conversation. Those relevant to this paper frequently centered on his reminiscences about "the good old days". "Are the songs true?" "Why do you think so?" "How do you think they were made up?" And then, since singers often make a formal distinction between 'true' and 'made-up' songs - "Which kind do you like?"

One singer said that Dixie's Sunny Land, a song about prison life during the Civil War was "a true song. I've drunk barrels of rum on the strength of that song." I asked who treated. "Why, the old soldiers that had the real experience." It was these old soldiers who verified the truth of the song for him. A woman said she liked "old-fashioned war songs - songs that's been sung for a hundred years. Father used to sing them. Sure they were true. They were made-up about the war."\*\*\* These songs, then,

\* Phillips Barry's "American Folk Music", Southern Folklore Quarterly, Vol.1, p.30.

\*\* Made possible by the generosity of the Committee on Musicology of the American Council of Learned Societies.

\*\*\* I must point out here that "war songs" to these singers form a general classification in which they include many folk-songs of English origin as well as songs about the Civil War.



seemed true because they were verified by people who had participated in a wide general experience during the same period of history to which the singers ascribed their song. So because there had, beyond the possibility of doubt, been a Civil War, both singer and interviewer must believe that,

"The man upon the lookout cried down to them below

'I see something floating yonder looks like a turtle's back,

It's that infernal steamer that they call the Merrimac."

and that those were the exact words spoken. But when I protested that the song said the entire crew had refused to leave the ship and had gone down with it, "flag still a-waving": "I don't know 'bout that", said my 77 year old informant. "There must have been one saved . . . We built the Monitor and, by golly, they licked the Merrimac."

But in addition to this acceptance of specific details, which can be used to fill in the general outline of the immediate past, there are two equally basic reasons which are offered by singers as sufficient reason for belief in their songs. The first is the fact that in a rural tradition where reading and writing for non-utilitarian purposes are comparatively unimportant, the generally accepted evidence is hearsay evidence and information is preserved and transmitted by oral tradition.

✓ "How do you know the songs were true?" I asked a blind old singer. He answered sharply. "How do we know anything's true? From history!" And then more humorously: "Old people never used to lie as they do today. We had a decent kind of world in those days." And another singer was equally sharp with his wife's scepticism. "You've got to take somebody else's word for anything unless you see it yourself. Even then you might not get it right."

This emphasis on oral tradition also gives rise to the respect for the words of the old. For old persons, generally, are the chief repositories of oral knowledge. In addition to their age and standing in the community, they know more. Their length of life has allowed them to participate in actions now historical. They can verify the truth of older happenings. They transmit such traditional lore as proverbs, which help to explain life, and folk medicine, which helps to preserve it. There is also the feeling that the aged are the most truthful bearers of tradition. One needs only to have casual dealings with rural people in order to meet with the sometimes exasperating care with which statements are made. Ask where someone lives and you get, "I've heard he moved to ----, but I can't say for sure." Or, ask for information and you are told, "Someone told me that ----, but I don't know"; or, "He said that ----, but I don't know if it's so." Hearsay evidence, you see, must not be trusted unless received from a trustworthy source, when it can be fully trusted. Therefore songs learned from the old receive this added credence. "I know they were true. They were sung by the old people and they didn't tell no lies; they told the truth." An old man told me, "Those songs were true. Yes! Yes!" and his wife said, "People lived so different then. They was more truthful."

Testimony was not, however, the only check by which singers tested the truth of their songs. They also relied heavily on analogy. Frequently they quoted to me recent songs, which they knew to be based on facts, and suggested that the older songs must have been made up in the same way about things that had happened earlier. "Wreck of the old 97, Floyd Collins, - We all know that they're true. The old ones are taken the same way. Barb'ry Allen was. The old pieces were taken from facts."



The singer mentioned earlier, whose father's presence on the jury justified her belief in her version of the song about the murder, said: "We know that took place. Maybe they" (older songs) "were taken just the same. I think all was taken from life sometime or other. Even today they're taken from nature."

In a recent short story an English novelist has very well expressed this feeling of the folk singer for reality.

' . . . one of them sang. At one stanza there was an outburst from Pablo and one other; "knocked at the millers' door," Pablo insisted. That was the concreteness of the peasant in him, it must be the miller's door, not just any door, because it had been the miller's door.

"And all of this is true?".....

. . . "All of it, and much more." '

from - JARAMA BALLAD

Most singers seemed pretty well convinced that a song had to be built on a factual basis. To explain how the songs were made up, one singer from New York State suggested: "I should think it would be something that happened. It would be made up from life, from their own experience or the experience of others. Seems to me it stands to reason that's the way they'd do it." And another man said, "Some of these songs I really think is true because they had to have something to start to compose it on. You've got to have something to start with."

Again from a lady in Jersey, who had given me information about Civil War songs, came this justification. "The Rolling Sea" (a version of the Golden Vanity) "was about sea pirates sinkin' it for money. It was true because in the olden times they used to go on sea and rob boats. That's what they made it up about."

They believe that one can judge whether or not a song is based on facts. "I think the way the words go, you can tell." And my blind informant made an interesting comparison: "On an average, by hearing the way the song goes you tell a whole lot about it. You could find out just as you find out about people -- whether they're trying to tell the truth." Furthermore, probability is used to decide whether a song can be trusted: "Mary the Wild Moor -- she left home and got a worthless husband. That's the way I always thought it was." Incidentally this song of Mary, who dies at her father's door "from the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor", is widely regarded as a very moving tale of real life. The fact that "such things could be so", is one that all singers recognize. They feel that human nature can be relied on to be consistent, and so a singer bases his judgement on his experience of human behavior; or, rather, on his understanding of that behavior. One singer said of a song, The Journeyman Tailor Marrying A Queen - "I never thought much of that and never tried to learn it. Such things aren't so."

We then come to our concluding question, "Why do singers like true songs?" Why does the quality of truth enhance the song for them? That it does is clearly shown in their comments on old songs as compared to new ones. The old ones "had more sense to them". That phrase is a very common summing up of their approval. One of my younger informants, a woman of twenty-one, liked them for the story. "Same as if you lived the story. I get right into it. It seems so real." Another said, "If it was something we knowed was real - talks about our soldiers or seamen or any-



thing they done, great things like they have done, we take it more to heart. Songs they write now - - - millions are like continued stories.\* The things in it are impossible."

There can be no doubt that here verisimilitude is a very high aesthetic quality. Said one man of true songs: "They was made up to rhyme and they fit in better all in rhyme. The others didn't fit in as good." Truth apparently, even rhymes better than a story without facts behind it.

And this aesthetic feeling for truth is inseparably linked with moral feeling. "Ain't true songs better than story songs? The truth's always better than anything that isn't true!" Very much as in Plato, not only is what is truthful beautiful, but it is also morally right. "You wouldn't want a man to lie to you, would you? Would you want him to sing a lie to you?"

For some singers this moral sanction is coupled with a sentimental or religious sanction. "The reason I like true songs best? My mother was a religious woman and liked everything true."

These quotations have been selected almost at random from many times their number. They indicate that there is in the thought and feeling of the folk singer a wealth of material, in some ways of as much interest as the songs he sings.

HERBERT HALPERT

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\* i.e. Serial stories in weekly newspapers.



IA - THE FALSE SIR JOHN

(Lady Isabel And The Elf-Knight, Child, No. 4)

Contributed by Mr. Silas A. Lingo, Milan, Indiana, August, 1925.



He... fol-lowed her up and he fol-lowed her... down,



And he fol-lowed her where she... lay;



And she had not the heart to say... him.... nay,



For the mor-row was their wed - ding day, day, day,



For the mor - row was their wed - ding day.

- 1 He followed her up and he followed her down,  
And he followed her where she lay;  
And she had not the heart to say him nay,  
For the morrow was their wedding day, day, day,  
For the morrow was their wedding day.



1A - THE FALSE SIR JOHN (Cont'd)

- 2 She told him to go to her father's stables,  
.....  
And saddle two of her father's best horses,  
Wherein stood thirty and three, three, three,  
Wherein stood thirty and three.
- 3 She mounted, she mounted her bonny brown,  
And he the dapple gray;  
And away they rode to yon far waterside,  
Three long hours before it was day, day, day,  
Three long hours before it was day.
- 4 "Light off, light off, my pretty Colleen,  
Light off, light off," says he;  
"For six king's daughters I've drowned here,  
And the seventh that you shall be, be, be,  
And the seventh that you shall be.
- 5 "Take off, take off your fine silk gown,  
Your petticoats of the same;  
For they are too rich and costly  
To lie and rot in the main, main, main,  
To lie and rot in the main."
- 6 "Oh turn yourself all around and about,  
Your face toward the sea,  
For it does not become a modest man  
A naked woman for to see, see, see,  
A naked woman for to see."
- 7 He turned himself all around and about,  
His face toward the sea,  
And so manfully she picked him up  
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea,  
And plunged him into the sea.



IA - THE FALSE SIR JOHN (Cont'd)

- 8 "Lie there, lie there, you false Sir John,  
Lie there, instead of me;  
For six king's daughters you've drowned here,  
But the seventh you never shall see, see, see,  
But the seventh you never shall see."
- 9 She mounted, she mounted her bonny brown,  
And led the dapple gray,  
And away she rode to her father's palace,  
Two long hours before it was day, day, day,  
Two long hours before it was day.
- 10 Then up bespoke the pretty little parrot,  
Wherein his cage he lay,  
Saying, "Where have you been, my pretty Colleen,  
Two long hours before it is day, day, day,  
Two long hours before it is day?"
- 11 "Hush up, hush up, my pretty little parrot,  
And tell no tales on me,  
And your cage shall be made of the yellow beaten gold,  
And hang on a green willow tree, tree, tree,  
And hang on a green willow tree."
- 12 Then up bespoke the aged old king,  
Wherein his chamber he lay,  
Saying, "What is the matter with my pretty little parrot,  
That she chatters so long before day, day, day,  
That she chatters so long before day?"
- 13 "The cat was in at my cage door,  
My body all for to slay,  
And I was calling on Pretty Polly  
To chase the cat away, way, way,  
To chase the cat away."



IB - SIX KINGS' DAUGHTERS

(Lady Isabel And The Elf-Knight, Child, No. 4)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County, June 1924. Music noted by her.

Handwritten musical notation for the song "IB - SIX KINGS' DAUGHTERS". The notation is written on five staves, each with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a "2" indicating a second ending. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many ties and some slurs. The lyrics are: "2 She mount - ed on her bon - ny bon - ny brown, And he on the dap - - pled gray, And they rode till they came to the salt sea... side, Four long hours be - - - fore it was day, day, day, Four long hours be - - - fore it was day."

2 She mount - ed on her bon - ny bon - ny brown,  
And he on the dap - - pled gray,  
And they rode till they came to the salt sea... side,  
Four long hours be - - - fore it was day, day, day,  
Four long hours be - - - fore it was day.

1 He followed her up and he followed her down,  
To the bed chamber where she lay.....



IB - SIX KINGS' DAUGHTERS (Cont'd)

2 She mounted on her bonny, bonny, brown,  
And he on the dappled gray,  
And they rode till they came to the salt sea side,  
Four long hours before it was day, day, day,  
Four long hours before it was day.

3 "Six kings' daughters I have drowned here,  
And the seventh one you shall be...."

4 .....  
And tumbled him into the sea, sea, sea,  
And tumbled him into the sea.

5 She mounted on her bonny brown,  
And she led the dappled gray,  
And she rode till she came to her father's own door,  
Three long hours before it was day, day, day,  
Three long hours before it was day.

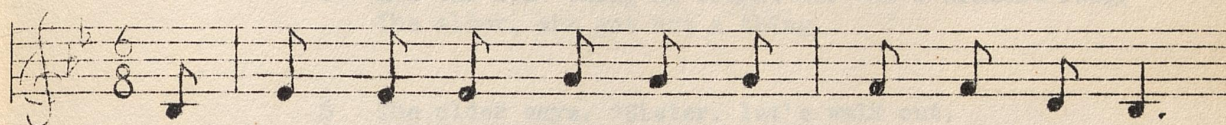
6 .....  
"Your cage shall be lined with my father's beaten gold  
And hung on a willow tree, tree, tree,  
And hung on a willow tree."



2A - There Was An Old Farmer

(The Twa Sisters, Child, No.10)

No local title. Communicated by Miss Jessie McCue, Hookersville, Nicholas County, November 10, 1925. Obtained from a family named Hamricks, who came from out in the mountains. Music noted by Miss Lydia I. Hinkel.



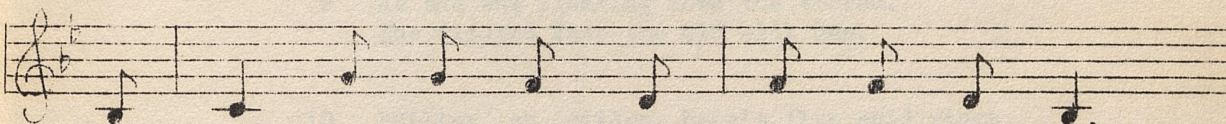
There was an old far - mer lived out in the West,



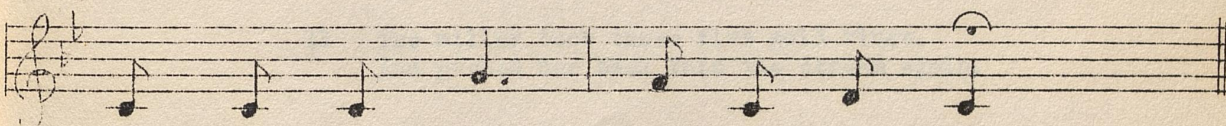
O dear to me,.....



There was an old far - mer lived out in the West,



He had two daugh - ters and one was the best.



Tum a la lee, tum a la lee.

- 1 There was an old farmer lived out in the West,  
Oh dear to me,  
There was an old farmer lived out in the West,  
He had two daughters and one was the best.  
Tum a la lee, tum a la lee.



2A - Cont'd.

- 2    There was a rich merchant went courting there,  
     He chose the youngest for his share.
- 3    The first thing he bought her was a beaver hat,  
     And the older she thought hard of that.
- 4    And the next thing he bought her was a diamond ring,  
     The older, she got not a thing.
- 5    The older says, "Sister, let's walk out,  
     And see the ships as they go tossing about."
- 6    As they were walking on salt sea brim,  
     The older shoved the younger in.
- 7    "Sister, oh, sister, reach down your hand,  
     And you may have my house and land."
- 8    "I'll neither reach down my hand nor glove,  
     But I'll go back home and take your love."
- 9    As she was floating down the stream,  
     She floated into the old mill dam.
- 10   "Miller, oh, miller, here's five gold rings,  
     If you'll only take me home again."
- 11   The miller took those five gold rings,  
     And pushed her back into the stream again.
- 12   The older was hung for her sister's sake,  
     The miller was hung on the old mill gate.



2B - ALL BOW DOWN

(The Twa Sisters, Child, No.10)

Communicated by Miss Margaret Nestor, Oceana, Wyoming County, 1926. Obtained from Miss Dixie Cooke, Cyclone.

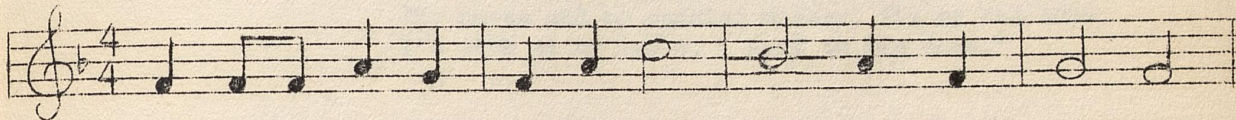
- 1    There was an old woman lived on the seashore,  
         All bow down,  
      There was an old woman lived on the seashore,  
      She had some daughters, three or four,  
         All bow down.
- 2    The youngest one she had a beau,  
      The oldest one she didn't know.
- 3    The youngest one's beau bought her a beaver hat,  
      The oldest one she didn't like that.
- 4    "Oh sister, oh sister, let's walk the seashore,  
      And watch the wild waves as they race o'er."
- 5    As they were walking out on the seashore,  
      The oldest one pushed the youngest one o'er.
- 6    "Oh sister, oh sister, please lend me your hand,  
      I'll bring you safe on to dry land."
- 7    "I neither will lend you my hand nor my glove,  
      For all you want is my own true love."
- 8    She bowed her head and away she swam,  
      She swam till she came to the miller's dam.
- 9    The miller threw out his drifting hook,  
      And brought the dead maid out of the brook.
- 10   The miller was hung at his own mill door,  
      For bringing the dead maid to the shore.
- 11   This lady was hung at her own yard gate,  
      For drowning her sister Kate.



3 - THE JEALOUS LOVER

(Lord Randal, Child, No. 12)

Communicated by Miss Elizabeth Aileen Hatfield, Logan, Logan County, January 18, 1928. Obtained from Miss Nell Caldwell. Music noted by Miss Hatfield.



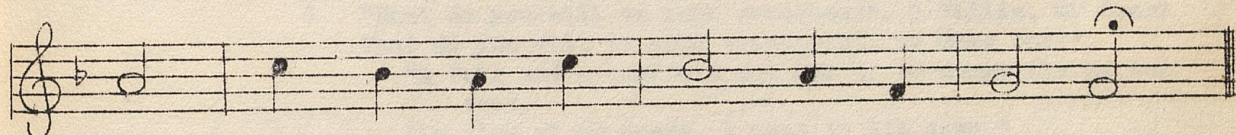
"What do you want for your breakfast, O Wil-lie, my dear?"



What do you want for your breakfast, O Wil-lie, my dear?"



"I don't want no-thing; moth-er, fix my bed soon,.....



I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."

- 1 "What do you want for your breakfast, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you want for your breakfast, O Willie, my dear?"  
"I don't want nothing; mother, fix my bed soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."



- 2 "What do you will to your mother, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you will to your mother, O Willie, my dear?"  
"My silver, my gold; mother, fix my bed soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."
- 3 "What do you will to your father, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you will to your father, O Willie, my dear?"  
"My horse and my saddle; mother, fix my bed soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."
- 4 "What do you will to your brother, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you will to your brother, O Willie, my dear?"  
"My watch and my chain; mother, fix my bed soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."
- 5 "What do you will to your sister, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you will to your sister, O Willie, my dear?"  
"My fiddle, my bow; mother, fix my bed soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."
- 6 "What do you will to your sweetheart, O Willie, my dear?  
What do you will to your sweetheart, my dear one?"  
"A rake and a scaffold for her to be hung; fix my bed  
soon,  
I'm sick at my heart, I want to lie down."



4 - EDWARD

(Edward, Child, No. 13)

Taken from a manuscript song book compiled by Miss Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott county, Kentucky, 1922-23.



"How.... came this blood.. on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell to me."

"It is the blood of the old.... gray horse  
That ploughed that field for me, me, me,  
That ploughed that field for me."

"It does look too pale.. for that old gray horse  
That... ploughed that field.. for thee, thee, thee,  
That ploughed that field for thee."

1 "How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?  
O, dear love, tell to me."

Cont'd.



"It is the blood of the old, gray horse  
That ploughed that field for me."  
"It does look too pale for the old gray horse  
That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee,  
That ploughed that field for thee."

2 "How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?  
O, dear love, tell to me."  
"It is the blood of the old greyhound  
That traced that fox for me."  
"It does look too pale for the old greyhound  
That traced that fox for thee, thee, thee,  
That traced that fox for thee."

3 "How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?  
O, dear love, tell to me."  
"It is the blood of my brother-in-law,  
That went away with me, me, me,  
That went away with me."

4 "And it's what did you fall out about?  
O, dear love, tell to me."  
"About a little bit of bush  
That soon would have made a tree, tree, tree,  
That soon would have made a tree."

5 "And it's what will you do now, my love?  
O, dear love, tell to me."  
"I'll set my foot in yonder ship  
And I'll sail across the sea, sea, sea,  
And I'll sail across the sea."

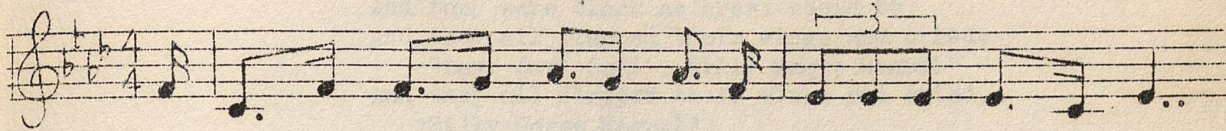
6 "And it's when will you come back, my love?  
O, dear love, tell to me."  
"When the sun slinks into yonder sycamore tree,  
And that will never be, be, be,  
And that will never be."



5 - THE CROW SONG

(The Three Ravens, Child, No. 26)

Communicated by Miss Iris M. McClure, Morgantown, Monongalia County,  
November, 1927. Obtained from her uncle, Mr. J. F. McClure.



There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!



There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!



There were three crows sat on a tree, and they were black as crows could be,



And they all flapped their wings and cried, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" Billy Ma-gee Ma-gar!



And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

NOTE: The words "caw, caw, caw," are to be spoken.

- 1 There were three crows sat on a tree,  
O Billy Magee Magar!  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
O Billy Magee Magar!



There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were black as crows could be,  
And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
    "Caw! Caw! Caw! Billy Magee Magar!"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
    "Billy Magee Magar!"

2 Said one old crow unto his mate,  
    "O Billy Magee Magar!"  
Said one old crow unto his mate,  
    "O Billy Magee Magar!"  
Said one old crow unto his mate,  
    "What shall we do for grub to ate?"  
And they flapped their wings and cried,  
    "Caw! Caw! Caw! Billy Magee Magar!"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
    "Billy Magee Magar!"



6 - THE TWO BROTHERS \*

(The Twa Brothers, Child, No. 49)

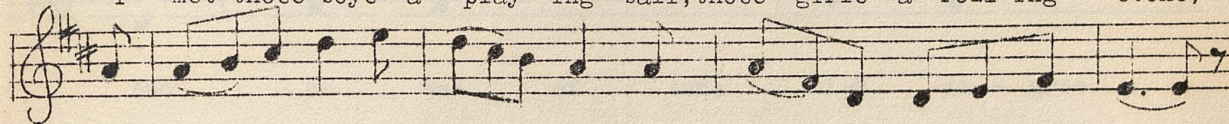
Communicated by Mr. John A. Moore, Wheeling, Ohio County, January, 1927.  
Obtained from Mrs. Flora A. Williams.



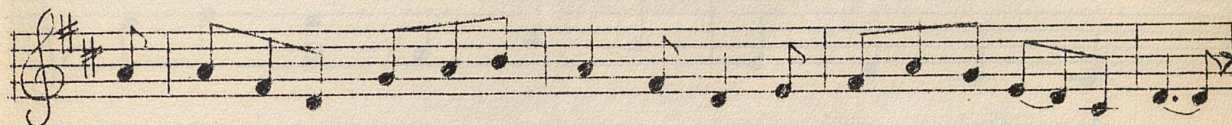
On Mon-day morn-ing a-go-ing to school, on Fri-day com-ing home,



I met those boys a-play-ing ball, those girls a-roll-ing stone;



They rassled up, they rassled down, and John-nie fell to the ground,



And out of his pock-et a weap-on flew, gave Johnnie a deadly.. wound.

On Monday morning going to school, on Friday coming home,  
I met those boys a-playing ball, those girls a-rolling stone;  
They rassled up, they rassled down, and Johnnie fell to the ground,  
And out of his pocket a weapon flew, gave Johnnie a deadly wound.

\* Text fragmentary



7A - A TURKISH LADY

(Young Beichan, Child, No. 53)

Taken from a manuscript song book compiled by Miss Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky, 1922-23.

The musical notation is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: There was a man he lived in Lon - don,
- Staff 2: And he was of some high de - gree,
- Staff 3: He be - came un - - eas - - y, dis - con - tent - ed,
- Staff 4: Some fair land, some land to see.

- 1 There was a man he lived in London,  
And he was of some high degree,  
He became uneasy, discontented,  
Some fair land, some land to see.
- 2 O he sailed East, O he sailed West,  
He sailed all over the Turkish shore,  
Till he was caught and put in prison,  
Never to be released any more.



- 3 The Turk he had but one lone daughter,  
And she was of some high degree,  
She stole the keys to her father's dwelling,  
Declared Lord Batesman she'd set free.
- 4 She took him down to the lowest cellar,  
She drew him a drink of the strongest wine,  
Every moment seemed an hour;  
"O Lord Batesman, if you were mine!"
- 5 "Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,  
Let's make a vow, let's make it stand;  
You vow you'll marry no other woman,  
I'll vow I'll marry no other man."
- 6 They made a vow, they made a promise,  
They made a vow, they made it stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman,  
She vowed she'd marry no other man.
- 7 Seven long years have rolled around,  
It seemed as though it were twenty-three;  
She packed up her gay gold and clothing,  
Declared Lord Batesman she'd go see.
- 8 Seven long years have rolled around,  
It seemed as though it were twenty-nine;  
She packed up her gay gold and clothing,  
Declared Lord Batesman she'd go find.
- 9 She went till she came to the gate, she tingled,  
It was so loud but she wouldn't come in;  
"Who's there, who's there?" cried a young porter,  
"Who's there, who's there, unto me tell?"
- 10 "O is this Lord Batesman's castle,  
And is his Lordship here within?"  
"O yes, this is Lord Batesman's castle,  
He's just now taken his young bride in."
- 11 Away, away went this young porter,  
Away, away and away went he,  
Until he came unto Lord Batesman,  
And down he fell upon his knee.



- 12 "What news, what news, my proud young porter,  
What news, what news have you brought me?"  
"O there is the fairest of all young ladies  
That ever my two eyes did see."
- 13 "O she's got rings on every finger,  
And on one of them she's got three,  
And more gay gold about her middle,  
Than would buy Northumberland for thee."
- 14 "She bids you remember a piece of bread,  
She bids you remember a glass of wine,  
She bids you remember a Turkish lady,  
Who freed you from cold iron bands."
- 15 Then Lord Batesman into a passion flew,  
He broke his sword into splinters three;  
"I'll give all my father's wealth and riches,  
If Sophia has crossed the sea."
- 16 Then up spoke his young bride's mother,  
She never'd been known to speak so free;  
"Don't you forget my only daughter,  
Although Sophia has crossed the sea."
- 17 "I own I've made a bride of your daughter,  
She's none the better or worse for me;  
She came to me on a horse and saddle,  
She shall go back in a carriage and three."
- 18 Then another marriage was prepared,  
With all their hearts so full of glee;  
"No more I'll range in foreign waters,  
Since Sophia has crossed the sea."



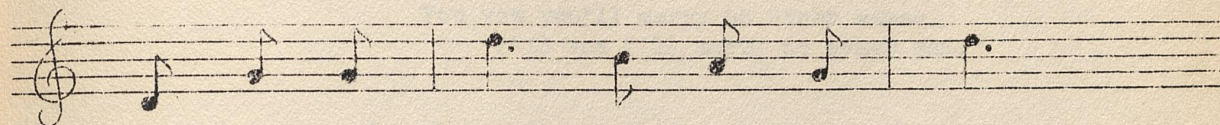
7B - TURKISH LADY

(Young Beichan, Child, No. 53)

Communicated by Miss Catharine E. Sutherland, Hindman, Knott County,  
Kentucky, December 20, 1925.



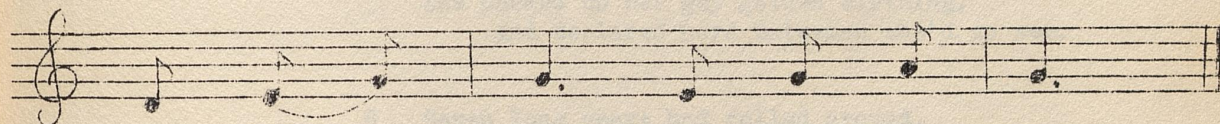
There was a man in Eng - land born,...



And he was of some high de - - gree;



He be - came un - - eas - - y, dis - con - tent - ed,



Some far..... land, some land to see.

- 1 There was a man in England born,  
And he was of some high degree;  
He became uneasy, discontented,  
Some far land, some land to see.
- 2 He sailed east and he sailed west,  
He sailed all over the Turkish shore,  
Till he was caught and put in prison,  
Never to be released any more.



- 3 The Turk he had one only daughter,  
And she was of some high degree;  
She stole the key to her father's castle,  
Declared Lord Batesman she'd set free.
- 4 She took him down to the lower cellar,  
She drew him a drink of the strongest wine;  
And every moment seemed an hour, -  
"O Lord Batesman, if you were mine!"
- 5 "Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,  
Let's make a vow, let's make it stand;  
You vow you'll marry no other woman,  
I'll vow I'll marry no other man."
- 6 They made a vow, they made a promise,  
They made a vow, they made it stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman,  
She vow'd she'd marry no other man.
- 7 Seven long years had rolled around,  
It seemed as though it were twenty-three;  
She packed up her gay golden clothing,  
And declared Lord Batesman she'd go see.
- 8 Seven long years had rolled around,  
It seemed as though it were twenty-nine;  
She packed up her gay golden clothing,  
Declared Lord Batesman she'd go find.
- 9 She went till she came to the gate, she tingled,  
It was so loud that she wouldn't come in;  
"Who's there? Who's there?" cried a proud young porter,  
"Who's there! Who's there? unto me tell."
- 10 "Oh, is this Lord Batesman's.....

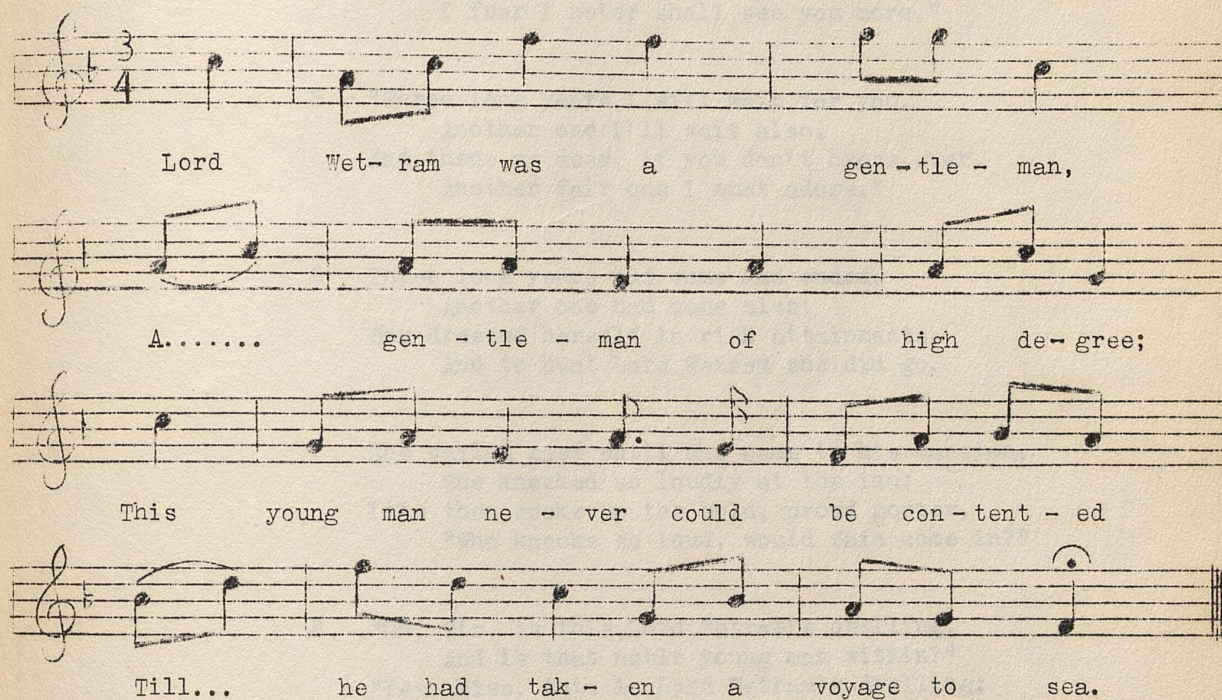
Note: The remainder of the ballad tells how Lord Batesman forsook his newly-wedded bride for the sake of the Turkish lady.



7C - LORD WETRAM

(Young Beichan, Child, No. 53)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County, June, 1924. Words and tune obtained from Miss Emma Hewitt. Music noted by Miss Sanders.



Lord Wet-ram was a gen-tle - man,  
 A..... gen - tle - man of high de-gree;  
 This young man ne - ver could be con-tent - ed  
 Till... he had tak - en a voyage to sea.

- 1 Lord Wetram was a gentleman,  
 A gentleman of high degree;  
 This young man never could be contented  
 Till he had taken a voyage to sea.
- 2 He sailed east and he sailed west,  
 He sailed till he came to the Turkish shore,  
 And there he was taken and put in prison,  
 Where he could see nor hear no more.

(Cont'd.)



7C Cont'd.

- 3 The jailor had a lovely daughter,  
A lovely daughter of high degree;  
She stole the keys from her father's prison,  
And said she'd set Lord Wetram free.
- 4 She led him through her father's garden,  
She led him down to the sea-beaten shore,  
Saying, "Fare thee well, young Susan Pious,  
I fear I ne'er shall see you more."
- 5 "Three long years I will wait for you,  
Another one I'll wait also,  
And then, my dear, if you don't cross over,  
Another fair one I must adore."
- 6 Three long years had come and ended,  
Another one had come also;  
She dressed herself in rich attainments,  
And to hunt Lord Wetram she did go.
- 7 She sailed east until she came to his mansion,  
She knocked so loudly at the inn;  
It's then spoke up the bold, proud porter,  
"Who knocks so loud, would fain come in?"
- 8 "Oh, Sir, is this Lord Wetram's dwelling,  
And is that noble young man within?"  
"Yes, Miss, this is Lord Wetram's dwelling;  
He's just brought home his darling queen."
- 9 She wrung her hands and she bitterly cried,  
"Oh, I wish I were back home again;  
I wish I had never come here,  
Or ventured over the raging main."
- 10 "Go ask him for three cuts of bread  
And a little bottle of his strongest wine,  
And ask him if he don't remember  
Who freed him from his iron chain."
- 11 It's up then went the bold, proud porter  
And on his bended knees he fell,  
Saying, "At your door stands the fairest lady  
That my two eyes beheld."

(Cont'd.)



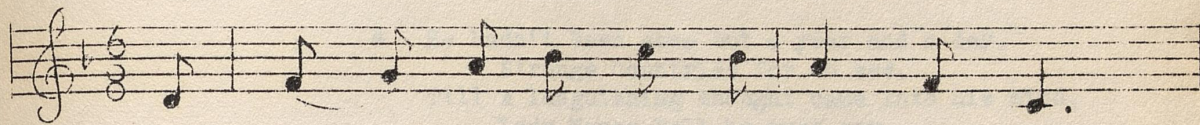
- 12 Up rose Lord Wetram from the table  
And to his wedding did say,  
"I've forfeited all my lands and living,  
Young Susan Pious has come for me."
- 13 It's up then spoke the young bride's father,  
And to Lord Wetram he began:  
"Would you for the sake of young Susan Pious  
Go and forsake your darling queen?"
- 14 "Tis true," said he, "I married your daughter  
And to maintain her I did agree;  
She came to me on her horse and saddle,  
She may go back with her coach and three."
- 15 He took her by the lily white hand  
And he led her over the marble stone,  
Saying, "Your name shall be changed from young Susan Pious  
And be called the bride of Lord Wetram."



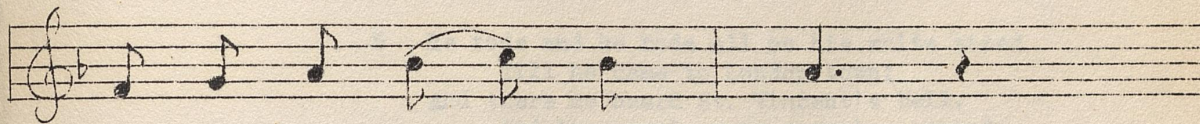
8A - LORD LOVELL

(Lord Lovel, Child, No. 75)

Communicated by Miss Lucile V. Hays, Gilmer County, November 22, 1916. Obtained from her mother, who learned it from her mother, and she, from her mother, Mrs. Zackwell Morgan, a woman of Welsh descent. Tune supplied by Miss Frances Sanders, who noted it from the singing of Miss Emma Hewitt, Morgantown, June, 1924.



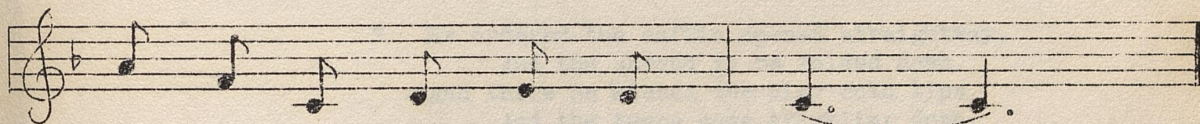
Lord Lov - - - ell stood at his cas - tle gate,



Comb - ing his milk - white steed;



La - dy Nan - - - cy Bell... came rid - ing by,



Wish - ing her lov - er good speed,.....



Wish - - ing her lov - er good speed,.....

- 1 Lord Lovell stood at his castle gate,  
Combing his milk-white steed;  
Lady Nancy Bell came riding by,  
Wishing her lover good speed,  
Wishing her lover good speed.

(Cont'd.)



- 2 "Where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,  
"Where are you going?" said she.  
"I am going, Lady Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries for to see,  
Strange countries for to see."
- 3 "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,  
"When will you be back?" said she.  
"I will be back in a year or two,  
I'll return to my Lady Nancy  
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."
- 4 He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
Till a languishing thought came into his mind,  
Lady Nancy Bell he must see,  
Lady Nancy Bell he must see.
- 5 He rode and he rode all on his white steed  
Till he came to London town;  
And there he heard St. Vincent's bell,  
And the people were mourning around,  
And the people were mourning around.
- 6 "Is any one dead?" Lord Lovell he said,  
"Is any one dead?" said he.  
"Our Lord's daughter is dead," the people all said,  
"And some call her Lady Nancy,  
And some call her Lady Nancy."
- 7 He ordered the coffin opened straightway,  
And the shroud to be folded down,  
And there he kissed the clay cold lips,  
And the tears came trickling down,  
And the tears came trickling down.
- 8 Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,  
Lord Lovell he died tomorrow;  
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure love  
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow,  
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.
- 9 Lady Nancy was buried in the high church yard,  
Lord Lovell was buried side by her;  
And out of one breast there grew a red rose,  
And out of the other's a briar,  
And out of the other's a briar.
- 10 They grew and they grew to the high church top,  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,  
For all true lovers to admire,  
For all true lovers to admire.



8B - LORD LOVELL

(Child, No.75)

Communicated by Professor A. O. Kern, Lynchburg, Virginia, June 24, 1926.  
Obtained from Mrs. Mary Hardaman, Blackstone, Virginia.

- 1 Lord Lovell he sat at his castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When out came the lovely Nancy Bell,  
A-bidding her lover good speed, speed, speed,  
A-bidding her lover good speed.
- 2 "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she cried,  
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.  
"I am going away, Lady Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries for to see, see, see,  
Strange countries for to see."
- 3 "Oh, how long will you be gone, Lord Lovell?" she cried,  
"Oh, how long will you be gone?" said she.  
"A year or two or three at the most,  
Then I'll return to my Lady Nancie, -cie, -cie,  
Then I'll return to my Lady Nancie."
- 4 Lord Lovell he mounted his milk-white steed,  
A year and a day rode he,  
Then a languishing thought came into his mind,  
To return to his Lady Nancie, -cie, -cie,  
To return to his Lady Nancie.
- 5 He rode and he rode his milk-white steed,  
Till he reached fair London Town,  
And there he heard St. Peter's bell,  
And the people all mourning around, round, round,  
And the people all mourning around.
- 6 "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovell he cried,  
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.  
"Lady Nancie is dead," the people replied,  
"Some call her the fair Nancie, -cie, -cie,  
Some call her the fair Nancie."
- 7 He ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
He threw the shroud around,  
And he kissed and he kissed her pale cold cheek,  
While the tears came trickling down, down, down,  
While the tears came trickling down.



8B Cont'd.

- 8 Lady Nancy she died on yesternight,  
Lord Lovell he died on the morrow,  
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure, grief,  
Lord Lovell of pure heart's sorrow, -row, -orrow,  
Lord Lovell of pure heart's sorrow.
- 9 Lady Nancy was buried in the old church-yard,  
Lord Lovell was buried in the choir,  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of his backbone a briar, -ri, -riar,  
And out of his backbone a briar.
- 10 They grew and they grew to the church steeple's top,  
Until they could grow no higher,  
And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,  
For all true lovers to admire, -mi, -mire,  
For all true lovers to admire.



8C - LORD LOVEL

(A Parody)

Communicated by Mr. T. J. Mairs, State College, Pennsylvania, October, 1925, who learned it in New Orleans.

- 1 Lord Lovel he sat in Charles Hotel,  
In Charles Hotel sat he;  
As fine a case of a Southern swell,  
As you ever would wish to see.  
He swore by black and he swore by blue,  
By black and by blue swore he,  
He never would surrender nor give up  
To a tarnished and black Yankee.
  
- 2 Sir Farragut sailed down the lake with a fleet,  
And down the lake sailed he;  
Lord Lovel he instantly began to retreat,  
Before the first boat he could see.  
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovel," Sir Farragut cried,  
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovel," cried he.  
"I rather think not, Sir," Lord Lovel replied,  
"For I am in a great hurree."



9 - SLACK YOUR ROPE

(The Maid Freed From the Gallows, Child, No. 95)

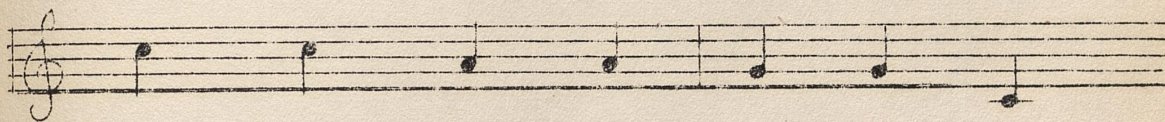
Communicated by Miss Elizabeth Aileen Hatfield, Logan, Logan County,  
January 18, 1928. Obtained from Miss Nell Caldwell. Music noted by Miss  
Hatfield.



"Hang - - man, hang - - man, slack your rope,



Slack it for a - - - while;



Slack it till my mo - - ther comes,



She's com - ing a ma - ny a mile."

- 1 "Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,  
Slack it for awhile;  
Slack it till my mother comes,  
She's coming a many a mile."

- 2 "O mother, O mother, did you bring me any gold,  
For to pay my fine?  
Or did you come to see me hung,  
Hung down the gallows line?"

(Cont'd.)



- 3 "O no, O no, I brought you no gold,  
For to pay your fine;  
I really come to see you hung,  
Hung down the gallows line."

Repeat the triad, substituting for  
the word mother the words father,  
brother, sister, and sweetheart.  
The last stanza is as follows:

- 4 "O yes, O yes, I brought you some gold,  
For to pay your fine;  
I did not come to see you hung,  
Hung down the gallows line."



10A - GYPSY DAVY

(The Gypsy Laddie, Child, No. 200)

Contributed by Mrs. Margaret Widdemer Schauffler, New York City,  
November 10, 1925. Obtained from Miss Lucia Sanderson, Cleveland,  
Ohio, who had it from an Englishwoman. Music noted by Miss Frances  
Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County.

Gyp - sy Da - - vy came o - - ver the hill,  
Down through the val - ley.... sha - dy.....  
He whis - tled and sang till the wild woods rang,  
And he won the heart of a la - dy.....  
REFRAIN:  
Ah dee doo, ah dee doo, doo day,  
Ah dee doo, doo doo, day dee.....  
He whis - tled and sang till the wild woods rang,  
And he won the heart of a la - dy.....

- 1 Gypsy Davy came over the hill,  
Down through the valley shady,  
He whistled and sang till the wild woods rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.



Refrain

Ah dee doo, ah dee doo, doo day,  
Ah dee doo, doo doo, day dee.  
He whistled and sang till the wild woods rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.

2 My lord returning home that night,  
Asking for his lady;  
The servants made him this reply,  
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy."

3 "O saddle to me my jet black steed,  
The brown is not so speedy,  
O saddle to me my jet black steed,  
Till I seek and find my lady."

4 He sought her up, he sought her down,  
Through woods and valleys shady;  
He sought her down by the muddy water side,  
And there he found his lady.

5 "What made you leave your home and lands,  
What made you leave your baby?  
What made you leave your own wedded lord  
To go with the Gypsy Davy?"

6 "I never loved you in my life,  
I never loved my baby,  
I never loved my own wedded lord,  
As I love the Gypsy Davy."



10B - THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES, O

(The Gypsy Laddie, Child, No. 200)

Contributed by Miss Dorothy Manassee, Hamlin, Lincoln County, August 5, 1925. Learned in New York City. Music noted by Mrs. Byron H. Hess, Huntington, Cabell County.



Last.. night three gyp - sies.. came to my door



And down the stairs ran my La - dy, O!



And one sang high and one.... sang low



And one sang "Bon - nie, Bon - nie Bis - ca, O!"

- 1 Last night three gypsies came to my door  
And down the stairs ran my Lady, O!  
And one sang high and one sang low  
And the other sang "Bonnie, Bonnie Bisca, O!"
- 2 Then she stripped off her silk-finished gown  
And put on hose of leather, O!  
And ragged ragged rags around the door,  
She's off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!



10B Cont'd.

- 3 It was late last night when my Lord came home  
Inquiring for his Lady, O!  
The servants said on every hand,  
"She's off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!"
- 4 "Unsaddle for me my milk-white steed  
And fetch to me my pony, O!  
That I may ride and fetch my bride,  
Who's off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!"
- 5 Then he rode high and he rode low,  
He rode through fields and copses, O!  
Until he came to a wide, open field  
And there he espied his Lady, O!
- 6 "What makes you leave your house and lands,  
What makes you leave your money, O?  
What makes you leave your new-wedded Lord  
To go with the raggle taggle gypsies, O?"
- 7 "What care I for my house and lands,  
What care I for my money, O?  
What care I for my new-wedded Lord?  
I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!"
- 8 "Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheets turned down so bravely, O!  
To-night you sleep in a wide, open field,  
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!"
- 9 "What care I for a goose-feathered bed,  
With the sheets turned down so bravely, O?  
To-night I sleep in a wide, open field,  
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!"



100 - THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES, O

(The Gypsy Laddie, Child, No. 200)

Taken from a manuscript song book, compiled by Miss Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky, 1922-23.

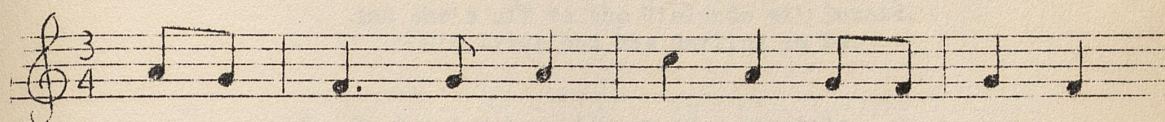
- 1    There were three gypsies a-come to my door,  
         And down stairs ran this lady, O!  
     The one sang high and the other sang low,  
         And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscay, O!
- 2    Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown  
         And put on hose of leather, O!  
     The ragged, ragged rags about the door,  
         She's gone with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!
- 3    It was late at night when my lord came home,  
         Inquiring for his a-lady, O!  
     The servants said on every hand,  
         "She's gone with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!"
- 4    "O saddle to me my milk-white steed,  
         Go and fetch me my pony, O!  
     That I may ride and seek my bride,  
         Who is gone with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!"
- 5    O he rode high and he rode low,  
         He rode through woods and copses, too,  
     Until he came to an open field,  
         And there he espied his a-lady, O!
- 6    "What makes you leave your home and land,  
         What makes you leave your money, O?  
     What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,  
         To go with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O?"
- 7    "What care I for my house and my land?  
         What care I for my money, O?  
     What care I for my new-wedded lord?  
         I'm off with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!"
- 8    "Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
         With the sheets turned down so bravely, O!  
     And to-night you'll sleep in a cold, open field,  
         Along with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!"
- 9    "What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
         With sheets turned down so bravely, O?  
     For to-night I shall sleep in a cold, open field,  
         Along with the wraggle, taggle gypsies, O!"



11 - LEEZIE LINDSAY

(Lizie Lindsay, Child, No. 226)

Communicated by Miss Iris McClure, Morgantown, Monongalia County,  
November, 1925. Obtained from her uncle, Mr. J. F. McClure.



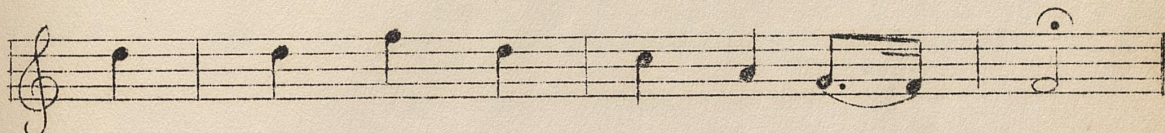
"Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say?"



Will ye gang to the Hie-lands wi' me?



Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say,



My wife and my dar-ling to..... be?"

1 "Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My wife and my darling to be?"

2 "To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be;  
For I ken na the land that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."



11 Cont'd.

3 Then up bespake Leezie's best woman,  
A bonnie young lassie was she:  
"Had I but a mark in my pocket,  
It's Donal that I wad gaun wi'."

4 She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
She has kilted them up to her knee,  
And she's aff to the Hielands wi' Donald,  
His bride and his darling to be.

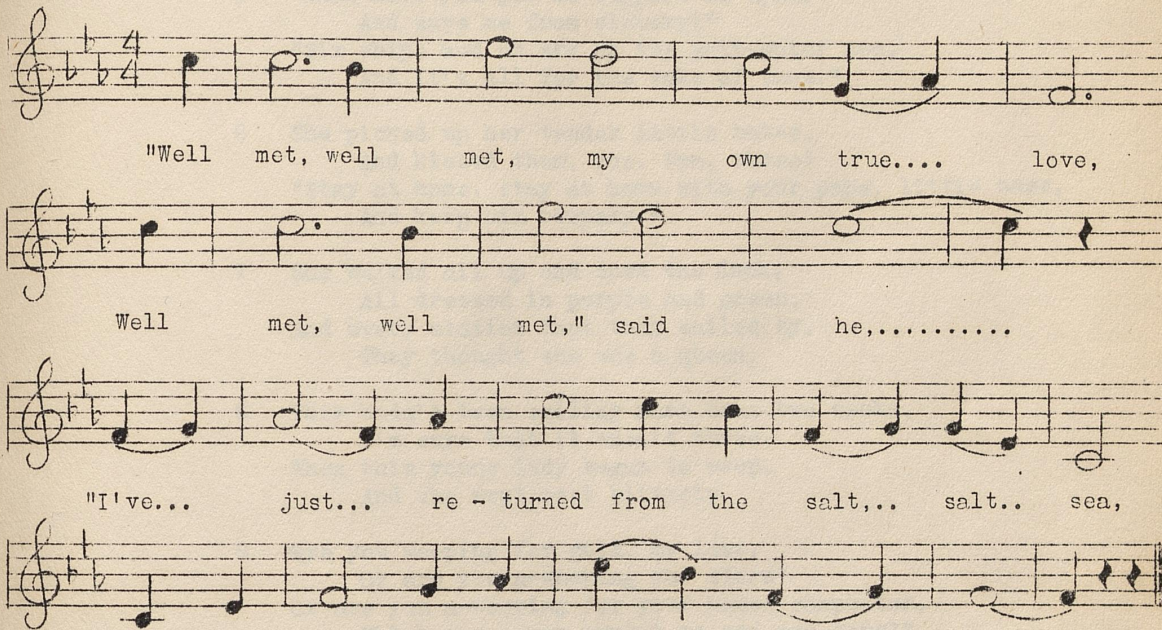
5 He has led her high up on a mountain,  
And bade her look out on the sea;  
"These isles are Lord Ronald McDonald's,  
And his bride and his darling are ye."



12A - THE HOUSE CARPENTER

(James Harris (The Daemon Lover), Child, No. 243)

Contributed by Mr. Aubrey F. Goff, Lenore, Mingo County, October 18, 1927. Obtained from Mr. Lawrence Johnson, who learned it from Troy Newsome, Dingess, Mingo County, about 1910. Tune noted by Mr. Goff.



The musical notation is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter, half, and dotted notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes and others under groups of notes.

"Well met, well met, my own true.... love,

Well met, well met," said he,.....

"I've... just... re - turned from the salt... salt.. sea,

And it's all for the love... of..... thee...."

- 1 "Well met, well met, my old true love,  
Well met, well met," said he,  
"For I've just returned from the salt, salt sea,  
And it's all for the sake of thee."
- 2 "I once could have married a king's daughter fair,  
I'm sure she'd have married me,  
But I forsaken that king's daughter fair,  
And it's all for the sake of thee."

(Cont'd.)



12A Cont'd.

- 3 "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,  
Much better 'twould have been for thee;  
For I am married to a house-carpenter,  
And a fine young man is he."
- 4 "If you'll forsaken your house-carpenter,  
Come, go along with me,  
I'll take you where the grass is ever green,  
On the banks of the old Tennessee."
- 5 "What have you got to support me upon,  
And save me from slavery?"  
"Six ships and an ark on the salt-water sea,  
And it's all for the sake of thee."
- 6 She picked up her tender little babes,  
And kissed them, one, two, three:  
"Stay at home, stay at home with your papa, little ones,  
And keep him company."
- 7 She walked all up and down the deck,  
All dressed in purple and green,  
And every station that they sailed by,  
They thought she was a queen.
- 8 They hadn't been sailing more than two weeks,  
I'm sure that it wasn't three,  
When this young lady began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
- 9 "Are you weeping for gold, my love,  
Or are you a-weeping for store?  
Or are you a-weeping for your house-carpenter,  
Which you never expect to see any more?"
- 10 "I'm not a-weeping for gold," she said,  
"And I'm not a-weeping for store,  
But I'm a-weeping for my tender little babes,  
Which I never expect to see any more."
- 11 "What hills, what hills are those my love,  
That look so bright and green?"  
"Those are the hills of heaven, my love,  
Which you and I will never see."
- 12 "What hills, what hills are those, my love,  
That look so rough and steep?"  
"Those are the hills of hell, my love,  
Where you and I must meet."

(Cont'd.)



12A Cont'd.

13 They hadn't been sailing more than three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
When there sprang a leak in the bottom of the ship,  
And she sank to rise no more.



12B - THE HOUSE CARPENTER

(James Harris (The Daemon Lover), Child, No. 243)

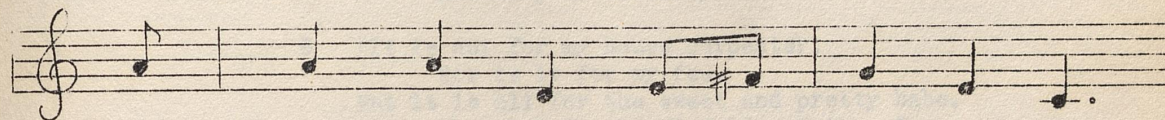
Communicated by Mr. John A. Moore, Wheeling, Ohio County, January, 1927.  
Obtained from Mrs. Flora A. Williams, who learned it from her mother,  
who came from Columbia County, Pennsylvania.



"Well met, well... met, my pret-ty fair maid,



Well met, well.... met," said he,



"I've just come ov - - er the sea, salt sea,



And it's all for the love of thee."

- 1 "Well met, well met, my pretty fair maid,  
Well met, well met," said he,  
"I've just come over the sea, salt sea,  
And it's all for the love of thee."

- 2 "I can not go away with thee,  
I can not go," said she,  
"For I am married to a house carpenter,  
And a handsome man is he."

(Cont'd.)



- 3 "If you will leave your house carpenter,  
And come along with me,  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the Sweet Libertie."
- 4 She took her babe upon her knee,  
And gave it kisses three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, my sweet and pretty babe,  
Keep your father's company."
- 5 She dressed herself in purple and green,  
Most beautiful to behold,  
And as she walked along the street,  
She shone like glittering gold.
- 6 They had not sailed for about two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
When she began for to weep, for to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
- 7 "Oh, is it for your house carpenter,  
Or is it for your fee,  
That you've began for to weep, for to weep,  
And weep so bitterly?"
- 8 "It is not for my house carpenter,  
Nor is it for my fee,  
But it is all for the sweet and pretty babe,  
That I left when I followed thee."
- 9 They had not sailed for about three months,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
When under the deck the ship sprung a leak,  
And her weeping was heard no more.
- 10 Now here's a curse to all sailor men,  
As long as they have life,  
For the robbing of the house carpenter,  
And the coaxing away of his wife.



120 - THE HOUSE CARPENTER'S WIFE

(James Harris (The Daemon Lover), Child, No. 243)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County, June, 1924. Obtained from Misses Emma and Effie Hewitt, who learned it from their mother. Music noted by Miss Sanders.

She took her babe up -- on..... her knee,

And gave it kiss -- es three,

Say - ing, "Stay at home, you sweet lit-tle babe,

For your fa -- ther's com -- - pa -- - ny."

- 1 She took her babe upon her knee,  
And gave it kisses three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, you sweet little babe,  
For your father's company."

- 2 She dressed herself in rich attire,  
Most beautiful to behold,  
And as she walked the streets along,  
She shone like the glittering gold.

(Cont'd.)



12C Cont'd.

- 3 She had not been on board two days,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Till this fair lady was seen to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
- 4 "Oh is it for my gold that you weep,  
Or is it for my store?  
Or is it for the house carpenter,  
That you left on the other shore?"
- 5 "It's neither for your gold that I weep,  
Nor is it for your store,  
But it's all for my darling sweet little babe,  
That I left on the other shore."
- 6 They had not been on board three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
Till under the deck there sprung a leak  
And it sank for to rise no more.



12D - THE HOUSE CARPENTER

(James Harris (The Daemon Lover) Child, No. 243)

Communicated by Miss Margaret Nestor, Oceana, Wyoming County, 1926.  
Collected by Miss Agnes Poe.

- 1 "I could a married a railroader,  
Quite sure he would a married me,  
But I married a house carpenter,  
And a fine little man was he."
- 2 "Would you forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
And I will take you where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the Sweet Willie."
- 3 He dressed her in the finest of silk,  
And diamonds he gave her one,  
And as she passed through the town,  
She shined like the glittering sun.
- 4 She had not been sailing more than three weeks,  
Quite sure it was not four,  
Till the lady began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
- 5 "Oh, is it for my gold you weep,  
Or is it for my store?  
Or is it for your house carpenter,  
That you never shall see any more?"
- 6 "It is not for your gold I weep,  
And neither is it for your store,  
But it is for those dear little babes,  
That I never shall see any more."
- 7 "What hills, what hills, my own true love,  
That seem so dim and high?  
But oh, my old true love,  
There is where all saints go when they die."
- 8 "Oh, you false-hearted man,  
Oh, you have treated me mean:  
On the banks of the Sweet Willie,  
You promised to take me where the grass grows green."
- 9 They had not been sailing more than three weeks,  
I am sure it was not four,  
Then came a leak in the bottom of the ship,  
And she sank to rise no more.



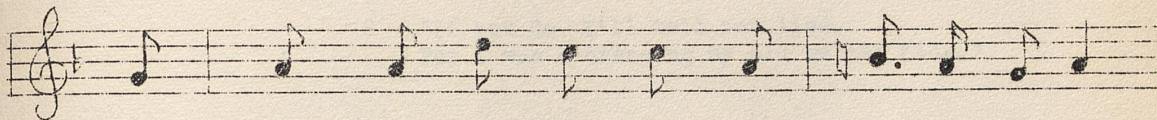
13A - THE WIFE WRAPPED IN WETHER'S SKIN

(Child, No. 277)

Taken from a manuscript song book compiled by Miss Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky, 1922-23.



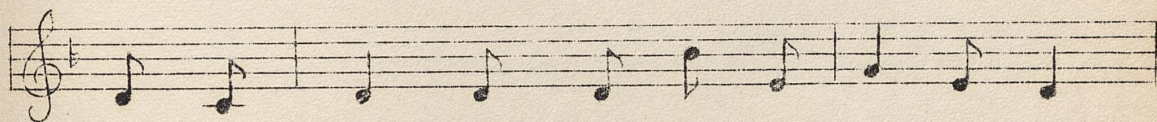
I mar - ried me a wife, I got her home,



For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my Ros - a - ma - rie,



But I oft - en - times wished I'd let her a - lone,



As the dew lies ov - er the green val - ley.

- 1 I married me a wife, I got her home,  
For gentle, for Jenny, my Rosamarie  
But I oftentimes wished I'd let her alone,  
As the dew lies over the green valley.
- 2 When I come in it's from my plough,  
"O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?"
- 3 "There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,  
If you want any more you can bake it yourself."

(Cont'd.)



13A Cont'd.

- 4 I gets me a knife and I went to the barn,  
And I cut me a hickory as long as my arm.
- 5 Then I went out to my sheep pen,  
And soon had off an old wether's skin.
- 6 I placed it on my old wife's back,  
And made my hickory go whickety-whack.
- 7 "I'll tell my father and all my kin,  
That you have hit me with a hickory limb."
- 8 "If you do, I'll tell you lied,  
For I was a-dressing my old wether hide."
- 9 Then I come in it's from the plough,  
"O now, kind wife, is my dinner ready now?"
- 10 She flew around, the board was spread,  
And every word it was "Yes, sir! No, sir!"



13B - THE WIFE WRAPPED IN WETHER'S SKIN

(Child, No. 277)

Communicated by Mr. Wendell S. Reynolds, Huntington, Cabell County,  
October 14, 1926. Obtained from Mr. C. N. Rogers.

- 1 A little old man he lived out West,  
Dandoo  
A little old man he lived out West,  
Cam bo jingle  
A little old man he lived out West,  
And when he plowed he plowed his best.  
Come a ham bam berry winkeye doodle and jerryere  
Wink and a clip and a clap and a clingle
- 2 The little old man he came in from plow  
And say, "Old woman, is dinner ready now?"
- 3 "There's meat and bread upon the shelf,  
If you want any more you can get it yourself."
- 4 The little old man swore he'd run away,  
He ran fourteen miles in fourteen days.
- 5 O sonny, you'd better take my advice  
And marry a woman that has no lice.



130 - DANDOO

(The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin, Child, No.277)

Contributed by Logan Esary, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana,  
1917.

- 1    There was an old man lived out in the West,  
     Fan doodledy damn, fan doodledy damn  
     Land o' klishomo klingo, land o' klishomo klingo  
     And he had an old frow that was none of the best,  
     Sing lorum florum, lorum florum  
     Land o' klishomo klingo.
- 2    This good old man came in from his plow,  
     And he said, "Old frow, is dinner ready now?"
- 3    "There's a piece of cold meat a-layin' on the shelf,  
     If you want any more, get it yourself."
- 4    This good old man jumped in a sheep fold,  
     And grabbed a damned old ram by the wool.
- 5    He hung that old ram up on an oak pin,  
     And then he jerked off his damned old skin.
- 6    He threw the skin on the old woman's back,  
     And made the hickories go whickity whack.



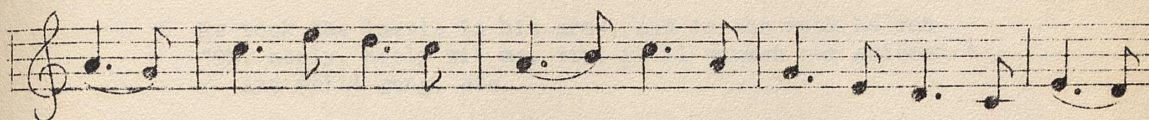
14 - THE JOLLY BEGGAR

(Child, No. 279)

Contributed by Professor James Main Dixon of the University of Southern California, July, 1929.



There was a jol-ly beg-gar, and a beg-ging he was bound,...



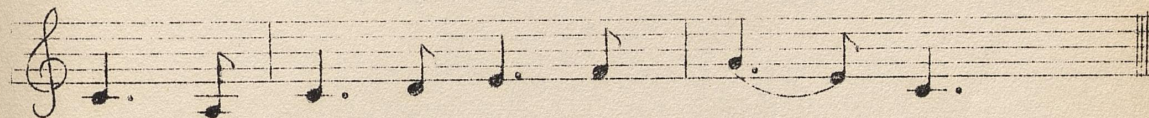
And.. he took up his quar - ters in - to a landwart town,



And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, sae late in-to the night,



And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, let the moon shine e'er sae bright,



And we'll gang nae mair a rov - - - ing.

- 1 There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,  
And he took up his quarters into a landwart town.  
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, sae late into the night,  
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, let the moon shine e'er sae bright,  
And we'll gang nae mair a roving.
- 2 He wad ne'er lie into the barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
But in ahint the ha' door or else beyont the fire.  
And we'll gang, etc.

(Cont'd.)



14 Cont'd.

3 The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' guid clean straw and hay,  
Just in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.  
And we'll gang, etc.

4 Up raise the guidman's dochter, and a' to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar man, was standing on the floor.  
And we'll gang, etc.

5 He took the lassie in his arms, and to the neuk he ran,  
"Oh, hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll wauken our guidman."  
And we'll gang, etc.

6 He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill,  
And we'll gang, etc.

7 And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',  
And he stood the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.  
And we'll gang, etc.

146010



15A - THE GOLDEN VANITY

(The Sweet Trinity, Child, No. 286)

Communicated by Miss Catherine E. Sutherland, Hindman, Knott County,  
Kentucky, December 20, 1925.

There was a lit-tle ship in the South A-mer - i - kee,  
That.... went by the name of The Weep-ing Wil-low Tree,  
As she sailed up - on the low and the lone - - some.. low,  
As she sailed up - on the lone - some... sea.

- 1 There was a little ship in the South Amerikee,  
That went by the name of The Weeping Willow Tree,  
As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 2 There was another ship in the North Amerikee,  
She went by the name of The Golden Silverree,  
As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

(Cont'd.)



- 3 "Oh Captain, oh Captain, what'll you give me,  
If I sink the ship of The Weeping Willow Tree?"
- 4 "I'll give you gold and I'll give to you fee,  
I'll give you my daughter and married you shall be."
- 5 He turned upon his back and away swam he,  
Till he came to the boat of The Weeping Willow Tree,
- \*\*\*\*\*       \*\*\*\*\*
- 6 Some had hats, some had caps,  
And they put them in to stop the water gaps.
- 7 He turned upon his back and away swam he,  
Till he came to the ship of The Golden Silverree.
- 8 "Oh Captain, oh Captain, pray take me on board,  
For I have been just as good as my word."
- 9 "I know that you've been just as good as your word,  
But never more will I take you on board."
- 10 "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your girl,  
I'd do unto you as I did unto them."
- 11 He turned upon his back and down went he,  
Down, down, down to the bottom of the sea.

Note: The part of the song left out between stanzas five and six tells how he bored holes in the bottom of the ship.



15B - THE MARY GOLDEN LEE

(The Sweet Trinity, Child, No. 286)

Taken from a manuscript song book compiled by Miss Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky, 1922-23.

- 1    There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,  
     And she went by the name of the Mary Golden Lee,  
         As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,  
         As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 2    There was another ship and she sailed upon the sea,  
     And she went by the name of the Turkish Robbery,  
         As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
         As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 3    There was a little sailor unto the captain said:  
     "O captain, O captain, what will you give to me,  
         If I'll sink them in the low and the lonesome low,  
         If I'll sink them on the lonesome sea?"
- 4    "Two hundred dollars I'll give unto thee,  
     And my oldest daughter I'll wed unto thee,  
         If you'll sink them in the low and the lonesome low,  
         If you'll sink them in the lonesome sea."
- 5    He bowed upon his breast and away swam he,  
     Till he came to the ship of the Turkish Robbery,  
         As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
         As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 6    Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,  
     And he bored nine holes for to let the water through,  
         As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
         As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 7    Some had hats and some had caps,  
     And they tried to stop them awful water gaps,  
         For they were sinking in the low and the lonesome low,  
         For they were sinking in the lonesome sea.
- 8    He bowed upon his breast and back swam he,  
     Till he came to the ship of The Mary Golden Lee,  
         As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,  
         As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

(Cont'd.)



15B Cont'd.

- 9 "O captain, O captain, won't you take me on board?  
O captain, O captain, won't you be good as your word?  
For I've sunk them in the low and the lonesome low,  
For I've sunk them in the lonesome sea."
- 10 "O no, I will neither take you on board,  
O no, I will neither be good as my word,  
For I'm sailing in the low and the lonesome low,  
For I'm sailing in the lonesome sea."
- 11 "If it wasn't for my love for your daughter and your men,  
I would do unto you as I did unto them,  
I would sink you in the low and the lonesome low,  
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."
- 12 He turned upon his back and down sank he,  
"Farewell, farewell to the Mary Golden Lee,  
For I'm sinking in the low and the lonesome low,  
For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea."



15C - THE GREEN WILLOW TREE

(The Golden Vanity, Child, No. 286)

Communicated by Mr. Carter R. Bishop, Man, Logan County, December, 1927.  
Obtained from George Martin and Ray Watts, who heard it sung by Mr.  
George Burgess, an old resident of Logan County.

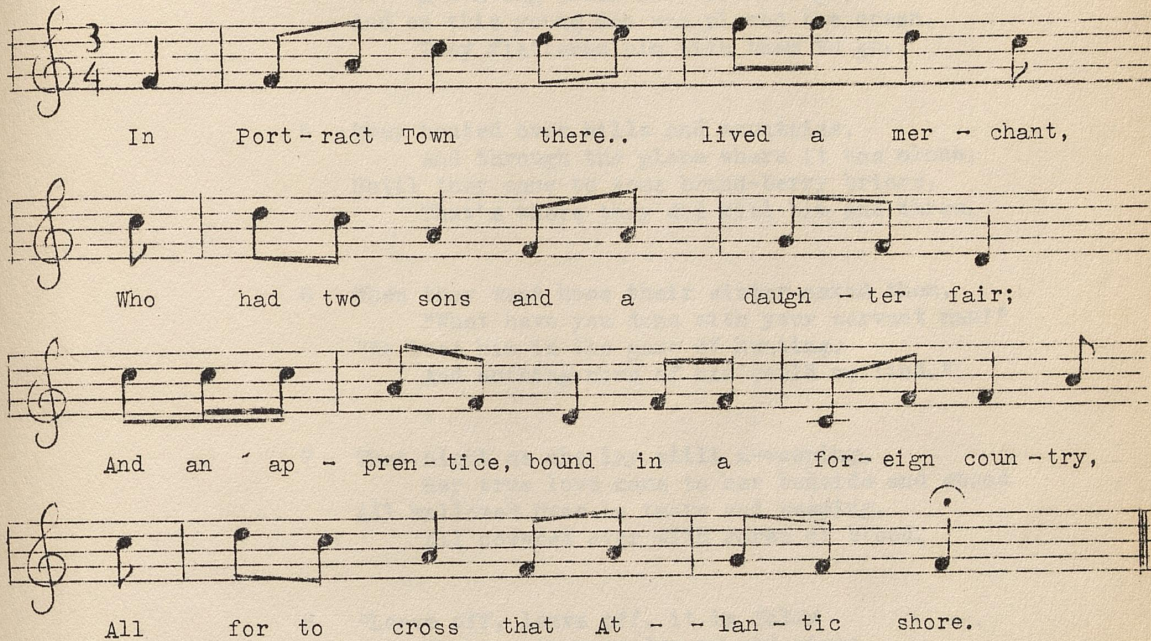
- 1    There was a ship in the North Atlantic,  
      Crying, "Oh, it's lonesome in the Lowlands low."  
      There was a ship in the North Atlantic,  
      That went by the name of the Green Willow Tree,  
      Crying, "It's lonesome in the Lowlands low."
- 2    It had not sailed more than three weeks  
      Until it was overtaken by the Turkish Sweveltrees.
- 3    Up steps the captain, saying, "What shall we do?  
      We shall be destroyed by the Turkish Sweveltrees."
- 4    Then up steps the captain's boy, saying, "What will you give me  
      If I destroy the Turkish Sweveltrees?"
- 5    "Oh, I'll give you gold or I'll give you fee,  
      And perhaps my oldest daughter your true love will be."
- 6    He fell upon his breast and away swam he,  
      Till he came to the Turkish Sweveltrees.
- 7    He had a purpose tool that was fitted for the use,  
      He bored a hole and away ran the sleuth. (sluice?)
- 8    Oh, some were playing cards and some were playing check (chess).  
      The first thing they knew they were in water to their neck.
- 9    Oh, he fell upon his breast and away swam he,  
      Till he came to the Green Willow Tree.
- 10   "Oh, captain, oh, captain, oh, take me on board,  
      And show me that you'll be as good as your word."
- 11   "Oh, no sir, oh, no sir, I'll not take you on board,  
      And I'll not be as good as my word."
- 12   He fell upon his breast and down sank he,  
      He sank till he came down by the Sweveltrees.



16 - THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

(The Bramble Briar)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County, June, 24, 1924. Also, under title of "The Squire's Daughter", stanzas 11, 14, and 15, obtained from Miss Emma Hewitt. Music noted by Miss Sanders.



In Port-ract Town there.. lived a mer - chant,  
Who had two sons and a daugh - ter fair;  
And an ap - pren - tice, bound in a for - eign coun - try,  
All for to cross that At - - lan - tic shore.

- 1 In Portract Town there lived a merchant,  
Who had two sons and a daughter fair;  
And an apprentice, bound in a foreign country,  
All for to cross that Atlantic shore.
- 2 Ten thousand pounds was the fair maid's portion,  
She was a meek and comely dame;  
And on this young man who plowed the ocean,  
She had a mind to bestow the same.

(Cont'd.)



- 3 One night as they sat still a-courting,  
Her brothers drewed for to overhear,  
Saying, "We'll put an end to all their courtship,  
And part her from her dearest friend."
- 4 Now to begin this cruel murder,  
A-hunting these two villains go;  
And on this young man who plowed the ocean,  
They flattered him with them to go.
- 5 They hunted over hills and mountains,  
And through the place where it was alone,  
Until they came to some brand-berry briars,  
That's where they did kill him and threw.
- 6 When they went home their sister asked them,  
"What have you done with your servant man?"  
"We lost him in the game of hunting,  
And nothing more of him could we find."
- 7 That night as she lay still a-weeping,  
Her true love came to her bedside and stood  
All wallowed over in tears and weeping,  
All covered over with gores of blood.
- 8 "Leave off, leave off, it is folly  
For you to weep for me and pine;  
Your brothers were so hard hearted  
They've killed me, in such a place you may me find."
- 9 'Twas early, early the next morning  
That she arose at the break of day;  
She dressed herself in her rich attirement,  
And to hunt for her true love she went straightway.
- 10 She hunted over high hills and mountains,  
And through the place that it was alone,  
Until she came to those brand-berry briars,  
That's where they had him killed and thrown.

(Cont'd.)



- 11 His red cheeks had lost their color,  
His ruby lips were salt as brine;  
She kissed them over and ten times over,  
Saying, "This dear bosom friend of mine."
- 12 She laid herself down by the side of him,  
Her tender heart filled with grief and woe,  
Until she left sharp hunger creeping,  
Which forced her back home to go.
- 13 When she went home her brothers asked her,  
"What makes you look so pale and thin?"  
"Oh, you cruel and hard hearted villains,  
For this alone you both shall swing."
- 14 Now to escape this cruel murder  
A-sailing these two villains go;  
And hark, my friend, until to-morrow,  
How the raging wind did blow!
- 15 The wind did blow, it was no wonder,  
It sank the ship into the deep,  
And one wide wave that washed them under,  
The raging sea proved to be their grave.



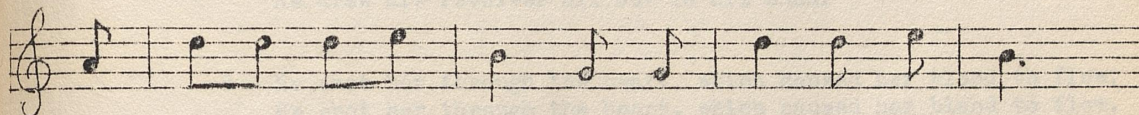
17A - PRETTY POLLY

(Polly's Love or The Cruel Ship Carpenter)

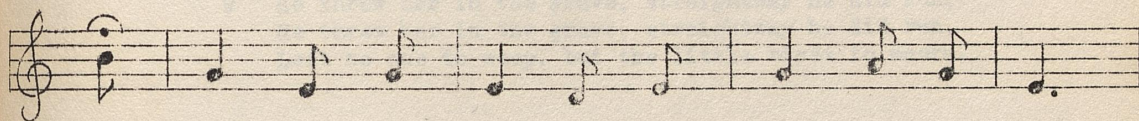
Communicated by Miss Catherine E. Sutherland, Hindman, Knott County,  
Kentucky, December 20, 1925.



O Pol-ly, Pret-ty Pol - ly, oh yon - der she stands,



O Pol - ly, Pret - ty Pol - ly, oh yon - der she stands,



Gold rings on her fin-gers, her lil - y white hands.

1 O Polly, Pretty Polly, oh yonder she stands,  
O Polly, Pretty Polly, oh yonder she stands,  
Gold rings on her fingers, her lily white hands.

2 "O Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me,  
O Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me,  
Before we get married some pleasure to see."

3 "O William, Sweet William, O William," said she,  
"O William, Sweet William, O William," said she,  
"I fear your intentions are for to murder me."

(Cont'd.)



- 4 "O Polly, O Polly, you've guessed about right,  
O Polly, O Polly, you've guessed about right,  
I was digging your grave the best part of last night."
- 5 They went a little farther and she began to shy,  
They went a little farther and she began to shy,  
She saw her grave dug and a spade sitting by.
- 6 She threw her arms around him, saying, "I'm in no fear;"  
She threw her arms around him, saying, "I'm in no fear;  
How can you kill a poor girl that loves you so dear."
- 7 "O Polly, O Polly, we've no time to stand,  
O Polly, O Polly, we've no time to stand,"  
He drew his revolver all out in his hand.
- 8 He shot her through the heart, which caused her blood to flow,  
He shot her through the heart, which caused her blood to flow,  
And into her grave her body he did throw.
- 9 He threw her in the grave, straightway he did run,  
He threw her in the grave, straightway he did run,  
Left no one to weep, but the little birds to mourn.
- 10 The ship was setting ready all on the sea side,  
The ship was setting ready all on the sea side,  
He swore by his Maker he'd sail the other side.
- 11 All on whilst he was sailing the ship she sprung a leak,  
All on whilst he was sailing the ship she sprung a leak,  
All away to the bottom Sweet William did sink.
- 12 There he met with Pretty Polly, all in the gores of blood,  
There he met with Pretty Polly, all in the gores of blood,  
In her lily white arms an infant of mine.
- 13 Such screaming and hollering it all passed away,  
Such screaming and hollering it all passed away,  
A debt to the devil he sure had to pay.



17B - PRETTY POLLY

(Polly's Love or The Cruel Ship Carpenter)

Contributed by Mr. J. M. Jarrell, Kichsville, Wayne County, September 29, 1926, who writes: "This song was composed about Polly Aldridge, who was a native of West Virginia. She was killed during the childhood days of my father, or possibly a few years before his birth. He is now seventy-six years old and sang this song during his early boyhood days. She was murdered by William Chapman, who at first tried to swear the crime off on the girl's brother, George Aldridge, but his efforts were futile and he was tried in what is now Martin County, Kentucky, and put to death. He confessed, after he was convicted, of taking the girl from West Virginia to a little creek called Buck Creek, near Warfield, Kentucky, and killing her, then splitting her abdomen open, filling her full of rocks, and putting her in Sug River. She was trailed by strings she tore off of her dress and threw along the path she was forced to go."

- 1 One morning, one morning, one morning in May,  
As the wind blew northeast from the sea,  
The hillside was covered with pretty girls all round,  
Up steps a young man taking one by the hand,  
Saying, "Polly, O Polly, O Polly," says he,  
"I have come for to grieve and for you to marry me."
- 2 "Willie, O Willie, O Willie," says she,  
"I'm too little, too young to be married to thee."  
He took her by the hand saying, "There is one more plan."  
He led her over valleys and mountains so high  
He led her a little farther and she began to spy  
A newly dug grave and the spade standing by.
- 3 She threw her arms around him and she began to cry,  
Saying, "Willie, O Willie, O Willie," says she,  
"How could you kill this poor girl who loves you so well as I?"  
He pulled out her breast as white as any snow;  
The tears from her eyes like the fountain did flow;  
He pulled out his knife and the blood began to flow.
- 4 To the bottom of the grave her poor body did go:  
"There's as handsome a little woman as ever the sun shone on."  
The ocean, the ocean, the ocean is wide:  
He swore by his maker he'd sail the other side.  
He had not been traveling but three weeks or more,  
Willie was arrested and to the gallows did go.



17C - COME, POLLY, PRETTY POLLY \*

(Polly's Love or The Cruel Ship Carpenter)

Communicated by Miss Margaret Lynn, Los Angeles, California, January, 1928. Obtained from Miss Blanche E. Sisson. Music noted by Miss Lynn.



Come, Pol - ly, pret - ty Pol - ly, come go with me,



Come, Pol - ly, pret - ty Pol - ly, come go with me,



Come, Pol - ly, pret - ty Pol - ly, come go with me,



Be - - fore we're mar - ried some pleas - ure to see.

- 1 Come, Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Come, Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Come, Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Before we are married some pleasure to see.

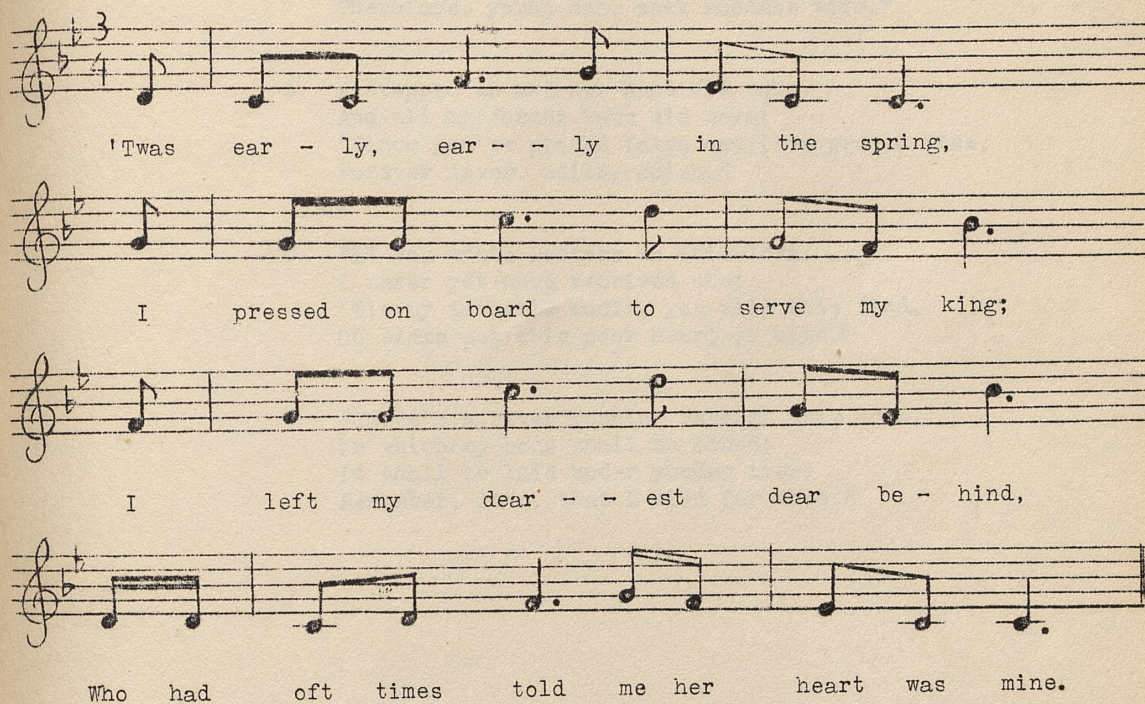
\* Text fragmentary.



18 - 'Twas EARLY IN THE SPRING

(Early in the Spring)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County, June, 1914. Obtained from Miss Belle Fortney. Music noted by Miss Sanders.



'Twas ear - ly, ear - - ly in the spring,

I pressed on board to serve my king;

I left my dear' - - est dear be - hind,

Who had oft times told me her heart was mine.

1 'Twas early, early in the spring,  
I pressed aboard to serve my king;  
I left my dearest dear behind,  
Who had oft times told me her heart was mine.

2 As I went sailing on the sea,  
I wrote every opportunity;  
I wrote letters to my dear,  
But not one word could I ever hear.

(Cont'd.)



- 3 At length I came to her father's hall  
And for my dearest dear did call;  
"She's married, sir, she's suited for life,  
She's married, sir, she's a rich man's wife."
- 4 "Oh what is this that I do hear?"  
"She's married, sir, it doth appear,  
She's married, sir, she's suited for life,  
Therefore, young man, seek another wife."
- 5 I stepped up and her hand did take,  
And all my former vows did make;  
"Since you've proved false and I've proved true,  
Forever never, adieu, adieu."
- 6 "If you wrote letters to this town,  
I never yet have received one;  
'Tis my father's fault, you will this find,  
Oh blame not this poor heart of mine."
- 7 "There's a river running through this town,  
In which my body shall be found;  
It shall be laid under yonder tree,  
Remember, love, that I died for thee."



19 - FAIR CAROLINE

(Caroline of Edinburgh Town)

Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County,  
June, 1924. Music noted by her.



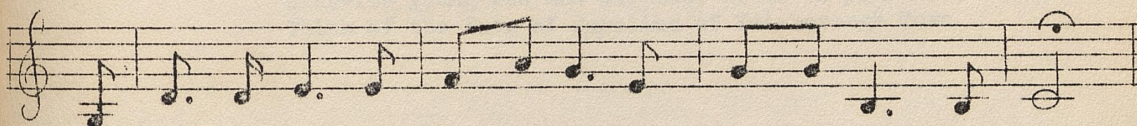
Come all young men and maid - ens and list-en to my rhyme,



'Tis of a fair young la-dy, who was scarcely in her prime;



She beat the blush-ing ros - es, ad - mired by all a - round,



She was the love-ly Car - o - line of E - din - bor - ough Town.

- 1 Come all young men and maidens and listen to my rhyme,  
'Tis of a fair young lady, who was scarcely in her prime;  
She beat the blushing roses, admired by all around,  
She was the lovely Caroline of Edinborough Town.
- 2 Young William was a Highland man, a-courting to her came,  
Which, when her father came to know, he did not like the same.  
Young William got offended, and unto her did say,  
"Rise up, my fairest Caroline, and with me run away."

(Cont'd.)



- 3 "We will go to London and there will wed with speed,  
And then young lovely Caroline shall have happiness indeed."  
Enticed by young William she put on her wedding gown,  
And away went young Caroline of Edinburgh Town.
- 4 They had not been in London a fortnight and a year,  
Till hard hearted William he proved too severe;  
Said William, "I will go to say your friends did on me frown,  
Go beg your way without delay to Edinburgh Town."
- 5 Many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair,  
Her cheeks once like the roses, were like the lily fair;  
Some strangers they would pity her and some would on her frown,  
And some would say, "What made you stray from Edinburgh Town?"
- 6 Along the briny ocean this maid set down to cry,  
Watching of the gallant ships as they went passing by;  
She gave three shrieks for William, and threw her body down,  
And away floated Caroline of Edinburgh Town.
- 7 Come all ye tender parents, ne'er try to part true love,  
For if you do, in some degree, their ruin you will prove;  
Likewise young men and maidens, ne'er on your lover frown,  
Think of the fate of Caroline of Edinburgh Town.



20 - THE FARMER AND HIS BRIDE

(Dog and Gun)

Contributed by Miss Bonnie E. Scholes, Glendale, California, July, 1927.  
Brought from England in 1849 by William Scholes and sung to the children  
of Samuel Scholes by their father. Music noted by Miss Alice Drobish.



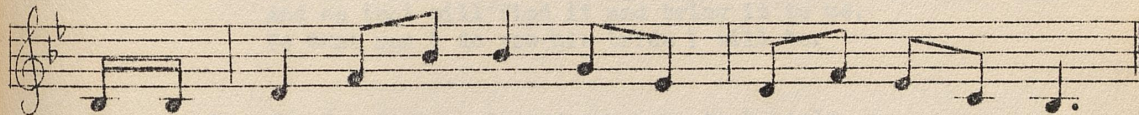
'Twas of a rich squire in Ply-mouth did dwell,



He court-ed a no-ble-man's hand-som-est girl,



And for... to be mar-ried it all was a-greed,



And they were to be wed on the fol-low-ing Sun-dee.

- 1 'Twas of a rich squire in Plymouth did dwell,  
He courted a nobleman's handsomest girl,  
And for to be married it was all agreed,  
And they were to wed on the following Sundee.
- 2 The time being appointed for their wedding day,  
A young farmer was chosen for to give the bride away;  
But when the young farmer the lady did espy,  
Her head was inflamed, oh my heart, how she cried.

(Cont'd.)



- 3 She turned from the squire but nothing she said,  
And instead of being married she took to her bed,  
And the thoughts of the farmer so ran in her mind,  
That a way for to win him she quickly did find.
- 4 Coat, waistcoat, and breeches the lady put on,  
And she went a-hunting with her dog and gun;  
She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,  
For, oh, in her heart, she did love him so well.
- 5 She oftentimes fired but nothing she killed,  
Till at last the young farmer came into the field;  
"I thought you had been present at the wedding," she cried,  
"For to wait upon the squire and give him his bride."
- 6 "Oh, no, my honored sir, if the truth I must tell,  
I'd not give her away, I love her too well".....
- 7 The lady was pleased to hear him so bold,  
She gave him her glove that was flowered with gold;  
She told him that she found it as she came along,  
While she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.
- 8 The lady rode home with her heart full of love,  
And soon gave it out that she had lost her glove,  
And he that will find it and bring it to me,  
To that man I do vow his bride I will be.
- 9 The farmer was pleased the news to be told,  
He took her the glove that was flowered with gold,  
And said, "My honored lady, I have picked up your glove,  
And now it would please me to grant me your love."
- 10 "'Tis already granted," the lady replied,  
"I long have been wishing for to be a farmer's bride."  
And when they were married she told all the fun,  
How she had won the farmer with her dog and gun.



21A - Poor Man O Poor Man.

(The Jolly Thresherman)

Communicated by Mr. John A. Moore, Wheeling, Ohio County, September 23, 1928. The song was given to Mr. Carl Nestman by Mrs. Lucy Emma Woodworth Webb, who learned it from her grandmother, Mrs. Lodena Heighbee, a resident of Cherry Valley, Ohio. Mrs. Heighbee probably learned the song in Vermont, whence she came about 1826. The melody was written from Mrs. Webb's singing.



"Poor man, O poor man, come tell.... to me true,



How you main-tain your fam-il-y, and how you bring them through;



How you main-tain your fam-il-y, your children, who are small,



And no-thing but your la-bor to main-tain them at all."

- 1 "Poor man, O poor man,  
Come tell to me true,  
How you maintain your family,  
And how you bring them through;  
How you maintain your family,  
Your children, who are small,  
And nothing but your labor  
To maintain them at all."

(Cont'd.)



- 2 "When I get up in the morning,  
I'm always of good cheer;  
With a flail in one hand,  
And a bottle of good beer,  
A flail in one hand,  
And a bottle of good beer,  
I live happy as those  
Who have ten thousand a year."
- 3 "My wife, she's always ready, Sir,  
To haul in the yoke.  
We live like lambs together, Sir,  
We never do provoke.  
Although it is quite possible  
That now we do live poor,  
Yet we can feed a beggar,  
Who comes to our door."
- 4 When this nobleman did hear  
What this poor man did say,  
He invited him to dine with him  
The very next day;  
He invited him to dine with him,  
His children for to bring,  
And in token of favor,  
He gave him a ring.
- 5 Early next morning,  
This poor man arose,  
He dressed up his children  
In the finest of their clothes;  
This poor man, his wife,  
And his seven children small,  
They all of them dined  
At this nobleman's hall.
- 6 Soon after dinner,  
This nobleman let him know  
What he had in his heart  
On him for to bestow,  
Saying, "Here are forty or fifty  
Acres of good land."  
He gave him a writing,  
And signed his own hand.
- 7 Saying, "Now you may be happy  
All the days of your life,  
And now I do entreat you,  
Be kind to your wife;  
Be kind to your wife,  
Your children all around."  
There are few such noblemen  
Here to be found.



21B - There Was A Rich Englishman

(The Jolly Thresherman)

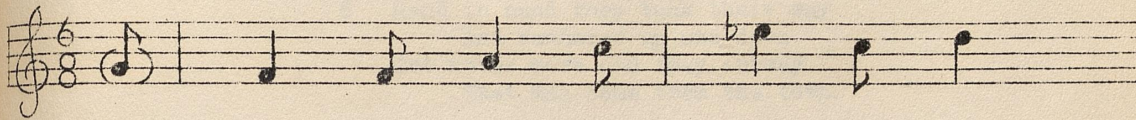
Contributed by Mr. John B. Hager, Madison, Boone County, July, 1918. He called it a "Very Old English Ballad."

- 1 There was a rich Englishman, in England he did dwell,  
He had a fine fortune, he managed it well,  
And it happened so one day he wastaking of a walk,  
When he met a poor thresherman and with him did talk.
- 2 "Oh poor man, oh poor man, oh poor man," said he,  
"How do you maintain your dear family?  
I learn you've several children and the most of them are small,  
And how you do maintain them I can not tell at all."
- 3 "Oh, sometimes I reap and sometimes I mow,  
And sometimes from hedging to ditching I go.  
There's nothing that comes wrong from the harrow to the plow,  
And so I make my living by the sweat of my brow.
- 4 At night, when I come home, oh how weary I feel;  
The youngest of my family, I dandle on my knee;  
The rest flock around with prattle and with noise,  
And this is all the pleasure a poor man enjoys.
- 5 Oh me and my wife were joined in Roanoke,  
And like two royal lovers we never would provoke;  
We do not value riches and we never will be poor,  
For we always keep the thieves and the robbers from the door."

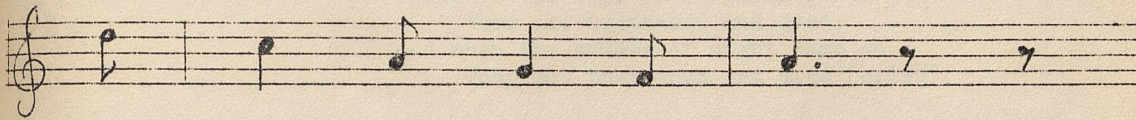


22 - Babes In The Wood

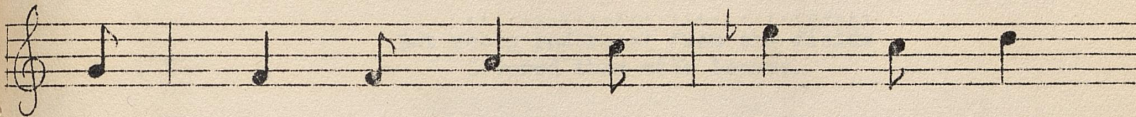
Communicated by Miss Frances Sanders, Morgantown, Monongalia County,  
June, 1924. Obtained from Miss Emma Hewitt. Music noted by Miss Sanders.



Hand in hand they took their way



And wan - dered up and down,

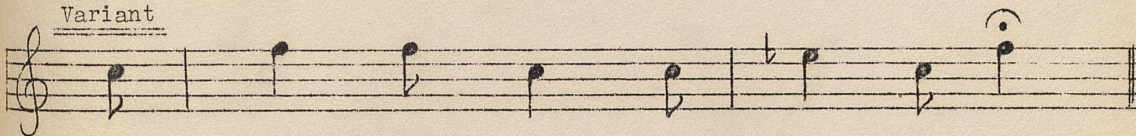


But nev - er more did they sur - vey



That man come from... the town.

Variant



- 1 Now ponder well, ye parents dear,  
A dismal story you shall hear.
- 2 Together they gave up the ghost  
And left two babes behind.
- 3 The one was in the mildest mood  
Did slay the other there,  
And in an unfrequented wood  
The babes did cry with fear.

(Cont'd.)



4 "Stay here," said he, "I'll bring you food  
And soon be back again."

5 Hand in hand they took their way  
And wandered up and down,  
But never more did they survey  
That man come from the town.

6 Their little lips with blackberries  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And when the shades of night came on  
They sat them down and died (cried).

7 No funeral dirge for them was played,  
.....  
But robin redbreast from the fields  
Covered them with leaves.



# 23 - THE WEALTHY MERCHANT

Contributed by Mr. A. F. Goff, Glenville, Gilmer County, April 20, 1925.  
 Learned from Hunter Bell in 1918. Thurman Furr said it was brought into  
 Glenville by a horse trader of the name of Miller, who got it up in the  
 mountains. Music noted by Miss Lydia I. Hinkel.

There was a weal - - thy mer - - chant,  
 In Charles - ton he did dwell;  
 He had a pret - ty wo - - man  
 And the tai - - lor loved her well.  
 Come a rot - - ty, trot - - ty, trot - - ty,  
 Come a rot - - ty, trot - - ty, tree.

- 1 There was a wealthy merchant,  
 In Charleston he did dwell;  
 He had a pretty woman  
 And the tailor loved her well.

Refrain  
 Come a roddy, trotty, trotty,  
 Come a roddy, trotty, tree.

(Cont'd.)



- 2 She met him on the highway  
And these words she did say;  
"My husband's gone to sea,  
So come and stay with me."
- 3 He hadn't been there  
But a quarter hour or more,  
Along came the merchant  
A-knocking at the door.
- 4 It roused that tailor  
In the middle of his sleep,  
Saying, "O dear woman,  
Whereto can I creep?"
- 5 "There is a chest  
By my bed side  
And in that chest  
You safely may hide."
- 6 She went down stairs  
And opened the door;  
There stood her husband  
And several others more.
- 7 She gave him a hug  
And she gave him a kiss,  
Saying, "O dear husband,  
What's the meaning of this?"
- 8 "Well, I didn't come here  
To disturb you from your rest,  
But I'm going out to sea  
And I came to get my chest."
- 9 In walked four men,  
Both big and strong,  
They picked up the chest  
And they toted it along.
- 10 They hadn't gone more  
Than a quarter mile from town,  
The weight of the tailor  
Made the sweat run down.

(Cont'd.)



- 11 They set down the chest  
For to take a minute's rest;  
Said one man to the others,  
"The devil's in the chest."
- 12 They opened up the chest,  
Right there before them all,  
And there lay the tailor  
Like a piggy in a stall.
- 13 "I'll lock you in the chest  
And I'll throw you in the sea;  
If I don't drown you,  
Hell damn me."

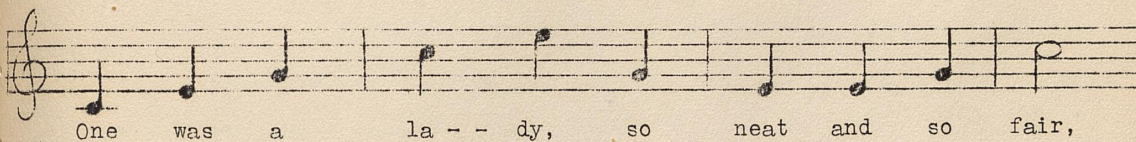
Variant of 13

"I'll lock you in the chest  
And I'll drown you in the sea,  
For I don't want you raising  
Any tailor kids for me."



24A - THE NIGHTINGALE

Communicated by Miss Catherine E. Sutherland, Hindman, Knott County,  
Kentucky, December 20, 1925.



- 1 One morning, one morning, one morning in May,  
I met a fair couple a-making their way;  
One was a lady, so neat and so fair,  
The other a soldier, a brave volunteer.

- 2 "Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee!  
Oh where are you going, my pretty lady?"  
"Oh, I am a-going to the banks of the sea,  
See the waters a-gliding, hear the nightingale sing."

(Cont'd.)



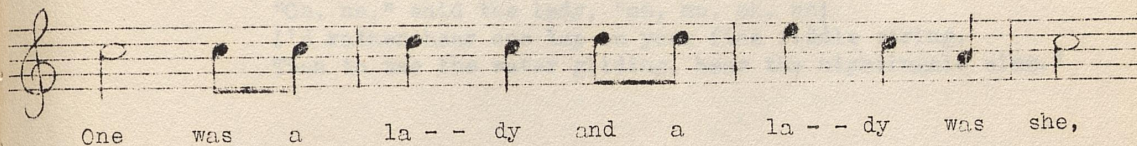
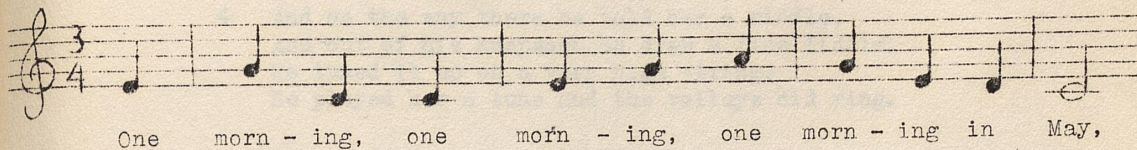
- 3    They had not been standing but one hour or two,  
      When he cut off his knapsack, his fiddle he drew;  
      And the tune that he played made the valley to ring,  
      See the waters a-gliding, hear the nightingale sing.
- 4    "Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give o'er."  
      "Oh no, pretty soldier, please play me some more;  
      For I'd rather hear your fiddle, one touch on the string,  
      See the waters a-gliding, hear the nightingale sing."
- 5    "Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?"  
      "Oh no, pretty lady, that never can be:  
      For I have a wife in London and children twice three,  
      Two wives in the army, too many for me."



24B - ONE MORNING IN MAY

(The Nightingale)

Contributed by Mrs. Texa Bowen Williams, Los Angeles, California, July, 1927. She writes, "This song was taught me by a wandering laborer, a boy of about seventeen years of age, who stopped for a few days at my father's plantation down in Texas. It must have been forty-five years ago."



- 1 One morning, one morning, one morning in May,  
I met a fair couple a-making their way;  
One was a lady and a lady was she,  
The other was a soldier and a brave one was he.
- 2 "Good morning, good morning," the lady she cried,  
"Good morning, good morning," the soldier replied;  
And bowing politely like a nice young man,  
He walked up boldly and took her by the hand.

(Cont'd.)



3 They made a conclusion to go to the spring,  
To see the water gliding, hear the nightingale sing.  
.....  
.....

4 And on the way there he told her a riddle,  
And out of his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle,  
He tuned it up on a very high string,  
He played her a tune and the valleys did ring.

5 "And now" said the lady, "won't you marry me?"  
"No, no," said the soldier, "that never can be;  
For back in fair Granville, I have children three,  
And the prettiest little woman that you ever did see."

6 "Oh now," said the soldier, "I must go."  
"Oh, no," said the lady, "oh, no, oh, no;  
I'd rather hear one tap on your fine fiddle string,  
Than to see the water gliding, hear the nightingale sing."



240 - ONE MORNING IN MAY

(The Nightingale)

Communicated by Miss Margaret Nestor, Oceana, Wyoming County, 1926.  
Obtained from Miss Dixie Cooke, Cyclone, who had it from her mother.

- 1 One morning, one morning,  
One morning in May,  
I spied a fair couple  
A-wandering away;  
One was a lady,  
As fair as could be,  
The other was a soldier,  
A brave volunteer.
- 2 Said the lady to the soldier,  
"Where are you going?"  
"I'm going to the river,  
Right down by the spring,  
To see the water gliding,  
Hear the nightingale sing."
- 3 Said the lady to the soldier,  
"Will you marry me?"  
"Oh no," said the soldier,  
"That never could be;  
I've a wife in Columbus  
And children thrice three,  
And one wife is a plenty  
Too many for me."
- 4 "I'll go to Columbus  
I'll stay there one year,  
In the place of cold water,  
I'll drink the strong beer;  
If ever I return,  
It'll be in the spring,  
To see the water gliding,  
Hear the nightingale sing."



25 - THE MODESTY ANSWER

(Seventeen Come Sunday)

Contributed by Miss Aileen Hatfield, Logan, Logan County, February 3, 1928.

Handwritten musical notation for the song "The Modesty Answer". The music is written on five staves in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "How old are you, my pret-ty lit-tle Miss,". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "How old are you, my hon - ey?"..... The third staff continues with the lyrics: "She an - swered me in a mod-est - y way,". The fourth staff continues with the lyrics: "I'll be six - - teen next Sun - - day,.....". The fifth staff concludes the melody with the lyrics: "I'll be six - - teen next Sun - - day.".....

"How old are you, my pret-ty lit-tle Miss,

How old are you, my hon - ey?".....

She an - swered me in a mod-est - y way,

"I'll be six - - teen next Sun - - day,.....

I'll be six - - teen next Sun - - day.".....

- 1 "How old are you, my pretty little Miss,  
How old are you, my honey?"  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday,  
I'll be sixteen next Sunday."

(Cont'd.)



2 "Let's you and I marry, my pretty little Miss,  
Let's you and I marry, my honey."  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"Run and I'll ask mamma,  
Run and I'll ask mamma."

3 What did she say, my pretty little Miss,  
What did she say, my honey?"  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"She said she could not spare me,  
She said she could not spare me."

4 "What will you do, my pretty little Miss,  
What will you do, my honey?"  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"Run away next Sunday,  
Run away next Sunday."

5 "Where will you go, my pretty little Miss,  
Where will you go, my honey?"  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"Go to North Carolina,  
Go to North Carolina."

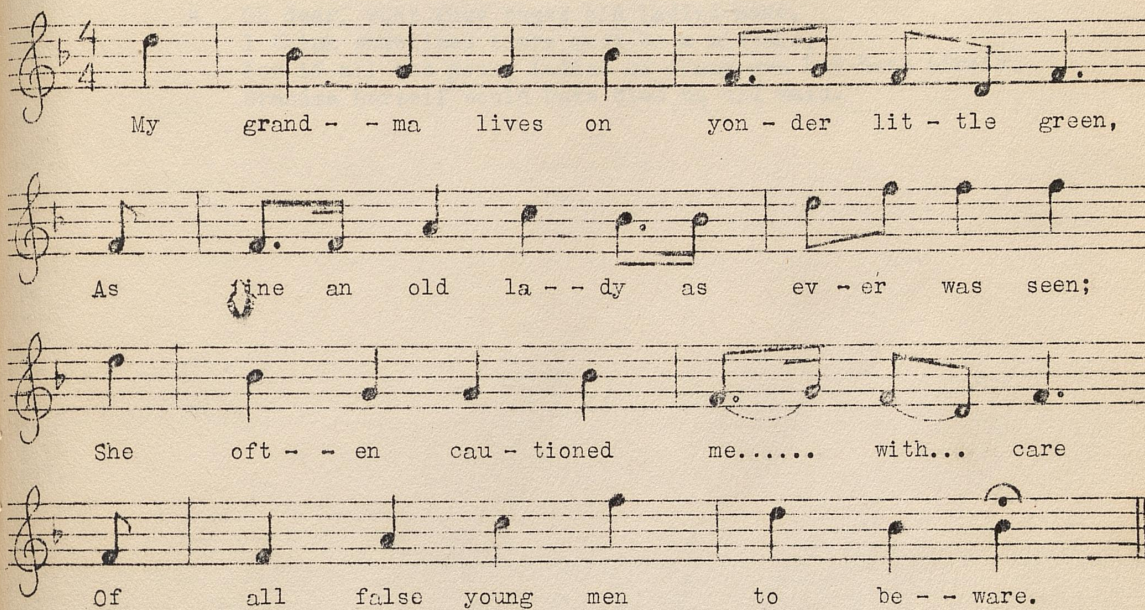
6 "What will we eat, my pretty little Miss,  
What will we eat, my honey?"  
She answered me in a modesty way,  
"We'll eat cream and honey,  
We'll eat cream and honey."

7 "I have lost all hopes of you,  
So farewell forever,  
So farewell forever."



26 - GRANDMA

Communicated by Miss Lydia I. Hinkel, Morgantown, Monongalia County, May 15, 1927. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Hinkel, Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania.



My grand - - ma lives on yon - der lit - tle green,  
 As fine an old la - - dy as ev - er was seen;  
 She oft - - en cau - tioned me..... with... care  
 Of all false young men to be - - ware.

- 1 My grandma lives on yonder little green,  
 As fine an old lady as ever was seen;  
 She often cautioned me with care  
 Of all false young men to beware.
- 2 The first who came a-courting was young farmer Green,  
 As fine a young man as ever was seen;  
 But the words of my grandma so rang in my head,  
 I could never attend to one word that he said.

(Cont'd.)



26 Cont'd.

3 The next who came a-courting was young farmer Grove,  
With him I engaged in bonds of joy for love;  
Such sweet and truthful love you need never be afraid,  
'Tis better to be married than to die an old maid.

4 Oh dear, what fuss these old ladies make,  
I think sometimes there must be a mistake,  
For if all the young ladies of young men had been afraid,  
Grandma herself would have died an old maid.



27 - MARY OF THE WILD MOOR\*

Communicated by Miss Margaret Lynn, Los Angeles, California, who had it from Miss Blanche Sisson. Music noted by Miss Lynn.

'Twas all on a cold... win - ter night,  
When the winds blew a - - cross the wild moor,  
That Ma - - ry came wan - d'ring a - lone with her child,  
Till she came to her own fa - ther's door.....

- 1 'Twas all on a cold winter night,  
When the winds blew across the wild moor,  
That Mary came wandering alone with her child,  
Till she came to her own father's door.

\* Text fragmentary



28 - THE SOLDIER'S POOR LITTLE BOY

Communicated by Miss Margaret Lynn, Los Angeles, California,  
January, 1928. Obtained from Miss E. Blanche Sisson. Music  
noted by Miss Lynn.

The snow was fast - ly fall - ing,

The wind did loud - - ly..... roar,

When a poor lit - tle boy, 'most fro - - zen,

Came up to a rich.... la - dy's door.

He spied her at the win - dow so high,

It filled his heart with joy,

Say - ing, "For mer - cy's sake, some pi - ty on me take,

I'm a poor sol - dier's lit - tle boy."



29 - THE BOSTON BURGLAR

The following stanza and tune were contributed by Mrs. Morgan Tamblin, Hamrick, East Bank, Kanawha County, June, 1927. Music noted by Miss Lydia I. Hinkel. For a complete text beginning with this stanza, see Cox, p. 297, B.



I was born in West Vir- gin-ia, a place we all know well,



Brought up by hon-est par- ents, the truth to you I'll tell,



Brought up by hon-est par- ents, and raised most ten-der - ly,



Till I be- came a rov- ing lad, which proved my des- ti - ny.

- 1 I was born in West Virginia, a place we all know well,  
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell,  
Brought up by honest parents, and raised most tenderly,  
Till I became a roving lad, which proved my destiny.



## NOTES

1. Mr. Child says in his introduction (1,22), "Of all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is as nearly well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland. The Germans, High and Low, and the Scandinavians preserve it in a full and evidently ancient form, even in the traditions of this generation. Among the Latin nations it has, indeed, shrunk to very meager proportions, and though the best English forms are not without ancient and distinctive marks, most of these have been eliminated, and the better ballads are very brief."

This wide distribution obtains, also, in America. The ballad travels under various titles, such as, "Pretty Polly", "Six Kings' Daughters", "The King's Daughter", "The False Lover", "The Salt-Water Sea", "The Seven Kings' Daughters", "The Pretty Gold Leaf", "Mary's Parrot", "False Sir John", "Young Jimmie", etc. It has lost the Elfin character of the knight as found in Child A and B and shows more or less close relationship to the group Child C-G (Sargent and Kittredge H).

Mr. Child rejects the hypothesis that this ballad is a conversion of the Hebrew "gest" of Judith and Holofernes and suggests the following: "That an independent European tradition existed of a half-human, half-demonic being, who possessed an irresistible power of decoying away young maids, and was wont to kill them after he had got them into his hands, but who at last found one who was more than his match, and lost his own life through her craft and courage. A modification of this story is afforded by the large class of Bluebeard tales." (1,54).

For American texts and references, see Cox, 3 and Journal, xxix, 156; xxx, 286; xxxv, 338. Add: Barry, No. 4; BES, 14 (texts and tunes); Belden, No. 1; Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 62-549 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown, p. 190 (text and tune); Hudson, No. 1; Journal, xlii, 254 (Henry: Southern Highlands); Mackenzie, Ballads, No. 1 and p. 391 (tune); Sandburg, p. 60 (R.W.Gordon Collection); Scarborough, p. 43 (Texas: text and tune); Shearin, 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Reed Smith, No. 1; Reed Smith, Ballads, No. 1; Greenleaf, p. 3 (texts and tune).

(Add: BFSSNE No. 1, p. 3 (text and tune); Gordon, NSB, p. 68; Henry, p. 32; Hudson, Songs, p. 61; Hudson, Tunes, Nos. 10 and 11 (texts and tunes); Journal xlviii, 305; xlix, 213; Randolph, Folks, p. 216 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 126; Sharp-Karpeles, 1, p. 5 (texts and tunes); Smith and Ruffy, p. 46 (text and tune).)

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2. This ballad has a fairly wide distribution in America and is reported by Child as being still current in the British Isles. It has numerous titles, such as, "The Two Sisters", "All Bow Down", "The Miller's Two Daughters", "Sister Kate", "The Miller And The Mayor's Daughter", "The Old Man Of The North Countree", "The Old Woman of The North Countree", etc.

Text A tells a good, logical story of a common type, but with an unusual refrain. B belongs to the same version, uses a variant of the "Bow down" refrain, the most-widely used refrain for this ballad, but shows confusion in stanzas 6,7,8, and 9, in which the younger sister



refuses help from the elder and the miller is hanged for bringing a dead maiden to shore. They belong to the group represented by Child R, S, U, and Y, as shown by the refrain, the beaver hat, and the wicked miller. In the earlier versions of Child, the miller is innocent of guilt. Cf. Sargent and Kittredge, p. 18: "According to all complete and uncorrupted forms of the ballad, either some part of the drowned girl is taken to furnish a musical instrument, a harp or a viol, or the instrument is wholly made from the body. Perhaps the original composition was the simple and beautiful one we find in English B and also in the Icelandic ballads, that the king's harper, or the girl's lover, takes three locks of her yellow hair to string his harp with. Infelicitous additions were, perhaps, successively made; as a harp frame from the breast-bone, and fiddle-pine from the finger joints, and so one thing and another added or substituted, till we end with the buffoonery of English "A".

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 20 and Journal, xxx, 286. Add: Barry, No. 3; BES, p. 40 (texts and tune); Belden, No. 2; Davis, pp. 93-552 (texts and tunes); Gray, p. 75; Hudson, No. 3; Pound, Syllabus, p. 11; Pound, Ballads, No. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Shearin, p. 4; Jean Thomas, pp. 3, 70 (text and tune), describes it as a play-party game; Greenleaf, p. 9.

(For analysis of the ballad see studies by Archer Taylor in Journal xlii, 238 and by Phillips Barry in BFSSNE No. 3, p. 11 "The Two Sisters: Prolegomena to a Critical Study" (with tunes). Add: BFSSNE No. 3, p. 21 (tune from Motherwell's Minstrelsy); No. 6, p. 5 (text and tune); No. 7, p. 14 (Swedish text and tune); No. 9, p. 4 (text and tune); No. 10, p. 10 (tune); No. 10, p. 2 (Polish text and tune), see also No. 11, p. 2; No. 11, p. 16 (text and tune); No. 12, p. 10 (text and tune). Also: Botkin, No. 114 (for use as play-party song); Gordon, NSB, p. 65 (1 stanza); Henry, p. 38 (texts and tunes), reprinted from Journal xlv, pp. 1-8; Hudson, Songs, p. 68; Hudson, Tunes, No. 25 (text and tune); Journal xliv, 295 (text and tune); xlviii, 306; Niles, II, p. 8 (text and tune); Raine, p. 118 (text and tune); Randolph, Folks, p. 211 (text and tune); Richardson and Spaeth, p. 27 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 164; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 26 (texts and tunes); Smith and Ruffy, p. 2 (text and tune); Stout, p. 1.)

(In No. 2A part of the first line has been used as the title in the absence of a local title.)

The original notation of the melody in No. 2A, had "dear to me" in the second staff assigned to three eighth notes; "dear" to "g" and "e" flat tied together, and "to" to a "b" flat, with no word assigned to the long "b" flat note.

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3. Many variants of this ballad have been recovered in America under the titles, "Lord Randal", "Johnny Randolph", "Johnny Randal", "Johnny Ransey", "Johnny Reeler", "Ramsel, My Son", "John Elzie", "Durango", "Tyranty", etc. The version printed here is imperfect, an essential element of the story being omitted. In some of the best versions, the hero has been to the Greenwood, spent the night with his true-love, who poisoned him with eels fried in butter. In some texts, his hawk and hounds are also poisoned. After leaving various bequests to his relatives, he wills to his sweetheart "hell's fire and brimstone", or "a rope for to hang her". The title here given belongs to another old English song, not a traditional ballad. For texts and references, see Cox, p. 197.



For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 23 and Journal, xxix, 157; xxx, 289; xxxv, 339. Add: Barry, No. 10; BES, 70 (texts and tunes); Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 105-556 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown (text and tune); Hudson, No. 4; Journal, xlii, 257 (Henry: Southern Highlands); Pound, Syllabus, p. 9; Pound, Ballads, No. 1; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; C. A. Smith, p. 19; Reed Smith, No. 2; Reed Smith, Ballads, No. 2; Shoemaker, p. 139.

(Add: BFSSNE No. 1, p. 4 (text and tune); Henry, p. 45; Hudson, Songs, p. 69; Journal xliv, 302 (one stanza); Randolph, Folks, p. 215 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 178; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 38 (texts and tunes); Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 144.)

The hold on the last note was added to the original notation to make up for the bar that is apparently missing; the last staff of the melody has three bars, the others have four.

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4. This one of the traditional ballads that has not been found very widely in America. Like the preceding one, it is a colloquy between a mother and her son. He has committed a murder and by persistent questioning she elicits the truth from him. In Child A it is his brother, in B, his father, that he has killed. Both these versions implicate the mother. In A, he leaves her "a fire of coals to burn her", in B, "the curse of hell". In form and phraseology the version here printed is most like Child A, but like many of the ballads current in America, it shows a marked degradation from the dramatic versions of Child.

For American texts and references, see Campbell and Sharp, No. 7 (North Carolina); Davis, pp. 120-558 (texts and tunes); Hudson, No. 5 and Journal, xxxix, 93 (Mississippi); Pound, Ballads, No. 9; Sharp, Songs, I, No. 1 (Tennessee); Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7.

(For a study see Archer Taylor's Edward and Sven I Rosengard and review by Phillips Barry in BFSSNE No. 5, p. 19. Add: Gordon, NSB, p. 66; Hudson, Songs, p. 70; Randolph, Folks, p. 207 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 180-404 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 46 (texts and tunes).

(The local title given for the ballad coincides with the title used in Child's compilation.)

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5. The fragment here printed gives no hint of the "beauty and tenderness" of the English "The Three Ravens" nor the "cynicism" of the Scotch "The Twa Corbies". In each of these it is a knight that is slain. In the English song, his hounds lie in guard at his feet, his hawks ward off harm from the air, and a fallow doe comes and gives him burial, but in the Scotch tale, his hounds go off hunting, his hawks, to fetch the wild fowl home, and his lady takes another mate. In certain of the numerous texts printed by Davis from Virginia, the comic element is marked, e.g.:

B 5 "Old horse, old horse, you've carried many passengers,  
But soon you'll be ground up and blown into snassengers."



C 3 Said one black crow unto his sister,  
"Does mustard always draw a blister?" Skubaugh.

Davis prints also two parodies, one from the Confederate viewpoint and one from the Yankee.

For American texts and references, see, Cox, p. 31 and Journal, xxxi, 273. Add: Bales, Foller de Drinkin' Gou'd, p. 110; Barry, No. 27; Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 137-562 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown, p. 198; Heart Songs, p. 485; Hudson, No. 6.

(Add: Henry, p. 48 (reprinted from Journal xlv, pp. 8-12); Hudson, Songs, p. 72; Hudson, Tunes, No. 1 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 193; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 63 (texts and tunes); Shoemaker, 3rd ed. p. 276; Stout, p. 2.)

In the melody, the "b" flat for "tree" in the first bar of the third staff, was changed from a double-dotted fourth note to a dotted eighth. A double-dotted fourth would have resulted in a bar of five beats which is very unlikely here.

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6. This ballad was known to Mr. Child in an American version and printed as G in Vol. 1, p. 443. It was communicated to him by Mr. W.W. Newell, who took it down in Boston from the singing of little girls. A common form of the story is that of two little brothers going home from school. The elder challenges the younger to a contest (wrestling, throwing the stone, throwing the ball, or a fight) in which the younger is killed by accident. Other versions make the killing an act of passion or of jealousy.

For American texts and references, see, Cox, p. 33 and Journal xxx, 293. Add: Barry, No. 3; BES, p. 99 (text and tune); Davis, pp. 156-563 (text and tunes); Hudson, No. 7; Sharp, Songs, I, No. 2; Shearin, 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7.

(Add: BESSNE No. 5, p. 6 (text and tune); Hudson, Songs, p. 73; Journal xlviii, 298; Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 166; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 65 (texts and tunes); SFLQ Vol. 2, p. 65 (text and tune).

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7. In America this ballad is usually reported as "Lord Bate(s)man", and "The Turkish Lady". The excellent version A as here printed shows such a close relationship in names, substance, and phraseology to Child L as to indicate they have a common source. It omits, however, mention of the tree that grew in the garden (Child 3), his promise to give her half of Northumberland to set him free (Child 7), and her gift to him of the ship of fame (Child 9). B is a variant of the same version, in which, stanza 4 mentions the garden and possibly contains an echo of the ship. The name, Susan Pious, is evidently a corruption of Susie Pye, found in most of the Child texts. As far as the Editor knows, the title of C, "Lord Wetram", has not previously been reported.

Mr. Child writes (I, 455): "There are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations, and it has secondary affinities with the extensive cycle of "Hind Horn", the parts of the principal actors in the one being inverted in the other". "This story of Beichan,



or Bekie, agrees in the general outline, and also in some details, with a well-known legend about Gilbert Beket, the father of St. Thomas (p. 457)." "That our ballad has been affected by the legend of Gilbert Beket is altogether likely. . . . But the ballad, for all that, is not drawn from the legend (p. 458)."

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 36 and Journal, xxx, 294. Add: Barry, No. 12; BES, 106 (texts and tunes); Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 158-565 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown, p. 204 (text and tune); Hudson, No. 8; Mackenzie, Ballads, No. 5 and p. 392 (tune); Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Reed Smith, No. 3 (text and tune); Reed Smith, Ballads, No. 3 (text and tune); Journal, xlii, 259 (Henry: Southern Highlands); Thomas, pp. 25-26-86; Greenleaf, p. 17.

(Add: Henry, p. 55 (texts and tune); Hudson, Songs, p. 75; Karpeles, p. 88 (text and tune); Raine, p. 109 (text and tune); Randolph, Folks, p. 197 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 210-410 (text and tune); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 77 (texts and tunes).

In the melody to 7B, the tie in the fourth staff holding together the tones "e" and "g" for "far" was added.

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8. For some comments pertinent to this ballad, see the preceding number. The popularity of "Lord Lovel" is remarkable. Davis alone notes thirty-seven items in the Virginia collection. Like A and B below, these are all related to Child H, as are those in Folk-Songs of the South. While in general alike, as Davis points out, there are many minor variations. The thoughts that turned Lord Lovel toward home are described as languishing, laughing, lingering, angry, anguish, strange, languid, and languish. The different churches mentioned are St. Pancras', St. Patrick's, St. Pauthry's, St. Varner's, St. Varney's, St. Vincent's, St. Mary's, St. Rebecca's. The hero's name is Lord Lovel, Lord Lover, or Lord Leven and the heroine is Lady Nancy Bell (Ouncebell of Child), or some variant, almost without exception. The parody printed as C was published widely during the sixties in broadsides and handbooks. Davis, p. 258, has a good parody from the Confederate viewpoint on Abe Lincoln. BES, p. 139ff, notes "Sukey Soapsuds" as a parody on this ballad, also, "Joe Muggins", sung by Sam Colwell in Aberdeen 1850-55. Frank Moore in Songs of the Soldiers, pp. 174-176, (New York, 1864), gives "The New Ballad of Lord Lovell", a take off on "Mansfield Lovell", who commanded the Rebel troops at New Orleans, and who, on the approach of the national fleet and army to that place 'led his forces out of the city'. The last stanza, No. 12, is as follows:

When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close,  
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,  
From his head there dropped a red, red rose,  
From his feet - a Scarlet Runner.

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 78 and Journal, xxix, 160; xxxv, 343. Add: BES, p. 139 (text and tune); David, pp. 240-573, (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown, p. 215 (text and tune); Sandburg, p. 70 (North Carolina); Scarborough, p. 55 (North Carolina, text and tune); Shearin, p. 3; Reed Smith, No. 6; Reed Smith, Ballads, No. 6.

(Add: BFSSNE, No. 1, p. 4 (text and tune); Gardner, p. 203; Hudson, Songs, p. 90; Hudson, Tunes, No. 16; Journal xlviii, 303 (texts and tune);



Randolph, Folks, p. 193 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 98-389 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 146 (texts and tunes); Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 146; Smith and Ruffy, p. 20 (text and tune); SFLQ Vol. 2, p. 69 (tunes and partial texts).

(In 8B, the local title given for the variant coincides with the title in Child's compilation.)

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9. This famous ballad was made more so by Professor Kittredge's discussion of it in the one volume edition of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads", pp. xxv-xxvi. The first American text to be published came from Virginia by way of North Carolina and was printed by Child, v, 296. In addition to the title given above it has many more: "The Gallows Tree", "Freed From The Gallows", "By A Lover Saved", "The Maid Saved", "Down By The Green Willow Tree", "The Girl To Be Hanged For Stealing A Comb", "The Ropeman", "Ropeman's Ballad", "The Hangman's Tree", "The Hangerman's Tree", etc.

An excellent study of this ballad, tracing its development through a history of five hundred years, is presented by Reed Smith, Ballads, 80-94. He writes: "The situation that the ballad story is based on is clear even from a hurried reading (or hearing). The girl has been condemned to die, presumably for the loss (or theft) of a golden (or silver) ball or comb or key. In the foreign forms of the ballad, the victim has usually fallen into the hands of corsairs or pirates, who demand ransom; but none of the English or American versions account for the situation in this way. As the condemned girl stands with the rope around her neck, she sees a cloud of dust in the distance and hopes it is one of her relatives coming to her rescue. Her whole family connection arrives, one after the other, but none can or will help her till the climax is reached and her true love comes and saves her. In a few versions the situation is reversed. It is the man who stands condemned and his sweetheart who rescues him."

Various texts and tunes of the ballad proper are given, several examples of the cante-fable form, and so on until "The last development of all, which ends many a ballad's strange eventful history, is when it loses its identity as a song and becomes a children's game." He points out that this story is particularly affected by the Negroes.

Scarborough, pp. 35-43, gives an illuminating discussion of this ballad. After noting the tradition of a young woman captured by corsairs, she says: "Another tradition holds that the story is all allegory, the golden ball signifying a maiden's honor, which when lost can be restored to her only by her lover. That would explain the sentence of death; for, in olden times, death by burning or hanging was the penalty for unchastity on the part of maid or wife."

A Negro version, "Old Rabbit, the Voodoo", p. 38, is cited, which brings a new element into the story. The following is a brief abstract: A Negro child at birth is given a golden ball by a "conjur man". She must never break the string that binds it around her neck. But she does and the magic of the ball turns her into a beautiful white girl. The mother dies, the step-mother steals the ball, the girl is changed back into a Negro. She is now accused of murdering the missing white girl and sentenced to death. Appeals to her relatives and even her "beau" to find the golden ball and save her life are futile. At the last mo-



ment the magician, disguised as a "beggar-man", restores the golden ball to the girl, whose fairness and beauty return. "The beggar himself changes on the spot to a handsome young man, who vanishes with the girl into the side of a hill."

BES furnish a third most interesting discussion of this ballad and add a new element to its consideration. See p. 206 ff. These editors question the conclusion of Smith that the Negro cante-fable is a stage in the degradation of the ballad and cite an instance in which they believe the folk-tale and the cante-fable "Have preserved relics of a stage development older than the ballad". They state that the oldest records of this romantic theme conforming to the situation of the Negro cante-fable and the "Golden Ball" form of the ballad is a ninth century Irish tale of the "Distressed Handmaid". In one account a bard gave a precious silver cup to his handmaid, the wife stole it, threw it into the sea; the bard made to kill the handmaid; she appealed to St. Brigid; the cup miraculously recovered inside a salmon (Thesaurus Paleohibernicus, ii, 345). In another account, bard enamored of a girl; stole a treasure; threw it into the sea; demanded payment by her honor (Acta Sanctorum, I, February, p. 39). Their comment is that the Irish story is used as a tag on which to hang a commonplace hagiographic miracle and corroborates the explanation of Miss Dorothy Scarborough that the Golden Ball signifies the maiden's honor, which, when lost, can be restored to her only by her lover.

These editors comment on Miss Scarborough's "Voodoo" tale, which they cite from Miss Mary Owen's "Voodoo Tales", pp. 185 ff, "De Tale ob de Golden Ball" (Missouri), as follows: The Missouri version has one motif that connects it with Celtic mythology: "The magician and the girl go together to the side of a hill, which closes up behind them. That is, the magician is a Fairy Prince, one of the sid-folk, a supernatural race of Celtic romance, who were believed to inhabit the sid or barrows."

The text printed here is in general similar to texts reported by other collectors. The term "Hangman" occurs in Child G. only.

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 115 and Journal xxx, 318. Add: Barry, No. 25; BES, pp. 202-339; Beckwith, Martha, W., Publications Of The Modern Language Association, xxxix, No. 2, p. 475; Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 360-584 (texts and tunes); Fuson, p. 113; Henry, Journal, xlii, 272; Hudson, No. 15 and Journal xxxix, 105; Sargent and Kittredge, p. xxv; Sandburg, pp. 72-385; Scarborough, p. 35; Reed Smith, No. 10; Reed Smith Ballads, pp. 80-94 and No. 10; Parsons, Folk Lore of the Sea Islands, p. 189; Thomas, pp. 62-164 (text and tune).

(Add: Cambiare, p. 15; Henry, p. 93 (text and tune); Hudson, Songs, p. 111; Hudson, Tunes, No. 19 (text and tune); Journal xlviii, 312; Matteson and Henry, p. 18 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 196-408 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 208 (texts and tunes); Sheppard, p. 281; Smith and Ruffy, p. 37 (text and tune); SFLQ vol. 2, p. 71 (tune and partial text).

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10. The text here printed resembles other West Virginia texts that are more or less closely related to the group Child H, I, J. In a few cases the Lady repents and goes back home with her Lord. The casting of the "glamor" is lightly passed over and the hanging of the Gypsies is



omitted. American titles are, "The Gypsy Laddie", "The Gypsy Davy", "The Gypsy Daisy", "Gypsen Davy", "Gypso Davy", and "Black Jack Davy." Child A has "Johnny Faa, the Gypsy Laddie".

The following is taken from the historical data given by Mr. Child: "Johnny Faa was a frequent and prominent name among the Gypsies, Johnne Faw's right and title as lord and earl of Little Egypt were recognized by James V in 1540. But in the next year the Egyptians were ordered to quit the realm within thirty days on pain of death. The gypsies were expelled from Scotland by act of parliament in 1609. Johnne, alias Willie, Faa, with three others of the name, remained notwithstanding, and were sentenced to be hanged, 1611. Two other records of the hanging of a Johnne Faa were given, July 24, 1616 and January 24, 1624. The hanging must have made a considerable impression on the popular mind and it is presumable that this ballad may have arisen not long after. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the people of Ayrshire sought to make the wife of the Earl of Cassilis the heroine of this ballad but there is positive evidence that this lady never did anything to alienate the affections of her husband."

Of "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies", Kittredge, Journal, xxx, 323, writes: "A version now in oral circulation in England, with a pleasing tune, is likely to become current per ora verum in this country from the singing of the Fuller Sisters and others. Collectors in search of American texts should take notice and examine pedigrees when this turns up anywhere." List of references given.

For American texts and references, see Cox, 130 and Journal, xxx, 323. Add: Barry, No. 9 and Journal, xviii, 191 (texts and tunes); Belden, No. 10; BES, 269 (texts and tunes); Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 423-590 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown, p. 220; Gordon, N. Y. T. M., January 9, 1927, p. 7; Hudson, No. 18; McGill, p. 15; Sandburg, p. 311; Greenleaf, p. 38 (texts and tune).

(Add: Cambiare, p. 59; Flanders, Garland, p. 78 (text and tune); Gordon, NSB, p. 8; Henry, p. 110 (text and tune); Hudson, Songs, p. 117; Hudson, Tunes, No. 26 (text and tune); Journal, xlviii, 385 (text and tune), contains an intrusion from "Seventeen Come Sunday"; Karpeles, p. 13 (text and tune); Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 4 (text and tune); Matteson and Henry, p. 6 (text and tune); Raine, p. 119 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 215-411 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 233 (texts and tunes); Sheppard, p. 278; Smith and Ruffy, p. 44 (text and tune); Stout, p. 11 (fragment).

The original notation of the melody in No. 10A provided no tie for the four notes above "shady" and "lady". It was assumed that the second rather than the first syllable of these words was sung to a tie.

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11. This is one of the traditional ballads but rarely found in America. BES, p. 297, report a text from Maine, five stanzas and an air, in which Lizzie is invited to go to the Highlands where a "hooose" and "fine ha" are prepared for her, but she declines. The name "Macdonell" is preserved in the fifth stanza. Tolman and Eddy, Journal, xxxv, 345, report "The Blaeberry Courtship" from Illinois, which they say "seems to be founded on the traditional ballad of 'Lizzie Lindsay'." "The Blasberry Courtship" is cited, also, by Mackenzie, pp. 230-234, and Mackenzie, Ballads, p. 69, "remarkably reminiscent of 'Lizzie Lindsay'."



The stanzas of the fragmentary text printed below find counterparts in most of the long versions in Child, with more or less variation. Stanza 1 is almost identical with that sent to Johnson by Burns. See, also, Child B 6, C 4, D 5, E 7, 12, 18, F 2, G 1. Stanza 2 is like Child B 8, C 6, D 6, E 8. For 3, cf. Child A 2, B 18, C 10, D 8, E 21; for 4, Child B 21, C 12, E 22, F 13; for 5, Child B 27, 28.

An abstract of the story as outlined by Child is as follows: Donald Macdonald, heir of Kincausie, wishes to go to Edinburgh for a wife. His mother consents, but he is to use no flattery and court her in poverty. None of the bonny ladies can compare with Lizzie Lindsay. He presents himself in Highland garb, offers her a diet of curds and green whey and a bed of rushes, says that his father is an old shepherd and his mother an old dey (dairy woman), and his name is Donald MacDonald. Lizzie's father and mother threaten to have him hanged, which deters him not a bit. Her maid warmly seconds the suit. Lizzie packs up her clothes and goes with Donald, but wishes herself back in Edinburgh. They come at last to a shieling (shepherd's cottage), where Donald bids the old woman call him son, and orders a supper of curds and whey and a bed of rushes. Lizzie sleeps late in the morning and is rebuked for not getting up to help do the milking. She repines again, but Donald takes her out of the hut and shows her Kincausie, where she is to be lady. Kincausie is some seven miles from Aberdeen, on the south side of the Dee.

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12. This is the most popular of all the ballads found in West Virginia, twenty-five variants having been collected and four tunes. Its commonest titles are, "The House Carpenter", "The House Carpenter's Wife", "The Salt Water Sea". Davis reports "On The Banks Of The Sweet Laurie". The texts printed here are of the same version and are most like B of Child, but with stanzas showing relations to other Child versions. The returned lover has not only lost his name but all trace of the "Demon" unless such a trace is found in A 11, 12 and D 7. At least, the lady does not see his cloven foot as in Child E 11 and G 7. The introductory part of the ballad has been lost as well as the latter part in which the carpenter hangs himself. Stanza A 7 and D 3 is an interloper and properly belongs in "Lord Thomas And Fair Annet" (Child, No. 73). See Cox A 8.

Child summarizes his version A as follows: Jane Reynolds and James Harris, a seaman, had exchanged vows of marriage. The young man was pressed as a sailor, and after three years was reported dead; the young woman married a ship carpenter, and they lived together happily for four years and had children. One night when the carpenter was absent from home, a spirit rapped at the window and announced himself as James Harris, come after an absence of seven years to claim the woman for his wife. She explained the state of things, but upon obtaining assurance that her long-lost lover had the means to support her - seven ships upon the sea - consented to go with him, for he was really much like unto a man. The woman-kind was seen no more after that; the carpenter hanged himself.

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 139 and Journal, xxx, 325; xxxv, 346. Add: Barry, No. 7; Belden, No. 11; BES, p. 304; Brown, p. 9; Davis pp. 439-592 (texts and tunes); Journal, xlii, 272 (Henry: Southern Highlands); Pound, Syllabus, p. 10; Pound, Ballads, No. 17; Sandburg, p. 66; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; C. A. Smith, p. 18 (melodies only, Virginia); Reed Smith, No. 11; Reed Smith,



Ballads, No. 12; Wyman and Brockway, Songs, p. 54; Thomas, pp. 63-64-172 (text and tune).

(Add: Allsopp, II, p. 208; BFSSNE No. 6 (text and tune); No. 7, p. 11 (text and tune); Flanders, Garland, p. 80 (text and tune); Henry, p. 113 (texts and tunes), A and B reprinted from Journal xlv, 21-25; Hudson, Songs, p. 119; Journal xlviii, 295 (text and tune); xlix, 209; Randolph, Folks, p. 201 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 150-400 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 244 (texts and tunes); SFLQ Vol. 2, p. 75 (tunes with texts); Stout p. 11; Wilson, p. 96.)

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13. This ballad in West Virginia goes under the titles "Dandoo", "Bando", and "Gentle Virginia". Davis reports a "Dindo-Dan". It is based upon an old tale of a man who had an excessively troublesome wife. He dared not beat her directly on account of her proud kin, but could and did give her a sound thrashing by wrapping her in an old wether's skin that belonged to him and beating that. She was thoroughly reformed and never "sassied" him anymore. Child thinks the story of the ballad was probably derived from "the tale of the wife lapped in Morrel's skin" in which the husband "flays his old horse Morrel and salts the hide, takes the shrew down cellar, and, after a sharp contest for mastery, beats her with birchen rods until she swoons, then wraps her in the salted hide; by which process the woman is perfectly reformed."

Of the texts printed below, A, in burden and phraseology, shows a close relationship to that printed by Newell, Journal, vii, 253 (Child, v, 304). See, also, Cox E, p. 162. Text B is composite of two versions, in one of which the man is frightened by the threat of his wife to tell all her folks and all her kin that he whips her on the naked skin, and runs away (see Cox, A, p. 160). In another West Virginia text (Cox, E, p. 161), there are four stanzas in connection with the man marrying a woman who did not have lice. This incident does not occur in any of the Child ballads nor in any American text, so far as this editor has observed. It is probably due to some singer's desire to satisfy a whim or to make a local hit.

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 159 and Journal, xxx, 328. Add: Belden, No. 12; BES, p. 322 (texts and tune); Davis, pp. 497-597 (texts and tunes); Flanders and Brown (text and tune); Gordon, January 8, 1928; Hudson, No. 21 and Journal, xxxix, 109; Shearin and Combs, p. 8.

(Add: Barnes, p. 102; Flanders, Garland, p. 84 (text and tune); Gordon, NSB, p. 89; Henry, p. 125 (fragment); Hudson, Songs, p. 123; Hudson, Tunes, No. 12 (text and tune); Journal xlviii, 309; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 271 (texts and tunes); Smith and Rufty, p. 49 (text and tune).

(In No. 13 A, the local title given for the variant coincides with the title in Child's compilation.)

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14. The Editor has not seen any other text of this ballad found in America although Reed Smith lists it. It was contributed by Professor James Main Dixon of The University of Southern California, July, 1929, who writes: "The Authorship of this humorous song is attributed to King James V of Scotland, about the year 1534. James died on the 14th of December, 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age." He refers the song to Lyric Gems of Scotland, with music, Sol Fa Edition, Glasgow: John Cameron, 83 Dunlop Street. No date. Mr. Child gives the earliest date of its printing by Herd, "The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs", 1769, but says that it was cited in the second edition of Percy's Reliques, 1767, II, 59, and was known before that by Horace Walpole. As to the tradition of James V being the author he says it "has no more plausibility than authority". In the second edition of Herd, 1776, the refrain is the same as here with the word boys added at the end of the second line.

The text printed below is very closely related to the group Child B. The first five stanzas are almost identical with the first five stanzas of Child B a, except the latter has the "Fa la la etc." refrain. Stanzas 6-11 of Child, more or less ribald and telling of the play between the beggar and the goodman's daughter, are omitted. Stanzas 6, 7 are identical with Child 12, 13. The ballad ends as follows:

The beggar was a cliver loon and he lap shoulder height:  
'O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!

(In Journal xxii, 79, Barry prints a tune from New Hampshire entitled "The Jolly Beggar", apparently one of his three variants of the ballad listed in Journal xxvii, 59, Note 2. This is reprinted in a collection of Barry's articles entitled Folk-Music in America being issued by the National Service Bureau and now in press.)

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15. This ballad is known in America as "The Green Willow Tree", "The Golden Willow Tree", "The Golden Vanity", "The Mary Golden Lee", "The Yellow Golden Tree", "The Lowlands Low", "Sailing in the Lowlands Low", "The Turkish-rogherlee". The texts printed here tell a good story and all belong to the same version. They are like Child C in that at the end the boy loses his life. In other incidents and in phraseology, they are like Child A and B. Child B has a happy ending, in which they draw him on board and "proved unto him far better than their word".

For American texts and references, see Cox, p. 169 and Journal, xxx, 330. Add: Barry, No. 1; Belden, No. 78; BES, p. 339 (texts and tunes); Brown, p. 9; Davis, pp. 516-602 (texts and tune); Hudson, No. 22; McGill, p. 97; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 9; Wyman and Broakway, p. 72; Greenleaf, p. 43.

(Add: BFSSNE No. 5, p. 10 (texts and tunes); Cambiare, p. 93; Chase, p. 20 (text and tune); Colcord, Songs, p. 154 (text and tune); Creighton, p. 20 (text and tune); Flanders, Songs, p. 40 (text and tune); Henry, p. 127 (text and tune), A and B reprinted from Journal xlv, 25-29; Hilton and Ruffy, p. 59 (text and tune); Hudson, Songs, p. 125; Journal xlvi, 312-386 (text and tune); Raine, p. 121 (text and tune); Randolph, p. 177 (text and tune); text reprinted in Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 184; Richardson & Spaeth, p. 28 (text and tune); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 282 (texts and tunes); Shoemaker 3rd ed. pp. 132-299; SFLQ Vol. 2, p. 79 (tune with partial text).)



16. This ballad is known in America as "The Bamboo Briars", "The Bom-berry Briar", "The Merchant's Daughter", "The Squire's Daughter", "In Seaport Town", and "The Constant Farmer's Son". In England it is known as "In Bruton Town". An excellent study of it has been made by Belden in his paper "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and the Bramble Briar" (Publications of the Modern Language Association, xxxiii, 327).

For texts and references, see Cox, p. 305. Add: Campbell and Sharp, p. 151 (texts and tunes); Mackenzie, Ballads, p. 90; Pound, Ballads, Nos. 22-32; Sharp, One Hundred English Folk-Songs, p. 4; Payne, Texas Folk Lore Society Publications, No. II, p. 6 ("One Evening As I Sat Courting").

(Add: Henry, p. 161 (reprinted from Journal xlv, 48; Journal, xlv, 25); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 310 (texts and tunes).

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17. The titles of this song in America are "Pretty Polly", "Come, Pretty Polly", "Polly and Sweet William", "Young Beeham". Of English origin, it is a condensation of "The Gosport Tragedy" or, "The Perjured Ship Carpenter", a broadside ballad that goes back to at least the middle of the eighteenth century. Polly's lover is a ship carpenter. After the murder he goes to sea but the ship will not sail on because he is on board. The captain seeks the murderer among the crew. William, as the others, protests his innocence but is torn to pieces by Polly's ghost. In the "Gosport Tragedy" the ghost appears before the ship sails and causes the man to die a raving maniac.

For texts and references, see Cox, p. 308. Add: Fuson, p. 69; Gordon, October 9, 1927, p. 122; Mackenzie, Ballads, pp. 96-396 (text and tune); Henry, Journal, xlii, 276 (Kentucky).

(Add: Greenleaf, p. 120, third stanza; Cambiare, p. 74; Henry, p. 229 (B text reprinted from Journal xlv, 231); Niles, II, p. 2 (text and tune); Notes, song No. 3 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 128-395 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 317 (texts and tunes).)

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18. For texts and references, see Cox, p. 358 and Journal, xxix, 170, and notes 1, 7. Add, Henry, Journal xlv, 78 (Southern Highlands). Stanza 7 is adapted from "A Brisk Young Sailor".

(Add: Cambiare, p. 55; Henry, p. 233, B text reprinted from Journal, xlv, 78; Hudson, Songs, p. 155; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 328-444 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, II, p. 151 (texts and tunes); In Karpeles, p. 59, a version of "Sweet William", cf. the first two lines:

"It's early, early all in the Spring,  
My love roved out for to serve the King,")

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19. For texts and references, see Cox, p. 362 and Journal, xxxv, 362. Add: Mackenzie, Ballads, p. 94; Shoemaker, p. 206. This ballad is common in broadsides on both sides of the water and in many American song books.

(Add: Hudson, Songs, p. 143; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 404 (text and tune); Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 210.)

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20. Other titles for this song are "The Squire" and "The Farmer's Bride". Its English title is "The Golden Glove" or "The Squire of Tamworth". Printed as a broadside in this country early in the nineteenth century. For texts and references, see Cox, p. 384 and Journal, xxix, 121. Add: Flanders and Brown, p.117 (text and tune); MacKenzie, Ballads, p.80; Thomas, pp.48-170 (text and tune).

(Add: Hudson, Songs, p.158; Hudson, Tunes, No.24 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 227-416 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, I, p.377 (text and tunes); SFLQ, Vol.2,p.149 (text and tune).)

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21. For an exhaustive list of references and a text in five stanzas, see Kittredge, Journal,xxx, 353. He writes: "This is a condensed rifacimento of a favorite seventeenth-century black-letter ballad found in the Roxburghe (3:308), Pepys (2:56;C.22, fol.157), and other collections (Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, 7:328-330) 'The Nobleman's Generous Kindness' or, 'The Country Man's Unexpected Happiness'. The original has seventeen stanzas."

(Add: Flanders and Brown, pp.156-157; Gardner, p.208.)

(In both A and B part of the first line has been used as the title to replace the local title of "Old English Ballad" for A and "Very Old English Ballad" for B.)

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22. For the original of this famous nursery rhyme, see Percy's Reliques, London, 1876, ii, 225, "The Children in the Wood", a long poem of 160 lines. Percy ascribes its source to an old play, entitled, "Two lamentable tragedies: the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, etc. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his uncle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to". The story of the ballad briefly told is that of two small children, a boy and a girl, whose parents died, leaving them a legacy and placing them in charge of an uncle. In order to get the legacy, the uncle hired two ruffians to murder the children, whom they conducted to an unfrequented wood. One of the murderers repented, and in a quarrel, slew the other, and then abandoned the children, who died and were piously covered with leaves by Robin-red-breast. The murderer was afterward put to death for robbery and the uncle died in jail for debt. In that section of the ballad between lines 101 and 128 are passages that almost exactly parallel stanzas 4-7 as printed here.

For other texts and references, see Pound, No.115; Scarborough, p. 57; Tolman and Eddy, Journal,xxxv, 348 (extended list of references by Kittredge); McGill, p. 104 (text and tune).



(Add: Hudson, Songs, p. 285; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 309 (text and tune)).

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23. Campbell and Sharp, No. 42, print an excellent text with the title, "The Boatman and the Chest". The last stanza is:

He opened up the lid and says to them all,  
Here lies a little tailor like a pig in a stall.  
I'll take him to the king and make you serve your time with him,  
See if that will put an end to this night's cuckolding.

Cf. Greenleaf, p. 112.

(Add: Henry, p. 191; Sharp-Karpeles, I, p. 338 (texts and tunes).)

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24. For a good text of this song in six stanzas with the air, see Wyman and Brockway, p. 68. Sandburg, p. 136, prints two texts, A, "One Morning in May", B, "The Troubled Soldier"; Thomas, p. 112, has one stanza and tune.

(Add: Cambiare, p. 92; Henry, p. 200; Lomax, rev. ed. p. 183 (text and tune) has an interesting adaption as cowboy song; Niles, p. 22 (text and tune); Notes, song No. 1 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 310-438 (texts and tunes); Sharp-Karpeles, II, p. 192 (texts and tunes); SFLQ, Vol. 2, p. 154 (text and tune).)

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25. This song occurs in a broadside (Forth, Pocklington, No. 66) as "The Soldier and the Fair Maid". It has commonly the title as above and is found in numerous song books. A stanza inquiring her age and giving the reply, "I'm seventeen come Sunday", accounts for the title. See Cox, p. 394 for text and references.

(Add: Journal xlix, 220, (text and tune); Sharp-Karpeles, II, p. 156 (texts and tunes). In Journal, xlvi, 385, stanza 2 of "Black Jack Davie" is an intrusion from this song; in Botkin, p. 303, verse 1 of text B, "Sandy Land", seems to be an intrusion from this song.)

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26. This is a version of a song popular in the fifties and sixties known as "Grandma's (or Grandmother's) Advice". It is a modification of "The Old Maid" ("When I lived with my Grandma on yon little green") in Lover's Harmony, London, Pitts, 1840, which goes back to the eighteenth century and was printed under the title "Die an old Maid", in the Virginia Centinal and Gazette (Winchester), March 2, 1795. Cox, p. 469, prints a text in five stanzas with the title "Little Johnny Green", which contains the following stanza:

"These false young men they flatter and deceive;  
So, my love, you must not believe;  
They'll flatter, they'll coax till you are in their snare,  
Then away goes poor old grandma's care."



For texts and references, see Cox, p. 469; Journal, xxxv, 402; Mackenzie, Ballads, pp. 379-408 (text and tune).

(Add: Allsopp, II, p. 209; Gardner, p. 206 (text and tune); Richardson and Spaeth, p. 46 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 374-457 (texts and tune).

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27. Helen K. Johnson, p. 303, says the words and music are English and very old; Joseph W. Turner combined them about 1845; in a note attached by him, he says it recites the fate of a young girl who married a wooer, disapproved, who deserted her. For texts and references, see Cox, p. 437 and Journal, xxxv, 389. Add: Mackenzie, Ballads, p. 164 (extended list of references); Pound, Ballads, No. 35; Shearin and Combs, p. 12.

(Add: Henry, p. 372; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 335-448 (text and tune); Shoemaker, 3rd. ed., p. 114; Stout, p. 28).

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28. This is a version of "The Soldier's Homeless Boy", a song ascribed in a Philadelphia broadside to Charles Bender. Its similarity to "The Poor Fisherman's Boy" (cf. Journal, xxxv, 366) leads to the supposition that it may be an imitation of that song. For two good texts and list of references, see Cox, p. 275; Greenleaf, p. 200.

(Add: Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 74; Stout, p. 117. Compare also "The Farmer's Boy" in Stout, p. 27; Pound, Ballads, No. 28 and Greenleaf, p. 259, Note.)

In the melody the difference between the tones which begin the second and fourth staves ("g" sharp and "a") corresponds to the original notation.

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29. "The Boston Burglar" is a slightly Americanized version of the English "Botany Bay". For three American texts and references to both these songs, see Cox, pp. 296 ff. Add: Gordon, June 19, 1927; Flanders and Brown, p. 53; Spaeth, p. 177.

(For "Botany Bay" add: Flanders, Songs, p. 44 (text and tune). For "Boston Burglar" add: Cambiare, p. 69 has both titles; Creighton, p. 206 (text and tune); Gordon, NSB, p. 52; Lomax, rev. ed., p. 203 (text and tune); Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 289-433 (texts and tunes). In Sharp-Karpeles, II, p. 66 "The Sheffield Apprentice", stanzas 5-7 are from "The Boston Burglar").



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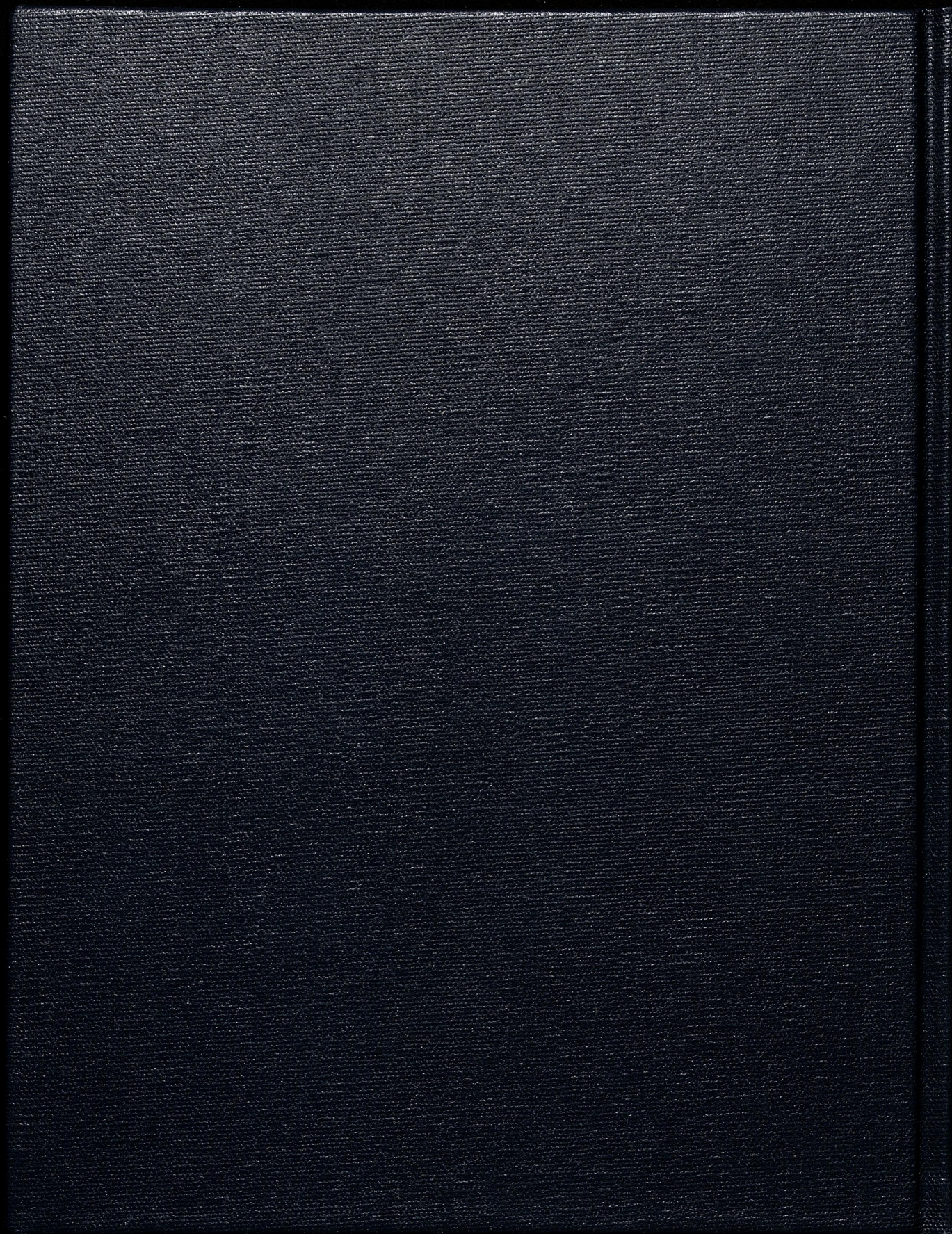
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