July 11, 1939

To the Committee on Graduate Study:

I am submitting to you a thesis written by Miss Ruby Duncan entitled "Ballads and Folk Songs Collected in Northern Hamilton County." I recommend that it be accepted for twelve quarter hours credit in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, with a major in English.

Edwin C. Kirkland
Major Professor

We have read this thesis
and recommend its acceptance:

John B. Emperor

John J. Elson

Accepted for the Committee

W. C. Smith
Dean of the Graduate School

BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS COLLECTED

IN

NORTHERN HAMILTON COUNTY

A THESIS

Submitted to
the Committee on Graduate Study
of
The University of Tennessee
in
Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the degree of
Master of Arts

by

Ruby Duncan

August 1939

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It is indeed a pleasure to acknowledge my debt of appreciation and sincere gratitude to Dr. Edwin C. Kirkland for his constant encouragement and efficient guidance in the preparation of this work.

I wish also to express my appreciation to my high school pupils and to my many friends in northern Hamilton County for their helpful cooperation, without which this collection of ballads and folk songs would not have been possible.

R. D.

162790

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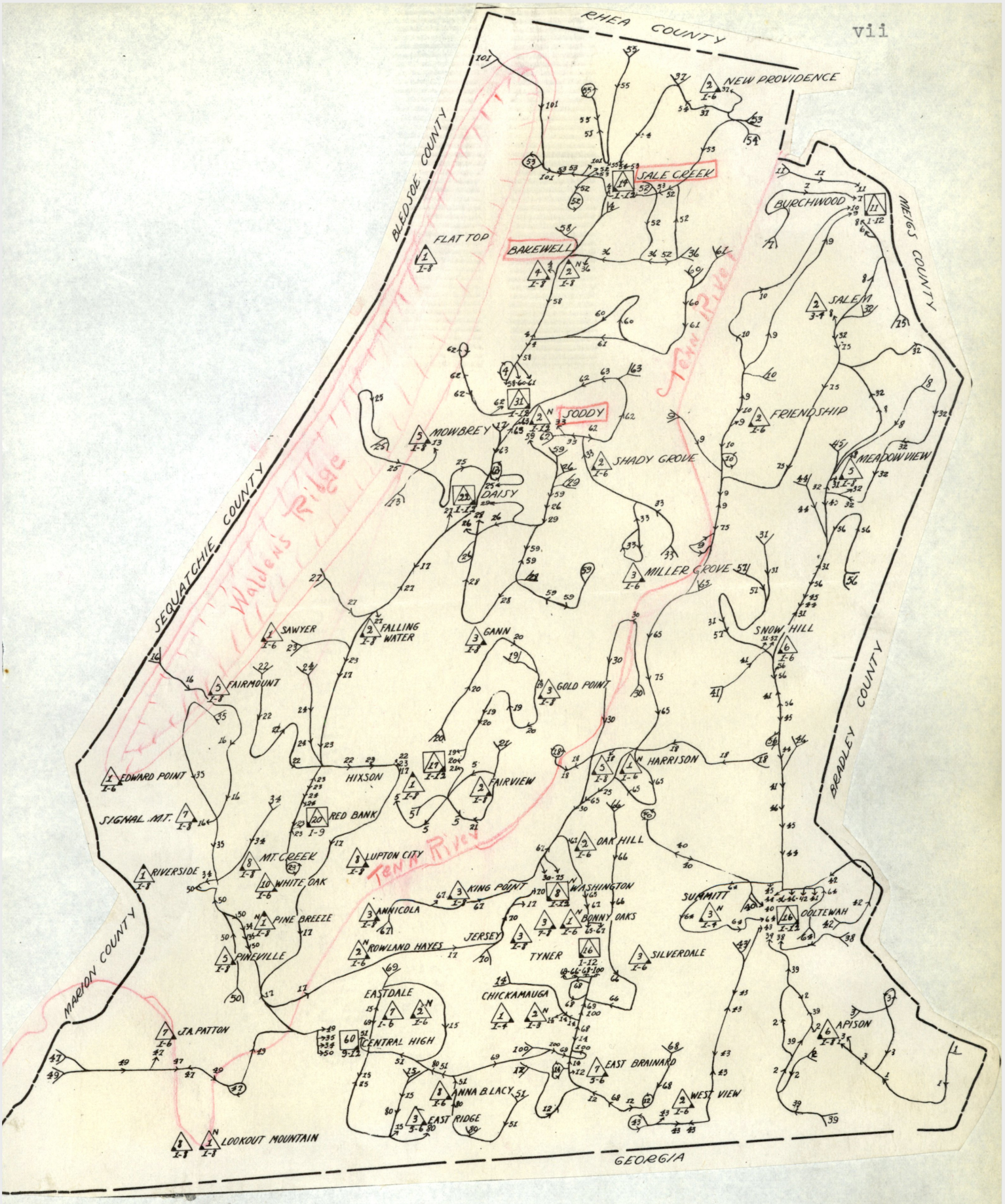


Figure 1. Map of Hamilton County, Tennessee.

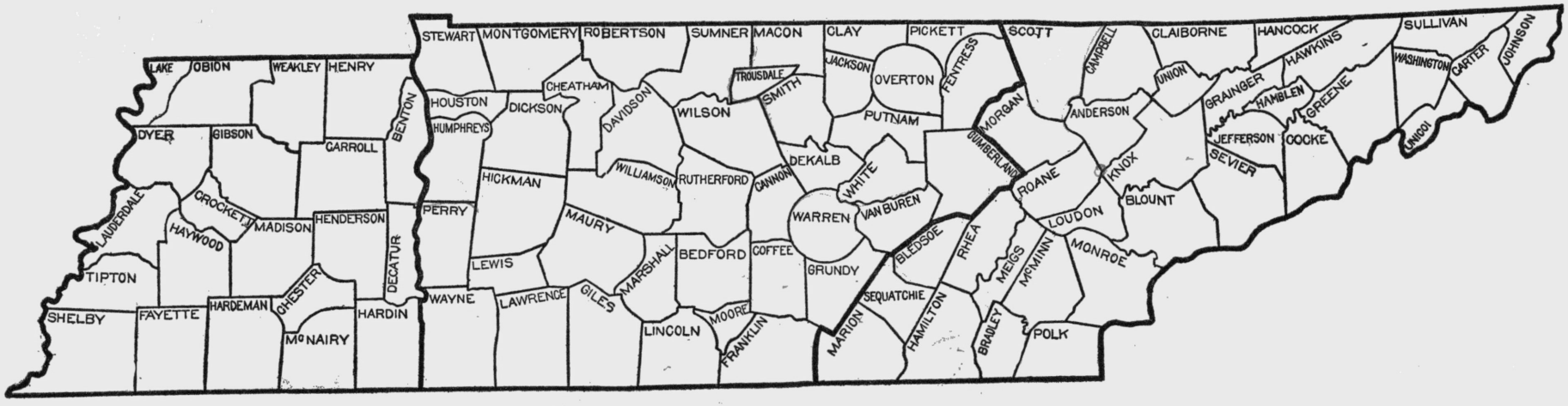


Figure 2. Map of Tennessee, showing location of Hamilton County.

CHAPTER I

HISTORY OF NORTHERN HAMILTON COUNTY

A. The Beginning of Hamilton County

The northern part of Hamilton County, in the foothills of East Tennessee, lying as it does between Walden's Ridge on the west and the Tennessee River on the east, is rich both in scenic and historic interest. When the Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio became the State of Tennessee in 1796, the present Hamilton County was still in the possession of the Cherokee Indians.

> Until after the Hiwassee Purchase, made in 1819, the Cherokees continued to live on both sides of the Tennessee River, but in 1819, according to the terms of the treaty under which the above named purchase was made, they moved to the south side of the river, and the north side was left to the occupancy of the white man. [1]

Following this cession of land by the Cherokees, Hamilton County was created in 1819 by an act of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee. The county was named in honor of Alexander Hamilton, President Washington's Secretary of the Treasury. However, the southern boundary of the county extended only to the Tennessee River. The south side of the river still belonged to the Cherokee Nation and remained in their possession until after the Treaty of New Echota in 1835.[2]

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1 Goodspeed, History of Tennessee, p. 808.

2 Zella Armstrong, History of Hamilton County and Chattanooga, Tennessee, p. 95.

There were only 766 white settlers within the boundaries of the county in 1819[3] and only three towns, one of which was Sale Creek.[4] The town was first called Rock Creek and later changed to Sale Creek, taking its name from the creek on the banks of which Colonel Shelby had held his sale of Indian plunder in 1779.

The Tennessee River winds its way in picturesque fashion through the north end of Hamilton County. It runs between Rhea and Meigs Counties and then turns southwest through Hamilton. Among the streams that are tributary to the Tennessee from the northwest are Soddy, O'Possum, Rock, and Sale Creeks.

One beautiful natural phenomenon is found on Walden's Ridge in the northern part of the county. This is Montlake, supposedly brought into existence by the same great earthquake of 1811-12 which formed Reelfoot Lake in West Tennessee. One may stand on the ridge at the edge of the lake and look down a sheer precipice for a distance of a hundred feet to the water, clear as crystal and approximately a hundred feet in depth.

> It has always been recognized as a phenomenon, partly because of its origin in the great upheaval of nature and partly because there are apparently no feeding streams and no outlet. The water is always fresh. [5]

The northern part of Hamilton County has had a varied and interesting history. First the property of the Cherokee

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3 Goodspeed, p. 803.

4 Armstrong, p. 108.

5 Ibid., p. 94.

Indians, it soon began to be settled by white men from the Watauga Settlement, following the glowing tales carried back to them by the men of Shelby's Chickamauga Expedition. Goodspeed says, "It is probable and is believed to be true that the first to settle in this part of the country were mainly Scotchmen, and that they came here almost immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War."[6] Following the North Carolina Land Act of 1783, the territory north of the Tennessee River which was to become Hamilton County was the scene of operations of land speculators. However, legal occupation of the lands thus sold was impossible until after the Indians had ceded the territory in 1819, and settlement by squatters was possible only with Indian consent.[7] "Ownership under title from North Carolina conferred no right of occupation and use until the Indians should surrender their claim."[8] These early settlers were interested primarily in the timber of our forests, and later in our fields for agriculture.

Just after the Civil War, a company of Welsh people came and opened the coal mines in the mountains to the west of Sale Creek and its neighboring community, Soddy. New settlers came, churches and schools were built, and for a period of about fifty years the northern end of the county was prosperous and thriving.

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6 Goodspeed, p. 803.

7 T. P. Abernethy, From Frontier to Plantation, pp. 59, 253-256.

8 P. M. Hamer, Tennessee, A History, p. 256.

This, too, passed away, and again the section became agricultural. Sale Creek was found to be particularly well adapted to the growing of peaches and strawberries. Since the period of prosperity during the mining boom, Sale Creek probably knew its most prosperous days immediately following the World War. At that time prices reached their peak, strawberries bringing as much as five and six dollars per crate, and peaches being priced accordingly. Since that time prices have varied; the farmers have "good years" and "bad years." Perhaps a freeze will come just at the wrong time, perhaps hail, or it may be a blight that strikes the young fruit. Again, a good year will come and a few people will make a profit. Then the next year everybody wants to plant more peach trees and set more berry plants. Thus it has been for many years. At the present time, the berry acreage is smaller than it has been for a long time, and peach growing is also on the decline.

Again, the section is changing. With the completion of the Chickamauga Dam, now being constructed on the Tennessee River near Chattanooga, many miles of the north end of Hamilton County will be along the lake front. Improved methods of transportation and communication have come; new and modern schools are being built. Yet, in the year 1939 many of the songs of our English and Scottish ancestors are to be found still living in the minds and hearts of the descendants of the early settlers. In the north end of the county fifteen of the Child ballads have been found, some of them as complete variants as found anywhere in America. In addition to these, the people know many other

imported ballads and songs which have been handed down orally from one generation to the other, as well as native folk songs and play-party songs they have sung and played as far back as they can remember. As one man expressed it when I asked him whether he had learned a certain song from a book, "Why, no, I never saw it in a book. It's just one of the old hand-me-downs." And they love their old hand-me-downs. One old lady, when I inquired whether she knew any old, old songs, replied proudly, "Yes, I know some, and them I know are a heap purtier than these here they're a-singin' now."

B. Sale Creek During the American Revolution

No history of Sale Creek and the surrounding territory would be complete without an account of Colonel Evan Shelby's Chickamauga Expedition during the Revolutionary War. The trouble with the Chickamaugas dates back to about the year 1775, when Colonel Richard Henderson of North Carolina was granted by the Cherokee tribe a large section of land in what was afterwards Kentucky and Tennessee. The leaders of the Cherokees met with Colonel Henderson to draw up a treaty by which he was to give the Indians presents and money for the land. A young Cherokee chief, Dragging Canoe by name, refused to sign. He not only refused to agree to the treaty, but left the scene in anger, shouting, "You have bought a fair land, but there is a cloud hanging over it. You will find its settlement dark and bloody."[9] History shows that he made good his words.

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9 J. P. Brown, Old Frontiers, p. 12.

Usually, we think of the American Revolution as having been fought entirely along the Atlantic seacoast, but the Indians in the Tennessee valley caused so much trouble that some of the bloodiest struggles occurred in putting down such uprisings. Most historians lay at the door of the British the responsibility for the hostility of the Cherokees against the colonists, but P. M. Hamer says, "In the light of evidence that is now available, this explanation seems not to be correct."[10] Be that as it may, in 1776 the Cherokees were on the warpath, and small wonder, for the white people were continually taking more of their land until the more farsighted of their leaders realized they soon would have nothing left. After having their towns along the Little Tennessee destroyed by the troops of Colonel William Christian, the Cherokees sued for peace. Chief Dragging Canoe, however, still rankling over the supposed injustice done to his people by Henderson's treaty of the preceding year, now withdrew from the Cherokees and with a band of followers joined the Chickamaugas on the banks of Chickamauga Creek, in what is now Hamilton County.[11]

Mystery surrounds the early history of the Chickamauga Indians. All anyone knows for a certainty is that their forebears, the "Chitimaucas," lived in the lower Mississippi valley and that some of the tribe had long been settled on Chickamauga Creek when Dragging Canoe joined them.[12] Under his leadership,

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10 P. M. Hamer, "The Wataugans and the Cherokee Indians in 1776," Publications of East Tennessee Historical Society, No. 3, 108.

11 Armstrong, p. 27.

12 Ibid.

they became a strong and independent tribe. Warriors from all parts of the Cherokee Nation and outlaws from many other tribes joined Dragging Canoe, and soon he had with him more than a thousand desperate outcasts. Ramsey says that the Chickamaugas became depredators upon the lives and property of immigrants.

> Conscious of guilt, unwilling to withhold their warriors from robbery and murder, they failed to attend with the rest of their tribe the treaties of peace and refused to observe treaty stipulations when entered into by their nation. . . . To this point congregated, with fearful rapidity, the worst men in all the Indian tribes. Murderers, thieves, pirates, banditti, not of every Indian tribe only, but depraved white men, rendered desperate by crime, hardened by outlawry and remorseless from conscious guilt fled hither and confederated with barbarian aborigines in a common assault upon humanity and justice, and in defiance of all laws of earth and heaven.[13]

He adds further that the Chickamauga towns were the central points from which their detachments were sent out for murder and plunder and here also were received guns, ammunition, and other supplies from their allies in Florida.[14]

The colonists, occupied as they were along the seacoast in winning their independence from Great Britain, seem to have endured these depredations of the Chickamaugas as long as possible. Finally, however, the murder of William Cote, on the Virginia side of the Holston River, by a band of Chickamaugas made the white settler realize that these marauding expeditions must be stopped. Accordingly, Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia dispatched Colonel Evan Shelby with three hundred and fifty men to subdue the outlaws. Knowing that this was not a

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13 J. G. M. Ramsey, Annals of Tennessee, pp. 185-86.

14 Ibid.

sufficient number, but not being able to spare any more men from the colony, he wrote a letter to Governor Richard Caswell of North Carolina asking that North Carolina furnish troops to join the expedition and that a lieutenant-colonel be appointed to serve with Colonel Shelby. Governor Caswell, realizing that the North Carolina settlement was in the same danger from the Chickamaugas as their neighbors across the Holston River, readily consented. From Ramsey's Annals, we find that Colonel John Montgomery and a hundred and fifty men were added to Colonel Shelby's expedition.[15]

Evan Shelby and Colonel Montgomery, with their force of five hundred men from the Watauga and Holston settlements, kept their first rendezvous near the present site of Rogersville, in Hawkins County. After making pirogues and canoes from trees in the surrounding forests, they set out down the river, arriving finally at Chickamauga Creek. An Indian, whom they had taken as prisoner, was forced to act as guide, and with his help they were able to reach Dragging Canoe's Chickamauga towns on the bank of the creek of the same name. The Indians were taken completely by surprise and fled into the mountains. Goodspeed says of the attack:

> Upon discovering the approach of Colonel Shelby's command the Indians fled in all directions to the woods and mountains without giving battle, pursued by Shelby and losing in killed at the hands of his command upward of forty of their warriors, most of their towns being destroyed, and about twenty thousand bushels of corn being captured. They also lost about twenty thousand dollars worth of stores and goods.[16]

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15 Ibid.

16 Goodspeed, p. 80.

P. M. Hamer describes the attack very concisely:

> The few Indian warriors that were in the towns were taken by surprise and fled. Chickamauga and other towns were burned. A few Indians were killed. Food and supplies were destroyed. Horses, cattle, and deer skins were taken.[17]

Ramsey says that Shelby took a hundred and fifty horses, a hundred cattle, and great quantities of deer skins, owned in part by a trader named McDonald. These were all sold at vendue.[18]

Speaking of Shelby's part in this public vendue, Brown says, "He halted on the banks of a little creek thirty miles from the Chickamauga towns and sold the British goods to the men at public outcry. . . . The place has been called Sale Creek to the present time."[19] Thus we see that Sale Creek received its name long before there was a Hamilton County or even a State of Tennessee. The town which later grew up on the banks of the creek was given the same name.

After the burning of the Chickamauga towns, John McCroskey, with a party, followed the Indians across the river and destroyed a camp which he found on Laurel Creek. Zella Armstrong identifies Laurel Creek with the present Falling Water Creek, about fifteen miles south of Sale Creek. There is no Laurel Creek in Hamilton County, but it is known that there was a large Indian encampment on what is now Falling Water Creek,

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17 P. M. Hamer, Tennessee, A History, p. 93.

18 Ramsey, p. 188.

19 J. P. Brown, p. 173.

and there have always been great tangles of laurel growing there.[20]

The importance of the Chickamauga Expedition in the final outcome of the Revolutionary War is often overlooked by historians. Ramsey's statement is significant:

> About the time of the expedition of Shelby to Chickamauga, Governor Hamilton was attempting to form a grand coalition between all the northern and southern Indians, to be aided by British regulars, who were to advance and assist them in driving all the settlers from the western waters. . . . Shelby had destroyed the towns and killed the warriors of his allies at Chickamauga, and the coalition of the southern and northern Indians was thus entirely prevented. 21

This expedition marks the first appearance of white men in what is now Hamilton, Rhea, Roane, and Knox Counties. Seeing the country, as they did, in the beauty of the springtime - for the expedition took place in April and May - naturally they carried back tales of its fertility and richness to the Watauga and Holston settlements. From that time on, white settlers pushed on into the Tennessee valley in ever-increasing numbers, despite the fact that the territory still belonged to the Cherokee Indians.

> The troops of Shelby and Montgomery were the first white men that had seen the rich lands of the Tennessee valley . . . and were the first to spread glowing accounts of their fertility and beauty; the consequence being that almost immediately a strong current of immigration was turned toward and into this fair and inviting region. 22

Who can say how many of the songs of their ancestors were at this early date brought on by way of North Carolina into

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20 Armstrong, p. 166.

21 Ramsey, p. 188.

22 Goodspeed, p. 808.

the Tennessee mountains? Who knows but that "Barbara Allen" and others just as old may have been sung around Colonel Shelby's campfire? At any rate, we do know that from these North Carolina settlements from this time on there came a steady stream of immigrants into what is now Hamilton County, and quite naturally, along with their small store of worldly goods, they brought with them that wonderful heritage from their home across the sea - the ballads and folk songs of their ancestors.

C. The Coming of the White Man

The history of the white man in Sale Creek begins properly with Robert Patterson about the year 1807. The earliest account we have of Robert Patterson is that he fought with John Sevier in the Battle of King's Mountain.[23] His Scotch-Irish ancestors first settled in this country near Mecklenburg, North Carolina. From there he emigrated to the Watauga Settlements and thence to Knox County. While living in Knox County he married Rhoda Witt, whose ancestry has been traced to the French Huguenots. From Knox County he moved with his family into what is now Rhea County and was one of the leaders in the organization of the county.

In 1807 he was given permission by the United States Government to operate a mill on O'Possum Creek for the benefit of the Indians. The Cherokees were friendly and gave their cooperation, or he would not have been permitted to live in the Nation. To Robert Patterson, then, belongs the distinction of

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23. Ibid., p. 455.

being the first white man to establish a manufacturing business in this section and the first to bring his family and establish a home of his own. The few white men who had previously settled among the Cherokees had married Indian wives and in most cases had been adopted into the Cherokee Nation.[24]

When Patterson moved southward from Rhea County to establish his mill for the Indians, he bought three hundred acres of land which had been granted by the North Carolina government to Langdon Carter. He made his home on this tract until he was dispossessed by Carter's heirs, who won the land back again in a lawsuit by basing their claim upon a six hundred and forty acre land-grant to their father. The popularity of Patterson is shown by the fact that the Carter heirs, fearing justice would not be done in Hamilton County, took the case to Rhea County for trial.[25]

Thereupon, Patterson moved a few miles north and settled between the present communities of Sale Creek and Bakewell. The house he built and in which he lived with his family is still standing just west of the highway, about one mile south of Sale Creek. When he died in 1848, he was buried in the Patterson Cemetery near his home. In 1930 the Judge David Campbell Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution erected a monument in his honor in Sale Creek.

From the time Robert Patterson came to the Cherokee Nation in 1807, the Patterson family has been prominent in the

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24 Armstrong, p. 93.

25 Goodspeed, p. 806.

affairs of the northern part of Hamilton County. When the county was organized in 1819, he was one of the three commissioners and as long as he lived was a leader in the school and civic affairs of the county. Lewis Patterson, Robert's son, had a tannery on Sale Creek, and the Patterson heirs have an old ledger in which he kept his accounts through the years 1851-1857. In the next generation J. A. N. Patterson continued in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. He served faithfully as a member of the East Tennessee Cavalry during the War Between the States, and it was during that war that he had the misfortune to lose a great portion of the family wealth. It is from his personal papers that we have learned a great deal about the early history of the Pattersons in Hamilton County.

The family is still well represented in Sale Creek by a son and granddaughter of J. A. N. Patterson. The tragedy is that we do not know whether they brought with them any of the ballads sung by their ancestors. Mrs. Bill Troxler, a granddaughter of J. A. N. Patterson, states that her grandfather sang many old songs, but the only one of which she can remember even the title is "The Frog Went A-Courtin'."

Colonel William Clift, Hamilton County's first millionaire, was another of the first settlers in the northern part of the county. His ancestry can be traced directly to an English earl who gave his title to his brother in exchange for a large sum of money with which to come to the new land of America. Colonel Clift was born in 1794 and came to Hamilton County in 1824 with a government land-grant of twenty-five thousand acres.

In 1835 he, along with Major Robert McRee, was commissioned to take the Indians from Hamilton County to the region west of the Mississippi River. His granddaughter, Mrs. M. M. Walker, tells how their families were stricken with terror at the idea, so certain were they that the Redskins would take the lives of the Colonel and the Major. The two men, however, were kind to the enforced exiles, and after taking the Indians in flatboats down the river, they returned home on horseback safe and sound.

Colonel Clift at first was interested only in the timber on his land. He and Major McRee set up the first sawmill in this section, and it was their timber which was used to build the first bridge across the Tennessee River near Gadsden, Alabama. They also built a steamboat and carried corn down the river to New Orleans. As Colonel Clift cleared spots on the mountain above Soddy, it was discovered that he had in his possession the best steam coal in the South. He was unable to do anything with this coal, however, until a company of Welshmen came and opened the mines in 1867.

He was commander of the county militia, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, President Lincoln sent for the Colonel to come to Washington. Although he was far past military age, in answer to the President's request he organized the Seventh Tennessee Federal Regiment, of which he was elected colonel. He served his cause well until he was captured by a troop of Confederates under the command of his own son, Major Moses H. Clift. The war was truly a civil war in the Clift family, as it was in so many Hamilton County families. Colonel

Clift and two of his sons fought in the Union army, while two other sons served just as faithfully on the Confederate side.[26]

For twenty years after the war he was a leading citizen of Soddy and at his death was the wealthiest man in the county. Today he has many descendants in Soddy and other parts of Hamilton County. Mrs. M. M. Walker, the daughter of his son Robert, gave me one of the most complete variants of "Lord Thomas" I have seen in any collection. No doubt that song can be traced through the Clift family to the earl who left his ancestral estate for a home in the new land.

Other settlers who were here long before the Civil War and who still have descendants in the northern part of Hamilton County are the Wallaces, the Magills, the Halletts, the Rogers, the Coulters, and many others. All are well known families in Hamilton County, and an interesting history could be written about any one of them, showing how they have helped to make the country what it is today.

D. The Opening of the Mines

The two largest communities in the northern part of Hamilton County, Sale Creek and Soddy, owe their period of greatest prosperity to the company of Welsh people who came here first in the year 1867 and opened the coal mines in the mountains a short distance west of the towns. Coal had been discovered a number of years before this time. The first coal was mined in Sale Creek in 1845 by Robert Jack on his own farm.[27] Nothing

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26 Armstrong, p. 398.

27 Goodspeed, p. 898.

came of this, however, and the mines remained inactive for over twenty years.

Then a small company of Welsh people came to Sale Creek in 1867 and leased the coal mines. They first settled in Pennsylvania after coming to this country. A few of them were sent south to prospect for coal, and after finding a vein in northern Hamilton County they sent for others to come with their families. During the early days of operation of the mines, the coal was carried on a tram railway to Sale Creek. The bed of the railway may still be seen west of the town. When they reached the creek, about one and a half miles from the mines, the coal was loaded into flatboats and sent to the Tennessee and thence to Chattanooga to be shipped.

About the year 1875 - spoken of by the old settlers as "the year of the high waters" - the creek overflowed its banks and washed away the railroad. The operators of the mine considered it too expensive to rebuild, especially since work had already been begun on the Cincinnati, New Orleans, and Texas Pacific Railroad, which would pass much nearer the mines. Consequently, many of the miners went to work in the Soddy mines, from which some of them never returned.

However, some of the older members of the company did return and a new influx of Welsh people came. The years 1880-90 mark the period of greatest prosperity for the Welsh miners. In 1882 coke ovens were built here. At one time three carloads of coke were produced daily, and the daily output of coal from the mines was as much as one hundred tons.[28] Again, during the years

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28 Ibid.

1911-12, another boom came to the mines. This time, however, the operations were not left entirely to the Welsh company. The population increased rapidly during those years. Schools and churches were built, and places of amusement were erected. A large company store was built between Sale Creek and the mines, and near the store was a skating rink to which both young and old congregated from miles around. Square dances were held on the floor of the skating rink, and many were the play-party games the miners danced and sang with their sweethearts after a hard day's work in the mines.

The stream of easily accessible coal was depleted in a few years. It was too expensive to get the proper machinery with which to get it from the mines, especially since the coal was not the type used for coke and at that time there was a great demand for coke. Sale Creek passed from a mining town to an agricultural community and thus it remains today.

The first white settlers were in Soddy as early as 1824. Both Colonel Clift and Major McRee discovered coal on their government land-grants but were unable to mine it until the Welsh people came. A part of the same company which opened the Sale Creek mines in 1867 settled a few miles southward near Soddy. In the year 1887 the mines employed five hundred men and mined about 150,000 tons of coal each year. They commenced making coke in 1881 and in 1887 were making at the rate of 36,000 tons per year.[29]

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29 Ibid., p. 899.

An interesting legend about the "mine ghost" is told by Miss Winnie Walker, great-granddaughter of Colonel Clift and Soddy ghost-lore authority. According to Miss Walker, "He is an inhabitant of the Soddy mines and always appears in the form of a light. Many a time he has appeared to a group of men in which there was always one man to whom he was invisible, they claim. The man who could not see the light was usually killed in the mines the day after the ghost appeared."[30]

For many years Soddy was one of the most progressive mining towns in the South. However, only a few wagon mines are worked at the present time, large scale mining having been discontinued in 1928. There is still plenty of coal in the Soddy mines, but deep shaft mining equipment is needed to get it out. Today there is a steady hum of activity as steam shovels and other machinery busily prepare the lake bed for the new Chickamauga Dam. But, in spite of all that, Soddy and the surrounding neighborhoods are rich in local folklore dating back over a hundred years. Even in the midst of all the noise and stir of this new age that is coming for Soddy, one can still find old ladies who will sing an English or Scottish ballad as they remember having heard it many years ago.

E. Cultural Background

The earliest history of Sale Creek is rooted deep in cultural as well as material things. Even before the coming of

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30 Winnie Walker, "Soddy Ghost Lore," Chattanooga Sunday Times Magazine (October 30, 1938), p. 6.

the white man a school was established for the Cherokee Indians by Gideon Blackburn. This school was located on Sale Creek, between the present community of Sale Creek and the Tennessee River. Old residents can still point out the exact location of the building on a hill above James' Spring. The school was there before the James family was in Hamilton County, however, and the spring at that time was known as Branham's Spring.

The Blackburn Mission School was preceded in Hamilton County only by the private school established by Daniel Ross for his own children. Gideon Blackburn worked under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, composed chiefly of Presbyterians and Congregationalists.[31] Today in the Presbyterian churchyard at Sale Creek there stands a bronze tablet in his honor. He was appointed superintendent of schools in the Indian Nation in 1803. He soon visited the territory which was later to become Hamilton County, and in 1806 he established his mission school on Sale Creek. The school opened with thirty pupils, having as its teacher Robert A. Denham from Daniel Ross' private school.[32] There is no exact record as to how long the school operated or when white children were admitted, but we have the word of one of the oldest residents of Sale Creek that his mother was in school there in 1822.

The very first white settlers were interested in the education of their children and set about establishing schools for them. Robert Patterson, already named as the first white

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31 Armstrong, p. 63.

32 Ibid., p. 92.

man to set up a home within the present limits of Hamilton County, established the first school for white children in the county. This school was taught in his own home for his children and those of the other white settlers.[33] The day of the public school had as yet not arrived, and all the parents who wished to send their children to Patterson's school, of course, paid for the privilege.

The years passed by and the population steadily increased until one school was not enough. Without roads or any means of transportation, it was impossible for boys and girls to travel very far to school. Consequently, schools were established in other homes in the community short distances apart and for very short terms. In an old ledger, now in the possession of the Patterson heirs, may be seen in faded script a report of the school commissioners dated 1841. According to this report, the commissioners are agreeing that there shall be four schools in the Sale Creek district to run for four consecutive terms of three months each. The same teacher, James Gasque, is to teach the four schools, the salary for the twelve months being two hundred dollars, half of which is to be paid in money and half in "good trade."[34]

The first school building for white children was erected in 1850 by the Masons, aided by private subscription.[35] This building was in the very heart of the present community, just west of the new highway and on the south bank of Rock Creek.

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33 Ibid.

34 J. A. N. Patterson, Private Papers.

35 Goodspeed, p. 898.

This was still before the day of the public school and pupils had to pay for the privilege of attending. However, if a man had a large family, he might be allowed to "sign two and send four" instead of paying the allotted amount for each child. There were usually two three-months terms in this school, one in the spring before "crop planting time" and another in the fall after crops were "laid by." It seems to have been a school of some reputation before the Civil War, with students attending from neighboring communities.

The high waters of 1868 almost washed the building away. In fact, from that time on the floor sloped so much the pupils had to brace themselves to keep from falling. In 1870 J. A. N. Patterson was teaching the school. An interesting copy of his contract with his patrons has been found among the Patterson papers. An exact copy of the wording follows:

> We the undersigned subscribers agree and promise to pay J. A. N. Patterson for services of teacher of a school to be opened at the old Sale Creek Academy on Monday the 19 of Sept. 1870 for the term of five months according to the following rates of tuition:
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> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Spelling, Reading, Writing | $5.00 |
> | English Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography | $6.50 |
> | Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Logic, and Astronomy | $9.00 |
> | Geometry, Trigonometry, and Surveying | $10.00 |
>
> Terms: One half at the middle of the session and the other at the expiration of the term.
>
> List of Subscribers:

Following this came the signatures of those who were sending children to the school with the number each was sending.[36]

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36 Patterson, op. cit.

In spite of its dilapidated condition, school was carried on in the structure until 1876. In that year the building was torn down, and there was a period of four years when there was no school in the community. The Welsh people built a small school west of Sale Creek in what is now known as Slab Town. The building was really erected for a church, and the plan of using it as a school was never very successful. As one old man who attended the school expressed it, "Just about the time they got cleverly started, something always happened."

Because of the fact that so many Hamilton County records were destroyed during the Civil War, there is no available information showing when the public schools were organized. Consequently, we cannot be certain when the first public school was established at Sale Creek. We do know, however, that under a legislative act of 1823 the county court was authorized to establish free schools for the poor. Sentiment in favor of these free schools grew, and in 1836 a public school system was organized by the state. Evidently, Hamilton County had a system equal to that of her sister counties. The following item quoted from the Superintendent of Hamilton County in 1869 gives an idea of the schools of that time:

> Up at 3.30 A.M.; traveled fifteen miles on railroad; walked six miles; made out Civil District Clerk's report; visited three schools; examined one teacher; traveled nine miles further and reached home by cars at 8. P.M. eating one meal. 37

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37 J. E. Walker, Fifty-third Annual Report of Hamilton County Public Schools, p. 12.

In 1873 a new system of public instruction was organized which forms the basis of our present-day schools in Hamilton County. The earliest account we have of a free public school in Sale Creek is that about the year 1880 a small one-room building was erected a few yards east of the present school plant. At that time the state was helping the schools, allowing to each community a sum of money in proportion to the number of children in school. Thus, when the mines were running, Sale Creek could keep a teacher for several months. Some of the oldest citizens can remember when at the beginning of each week the teacher would announce where he was spending the night each night during that week. "Taking turns" in keeping the teacher was a part of each parent's duty in supporting the school.

The present school building, accommodating both high school and elementary pupils, was erected in 1908, following a bill by the county court levying a high school tax. An addition was built in 1915. Because of a steadily increasing population and consolidation of schools, brought about by school bus transportation, an extra addition has been necessary. During the past year an auditorium-gymnasium and extra classrooms have been built with the aid of P. W. A. funds. Today, with an enrollment of four hundred in the consolidated high and elementary schools, Sale Creek ranks second to none in Hamilton County as to quality of work done, as may be seen by looking at the records of students who have gone on to higher institutions of learning.

There were, of course, private schools in Soddy during the early days, but the earliest information I have comes from

Goodspeed in 1887: "Besides good common schools, Soddy has a graded school in which Latin and the higher English branches are taught."[38] P. A. Wall, a well-known school man in the northern part of Hamilton County for many years, was principal of the school. Soddy now has combined with its neighboring school, Daisy, and the new Soddy-Daisy High School has one of the finest high school plants in the State of Tennessee, with the largest enrollment of any rural high school south of the Ohio River.

Churches in Soddy can be traced much farther back than the school. The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1828 under the ministry of Reverend Abel Pearson. Among the charter members were Colonel William Clift, Mrs. Nancy Brooks Clift, William McGill, Mrs. Betsy McGill, Major Robert McRee, and Lewis Patterson.[39] Miss Winnie Walker writes, "Soddy's roots were in religion and culture as well as timber, mining, industry, and commerce."[40] Truly the same thing may well be said of the entire northern part of Hamilton County.

F. Singing Families

After my high school pupils understood it was "songs they had never seen in a book" I wanted, they were a wonderful help to me. At first, if they found "Barbara Allen" or "Lord Lovel" in a songbook or a victrola record of "The Farmer's Curst

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38 Goodspeed, p. 899.

39 Armstrong, p. 242.

40 Winnie Walker, "Soddy's Memoirs," Chattanooga News (September 17, 1938).

Wife," they came to school quite sure that I would be delighted. One day a girl brought in "Lady Margaret and Sweet William," "Pretty Betsy," and "Barbara Allen," written in pencil on rough tablet paper. She readily agreed to go with me to see Pearl Green Gentry, who had given them to her. Having no idea as to whether Pearl Green Gentry might be an old, old grandmotherly lady who had sung the songs from early childhood or a younger person who had learned them from some old grandmother, I asked my pupil if she were young or old. "Oh!" answered the girl, "she's old. I guess she's thirty." Time was when I should have given the same answer about a thirty-year-old!

At any rate, we went to see the "old" lady, Pearl Green Gentry, and through her I have met one of the most interesting families of all my acquaintance - certainly one in which the old songs are known and loved. It is through just such families as this one that the songs and ballads of our ancestors have been preserved through the years. Pearl's grandmother Green's family, through which the songs have come, is a large one and can be traced back through several generations of German, Dutch, and Swedish ancestors. The particular members of the family from whom I received so many songs are the grandmother, a tiny old lady eighty-eight years of age; four of her daughters, Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Mrs. Ethel Welch, Mrs. Exona Hughes, and Miss Mollie Green; and two granddaughters, Pearl Green Gentry and Mrs. Ella Hughes. One of the daughters, Mrs. Exona Hughes, told me, "If you wanted to listen and I wanted to sing them, I guess I could sit here and sing all night without singing the same song twice or singing a song I ever saw in a

book." I found this statement to be literally true about her and no less true about her sister, Mrs. Rosa Hughes.

Most of the songs Mrs. Rosa Hughes knows came from her father, her grandmother Young, and her great-grandmother Headrick. Her father, of Swedish descent, came to Tennessee from North Carolina. She knows very little about her grandmother Young's ancestry, but the great-grandmother Headrick was of Dutch descent and was one of the Headricks of Blount County. She learned the songs as a small child sitting on her father's knee or seated on a stool at the feet of her grandmother or great-grandmother, watching them weave. I have never heard anything like the wealth of old songs stored in her memory, and the amazing thing is that they are all right at her tongue's end, ready to be sung. Sometimes it is a serious song, sometimes a humorous one, but she seems to get the same pleasure from all of them. It is through her, more than any other one person, that I have been able to see how the songs are handed down through the years by oral transmission.

Another singing family I must not fail to mention is one in Soddy which is composed of descendants of Colonel William Clift. Mrs. M. M. Walker, a granddaughter of Colonel Clift, remembers many songs she heard older members of her family sing years ago. Among those she enjoys most are "The Three Welshmen" and "The Old Black Duck." Her chief contribution to my collection, however, was an excellent variant of "Lord Thomas." Tiny, wrinkled, toothless, and eighty years of age, but remarkably keen of intellect and quick of wit, she sang with great

relish in her quavering voice from beginning to end the story of Lord Thomas' decision to marry the brown girl in preference to the fair Ellender. She stopped to laugh in great glee when she reached the lines:

> Lord Thomas he had a little bright sword
> That hung up in the hall;
> He took it and cut the brown girl's head off,
> And kicked it against the wall.

Her daughter, Miss Winnie Walker, also knows many of the old songs and has made a special study of the local folklore around Soddy.

I went with another high school girl to see her grandmother, who had sent me "Three Little Babes" and "Fair Charlotte." This was Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, a daughter of Floyd Mills. The Mills family has lived in and around Sale Creek for the past sixty years, having come to Tennessee from North Carolina. Mrs. Aslinger knows many old songs, most of which she learned from her father. One that she "thinks a heap of" is a rather sad one entitled "Friends of My Youth."

A splendid variant of "The Farmer's Curst Wife" was given to me by Joel Rogers, who has lived in Sale Creek all of his seventy-six years and says he must have known that song for seventy of them. He was born in 1863, and his father, a loyal Union soldier, was killed a month later, leaving his widow with a large family to rear. Feeling her responsibilities heavy upon her, the mother had no time for foolishness and would reprimand the young Joel every time he started singing "The Farmer's Curst Wife." The worst song she allowed him and his brothers to sing was "The Frog Went A-Courtin'."

One dear old lady was afraid the ballads might contaminate my morals. After giving me "Billy Boy" and two or three others, she asked whether she might read some I had received from other places. I left them with her for several days, and when I returned for them she said, "Now, I - I just don't believe I would put some of those songs in the paper if I were you. I'm afraid they're a little suggestive." I was very glad she had not seen my entire collection!

My best variant of "Our Goodman" came from Jim Bolton, who also knows many other old songs. His family has been in Sale Creek for many years, the Peter Bolton who operated Sale Creek's first store in 1875 being a great-uncle.

There are many families in the northern part of Hamilton County who know the old songs. Not all of them know any of the Child ballads, but they do have a wealth of other imported songs, of American folk songs and ballads, and of play-party songs. The nicest part of it all is their willingness to sing them and their patience in helping me get the exact wording of the songs as they know them. Instead of being unwilling to give their songs, they love them and are glad to share them. They seem to be glad that someone is taking an interest in the old hand-me-downs they have known and loved for so many years.

G. Ballads and Folk Songs Found in Hamilton County

It is interesting to note the number and variety of songs found in the northern part of Hamilton County. For purposes of study, I have divided the songs of this collection into four groups: (1) Child ballads, (2) other ballads and folk songs of Old-World origin, (3) American ballads and folk songs, and (4) play-party games and children's songs and singing games.

The Child group, while smallest in number, furnishes a very interesting study. Of the fifteen Child ballads in my collection, by far the greater number fall in the group of lovers' tragedies, such as "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," and the well-known "Barbara Allen." The return of the dead is also a common element in variants from Hamilton County. This element is found in "The Suffolk Miracle," and "The Wife of Usher's Well." Two humorous ballads, "The Farmer's Curst Wife" and "Our Goodman," are included in my collection. I found no variant of a Biblical ballad, no Robin Hood ballad, and no border ballad.

Without the contributions of the Hughes family, my collection of Child ballads would have been small indeed. Practically every one in the community knows "Barbara Allen"; the high school pupils know "Our Goodman" from hearing it over the radio and "The Farmer's Curst Wife" from the phonograph; and a number of people were able to remember "The Hangman's Song." With these exceptions, the Child ballads are known by very few people in Hamilton County.

I found a greater number of people who were able to contribute songs in the second group. We may wonder why some of the songs in this group were not included in the Child collection. Some, of course, may have come into existence after he made his study; others are clearly broadside ballads, and as such would not have been included by Mr. Child. The majority of songs I am including in this group belong to the story-telling or ballad class; some, however, are good examples of lyrics.

It is difficult to state in words the difference between these ballads and songs and those found in the Child collection, but nevertheless the difference is there. They have the Old-World flavor, yet they lack something of the true ballad spirit to be found in the three hundred and five songs collected by Professor Child.

The largest group in my collection is made up of American ballads and folk songs. These songs I have grouped as (1) lovers' tragedies, (2) songs of sentiment, (3) journalistic ballads, (4) songs of wanderers and outcasts, and (5) nonsense songs. In addition to these, I have included one group of songs which I have not found in any collection but which seem to bear the stamp of the folk. Generally speaking, songs of American origin fall below the English and Scottish ballads in narrative effectiveness, convincing dialogue, and characterization. Neither are they as impersonal as the Old-World songs. Often we find a story told in the first person, which is very unusual in the older ballads. There is also a lack of stock phrases

found in the traditional ballads, as "lily-white hands," and "milk-white steed." However, in the songs of American origin there is often a common beginning, as "Come all ye kind people," and after telling a story of some dire tragedy or disaster, many of the songs end with a moral, warning other people to beware of a similar fate.

The most widely known songs in my collection are my play-party and children's game songs. This is probably true because they were learned by the people while they were children, and what one learns as a child he never forgets.

After making contact with practically every family in Sale Creek and many people in the neighboring communities of Bakewell, Soddy, Daisy, and Flat Top, I find it difficult to come to any conclusions concerning the distribution of songs. For the most part, my Child ballads and other imported songs came from older people. My high school pupils were very cooperative in bringing me songs, but most of the songs they brought were given to them by older members of the family for that purpose. The songs the high school people know have been learned largely through the influence of the radio and the phonograph.

I have far more contributions from women than from men. A characteristic comment of the men was, "I know some songs, but they wouldn't do to sing to you."

It is difficult to trace a song back through many generations, the usual explanation as to the origin being, "Why, I have just always heard it. I don't know where I did hear it first." However, the songs in this collection which I have been

able to trace seem to have made their way to Hamilton County, for the most part, from Blount County, Tennessee, from North Carolina, from Kentucky, and from Georgia. One has come from Ohio, one from Pennsylvania, and Texas and Oklahoma have contributed a few.

When we think of the great antiquity of the Child ballads - some of them dating back even to the twelfth century - we realize that American folk song is in its infancy. Who knows what the future may bring? It is true that in comparison with the older songs and ballads we are prone to give adverse criticism to our own contribution, but it may be that America is developing a wealth of folk songs that in the future will bear favorable comparison with the best that has been produced by any country in the past. I feel that it is our duty as Americans to preserve both those songs which have been handed down through the centuries and those which are constantly being produced in our own time. With that thought in mind, it has been a real pleasure to collect and have a small part in the preservation of songs and ballads that are traditional in northern Hamilton County.

CHAPTER II

CHILD BALLADS

Francis James Child's collection, The English and Scottish Ballads, in five volumes (1882-98), is always taken as a starting point in a study of ballads of Old-World origin. Recent studies show that of the three hundred and five ballads and folk songs included in the Child collection, one hundred and seventeen have at some time or other made their way into this country,[1] not through the printed page, but through being brought in the minds and hearts and on the lips of our ancestors. These early pioneers not only brought the songs, they sang them to their children and to their children's children, and thus each succeeding generation has had its share in handing down by oral transmission this rich heritage of folk song.

Of the one hundred and seventeen of these songs found in America, forty have been found in Tennessee,[2] and of that forty I am including in this collection fifteen which I have found in or near Sale Creek.

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1 Reed Smith, "A Glance at the Ballad and Folksong Field," SFQ, I, No. 2, 9.

2 Edwin C. Kirkland and Mary Neal Kirkland, "Popular Ballads Recorded in Knoxville, Tennessee," SFQ, II, No. 2, 80.

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

(Child, No. 4)

Of the popularity of this ballad, Child says, "Of all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe."[3] This wide circulation holds true also in America. Reed Smith speaks of it as "one of the most widely distributed ballads in America,"[4] and Henry says, "It rivals 'Barbara Allen' and 'The House Carpenter' in the number of variants that have been found in America."[5]

As to the origin of the story, Child rejects the theory that it is based on the Hebrew "gest" of Judith and Holofernes, supposing rather 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 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. [6]

Greig says of the knight, "In one type the knight is supernatural, in the other a mortal."[7] Child A and B are of the first type, while other versions follow the second type. It is this second type which is followed by the American variants.

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3 Francis James Child, English and Scottish Popular Ballads, I, 22.

4 Reed Smith, South Carolina Ballads, p. 97.

5 Mellinger E. Henry, Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands, p. 32.

6. Child, I, 54.

7. Gavin Greig, Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs, p. 2.

The ballad is known in America by many different titles. Among them are "Six King's Daughters," "The Salt Water Sea," "The Outlandish Knight," "The Seven King's Daughters," "Miss Mary's Parrot," "The Cage of Ivory and Gold," "The Pretty Golden Queen," and more often than any other, "Pretty Polly."

Greig lists the text of a Scottish variant in his ballads collected in Aberdeen. Greig, p. 2.

Barry gives two Irish variants of this popular ballad with the comment, "'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' is a great favorite with the folk singers of Eire." JAFL, XXI, 374; XXIV, 333.

Dorothy Scarborough gives an interesting Negro text from Waco, Texas, in which, contrary to ballad usage, the story is told in the first person. Scarborough, p. 43.

For other American references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 32; Hudson, Songs, p. 61; Hudson, Specimens, p. 2; JAFL, XIX, 232; XXII, 65; XXIII, 374; XXIV, 344; XXVIII, 148; XXXV, 338; XLII, 254; XLVIII, 305; XLIX, 213; Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 126; Reed Smith, p. 97.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 14, Campbell and Sharp, I, 5; Cox, p. 3; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 1; Davis, p. 63; Flanders and Brown, p. 190; Hudson, Tunes, p. 10; JAFL, XVIII, 132; Mackenzie, pp. 3, 391; Sandburg, p. 60.

PRETTY POLLY

Obtained from the singing of two sisters, Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, and Mrs. Ethel Welch, Daisy, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

She followed me up and she followed me down,
And she followed me into the hall.
She followed me up and she followed me down,
And she followed me into the hall, oh hall,
And she followed me into the hall.

I asked pretty Polly for to be my wife.
What do you reckon she said?
She said she would not marry me
If all the rest was dead, oh dead,
If all the rest was dead.

She mounted on the milk white steed,[8]
And he on an iron gray.
They rode till they came to the broad water side
On a long, long summer day, oh day,
On a long, long summer day.

"Oh light you down, my pretty Polly,
Light you down by the sea.
The king's six daughters I have drownded here,
And the seventh one you shall be, oh be,
And the seventh one you shall be."

"Turn your back, you false hearted Willie,
Turn your back on me."
She picked him up most manfully,
And she threw him in the salt water sea, oh sea,
And she threw him in the salt water sea.

"Lay there, lay there, you false hearted Willie,
Lay there instead of me,
For your clothing's none too salty nor fine
To swim in the salt water sea, oh sea,
To swim in the salt water sea."

She mounted on the milk white steed,[8]
And led off the iron gray.
She rode till she came to her old father's house,
Two hours before it was day, oh day,
Two hours before it was day.

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8 Pronounced "stead."

YOUNG BEICHAN

(Child, No. 53)

Child gives fourteen versions of this Scottish ballad, only one of which, L, is an English copy. In his introduction to the ballad we read,

> "Young Beichan" is a favorite ballad and deservedly. 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. [9]

An interesting legend about Gilbert Becket, father of Thomas, is closely associated with this ballad. According to the legend, Gilbert Becket went to the Holy Land, was imprisoned, but was promoted to serve the Saracen prince, Admiraud. The prince's daughter fell in love with Gilbert and offered to free him, but he was afraid to trust her promises. He later broke prison and was followed to London by the heathen princess. In spite of her inability to speak English, she found him in London. They were married and she became the mother of Thomas. Child admits that the ballad has perhaps been affected by this legend, but, for all that, is not derived from the legend. "Stories and ballads of the general cast of 'Young Beichan' are extremely frequent."[10]

In the Child Scottish versions the hero's name is usually Beichan, spelled sometimes Bekie, Bichan, Brechin, while

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9. Child, I, 455.

10. Ibid., p. 458.

the heroine is usually Susie Pye, but occasionally Sophia. In the English version, L, the hero is Bateman, and this is the name similar to that found in the American variants. American names are Bakeman, Batesman, Baitman, Bayham, Bacon, Behan, Buchan, Wetram, and Deckman, which is similar to the one given me, Beckman. The girl's name in the American variants changes also. Some of the names found are Susie Price, Susanne, Susie Free, Silky Friar, Susan Pious, and finally the name as Mrs. Hughes sang it to me, Susanna Spicer. In America the song usually goes by the title of "The Turkish Lady."

There is something about this old ballad that makes it linger in one's mind when other things are forgotten. On a hot summer afternoon, I drove to the mountain west of Sale Creek and stopped at eighty-six-year-old "Mammy Green's" house to see if by chance she could remember any old songs. Her daughters had already told me that she had once been a great singer of ballads, but that of late years her memory had been failing. "Yes, I used to know a pretty one," she said, and in her quavering voice she sang,

> She stole the keys of her father's castle
> And she bound Lord Beckman she go see.

A wandering look came into her eyes and her mind was elsewhere, but when I reminded her of the song again, she was able to remember,

> She took him down to her father's cellar
> There she drawed the wine so strong.

"It's no use," she said helplessly, "it just doesn't come. It's sure a pretty one though, and Rosie will know it if you'll go

see her." And sure enough, Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Mrs. Green's daughter, was able to sing it for me.

The heroine of this ballad evidently believes the Englishman's promise to return in seven years after she has released him from prison. However, when the seven years have passed, bringing no word from him, she determines to take matters into her own hands. Sailing to the English shore, she arrives at a most inopportune time, the very night the young man has taken unto himself another bride. The American variants have lost the supernatural element found in some of the Child versions, whereby she is advised by the Billy Blin to go seek her lover and is aided by him in her journey over the sea.

In only one variant that I examined does the young man make any effort to stay with the new bride. Henry has one in which the bridegroom tries to persuade the Turkish lady to marry his older brother, but when she refuses he abandons his bride for the old love.[11] It is the mother of the bride and not the bride herself who objects to the desertion. One variant reads,

> Did you ever hear or know the like before,
> To wed a damsel in the morning soon
> And to wed another just afternoon?[12]

Pretty quick work, even for the ballad lovemakers! His conscience seems not to bother him at all, however, and evidently with the idea that the bestowal of worldly goods will alleviate any pain

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11 Henry, p. 55.

12 Ibid., p. 58.

of the heart, he replies to the mother,

Here's your daughter as I got her.
I'm sure she's none the worse of me.
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
I'll send her home in her coach and three. 13

Josephine McGill gives a very interesting account of her discovery of "The Turkish Lady" in the Kentucky mountains. Musical Quarterly, III, 364.

Greig gives one text and five tunes of this old ballad collected in Aberdeen. Greig, p. 40.

Elsie Clews Parsons contributes the text and tune of a variant given by a Negro resident in Andros Island, Bahamas. JAFL, XLI, 585.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 36; Hudson, Specimens, p. 7; JAFL, XVIII, 209; XX, 251; XXII, 64; XXVI, 353; XXVIII, 149; XLII, 259; Pound, p. 33; Shearin, p. 4.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 106; Campbell and Sharp, I, 77; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 16; Davis, pp. 158, 565; Flanders and Brown, p. 204; Henry, p. 55; Hudson, Songs, p. 75; JAFL, XXIII, 449; Mackenzie, pp. 16, 392; Raine, p. 109; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 210, 410; Reed Smith, p. 104.

THE TURKISH LADY

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, November 12, 1938. Mrs. Hughes learned the song from her grandmother, Mrs. Mopha Jane Young, who had learned it as a child in Blount County, Tennessee.

A gentleman who lived in England,
A gentleman of a high degree,
His mind came restless and discontented
Until he taken a voyage on sea.

He sailed east, he sailed west,
Sailed till he come to the Turkish shore.
Oh there he was taken and put in prison
Where he could neither see nor hear.

The Turkish had one only daughter
The fairest that ever my two eyes did see.
She stole the keys of her father's castle,
And she bound Lord Beckman she go see.

---

13 Louise Pound, American Ballads and Songs, p. 36.

"Have you got house and lands a-plenty?
   Are you living of a high degree?
Or what would you give to the Turkish lady
   To ease you of your prison thief?"

"I have house and land a-plenty;
   I am living of a high degree.
And I'd give it all to the Turkish lady
   To ease me of these iron bands."

She took him down to her father's cellar,
   There she drawed the wine so strong;
Every glass she did drink to him
   She wished Lord Beckman had been her own.

There they made a strong bargain,
   A strong bargain seven years long:
I won't have no otner woman,
   No, nor I won't have no other man.

She took him down to the seaside,
   There she filled a vessel up full.
"It's fare you well, my own dear dual,[14]
   It's I'm afraid I'll never see you again."

Seven long years he'd been gone from her,
   Seven long years, one, two, by three.
She packed up her costly [15] clothing
   And she bound Lord Beckman she go see.

She sailed till she came to the English shore,
   . . . . . .
. . . . . .
   . . . . . .

She says, "Is this one of Lord Beckman's castles
   Or is Lord Beckman hisself within?"
"This is one of Lord Beckman's castles,
   And Lord Beckman hisself's within."

"Go tell him to remember a long bargain,
   A long bargain seven years long,
It's, I won't have no other woman,
   No, nor I won't have no other man."

Lord Beckman he rose from his own table,
   Into pieces he split it three.
"I'll end my life, Susanna Spicer,
   Susanna's lately come from sea."

---

14 Mrs. Hughes could not explain the meaning of this word, but she gave it just as she has always heard it sung. It is evidently a term of endearment.

15 Pronounced "cost-lie."

YOUNG HUNTING

(Child, No. 68)

Child gives eleven versions of this ballad, the best known of which, J, is from Scott's Minstrelsy. There are similar Scandinavian, Danish, and Norwegian ballads.

In America it travels under many different names. Among them are "Love Henry," "Loving Henry," "Loving Heneary," "The Faulse Ladye," "Proud Lady Margaret," and "The Little Scotchee."

This old ballad uses for its theme the revenge of a woman scorned. The heroine, angered at Young Hunting's statement that he has in a foreign land a sweetheart - sometimes a wife - fairer than she, persuades him to come into the room and, taking advantage of his nearness, stabs him to the heart. His body is thrown into the river, usually Clyde Water. In the American variants, however, this has become a well. The variant Mrs. Hughes sang to me goes,

> They cast him in an old out well,
> Just about sixty feet.

Again we find that element so common in ballad stories - the ability of birds or animals to talk. The murderess invites a little bird into her room, bribing him with the promise of a cage of "yellow beaten gold." The bird, however, replies.

> "I can't come in, nor I shan't come in,
> Oh, I can't come in," cried he.
> "I'm afraid you will rob me of my tender little heart
> Like you did the poor Scotchee."

At that reply, she wishes she had a bow and arrow that she might kill the bird, but he retorts that if she had a bow and arrow,

he would fly away so high he would never be seen again.

This usually concludes the American variants. Cambiaire, however, has one in which she dies, leaving a note bidding her friends goodbye.[16]

In Child, A, B, C, and K, when the young lady is confronted with her crime, she accuses her maid - in H a footpage - but when they put the maid - or footpage - in the fire she does not burn, thus establishing her innocence. Child, J, has still another proof. After the fire does not burn the maid, they have her touch the corpse. Nothing happens; but when the murderess touches it, the blood streams forth. Of this, Child says,

> That the body of a murdered man will emit blood upon being touched, or even approached, by the murderer is a belief of ancient standing, and evidence of this character was formerly admitted in judicial investigation.[17]

Hudson has a text of this ballad from Mississippi which is different from any other American variant I have seen. Beginning with the father's search for the murdered boy, it goes on until they find him in the bottom of the new-drawn well. It concludes,

> This lady and her merry maidens all
> Were hung next market day.
>
> Hudson, Songs, p. 77.

Henry gives an interesting text illustrating how various songs are sometimes combined. Beginning as "Young Hunting," his text wanders off into "The False Young Man." Mr. Phillips

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16 Celestin Pierre Cambiaire, East Tennessee and West Virginia Mountain Ballads, p. 28.

17 Child, II, 143.

Barry says of it, "I recognize no less than six different songs in it." Henry, p. 145; JAFL, XLIV, 67.

Sandburg gives a text and tune of this old ballad prefaced by the following statement:

> The little drama presented here is as somber with groaning shadows as certain scenes from the plays of Shakespeare or those chapters in the Bible dealing with Samson and Delilah or the woman known as Jezebel. Sung deliberately and with understanding of its implications, delivered as a series of character roles and situations having contrast, it has the pride of an ancient tapestry, with gashes of knife thrusts and splotches of red that are on second look found to be dry blood.
>
> Sandburg, p. 64.

For other American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 28; Cox, p. 42; JAFL, XX, 252.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 122; Campbell and Sharp, I, 101; Davis, pp. 182, 566; JAFL, XXX, 298; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 134, 398; Reed Smith, p. 107; Smith and Rufty, p. 15.

THE POOR SCOTCHEE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 17, 1938. Learned from her grandmother, Mrs. Mopha Jane Young, who learned it from her mother, Mrs. Polly Headrick, Blount County, Tennessee.

"Come in, come in, my pretty little man,
And stay this night with me,
I have a bed of the very, very best;
I will give it up to thee."

"Oh I can't come in, nor I shan't come in,
I can't come in," cried he.
"For I have a wife in the old Scotland
That is waiting this night for me."

She drew her knife, her silver knife,
And she pierced him to the heart;
And soon she was heard a-crying out loud,
"Here's a dead man on my hearth."

They caught him round the middle, middle small,
They caught him round the feet;
They cast him in an old out well
Just about sixty feet.

One evening as she set in her parlor door,
   Lamenting of her life,
She spied a very pretty little bird
   All among the leaves so green.

"Come in, come in, my pretty little bird,
   And stay this night with me,
I have a cage of the yellow beaten gold,
   That will hang in the willow tree."

"I can't come in, nor I shan't come in,
   Oh I can't come in," cried he.
"I'm afraid you will rob me of my tender little heart
   Like you did the poor Scotchee."

"Oh, that I had my bow and arrow,
   My arrow and my string,
I'd shoot you through your tender little heart
   From among the leaves so green."

"Oh, if you had your bow and arrow,
   Your arrow and your string,
I'd fly away to the worlds on high
   Never more to be seen again."

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

(Child, No. 73)

> The English version of this ballad, "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor," . . . is a broadside of Charles the Second's time. . . . This copy has become traditional in Scotland and Ireland. The Scottish traditional copy, "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," is far superior, and one of the most beautiful of our ballads, and indeed of all ballads. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "a more pathetic story of the man who loves one woman and marries another," begins in the same way, with the last long talk before parting. The conclusion is that the forsaken maid dies of grief, not by the hand of her incensed rival, and it is most natural that the two stories should be blended in tradition, as they are here. [18]

The most common similarity between "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" is the rose and briar ending, which, as Davis points out, is also common to the third great lovers' tragedy, "Lord Lovel."[19] This ending has been found, but is not common in American variants of "Lord Thomas." Another interesting fact about this motif is that, entirely absent in Child versions of "Barbara Allen," it is almost always found in American variants. Reed Smith speaks of this ending as "a motif which serves as the tragic counterpart of 'and they lived happily ever after.'"[20]

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18 Child, II, 180.

19 Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., Traditional Ballads of Virginia, p. 191.

20. Smith, p. 109.

Child prints one American version in which "Fair Ellinter" has both the wealth and the beauty, giving Thomas no apparent reason for choosing the brown girl. Tolman quotes a fragment with the same idea.[21] This, however, is contrary to the usual story. Usually Ellender has the beauty and the brown girl the "houses and lands"; thus the mother is influenced to advise Thomas from a mercenary standpoint.

One peculiarity of this ballad is the number of changes in the girl's name, while Thomas almost always remains the same. Two exceptions are Scarborough's variant from Virginia, in which he is Jimmy Randolph, and one given by Cox from West Virginia calling him Loyd Thomas. Among the girl's names we find Eleanor - spelled also Ellinor, Elinor, Elenor - Ellen, Ellender, Helen, Ellington, Fairelender, Fair Rillander, Fair-ellater, Ellendry, and Fair Ellenger.

Raine has a text and tune of this old ballad adding an interesting comment,

> In the first stanza of "Lord Thomas and Fair Elender" we find the Chaucerian phrase, "rede me a riddle." This has survived because of its euphony, not because of any uncertainty as to his preference on the part of the hero. The older ballad makers always admired yellow or golden hair. "The brown girl," a brunette, though she is rich, is not a favorite, for personal charm, like individual prowess, always ranks high with the pioneer.[22]

He comments also on the two lines,

> He dressed himself in scarlet red
> His waiters all in green.

---

21 A. H. Tolman, "Some Songs Traditional in the United States," JAFL, XXIX, 159.

22 James Watt Raine, The Land of Saddle-bags, p. 111.

> Completely ignoring the bridegroom, our common usage at weddings alludes to a certain individual as "best man." Mountain usage calls him "waiter." The usual meaning of "wait" in Shakespeare's time was to attend: "We'll wait upon your grace." 23

We find the same word with the same meaning in "The Bramble Briar."

Edwin Shepard Miller reviews the influences of oral transmission on "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," recording the more startling changes in eighty variants of this popular ballad. SFQ, I, No. 4, 25.

C. E. Means, using "Lord Thomas" as an example, discusses the amazing survival of ballads among the buckra, or poor whites, of the South Atlantic States. Outlook, LXIII, 119.

For a Scottish variant collected in Aberdeen, see Greig, p. 54.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, pp. 34, 115; Cox, p. 45; Fuson, p. 49; Hudson, Songs, p. 78; Hudson, Specimens, p. 10; JAFL, XX, 254; XXVIII, 152; XXIX, 159; XXXIX, 94; North American Review, CCXXVIII, 221; Pound, p. 27; Sheppard, p. 285.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 128; Campbell and Sharp, I, 115; Davis, pp. 191, 568; Flanders, p. 68; Flanders and Brown, p. 209; Henry, p. 60; Hudson, Tunes, pp. 13, 21; JAFL, XVIII, 128; XIX, 235; XLII, 262; XLVIII, 314; McGill, p. 26; Mackenzie, p. 20; Matteson and Henry, p. 16; Raine, p. 112; Sandburg, p.156; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 105, 391; Reed Smith, p. 109; Smith and Rufty, p. 17; SFQ, No. 2, 69; Stout, p. 5; Wyman and Brockway, p. 14.

A

LORD THOMAS

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Walker, Soddy, Tennessee, October 25, 1938. Mrs. Walker is now eighty years of age, and she learned this song from her mother, Mrs. S. A. Clift, who died ten years ago at the age of ninety-three.

"Father, dear Father, come riddle to me,
  Come riddle me my desire,
Whether I must marry fair Eleander
  Or bring the brown girl home."

"The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none;
Then for my blessing, my own dear son,
Go bring the brown girl home."

He dressed his merry men all in black,
Himself he dressed in white;
And every town that he rode through
They took him to be some knight.

He rode till he came to Fair Ellen's door,
He tingled at the ring,
And none was so ready as Fair Ellen herself
To arise and let him come in.

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"What news have you brought for me?"
"I've come to ask you to my wedding."
"Bad news, bad news," said she.

"I thought I'd be your bride myself,
And you would be the groom;
I thought I'd be your bride myself
And you would take me home."

She dressed her merry maids all in white,
Herself she dressed in green;
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

She rode till she came to Lord Thomas' door
She tingled at the ring;
And none was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To arise and let her come in.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"I think she looks very brown,
You might have had as fair a color
As ever the sun shone on."

The brown girl had a little pen knife,
It was both keen and sharp;
She gave Fair Ellen a deadly blow
That pierced her through the heart.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Lord Thomas,
he cried,
"I think you look very pale,
You used to have as fair a color
As ever the sun shone on."

"Are you blind? Are you blind, Lord Thomas?"
she cried,
"Or can you no longer see?
Why don't you see my own heart's blood
A-trickling down by me?"

Lord Thomas he had a little bright sword
That hung up in the hall;
He took it and cut the brown girl's head off
And kicked it against the wall.

"Father, dear Father, go dig my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep;
And bury Fair Ellen at my side,
And the brown girl at my feet."

B

LORD THOMAS

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938. Mrs. Aslinger has known the song for many years, but does not remember where she learned it.

"Come riddle, come riddle, dear Mother," he said
"Come riddle us both as one,
Shall I marry Fair Ellender
Or bring the brown girl home?"

"Oh, bring the brown girl home," said she,
"For she has houses and lands,
Therefore, I request you with all my blessings
To bring the brown girl home."

He rode till he came to fair Ellender's hall,
He jingled at the ring;
There was none so ready as fair Ellender
To rise and let him in.

"What news, what news have you brought?" said she,
"Bad news, bad news," said he,
"I've come to ask you to my wedding," said he,
"And that's bad news to thee."

"Bad news, bad news," said she,
"For I intended to be the bride,
And you the bridegroom to be."

"Come riddle, come riddle, dear Mother," she said,
"Come riddle us both as one,
Shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding?
Or shall I tarry at home?"

"Oh, tarry at home," said she,
"For if you go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Oh killed you surely [24] shall be."

She dressed herself in scarlet so red,
The balance all in green;
And every street that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

She rode till she came to Lord Thomas' hall,
And jingled at the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

He took her by her lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
And down at the head of the table he set her
Among the merry maids all.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"I think she's mighty brown,
You could 'a' had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on."

The brown girl had a penknife[25] in her hand,
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the long and short ribs,
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart.

"Oh, what's the matter?" Lord Thomas, he said,
"Oh can't you very well see?
And don't you see my own heart's blood
Come twinkling to my knees?"

He took the brown girl by her hand,
And led her through the hall,
And with a bright and sharp-edged sword
He cut off her head, and dashed it against the wall.

Then he pointed the sword right at his head
And said, "Go dig my grave both long and deep,
And put Fair Ellender in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet."

There were never three lovers
That ever did meet,
That ever so soon did part.

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24 Pronounced "shorely."

25 Pronounced "pen'nif."

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

(Child, No. 74)

The following account of this ballad is given by David Mallet:

> In a comedy of Fletcher called "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Old Merry-Thought enters, repeating the following verses:
>
> When it was grown to dark midnight
> And all were fast asleep,
> In came Margaret's ghost,
> And stood at William's feet.
>
> This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known at the time when that author wrote (1611); and it is all of it, I believe, that is anywhere to be met with. These lines . . . struck my fancy and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago. [26]

The entire ballad, "Margaret's Ghost," by Mallet may be found in Percy's Reliques. The "unhappy adventure" here alluded to is this: a young lady, her hand having been scornfully refused by her seducer, received the news of his faithlessness, became ill, and she and her child both died and were buried in the same grave.[27]

Of Mallet's ballad, Ritson says, "It may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as 'William and Margaret.'" Bishop Percy also refers to it as "one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language."[28] Mallet's authorship is questioned by Child

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26 Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, p. 645.

27 Ibid.

28 Ibid.

who says,

> The ballad supposed to be lost has been lately recovered, in a copy of the date 1711, with the title "William and Margaret, an Old Ballad," and turns out to be substantially the piece which Mallet published as his own in 1724, Mallet's changes being comparatively slight. 29

It is never very clear why William, in love with Margaret, marries someone else, but at any rate, while Margaret is combing her long yellow hair, she sees William and his bride pass by. That night her ghost stands at William's feet and he has bad dreams, usually of swine in the room or of blood on the bed. Evidently his conscience is bothering him about the girl he has deserted, for his first waking thought is of her; and, with the permission of his new bride, he hastens away to see if the dream had anything to do with her. His foreboding was correct; he finds Margaret a corpse, and he dies the following day of grief. In many of the American variants the familiar rose and briar motif is found.

Margaret's name changes less than that of most of the ballad heroines, becoming sometimes Lady Margaret or Lyddy Margaret, and once Lady Maggie.

Josephine McGill is generous in her praises of Fair Margaret as a ballad heroine. In Musical Quarterly, III, 369, she says:

> One of the fairest of ladies that ever died for love is the heroine of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." This song possesses a quality which defies time, the perversion of the text and the personality of the singer.

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29 Child, II, 199.

Again, in North American Review, CCXXVIII, 221, she speaks of Margaret as "par excellence the ideal 'fair lady' of the ballads."

For other American references and texts without tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, pp. 213, 240; Hudson, Songs, p. 87; Hudson, Specimens, p. 11; JAFL, XIX, 281; XXVIII, 154; XXX, 302; Mackenzie, p. 25; Pound, p. 40; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 103, 390.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 134; Campbell and Sharp, I, 132; Cox, pp. 65, 522; Davis, pp. 221, 570; JAFL, XXXI, 74; XXXV, 340; XLVIII, 301; McGill, p. 69.

SWEET WILLIAM

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 31, 1938. Mrs. Gentry learned the song from her aunt, Mrs. Exona Hughes.

Sweet William arose one bright May morning
All dressed himself in blue.
"Come tell to me that long long lie
Between Lyddy Margaret and me.

"It's I owe Lyddy Margaret no ill will,
Nor either does she me;
Before tomorrow at eight o'clock
My bride Lyddy Margaret shall be."

As she was standing in her own dining room
A-combing of her long yellow hair,
She saw Sweet William and his own true love
To the churchyard they drew near.

The day had been gone and the night had come on
Weary bodies were all in bed;
Sweet William he dreamed of his own true love
A-resting with another man.

"It's how do you like my fine feather bed?
It's how do you like my sheet?
And it's how do you like my gay lady
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

"It's very well do I like your fine feather bed
Very well do I like your sheet;
Much better do I like your gay lady
That lies in your arms and sleeps."

The night had been gone and the day had come on
   Every body was up and about.
Sweet William was troubled in his own mind about
   The dream that he dreamed last night.

He called up five or six men
   And he called them to his side;
And asked relief of his own dear bride,
   Lyddy Margaret he might go and see.

He rode till he came to Lyddy Margaret's hall,
   And he tingled at the ring;
And none so ready but her own brother Jim
   To arise and let him in.

"Is Lyddy Margaret at home today?
   Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her own dining room
   With the rest of the girls?"

"Lyddy Margaret is not at home today,
   Nor is she in her hall;
Lyddy Margaret is dead and her own coffin made,
   And sits again yonders wall."

"Unfold, unfold that winding sheet,
   Unfold that silk so fine;
And let me kiss Lyddy Margaret's lips
   As oftentimes as she's kissed mine."

He kissed her on her rosy cheeks,
   And he kissed her on her lips;
And he kissed her on her snowy white breast,
   And wished that she had been his.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

(Child, No. 79)

Of the four versions of this beautiful ballad given by Child, B is explained in the introduction to "The Clerk's Twa Sons O Owsenford" as being originally the sequel to that song.[30]

> A motive for the return of the wife's three sons is not found in the fragments which remain to us. . . . There is no indication that the sons come back to forbid obstinate grief, as the dead often do. But supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of these verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting.[31]

This is true of the Child versions, but the American variants give the impression that the mother's stubborn grief brings them back from the dead. A West Virginia variant reads,

> There's a king in heaven, I know
> A king that wears a crown
> Pray send me down my children dear
> Tonight or in the morning soon.[32]

Speaking of this ballad, Josephine McGill says, "The belief, so recurrent in folk-poetry that the rest of the dead is disturbed by the grief of the living is perhaps nowhere poetized more touchingly than in this ballad of the bereaved mother."[33]

"An ancient law compelled ghosts to return to their graves at the crowing of the cock."[34] This is true of the

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30 Child, II, 173.

31 Ibid., 238.

32 John Harrington Cox, Folk-Songs of the South, p. 89.

33 Josephine McGill, "Following Music in a Mountain Land," Musical Quarterly, III, 378.

34 Cox, p. 88.

Child versions, but in most of the American variants they must go because "their Saviour is waiting for them." However, in the variant given to me by Mrs. Exona Hughes there is a combination of the two reasons for their departure,

"Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"For midnight soon will crow;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And to him we must go."

An American variant from West Virginia gives the same idea,

"Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"The chickens are crowing for day;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And him we must obey." [35]

Child, C, has an ending not found anywhere else. Jesus takes the children with him, but tells the mother she has nine days in which to repent. At the end of that time, He returns and takes her to heaven with Him.

In the Child versions the sons are grown young men; in the American variants they have become babes. Newell suggests this explanation, "It seems to be a touch of modern change which has altered the lads from the period fit for acquiring knighthood to babes; in this form the ballad made a warmer appeal to the maternal heart." [36] The only variants in which the children are girls have been found in Virginia.

The Child name for the ballad, so far as I know, has not been found in America. Instead, the ballad goes by

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35 Ibid., p. 92.

36 William Wells Newell, "Early American Ballads," JAFL, XIII, 119.

the title "Lady Gay," "The Beautiful Bride," "Three Little Babes," "Lady Gains," or "Children's Song." The two most often found are "Lady Gay" and "Three Little Babes."

BES gives an interesting text brought directly from Ireland, in which the children return at New Year instead of Christmas. BES, p. 449.

For other American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 121; Cox, p. 88; Fuson, p. 59; Henry, p. 70; Hudson, Songs, p. 93; JAFL, XXIII, 429; XXX, 305; XXXIX, 96; XLIV, 63; Pound, p. 18.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 150; Davis, p. 278; Harper's, CIX, 121; Hudson, Tunes, p. 17; McGill, p. 4; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 167, 402; Smith and Rufty, p. 23.

A

THREE LITTLE BABES

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

One night there lived a lady bride,
And children she had three;
She sent them away to the Northern Country
To learn their grammerie.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About twelve months and a day,
Till death swept abroad all over the land,
And swept those babes away.

It was going on old Christmas time,
When the nights were long and cold,
Those three little babes came running home
And into their mama's hall.

She set a table before them,
And on it spread bread and wine,
Saying, "Come along, my three little babes,
Eat and drink of mine."

"We will eat none of your bread, dear Mother,
We'll drink none of your wine;
But just before the break of day,
Our Saviour we will join."

"Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"For midnight soon will crow;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And to Him we must go.

"Farewell to Father and Mother too,
Farewell to saints and kings;
And the tears that you have shed, sweet Mother, dear,
Will make you weep again."

B

THREE LITTLE BABES

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 18, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Hannah Mills.

There was a bride and she lived abroad,
Those children she had three;
She sent them away to the North Country
To learn their grammerie.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Scarcely six months and a day,
Till death came abroad all over the land
And swept her babes away.

'Twas drawing nigh when a Christmas time,
The nights was long and cold.
At length she saw her three little babes
Come flying home to her.

She set a table of her own,
All covered with bread and wine,
Saying, "Come, oh come, my three little babes,
Come, eat and drink of mine."

"We cannot eat your bread, dear Mother,
Neither can drink your wine;
For our dear Saviour's a-waiting now,
And we must go and jine." 37

She spread a bed all in the back room,
And buried three white sheets.
All over them was a golden cloth
To slay their victory.

"Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"Rise up all on your feet,
For our dear Saviour's a-waiting now,
And we must go and meet.

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37 Join.

"Cold clouds lays at our head, dear Mother,
Green grass grows at our feet,
The tears that you have shed, dear Mother,
Will wet our winding sheet.

"Farewell, farewell, fare ye well, dear Mother,
Farewell to king and queen,
Farewell, farewell, fare ye well, dear Mother,
I hope we meet again."

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

(Child, No. 81)

Concerning the earliest history of this old ballad, we quote Child:

> Percy remarks: This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. Cases cited by him are: Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," of about 1611,
>
> And some they whistled, and some they sang,
> Hey down, down
> And some did loudly say,
> Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,
> Away, Musgrave, away!
>
> . . . And two stanzas in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," written before 1639,
>
> If this be true, thou little tiny page
> This tale thou tellest me,
> Then on thy back will I presently hang
> A handsome new livery.
>
> But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
> As false it well may be,
> Then with a cudgel of four foot long
> I'll beat thee from head to toe. 38

The murder of Lady Barnard is more barbarous in Child, A, than in any other of the Child versions or in any American variant. Child, L, has an ending common to such tragedies. After Lord Barnard has killed both his faithless wife and her lover, he fastens himself inside his house, saying that he will never more be seen outside; never dress his body in fine raiment; never comb his hair; neither shall a light ever be seen in his window.

When we read in the American variants that Little Mathy Groves went to church "God's holy word for to hear," we

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38 Child, II, 243.

think perhaps he let his mind wander or he would not have been so easily seduced. However, Child, C, gives a plausible explanation:

> Little Mousgrove would go to the church and pray,
> To see fair ladyes there.

The story of this ballad has changed little during its three hundred years of oral transmission. Barry says of it, "The ballad must have been nearly three hundred years in this country, diverging ever farther and farther, but it never has lost its integrity."[39] As Mrs. Gentry sang it to me, it still tells the same story. Lord Donald's wife persuades little Mathy Groves to spend the night with her, her husband having gone hunting. A little footpage, hearing their plans, runs to tell his master. During the night, Mathy, no doubt with a guilty conscience, hears Lord Donald's horn and thinks he may be returning home, but the lady persuades him it is her father's shepherd boy. Soon, however, Lord Donald arrives and lets little Mathy have his choice of swords and the first lick besides. He does his best, but is no match for Lord Donald, for we read,

> The very first lick Lord Donald struck
> He split his heart in twain, twain,
> He split his heart in twain.

Then he asks the lady which of the two she prefers, and we are forced to admire her boldness as, with her slain lover at her

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39 Phillips Barry, Fanny Hardy Eckstorm, and Mary Winslow Smyth, British Ballads from Maine, p. 186.

feet, she tells his murderer,

"I wouldn't give the tip of little Mathy's finger
For you and all your kin, kin,
For you and all your kin."

With that, the wronged husband takes his wife "by the hair of her head" and serves her just as he had little Mathy.

Even though the story has remained practically the same, it would be difficult to find a ballad in which the names have changed more. The lord is spoken of as Lord Donald, Arnold, Orland, Banner, Benner, Barnswell, Daniel, Vanner, Darnold, Burnett, Thomas, and 'igh Donald. The lover is Young Grover, Musgrove, Young McGrover, Matthew Groves, Little Massy Groves, Young Red Rover, Mathy Groves, and Little Mosie Grove.

The fullest and most complete discussion of the three hundred years of this old ballad is given in BES, pp. 150-194.

Martha Beckwith gives an interesting text and tune collected in Jamaica. PMLA, XXXIX, 470.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 50; Cox, p. 94; Fuson, p. 52; JAFL, XXIII, 371; XLII, 265; Pound, p. 37; Reed Smith, p. 125.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 161; Davis, pp. 289, 577; Henry, p. 73; JAFL, XXX, 309; Mackenzie, pp. 27, 392; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 143, 400; Smith and Rufty, p. 26; Wyman and Brockway, pp. 22, 62.

LORD DONALD

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938. Learned from her aunt, Mrs. Exona Hughes.

On one Christmas holiday,
The very first day in the year,
Little Mathy Groves, he went to church,
God's holy word for to hear, hear,
God's holy word for to hear.

The first came in was a gay lady,
The next came in was a girl,
The next came in was Lord Donald's wife,
The fairest of them all, all,
The fairest of them all.

"Won't you come and go with me?
With me this night and lie?"
"I think by the ring on your forefinger
You are Lord Donald's wife, wife,
You are Lord Donald's wife."

Little footpage was standing by,
And he took to his heels and he run.
He run till he came to the river side,
And he fell upon his side and he swum, swum,
And he fell upon his side and he swum.

He swum till he came to the other side,
And he took to his heels and he run.
He run till he came to the king's castle army,
And he tangled at the ring, ring,
And he tangled at the ring.

"What news, what news, little footpage?
What news have you brought unto me?"
"Little Mathy Groves is at your home,
In bed with your wife, wife,
In bed with your wife."

"Little footpage,
If this be true you tell unto me,
Half of my kingdom in old England
You shall have, have,
You shall have.

"Little footpage,
If this be a lie you tell unto me,
The highest tree in old England
Hanged you shall be, be,
Hanged you shall be."

Lord Donald he called to his men,
And he called them to his side.
He put his bugle to his mouth,
And he blowed both loud and shrill, shrill,
And he blowed both loud and shrill.

Little Mathy Groves he got up
And put all on his clothes,
"I think by the ring of that horn,
That it is Lord Donald's horn, horn,
That it is Lord Donald's horn."

"Come back, my little Mathy Groves,
Come back with me and lie;
That is Father's two shepherd boys,
Calling up the sheep from the fold, fold,
Calling up the sheep from the fold."

"It's how do you like my fine feather bed?
How do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my gay lady
That lies in my arms and sleeps, sleeps,
That lies in my arms and sleeps?"

"It's very well do I like your fine feather bed,
And it's very well do I like your sheet;
But it's better do I like your gay lady
That lies in your arms and sleeps, sleeps,
That lies in your arms and sleeps."

"Get up, get up, little Mathy Groves,
And put all on your clothes;
I have two broad swords by my side,
And the best I'll give to you, you,
And the best I'll give to you.

"The very first lick you strike,
You strike it like a man;
For the very first lick I strike
I'll kill you if I can, can,
I'll kill you if I can."

The very first lick little Mathy struck,
He struck it like a man;
The very first lick Lord Donald struck,
He split his heart in twain, twain,
He split his heart in twain.

He took his gay lady by the hand,
And he pulled her on his knee;
"Now which do you like the best
Little Mathy Groves or me, me,
Little Mathy Groves or me?"

"Very well do I like your cherry cheek,
Very well do I like your chin;
But I wouldn't give the tip of little Mathy's finger
For you and all your kin, kin,
For you and all your kin."

He took his gay lady
By the hair of the head,
And he took his broad sword from his side,
And he split her head in twain, twain,
And he split her head in twain.

BONNY BARBARA ALLEN

(Child, No. 84)

Reed Smith's statement has generally been accepted that "Of all the ballads in America 'Barbara Allen' leads both in number of versions, number of texts, and in geographical distribution."[40] This is certainly true in Hamilton County. I am including four variants and could have had many more. Practically every pupil in the Sale Creek High School knows the song, some of them, it is true, having learned it from the radio, but most of them having heard it at home as small children. "Barbara Allen" was my key word when I was trying to explain the kind of songs I wanted to older people, and it very seldom failed to get a response. "Oh, yes, I used to know that," they would almost invariably answer, sing a stanza or two of it, and then perhaps think of another of the old songs.

The first printed copy of this ballad appeared in Ramsey's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1740, but it was known a hundred years earlier. "Pepys makes this entry in his Diary, January 2, 1666: 'In perfect pleasure I was to hear her (Miss Knipp, an actress) sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen.'"[41]

The story of the tragic loves of Sweet William and the heartless Barbara is very concisely stated by Shearin, "He slights her; she forsakes him; he dies of a broken heart; she

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40 Smith, p. 128.

41 Child, II, 276.

dies of remorse."[42] We have the question raised as to whether Barbara was a real person. The conclusion is reached that if she were not, then it took a genius to invent her.[43] Of Barbara, Josephine McGill says,

> She comes down to us beloved and remembered, not as cruel Barbara Allen, but as Bonny Barbara Allen; like young Jemmy Grove we sense something in her other than her cruelty and we feel that he was wise to die forgiving her and commending her to the kindness of his dear friends all.[44]

One outstanding fact about Barbara is that in the many variants examined her name remains the same except for slight changes in the spelling. However, the name of the young man who dies for her undergoes many changes. He is called Jimmie Groves, Sir James the Graham, Young Jimmie, John Green, Jamie Grove, William Hilliard, but most often of all, Sweet William.

A great many of the variants give no reason for her apparent heartlessness in refusing to go to the young man's bedside, but when it is given it is always the same - he has slighted her the day before. In my variants A and B there is an idea not often expressed,

> Oh mother, oh mother, you're the cause of this
> For you would not let me have him.

In my D variant, given to me by a girl who learned it while living in Kentucky, there is a stanza not often given in which the

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42 Hubert G. Shearin, British Ballads in the Cumberland Mountains, p. 3.

43 Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 200.

44 Josephine McGill, "Sing All a Green Willow," North American Review, CCXXVIII, 219.

mother also dies,

> Sweet William died on a Saturday night,
> And Barbara Allen on a Sunday;
> The old lady died for the love of them both,
> She died on Easter Monday.

The rose and briar motif, while not appearing in any Child version, has become an almost inseparable part of the American variants. F. M. Barbour discusses the fusion of ballads, bringing in particularly this motif in "Barbara Allen," "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," "Lord Lovel," and "The Lass of Roch Royal."[45]

Carl Sandburg, in his introduction to the text and tune of "Barbara Allen" included in his American Songbag, expresses the feeling inspired by the song,

> Sometimes, in the singing of this song, I get the feel of old gnarled thornapple trees and white crabapple blossoms printed momentarily on a blue sky, of evanescent things, of the paradox of tender and cruel forces operating together in life. Perhaps something of that paradox working in the hearts of people has kept the Barbara Allen story alive and singing through three centuries and more.[46]

Greig gives one Scottish text and four tunes in his Aberdeen collection. Greig, p. 67.

An interesting Negro variant is given by Reed Smith, p. 138. The same variant is quoted by Dorothy Scarborough, p. 59.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 235; Cambiaire, p. 66; Fuson, p. 47; Hudson, Songs, p. 95; Independent, LIII, 1452; JAFL, XIX, 285; XX, 256; XXII, 63; XXVI, 352; XXVIII, 144; XXIX, 160; XXXIX, 97, 211; XLII, 268, 303; XLV, 13; XLVI, 28; XLIX, 207; Outlook, XCIII, 463; Pound, p. 7.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 195;

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45 F. M. Barbour, "Some Fusions in Missouri Ballads," JAFL, XLIX, 208.

46 Carl Sandburg, American Songbag, p. 57.

Campbell and Sharp, I, 183; Davis, pp. 302, 577; Cox, pp. 96, 523; Henry, p. 80; Hudson, Tunes, p. 14; JAFL, XXXV, 343; XLVIII, 310; McGill, p. 39; Mackenzie, pp. 35, 393; Matteson and Henry, p. 12; Raine, p. 115; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 83, 386; Stout, p. 8; Reed Smith, p. 129; Smith and Rufty, p. 30.

A

BARBARA ALLEN

Obtained from Mrs. Grace Francisco, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 13, 1938. Learned from her aunt, Mrs. Mary Crawley.

Away down south where I was born,
There were three pretty maids a-dwelling,
There was but one I called my own,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

One morning in the month of May,
When all the roses were blooming,
Sweet William came from a north country,
For the sake of Barbara Allen.

One morning in the month of June,
When all the roses were fading,
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"My master's sick, and he sent for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

She got up, slowly got up;
Into his bedroom going,
And the first she said, when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"Oh yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is dwelling upon me;
And I think I shall die before tomorrow,
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursted out a-crying,
"Adieu a will to the pretty girls,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

She started back home but she had not got but half mile,
She heard the death bells ringing,
And every time they seemed to say,
"Hard hearted Barbara Allen."

She went and stood in yonder door,
Till she saw her mother coming.
"Oh, mother, oh, mother, you're the cause of this,
For you would not let me have him."

She ran all up and down the street,
Till she saw the pale corpse coming.
"Oh, raise him up, yes, raise him up,
And let me gaze upon him.

"Last night I made my bed both wide,
Tonight I'll make it narrow.
Sweet William died for me last night,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

"Go bury him in one church yard,
And me in the other;
And on his grave there'll spring a rose,
And on mine a briar.

"They'll grow as tall as the church tip-top,
The rose bush and the briar;
They'll lap and tie in true love's knot,
To show that we died for one another."

B

BARBREE ALLEN

Obtained from Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 31, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Frank Green.

Away down south where I was born,
There were three maids a-dwelling;
But the only one that I call my own,
Her name be Barbree Allen.

One early morning in the month of May,
The roses were a-blooming,
Sweet William came from the north country,
For the sake of Barbree Allen.

One early morning in the month of June,
The roses were a-fading,
Sweet William lay on his death-bed,
For the sake of Barbree Allen:

He sent his servant to the town
Where Barbara was a-dwelling,
"My master's sick and he sends for you,
If your name be Barbree Allen."

Slowly, slowly she got up,
And to his bedside going,
And what she said when she got there,
"Poor boy, I believe you're dying."

"Oh yes, I'm sick, and very sick,
And death is dwelling upon me;
But I never shall see my home again,
If I can't get Barbree Allen."

"Oh yes, you're sick and very sick,
And death is dwelling upon you,
But you never shall see your home again,
For you can't get Barbree Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursted out to crying,
"Farewell, farewell to all my friends,
Be kind to Barbree Allen."

She got about a half a mile away,
She heard the death bells ringing;
And every one seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbree Allen."

She ran all up and down the streets
Till she saw her mother coming,
"Oh Mother, oh Mother, you are the cause of this,
You would not let me have him."

She ran and stood in the old church door,
Till she saw the pale corpse coming,
"Unfold, unfold that winding sheet,
And let me look upon him."

"It's go make my bed in the far back room,
It's go make it long and narrow;
It's Sweet William died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

"It's go dig his grave in one church yard,
Go dig mine in the other;
It's on his grave place a red, red rose,
And on mine place a briar.

"So that they may grow to the church tip-top,
The rose around the briar;
And tie in a true lover's knot,
The rose around the briar."

C

BARBRO ALLEN

Obtained from Mrs. Hallie Lee Potter, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938.

Away down South where I used to dwell,
Three pretty maids were dwelling,
And one of them I called my own,
Her name was Barbro Allen.

One bright merry morn in the month of May,
When the roses all were blooming,
Sweet William came from a far country,
For the love of Barbro Allen.

One bright merry morn in the month of June,
When the roses all were fading,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay,
For the sake of Barbro Allen.

He sent a servant to the town,
To the house where she was dwelling,
"My master's sick, and he sent for you,
If your name be Barbro Allen."

Slowly, oh slowly she got up,
And slowly she went nigh him;
The first word she said when she get there,
"Young man, I believe you're dying."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursting out a-crying,
"I believe I'll die tomorrow,
If I don't get Barbro Allen."

She went and stood in yonders door,
Till she saw the pale corpse coming,
"Oh, lay him down, oh, lay him down,
That I may look upon him.

"Oh Mother, oh Mother, you're the cause of this
For you would not let me have him,
Sweet William died for me last night,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

"Go dig my grave in one church-yard,
And did his in another
And on my grave sprang a red, red rose,
On his sprang a briar.

"Let the red, red rose and the briar
Grow to the church tip-top,
And loop and tie in a true lover's knot,
To show that we died for one another."

D

BONNY BARBARA ALLEN

Obtained from Jean Phillips, Sale Creek, Tennessee. Learned from Eula Mae Shipley, who heard it while in school in Kentucky.

It was upon a high, high hill,
Two maidens chose their dwelling;
And one was known both far and wide,
Was known as Barbara Allen.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
All the flowers blooming,
A young man on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent a servant to her house,
In the town where she was dwelling.
"Come, Miss, O Miss, to my Master dying
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly she got up,
And to his bed-side going,
She drew the curtain to one side
And said, "Young man, you're dying."

He stretched one pale hand to her,
As though he would to touch her,
She hopped and skipped across the floor;
"Young man," she said, "I won't have you."

"Remember, 'member in the town
'Twas in the tavern drinking,
You drank a health to ladies all,
But you slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
His back upon his darling.
"I know I shall see you no more,
So good-by, Barbara Allen."

As she was going to her home,
She heard the church bell tolling.
She looked to the east and looked to the west,
And saw the corpse a-coming.

"Oh hand me down that corpse of clay,
That I may look upon it;
I might have saved that young man's life
If I had done my duty.

"Oh Mother, Mother, make my bed,
Oh, make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today,
I shall die for him tomorrow."

Sweet William died on a Saturday night
And Barbara Allen on a Sunday.
The old lady died for the love of them both,
She died on Easter Monday.

Sweet William was buried in one graveyard,
Barbara Allen in another;
A rose grew on Sweet William's grave,
And a briar on Barbara Allen's.

They grew and they grew to the steeple top,
And there they grew no higher;
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
The rose clung around the briar.

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

(Child, No. 95)

Child has thirteen versions of this famous ballad and discusses similar Sicilian, Spanish, Faroe, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, German, Esthonian, and Slovenian ballads. The first American text of this old ballad came from Virginia by way of North Carolina and is included in Child, V, 296.

Child, A, is more the "Hangman's Song" of America. F is a children's game, while G and H are set in a popular tale. In G the heroine has lost a golden key, and in H a golden ball, for which she is to be hanged, but she is saved by the opportune arrival of her true-love.

In European forms of the ballad,

> a young woman has fallen into the hands of corsairs; father, mother, brother, sister, refuse to pay ransom, but her lover, in one case husband, stickles at no price which may be necessary to retrieve her. 47

Of minor importance perhaps, but interesting nevertheless, is a study of the different kinds of trees on which the guilty person is to be hanged. In the texts I have examined there is mentioned a sorrow tree, hangman's tree, gallows tree, willow tree, willow pole, green oak tree, and white oak tree. In addition to these, I have one variant, given to me by E. C. Morgan whose mother taught it to him as

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47 Child, II, 346.

she had learned it in Kentucky, in which the hanging is to take place on a maple tree. I have found no mention of a maple tree in any other text.

Another interesting variation that I have found in only one American text,[48] except one given to me by Mrs. C. A. Brackett of Sale Creek, is the rescue by the mother instead of the true-love. I asked Mrs. Brackett if she were sure she remembered correctly the order in which the persons came, and she replied quite positively, "Oh yes, that's the way I have always heard it. You know a mother's love would be stronger than any other, even a sweetheart's." We notice also in Mrs. Brackett's text it is a young man rather than a young woman who is to be hanged.

An interesting study of this old ballad has been made by BES, pp. 206-13. They divide the various versions into two distinct groups, the "Hangman's Tree" group, and the "Golden Ball" group. They trace the "Golden Ball" form of the story to the ninth century Irish tale of "The Distressed Handmaid."

> A common feature of the Golden Ball versions, whether as ballad, game, or cante-fable, consists in the placing of the heroine in such a situation, that the failure to produce some precious article, - golden ball, golden key, golden cup, silver cup, - entrusted to her keeping involves either directly or indirectly death on the gallows.[49]

Child, A, and a large portion of American variants fall into the "Hangman's Tree" group in which no reason is given for the proposed hanging.

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48 Davis, p. 380.

49 Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 210.

Reed Smith has made an extensive study of this ballad in "Five Hundred Years of The Maid Freed from the Gallows." He speaks of it as a striking example of incremental repetition. Particularly interesting is his discussion of its history among the Negroes both as a cante-fable and as a children's game. Reed Smith, pp. 80-94.

G. L. Kittredge, in the introduction to his one volume edition of English and Scottish Popular Ballads, xxv-xxvi, uses "The Maid Freed From the Gallows" to illustrate the probability of communal ballad authorship.

Dorothy Scarborough gives it as a dramatized song as she learned it from a Negro maid. In the same study is a variant given to her by a young man who saw it acted at a Negro school in Florida. Scarborough, p. 39.

Martha Beckwith gives a text and tune collected in Jamaica. PMLA, XXXIX, 475.

For other American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 15; Cox, p. 115; Fuson, p.113; Hudson, Songs, p. 111; JAFL, XXI, 56; XXVI, 175; XXXIX, 105; XLII, 272; XLVIII, 312; Musical Quarterly, IV, 296; Pound, p. 31; Reed Smith, p. 144; Sheppard, p. 281.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 208; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 29; Davis, pp. 360, 583; Henry, p. 93; Hudson, Tunes, p. 19; JAFL, XXX, 318; Matteson and Henry, p. 18; Sandburg, p. 72; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 196, 408; Smith and Rufty, p. 37; SFQ, II, No. 2, 71; TFSB, No. 4, 95.

A

HANGMAN'S SONG

Obtained from Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, Soddy, Tennessee. Learned while she was in school in North Carolina.

"Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait awhile,
Just wait a little while;
For yonder comes my mother so dear,
She's walked for many a mile.

"Oh mother, dear mother, have you brought me any gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come for to see me hanged
On yonders gallows tree?"

"Oh daughter, dear daughter, I've not brought you any gold,
And I've not bought you free;
But I have come for to see you hanged
On yonders gallows tree."

"Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait awhile,
   Just wait a little while;
For yonder comes my father so dear,
   He's walked for many a mile.

"Oh father, dear father, have you brought me any gold?
   Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come for to see me hanged
   On yonders gallows tree?"

"Oh daughter, dear daughter, I've not brought you any gold,
   And I've not bought you free;
But I have come for to see you hanged
   On yonders gallows tree."

"Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait awhile,
   Just wait a little while;
For yonder comes my sister so dear,
   She's walked for many a mile.

"Oh sister, dear sister, have you brought me any gold?
   Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come for to see me hanged
   On yonders gallows tree?"

"Oh sister, dear sister, I've not brought you any gold,
   And I've not bought you free;
But I have come for to see you hanged
   On yonders gallows tree."

"Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait a while,
   Just wait a little while;
For yonder comes my brother so dear,
   He's walked for many a mile.

"Oh brother, dear brother, have you brought me any gold?
   Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come for to see me hanged
   On yonders gallows tree?"

"Oh sister, dear sister, I've not brought you any gold,
   And I've not bought you free;
But I have come for to see you hanged
   On yonders gallows tree."

"Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait awhile,
   Just wait a little while;
For yonder comes my true-love so dear,
   He's walked for many a mile.

"Oh true-love, dear true-love, have you brought me any gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come for to see me hanged
On yonders gallows tree?"

"Oh sweetheart, oh fond heart, I have brought you some gold,
And I have bought you free;
For I have come to take you away
From yonders gallows tree."

B

HANGMAN'S SONG

Obtained from Mrs. C. A. Brackett, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938. Learned from Tom Bryant, Bakewell, Tennessee.

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I look over yonder, I see my sweetheart coming,
She's rocking, she's rocking a many a long mile.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, did you bring me any gold?
Gold for to pay my fine?
Or did you come for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?"

"No, sweetheart; no, sweetheart, I brought you no gold,
Gold for to pay your fine;
But I come here for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line."

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I look over yonder, I see my sister coming,
She's rocking, she's rocking a many a long mile.

"Oh Sister, oh Sister, did you bring me any gold?
Gold for to pay my fine?
Or did you come for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?"

"No, Brother; no, Brother, I brought you no gold,
Gold for to pay your fine;
But I come here for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line."

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I look over yonder, I see my brother coming,
He's rocking, he's rocking a many a long mile.

"Oh, Brother, oh Brother, did you bring me any gold?
Gold for to pay my fine?
Or did you come for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?"

"No, Brother; no, Brother, I brought you no gold,
Gold for to pay your fine;
But I come here for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line."

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I look over yonder, I see my father coming,
He's rocking, he's rocking a many a long mile.

"Oh Father, oh Father, did you bring me any gold?
Gold for to pay my fine?
Or did you come for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?"

"No, son; no, son, I brought you no gold,
Gold for to pay your fine;
But I come here for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line."

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I look over yonder, I see my mother coming,
She's rocking, she's rocking a many a long mile.

"Oh Mother, oh Mother, did you bring me any gold?
Gold for to pay my fine?
Or did you come for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?"

"Yes, son; yes, son, I brought you some gold,
Gold for to pay your fine;
I did not come for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line."

C

HANGMAN'S SONG

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned from his mother years ago in Sale Creek, Tennessee. His mother learned it while living in Kentucky.

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
For yonder comes my mother dear,
She has traveled many a mile.

"Mother, Mother, did you bring me any gold?
Gold to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung,
Hung on a maple tree?"

"No, dear; no, dear; I didn't bring you any gold,
Gold to buy you free;
Nor I didn't come to see you hung,
Hung on a maple tree."

The same three stanzas are repeated as the father, sister, and brother approach. Then the true-love comes.

"Hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
For yonder comes my true-love dear,
He has traveled many a mile.

"True-love, true-love, did you bring me any gold?
Gold to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung,
Hung on a maple tree?"

"Yes, dear; yes, dear; I've brought you some gold,
Gold to buy you free;
I never come to see you hung,
Hung on a maple tree."

THE GYPSY LADDIE

(Child, No. 200)

> Ballads, being the literature of the uncultured, naturally seize upon domestic tragedies more often than upon joys, - do we not see the same avidity today in newspapers? - and gypsies like those in "The Gypsy Laddie" have always been fascinating, partly because of their mysterious coming and going. [50]

Child gives twelve versions of this old ballad, the first of which appeared in Scotland in Allan Ramsey's Tea-Table Miscellany. Child, A, speaks of the gypsy as Johnny Faa (or Faw), and tradition has identified him with an Egyptian chief by that name who was executed in Scotland in 1624. "The execution of the notorious Egyptian and chieftain Johnny Faa must have made a considerable impression and it is presumable that this ballad may have arisen not long after."[51] The Countess of Cassilis has been named as the lady who left her earl and eloped with the gypsies, but there is definite evidence that the Countess and Earl of Cassilis lived together happily until her death.[52]

The ballad story, in its full form, is summarized by Smith and Rufty:

> (1) the singing of the gypsies before the lady's castle; (2) the charm of the music and

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50 Raine, p. 119.

51 Child, IV, 64.

52 Ibid., p. 65.

> the "casting the glamor" (magic) over her; (3) the yielding of the lady; (4) the return of her absent lord and the chase and capture of the gypsies; (5) the hanging of the gypsies (originally fifteen in number).[53]

American variants pass lightly over or omit entirely the arrival of the gypsy (or gypsies) and the lady's departure, beginning with the return of the squire to find his lady gone, and they usually end with the lady's refusal to return home. However, there are exceptions to this ending. Davis gives one from Virginia in which the lady asks to return home and is refused. Cox has one from West Virginia with a more forgiving husband; the erring wife is received to take again her place with husband and baby.

In Child versions the number of gypsies varies. There are usually seven, but sometimes fifteen and sixteen. This same change occurs in American variants. The usual number is one, but there are a few variants in which there are two or three and occasionally seven.

Many changes have come about in the gypsy's name during the centuries in which the ballad has been handed from one generation to the other by oral transmission. In no American variant is he spoken of as Johnny Faa, but Gypsy Davy is a quite common name, a variation of that being "gypsen Davy," the latter being perhaps a throw-back to that earlier "Egyptian."

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53 Reed Smith and Hilton Rufty, American Anthology of Old-World Ballads, p. xxix.

Another well known name for the gypsy lover in America is Black Jack Davy, and occasionally Black Jack Daley. One of the strangest examples of changes through oral transmission is quoted by Barry[54] and discussed at length by Reed Smith in "The Road Downhill."[55] In this text, the gypsy's name is not only Daisy, but she is a girl, thus destroying completely the romantic element in the elopement.

While a refrain is common in American variants, there is one in my variants from the Hughes family which does not appear in any text I have examined,

> "Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee,
> Oh, how I love thee, my darling."

Cox gives an amusing parody, "Bill Harmon," from West Virginia, supposedly written about Bill's wife, who eloped with his brother-in-law and never returned. Cox, p. 133.

For texts and tunes from Aberdeen, see Greig, p. 126.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 59; Hudson, Songs, p. 117; JAFL, XIX, 294; XXIV, 346; XXV, 171; XXVI, 353; Reed Smith, p. 57; Sheppard, p. 278; Stout, p. 11.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 269; Campbell and Sharp, I, 233; Cox, pp. 130, 524; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 31; Davis, pp. 423, 590; Flanders, p. 78; Flanders and Brown, p. 220; Henry, p. 110; Hudson, Tunes, p. 26; JAFL, XVIII, 191; XXX, 323; XLVIII, 385; McGill, p. 14; Matteson and Henry, p. 6; Raine, p. 119; Sandburg, p. 311; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 215, 411; Smith and Rufty, p. 44.

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54 Phillips Barry, "Traditional Ballads in New England," JAFL, XVIII, 191.

55 Smith, p. 57.

A

BLACK JACK DAVY

Obtained from Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 12, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Frank Green.

It was late at night when the squire came home,
Inquiring for his lady;
The waiting-maid being in the room said,
"She's gone with the Black Jack Davy."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's go saddle up my deep bay horse,
Go saddle him so ready;
And I'll ride by day and I'll ride by night,
Till I overtake my lady."
Oh, how I love, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

It's he rode east and she rode west,
And they both came together;
There I spied my pretty little miss,
With the sea sailor lads all around her.
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's won't you come back my pretty little miss?
Won't you come back, my honey?
It's if you come back my pretty little miss,
You may have my gold and money."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's I won't go back your pretty little miss,
It's I won't go back, your honey;
I would rather have a kiss from a gypsy's lips,
Than all your gold and money."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's won't you pull off those high-heeled boots?
All made of Spanish leather?
And give to me your heart and hand,
And bid you farewell forever."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's I won't pull off these high-heeled boots,
All made of Spanish leather;
Nor give to you my heart and hand,
And bid you farewell forever."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's won't you pull off those white hand gloves,
All made of Spanish leather;
And give to me your lily-white hand,
And I'll bid you farewell forever."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"It's I'll pull off these white hand gloves,
All made of Spanish leather;
And give to you my lily-white hand,
And I'll bid you farewell forever."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee, I love thee;
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

B

WHEN THE SQUIRE CAME HOME

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938. Learned from Frank Young, also of Flat Top, Tennessee.

Late in the night when the squire came home,
Inquiring for his lady;
Waiting maid was standing by,
"She's gone with another fellow."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"Go saddle up my old gray horse,
Go saddle him so ready;
I'll ride by day and I'll ride by night
Till I overtake my lady."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"She rode east and I rode west,
We both came together;
There I spied my pretty little miss,
With the secess lads all round her."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"Won't you come back my pretty little Miss?
Won't you come back my honey?
Won't you come back my pretty little Miss?
You may have my house and money."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"I care nothing for your house and land,
I care nothing for your money;
All I want is a pretty little man,
To kiss and call me honey."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"Won't you pull off your lily white gloves,
All made of Spanish leather;
And give to me your lily white hand,
And bid me farewell forever?"
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

"Yes, I'll pull off my lily white gloves,
All made of Spanish leather;
And give to you my lily white hand,
And bid you farewell forever."
Oh, how I love thee, I love thee,
Oh, how I love thee, my darling.

C

BLACK JACK DAVY

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Thatcher, Bakewell, Tennessee, August 31, 1938.

He rode to the East, he rode to the West,
Till the roads both came together;
And there he spied his pretty little miss,
A-going with another fellow.

"Come go back, my pretty little miss,
Come go back, my honey;
Come go back, my pretty little miss,
And I'll give you my gold and money."

"Don't you call me a pretty little miss,
Don't you call me a honey;
I'd rather have a kiss from a gypsy's lips,
Than all your gold and money."

JAMES HARRIS (THE DAEMON LOVER)

(Child, No. 243)

This ballad is a favorite in America, ranking, especially in the South, second only to "Barbara Allen" in popularity. Child, A, from Pepys' Ballads, has for a subtitle: "A warning for Married Women, being an example of Mrs. Jane Reynolds, born near Plymouth, who, having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit, the manner how shall presently be recited."[56]

According to the story, Jane Reynolds and James Harris, a seaman, have exchanged vows of marriage. The young man is forced to go to sea; at the end of three years he is reported dead, and after mourning him a suitable length of time, the young lady finally marries a ship-carpenter. They live together happily for four years and have three children. One night while the husband is away, a spirit raps at her window and announces himself as James Harris, saying he has returned for her. She puts up a half-hearted argument about being married, but is easily persuaded to desert her family on being assured that he has the means to support her. The husband, returning home to find his wife gone, hangs himself and leaves his children to the mercies of the world and the Powers above.

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56 Child, IV, 360.

In Child A, the returning lover is a spirit; in E - G he is pictured as a devil with cloven feet - hence a "daemon lover." However, the American variants have lost this element of the supernatural, being simply the story of a woman who leaves her husband and child - or children - for a former lover who has been away - usually for seven years. There is something of the supernatural left in the close of certain American variants where they see first the hills "white as snow" and then those "black as any crow." Cox gives a rather gruesome ending from West Virginia,

> O now her child is growing up,
> Her husband doing well,
> While this fair lady lies in the bottom of the sea,
> And her soul is doomed to hell. [57]

Still sadder is another ending from the same collection,

> The little babe in the churchyard lies,
> And its mother in the bottom of the sea;
> And its father roams all over the world,
> And still no pleasure can see. [58]

Many American variants end with a curse on the sailor for taking away the carpenter's wife.

The chief difference between the English and the American story in this ballad is that the ship carpenter of the English song becomes in America a house carpenter. The only American text I found that mentions a ship carpenter is one from Virginia in the Davis collection.

The usual name for this song in America is "The House Carpenter," though it is hard to say why it should have this

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57 Cox, p. 142.

58 Ibid., p. 144.

title when the husband plays such a minor part in the story.

Child prints an American fragment which was published in Philadelphia in 1858, in which the returning lover is a house carpenter. In this fragment he promises to take the young lady to the banks of old Tennessee. In his chapter, "The Road Downhill," Reed Smith comments on the various places to which the lover promises to take his sweetheart if she will forsake her husband and child - or children - and go with him. Among them are the banks of Sweet Liberty, Sweet Italy, and Sweet Willie. In every instance, as Smith points out, the expression keeps the rhythm of the old Scottish phrase,

> I'll show you how the lilies grow
> On the banks O Italie. 59

This popular ballad is often confused with other songs and ballads which fit in with its general motif. Parts of the "False Young Man" find their way into "The House Carpenter" more often than any other intruder. I had an interesting experience in my collecting of texts of this ballad. The three sisters, Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Mrs. Exona Hughes, and Mrs. Ethel Welch all know the song, Mrs. Rosa and Mrs. Welch knowing one variant, while Mrs. Exona has some stanzas from other songs mixed in hers. Mrs. Rosa tried to convince Mrs. Exona that she had two or more songs confused, but Mrs. Exona insisted firmly, "That's the way I've always sung it, and it's the only way I know to sing it." I have included both texts,

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59 Smith, p. 58.

because I think Mrs. Exona's song is an interesting example of ballad fusion.

In the introduction to the text and tune included in his Aberdeen collection, Greig makes an interesting comment,

> There is no better example than this ballad of the essential difference between English and Scottish popular lore. . . . Whatever is common property of the two countries in the domain of legend or tradition, the higher spirituality, heroism, and pathos are found in the Scottish ballads.
>
> Greig, p. 196.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p.113; Hudson, Songs, p. 119; JAFL, XVIII, 207; XIX, 295; XX, 257; XXVI, 360; XLII, 274; XLIX, 209; Pound, p. 43; Reed Smith, pp. 58, 151; Stout, p. 11.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 304; Campbell and Sharp, I, 244; Cox, pp. 139, 524; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 38; Davis, pp. 439, 592; Flanders, p. 80; JAFL, XXV, 274; XXX, 325; XXXV, 347; XLV, 21; XLVIII, 295; Sandburg, p. 66; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 150, 400; Smith and Rufty, p. 46; SFQ, II, No. 2, 76; Wyman and Brockway, p. 54.

A

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

Obtained from Mrs. A. A. Tucker, whose husband, employed by the Tennessee Valley Authority, is stationed at Soddy, Tennessee. Learned from her mother, Mrs. A. M. Doggitt, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

"We've met, we've met, we've met," cried she,
"We've met, we've met," cried he,
"I'm just returning from the salt water sea
And it's all for the sake of thee.

"I could have married a king's daughter, dear,
For I'm sure she would have married me;
But I've refused a crown of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee."

"If you could have married a king's daughter, dear,
I'm sure you are to blame;
For I have married me a house carpenter,
And I think he's a very fine man."

"Won't you forsake your house carpenter,
And go away with me?"
"Have you anything on board like a boat
To keep me from slavery?"

"Oh yes, I have ten boats on the sea,
Are sailing for dry land;
Besides I have twenty ships or more,
To be at your command."

She dressed her babe both neat and clean,
She laid it on the bed;
"Lie there, lie there, my sweet little babe,
Keep your father company."

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her waiting maid in green;
And every city that they passed through,
She was taken to be some queen.

They hadn't been sailing more than two weeks
I'm sure it was not three;
Before this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"Say, is it for my gold that you weep?
Or is it for my store?
Or is it for your house carpenter
Whom you never shall see any more?"

"It's neither for your gold that I weep,
It's neither for your store;
But it's all for the sake of my sweet little babe,
Whom I never shall see any more."

They hadn't been sailing more than three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four;
Before this vessel sprang a leak,
And it sank to rise no more.

"A curse, a curse, a curse," cried she,
"A curse to all mankind;
You've robbed me of my house carpenter,
You've stolen away my mind."

He turned himself both round and about,
With dark and watery eyes;
"The dearest here on earth has parted
And so must you and I."

B

LITTLE CLOSET DOOR

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

I'll climb a high a pine and rob a rich a nest,
And then come down without catching any fall,
For the girl that I love best,
For the girl that I love best, my dear,
For the girl that I love best.
I'll climb a high a pine and rob a rich a nest,
And then come down without catching any fall,
For the girl that I love best.

I leant my back against the little closet door,
For to hear true lovers meet,
For to hear true lovers meet, my dear,
And to hear little birds sing sweet.
I leant my back against the little closet door,
For to hear true lovers meet.

"Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," said he,
"It's seven long years I've been sailing on the sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee."

"Oh will you forsake your house and home,
And go along with me?
I'll take you to where the grass grows green,
On the banks of sweet Italy."

"Oh, if I forsake my house and my home,
And go along with you;
It's what have you got to maintain me upon,
To keep me from slavery?"

"I have three ships it's now on board,
And four and twenty more;
It's four and twenty young jolly sailor lads,
All to be at your control."

She picked her babe all in her arms
And kisses gave it three;
"Stay here, stay here, my tender little babe,
Keep your papa company."

She dressed herself it all in green,
She marched the streets all along;
She marched the streets, the streets all along,
And her garments shined like gold.

They hadn't been gone but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three;
Till this fair damsel began for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"Are you weeping for more gold," said he,
"Are you weeping for more store?
Are you weeping for your house carpenter,
Whom you never shall see any more?"

"I'm not weeping for more gold," said she,
"I'm not weeping for more store;
I'm weeping for my tender little babe,
Whom I never shall see any more.

"Oh, if I had ten thousand pounds of gold
I would sink it in the bottom of the sea;
I'd give it all to be back at home,
To be back at home once more."

"Oh, who would shoe your feet, my dear,
Oh, who would glove your hands;
Oh, who would kiss your two ruby lips,
When you come from a foreign land?"

"My papa would shoe my feet, my dear,
My mama would glove my hands;
And I have married a house carpenter,
And I think he's a fine young man."

C

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938.

"I could have married a king's daughter,
And she would have married me;
She had enough to maintain us both,
And to keep us from slavery."

"If you could have married a king's fair daughter,
You ought to have married her;
For now I've married a house carpenter,
And I think he's a very fine man."

"Won't you forsake your house carpenter,
And go along with me?
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
On the banks of the sweet Willie."

"If I should forsake my house carpenter,
And go along with you,
What have you got to maintain me upon,
And to keep me from slavery?

"Oh, it's what shall I do with my tender little babe?"
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

She took her babe upon her knee,
And kisses she gave it three;
"Lay there, lay there, my tender little babe,
Keep your papa company."

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
As fine as fine could be;
And every station she passed through,
They took her to be some queen.

They hadn't been on the ship very long,
Two weeks, not more than three;
Till this fair damsel came for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"What are you weeping about," cried he,
"Some part of your father's gold,
Or are you weeping about some pretty young man,
That you love better than me?"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

She hadn't been on the ship three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four;
Till his old boat she sprung a leak,
And sank for to rise no more.

"What banks, what banks just behind us, oh,
Just as white as any snow?"
"'Tis the banks of Heaven," he replied,
"Where Christian people go."

"What banks, what banks, just before us, oh,
Just as black as any crow?"
"'Tis the banks of Hell," he replied,
"Where you and I must go."

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

(Child, No. 272)

This is one of the Child ballads that is not so well known in America. Besides the variant given by BES from Maine which came directly from Ireland, it seems to be known only in the Southern Appalachian region. Cox gives a text from West Virginia; Davis one from Virginia and mentions one in the Brown collection from North Carolina; and Campbell and Sharp give five from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. So far as I have been able to find out, these constitute the American survivals.

The story itself is weird. A young man and a farmer's daughter are in love. The girl's father, disapproving of the match, sends her to his brother's, forty miles away, to get over her infatuation. The young man dies, but the girl knows nothing of it. One night, at midnight, he comes to her uncle's home, riding her father's horse, and carrying her mother's traveling apparel. Thinking her father has sent for her, the uncle readily permits her to leave with the young man. No sooner does she get on the horse with him than she discovers that he is "cold as clay," and he complains of a headache. She ties her handkerchief around his head and promises that they will build a big fire as soon as they reach home. Arriving at the gate, he tells her to go inside the house, that he will care for the horse. Her father is amazed to see his daughter. Going to the stable, he does not find anyone, but does discover that the horse is in a sweat. When the girl tells

of the handkerchief incident, they get the sexton to open the grave, and sure enough,

> Affrighted then they did behold
> His body turning into mold,
> And though he had a month been dead,
> This kerchief was about his head.

The girl dies soon after, and the ballad closes with a warning to parents not to interfere in their children's love affairs.

Child says he cannot see any excuse for this ghost having left his grave or any reason for his headache. He adds, "I have printed this ballad because, in a blurred, enfeebled, and disfigured shape, it is the representative in England of one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads of the European continent."[60] He gives references to Russian, Slovak, Magyar, and other European tales and ballads built on a similar theme but far superior to "The Suffolk Miracle."

The first variant I received from Pearl Green Gentry in September, 1938, is only a fragment. Then, when I saw her aunt, Mrs. Rosa Hughes, the following December, she gave me a more complete text. I am sure that both these songs are the same, and that Pearl had forgotten a part of it. Mrs. Hughes learned the song from her grandmother Young; Pearl learned it from another sister of Mrs. Hughes, who evidently had also learned it from the same grandmother. It is interesting to note, however, that Pearl has one important stanza in her fragment that Mrs. Hughes has evidently forgotten:

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60 Child, V, 59.

Her cruel parents they found this out,
They forced her full forty miles to go;
And there to stay six months and a day,
Till her true-love was laid in the clay.

Pearl's text does not complete the story; that of Mrs. Hughes does, including the warning to parents,

There goes to all old people still,
That all young folks might have their will;
From the first they choose let them never retire,
Until they gain their own heart's desire.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: BES, p. 314; Cox, p. 153.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 261; Davis, pp. 483, 594.

A

MISS BETSY

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, who learned it from her grandmother, Mrs. Mopha Jane Young, Blount County, Tennessee.

Miss Betsy was a lady fair,
And suitors she had many there;
There was a man of low degree,
And she did seem to fancy he.

One night before she went to bed,
She was sitting and all dressing her head,
She thought she heard some mournful sound,
"Unloose those bands that are so tight bound."

Her old father was killed, she knew so well;
Her mother was safe guard also too.
She dressed herself in a higher tower,
To ride with her own heart's desire.

As she was riding all over the way,
She kissed his lips as cold as clay,
Saying, "When we get home what a fire we'll have,"
Not knowing that he was from the dead.

There was but one more mile to go,
Complaining how his head did ache;
Her handkerchief she pulled out,
And bound his head all round about.

They had but one more mile to go,
Till he set her at her father's door;
"Go in the house, go safe to bed,
And I will see that your horse is fed."

The daughter tingled at the ring,
Her father rose saying, "Who comes in?"
"'Tis your daughter dear; did you send for her?"
Naming such a messenger.

Her old father he rose up from the bed,
To think that his daughter had rode with the dead;
And he did seem to weep full sore,
And she did seem to grieve much more.

Next day to the grave her and her father went,
To give his daughter some content.
The handkerchief was bound round his head,
Though he had been one long month dead.

There goes to all old people still,
That all young folks might have their will;
From the first they choose let them never retire,
Until they gain their own heart's desire.

B

MISS BETSY

Obtained from Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 12, 1938. Learned from her aunt, Mrs. Exona Hughes.

Miss Betsy was a lady fair
And suitors she had many there;
There was a man of low degree,
And she did seem to fancy he.

Her cruel parents they found this out,
They forced her full forty miles to go;
And there to stay six months and a day,
Till her truelove was laid in the clay.

One night before she went to bed,
She was sitting and all dressing her head;
She thought she heard some mournful sound,
"Unloose these bines that are so tight bound."

Her old father was killed, and she knew so well
Her mother was safe guard also too.
She dressed herself in a higher tower,
To ride with her own heart's desire.

As she was riding all over the waves,
   She kissed his lips as cold as clay;
Saying, "When we get home what a fire we'll have."
   Not knowing he was from the grave.

There was but one more mile to the gate,
   Complaining how his head did ache;
A handkerchief she then pulled out,
   And bound his head all around about.

They had but one more mile to go,
   Till he set her at her father's door.
"Go in the house, go safe to bed,
   And I will see that your horse is fed."

The daughter tingled at the ring,
   Her old father rose up saying, "Who comes in?"
"It is your daughter, did you send for her?"
   Naming such a messenger.

Her old father he rose up from the bed,
   To think his daughter had rode with the dead;
And he did seem to weep full sore,
   And she did seem to grieve much more.

OUR GOODMAN

(Child, No. 274)

We might wonder why Child prints only two versions of this rather coarsely humorous ballad which is so well-known in America. Perhaps, as Hudson suggests, "the scholarly editor did not exercise much zeal in running down ballads representing the most ribald treatment of this theme."[61]

Child A, from Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, tells the story as it is usually found in American variants. The husband comes home to find his wife entertaining a paramour in his absence. With evidence all around that another man is in the house, she tries to make excuses. The husband sees successively a saddle horse, boots, sword, wig, coat, and finally a man where none should be. The wife explains that what he thinks is a horse is in reality a cow; the boots are water stoups; the sword, a porridge-spurtle; the wig, a clocken hen; the coat, a pair of blankets; and the man, a milking-maid, all of which her mother has sent her. He is not so easily deceived, however, and replies that a saddle on a cow's back, silver spurs on water stoups, silver handled porridge-spurtles, powder on clocken hens, buttons on blankets, or long-bearded maidens he has never seen before.

Child B, is from an English broadside. In this version he sees three of everything instead of one, as in A. This is unusual in America, but Davis prints one such text found in

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61 Arthur Palmer Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi, p. 58.

Virginia. Of B, Child says, "Frederich Wilhelm Meyer, in 1789, turned B into German in very happy style, furnishing a denouement in which the man gives his wife a beating and explains his cuffs as caresses which her mother has sent her."[62]

This ballad is known not only in English-speaking countries, but is very popular in Germany, France, and Italy.

One large group of American variants is called "Three Nights' Experience." In this group, the first night the husband comes home "as drunk as he could be," he sees a horse which is explained to be a cow; the second night, a coat, which his wife says is a bed-quilt; and the third night there is a head on the pillow where his head ought to be, but his wife explains that this is only a cabbage head. Drunk though he is, he replies that never before has he seen saddles on cows, pockets on bed-quilts, or whiskers on cabbage.

Another group of American texts adds other items, such as boots, explained as churn-jars; hats, explained as dishpans; and many more, depending upon the originality of the singer. The very nature of the song makes it adaptable to change. In fact, many texts too coarse to be printed are in oral circulation. It is often given as a dialogue with the wife's part spoken in an affected, high-pitched voice.

Greig gives a text and tune collected in Aberdeen with the title "Home Drunk on Sunday." Greig, p. 216.

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62 Child, V, 89.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 154; Finger, p. 161; Henry, p. 119; Hudson, Songs, p. 122; JAFL, XVIII, 294; XXX, 199; Mackenzie, p. 62; Stout, p. 14.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 315; Campbell and Sharp, I, 267; Davis, pp. 485, 595; Matteson and Henry, p. 14; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 231, 417; Reed Smith, p. 159.

A

WHEN I COME HOME THE OTHER NIGHT

Obtained from Jim Bolton, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 26, 1938. Learned from Perry Walker, also of Sale Creek, Tennessee.

When I come home the other night,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a horse hitched to the rack
Where my horse ought to be.
"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
Why this man's horse is hitched to the rack
Where my horse ought to be."

"You old blind fool, you drunken fool,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a milk cow
Your mama sent to me."
"I've been all over this wide world
A thousand miles or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow
I never seen before."

When I come home the other night,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a man's coat hanging on the rack
Where my coat ought to be.
"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
Why this man's coat is hanging on the rack
Where my coat ought to be."

"You old blind fool, you drunken fool,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a bed-quilt
Your mama sent to me."
"I've been all over this wide world
A thousand miles or more,
But buttons on a bed-quilt
I never seen before."

When I come home the other night,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a hat hanging on the rack
Where my hat ought to be.
"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
Why this man's hat is hanging on the rack
Where my hat ought to be."

"You old blind fool, you drunken fool,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a dishpan
Your mama sent to me."
"I've been all over this wide world
A thousand miles or more,
But a hatband on a dishpan
I never seen before."

When I come home the other night,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a man's boots settin' under the bed
Where my boots ought to be.
"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
Why this man's boots are settin' under the bed
Where my boots ought to be."

"You old blind fool, you drunken fool,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a churn-jar
Your mama sent to me."
"I've been all over this wide world
A thousand miles or more,
But half-soles on a churn-jar
I never seen before."

When I come home the other night,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a head laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.
"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
Why this man's head is laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be."

"You old blind fool, you drunken fool,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a cabbage head
Your mama sent to me."
"I've been all over this wide world
A thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I never seen before."

B

THREE NIGHTS' EXPERIENCE

Obtained from Mildred Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from Mae McClure, who learned it while attending school in Ohio.

The first night I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be.

"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
How come a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
It's only a milk cow
Your grannie gave to me?"

"I've traveled this wide world over
A million miles or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow
I never did see before."

The second night I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I found a coat on the rack
Where my coat ought to be.

"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
How come a coat on the rack
Where my coat ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
That's only a bed-quilt
Your grannie gave to me?"

"I've traveled this wide world over
A million miles or more,
But pockets on a bed-quilt
I never did see before."

The third night I came home
As drunk as I could be,
I found a head on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.

"Come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me;
How come a head on the pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

"You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
It's only a cabbage head
Your grannie gave to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
A million miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before."

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

(Child, No. 278)

The devil comes for a farmer's wife and is made welcome to her by the husband. The woman proves to be no more controllable in hell than she had been at home; she kicks the imps about, and even brains a set of them with her pattens or maul. For safety's sake the devil is constrained to take her back to her husband. 63

BES has an introductory stanza not given by Child which tells why the devil came. It seems that the farmer had more land than he could plow; the devil plowed for him and then demanded his wife as pay. The farmer was very glad to let her go, in some texts even offering delivery service,

"You may have her with all my heart
If you can't pack her away, I'll lend you my cart." 64

The devil was evidently not very well pleased with his bargain, for he returned her in great haste,

He gathered her up into his old sack,
And like an old fool he went waggin' her back. 65

A common American ending is,

And now you see what a woman can do,
She can outdo the devil and her old man too. 66

A stanza not seen elsewhere is given by Flanders and Brown from Vermont,

There's just three things the devil can't drive--
A hog, a woman, and bees into a hive. 67

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63 Ibid., p. 107.

64 Cox, p. 164.

65 Davis, p. 507.

66 Richard Chase, Old Songs and Singing Games, p. 24.

67 Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads, p. 228.

The old song has always a rollicking tune and usually a whistled burden.

As for the wife herself, in BES we read, "The cursed wife may be regarded as a stock character of medieval stories; but this particular ballad is probably steeped more deeply in demonology than appears from the fragments we have left of the tale."[68] Smith and Rufty make this comment, "Tales of a cursed wife who is a terror to mortals and demons as well have always been prevalent. There is one in the Sanscrit Panchatantra which goes back to the fifth century."[69]

The song is well known in Sale Creek from victrola records, but I was fortunate enough to find one text and one fragment that I am sure are traditional.

For references and texts without tunes, see: BES, p. 325; Cox, p. 164; Henry, p. 125; Hudson, Songs, p. 124; JAFL, XIX, 298; XXIV, 348; XXX, 329; Mackenzie, p. 64.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 275; Chase, p. 23; Davis, pp. 505, 598; Flanders and Brown, p. 226; JAFL, XXVII, 68; XLVIII, 299; Smith and Rufty, p. 53; SFQ, II, No. 2, 77.

A

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE DEVIL

Obtained from Mr. Joel Rogers, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 22, 1938. Mr. Rogers, now seventy-six years old, learned the song when he was a small boy.

There was an old farmer lived under the hill,
If he's not moved away he's living there still.
Sing tooey, rooey, he's living there still.

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68 Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 333.

69 Smith and Rufty, American Anthology of Old World Ballads, p. xxx.

The old man was good, but the dread of his life,
He had to contend with a scolding wife.
Sing tooey, rooey, with a scolding wife.

He and his son went out to plow,
They met the old devil, and howdy-do now.
Sing tooey, rooey, and howdy-do now.

I want neither you nor your oldest son,
It's your old scolding wife if you have one.
Sing tooey, rooey, if you have one.

Yes, you may have her with all of my heart,
And I hope to the Lord that you never will part.
Sing tooey, rooey, that you never will part.

He picked her up all on his back,
And like a bald eagle went off in a rack.
Sing tooey, rooey, went off in a rack.

He took her down to the gates of Hell,
And said, "Old woman, here's your place to dwell."
Sing tooey, rooey, here's your place to dwell.

The two little devils came rattling their chains,
She up with her foot and kicked out their brains.
Sing tooey, rooey, and kicked out their brains.

Two more little devils peeped over the wall,
And cried, "Take her back Daddy, she'll murder us all."
Sing tooey, rooey, she'll murder us all.

He said, "Old woman, I'm sorry you've come."
She said, "Mr. Devil, then take me back home."
Sing tooey, rooey, then take me back home.

He shook his head and said, "Very well,
For if I don't you'll tear up my Hell."
Sing tooey, rooey, you'll tear up my Hell.

B

NO LOCAL TITLE

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned from his mother when he was a child in Sale,Creek, Tennessee.

The devil he came to the man of the plow,
   Tir ri o lir i o la de o,
I'm after some of your family now,
   Tir ti o lir i o la de o.

It's neither your daughter nor your son,
Tir ri o lir i o la de o,
I'm after you, you son of a gun,
Tir ri o lir i o la de o.

THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

(Child, No. 286)

Child A, taken from Pepy's Ballads, has for a title, "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands Low." In this version The Sweet Trinity, a ship built by Sir Walter Raleigh, has been taken by a foreign vessel. The master of an English ship asks for a volunteer to go save The Sweet Trinity. A small ship-boy volunteers after the master has promised him as a reward gold and fee, and his eldest daughter for a bride. With an auger which bores fifteen holes at once, he sinks the foreign galley and releases The Sweet Trinity, but when he returns for his pay the master still offers gold and fee, but refuses to give his daughter. With that, the little ship-boy swims away.

Child says that his other two versions are probably traditional variations of the broadside A.[70] In them Raleigh is not mentioned. The story is substantially the same except for an improvement in the conclusion. In B, when the cabin boy is not to receive his reward, he threatens to sink his own ship, whereupon they pull him on board and are even better to him than their word. In C, they take him on board, but he dies, is wrapped in an old cow's hide, and thrown into the sea.

Because of the similarity of American variants found in both the northern and southern parts of the United States,

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70 Child, V, 136.

it is generally believed that this ballad has been in the country since the days of the first emigrants. In fact, according to BES, the American variants may be older than any Child version.[71]

The historical connection with Sir Walter Raleigh has entirely disappeared from the song in America. We find the ship known by many names. Among them are Gold China Tree, Golden Vanity, Merry Golden Tree, Golden Willow Tree, Golden Rea, Green Willow Tree, Golden Banneree, Golden Silveree. The enemy galley is also known by many names. We find it called a French Galilee, Turkish Canoe, Turkish Revelry, French gener-ree, Boat-O-Robberie, and Turkish Sweveltree. However, as pointed out by Reed Smith, despite all their changes down through the years, the words have kept the rhythm of the original names.

Greig gives a text and tune from Aberdeen with the comment, "Despite its English origin the ballad was widely current in Scotland." Greig, p. 238.

For American references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 93; Cox, p. 169; Flanders and Brown, p. 230; Henry, p. 127; Hudson, Songs, p. 125; JAFL, XXIII, 429; XLVIII, 312; Musical Quarterly, III, 374; Pound, p. 24.

For references and texts with tunes, see: BES, p. 339; Campbell and Sharp, I, 282; Chase, p. 20; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 52; Davis, pp. 516, 602; JAFL, XVIII, 125; XXX, 330; XLV, 25; XLVIII, 386; McGill, p. 96; Raine, p. 121; Richardson, p. 28; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 184, 406; Smith and Rufty, p. 59; SFQ, II, No. 2, 79.

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71 Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 339.

LITTLE SHIP

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

There was a little ship that sailed on the sea,
And the name that I give it was the Merry Golden Tree
That was sailing on the lowland lonesome low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

There came a little boy running up to me,
"Oh, captain, oh, captain, what'll you give to me
If I'll sink her in the lowland lonesome low
If I'll sink her in the lonesome sea?"

"I'll give you money, I'll give you the . . .
And besides a loving daughter to marry unto you
If you'll sink her in the lowland lonesome low
If you'll sink her in the lonesome sea."

He plunged in the sea and away swam he
He swam till he came to the Merry Golden Tree
That was sailing on the lowland lonesome low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

He had a little tool that was made for the use
And he bored nine holes in the bottom of the ship
And he sunk her in the lowland lonesome low
And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He hadn't been there but one over three
Till there he was spied by the Yankee Rebellee
That was sailing on the lowland lonesome low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

CHAPTER III

OTHER BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS OF OLD-WORLD ORIGIN

Not all the folk songs that have originated in England, Scotland, and Ireland are included in Professor Child's collection. A great many others have been brought to this country since the first boat-load of immigrants came. As the settlers came into the wilderness that is now America, life was hard and amusements were few. There was little leisure time, but work is easier if one can sing, and we may well imagine that many a weary hour was made shorter by singing the old "love ballads" learned in their home across the sea. Thus it was that mothers taught the old songs to their children, who in turn taught them to the next generation, and so they have come down to us. May we not be the generation that shall let them die, but may we do our part to see that this rich heritage of the past is preserved!

It is difficult to separate folk songs and ballads, but using Mr. Kittredge's definition that a ballad is "a story told in song,"[1] and Reed Smith's statement that a ballad is objective and a folk song subjective,[2] I have divided my imported songs into two groups, ballads and folk songs.

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1 Helen Child Sargent and G. L. Kittredge, editors, English and Scottish Popular Ballads, p. xi.

2 Reed Smith, South Carolina Ballads, p. 3.

In the ballads love is the dominant theme. We find stories of the return of lovers after an absence of many years, faithless lovers who sometimes resort to murder, girls who go in search of absent lovers, and the always popular "dying for love" theme. Other songs of the ballad group deal with outlaws, as "The Boston Burglar" and "The Roving Gambler." Children's songs are represented by the well-known "Orphan Girl" and "The Soldier's Poor Little Boy." Two songs of a religious nature in this group are "The Little Family" and "The Romish Lady." The folk songs fall into two groups, those dealing with love and humorous songs.

The forty-three songs included in this group furnish an interesting supplement to the fifteen Child ballads collected in northern Hamilton County. They show the number and variety of songs that have been brought to this section of East Tennessee by our ancestors and handed down to us by the process of oral transmission.

A BRISK YOUNG FARMER

The story of "A Brisk Young Farmer," sometimes entitled "William Hall," is common in the old songs and ballads. The parents disapprove of the match between the young people; usually her people send him away, but in two versions it is his parents who intervene. After an absence of some years, usually seven, he returns, is not recognized by his sweetheart, and tests her love by saying that he saw a cannon ball shot

through her beloved William Hall. Hudson gives a text with a most emphatic picture of her grief at this news.

She clasped her hands and cheeks together,
Saying, "My God, what shall I do!
My God, my God, I'm ruined forever!
Oh my God, what shall I do!" 3

A somewhat cruder but very expressive version was given to me by Mrs. Hughes.

The screams of this here pretty fair damsel
Was enough to make any man prove true;
"Since we have parted broken hearted,
Oh good Lord, what shall I do?"

The young man then reveals his identity by producing a ring she has given him in years gone by. With that as proof, she at once falls into his arms, and straightway they go to the church to get married, "whether their parents was willing or no."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Archiv für Neuere Sprachen, CXX, 65; Henry, p. 180; Hudson, Songs, p. 154; Musical Quarterly, III, 381; Pound, p. 71.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 239; Cox, pp. 326, 528; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 264, 425.

A

A BRISK YOUNG FARMER

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

Once I knew a brisk young farmer
Who was a credit to any young man;
He courted a fair and handsome lady,
Who dwelled in a foreign land.

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3 Arthur Palmer Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi, p. 155.

When their parents came for to know this,
They grew angry and this they did say,
"I'll send him over and over the ocean,
And his face you'll see no more."

He plowed the ocean all over and over
For to have a merry ride,
Saying, "If Polly is alive and I can find her,
I will make her my lawful bride."

So early, early, early one morning,
As I went walking down the street,
Cold drops of rain fell just as it happened
A good chance for my true love to meet.

"Good morning, good morning, my pretty fair damsel,
Oh, it's can't you fancy me?"
"Oh no, I fancied a brisk young farmer,
Who has lately gone to sea."

"Describe him, describe him, my pretty fair damsel,
Describe him, describe him unto me;
For perhaps I have saw just such of a young man,
For I've lately come from sea."

"He's tall, he's neat, he's handsome and slender,
And his name is William Hall."
"I saw a cannon ball shot through him,
And to death did this young man fall."

The screams of this here pretty fair damsel
Was enough to make any man prove true;
"Since we have parted brokenhearted,
Oh, good Lord, what shall I do?"

"Cheer up, cheer up, you pretty fair damsel,
Maybe I am the man;
Oh, here is to convince this story,
Here's the ring that you gave to me."

They joined their lovely hands together,
Away to church that day did go.
They got married unto each other
When their parents did not know.

B

A BRISK YOUNG LADY

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938.

Once there was a lady, a brisk young lady,
Oh, she lived in a numerous town.
She fell in love with a brisk young farmer,
Oh she loved him and he was bound.

She fell in love with a brisk young farmer,
Which her parents would not allow.
They forced him away across the ocean
They forced him away across the sea.

They forced him away across the ocean,
Oh, his true-love no more to see;
He sailed and he sailed across the ocean,
He sailed and he sailed across the sea.

He sailed back to his own sweet native shore
Saying, "If Mollie is alive and I can find her,
I'll make her my own sweet bride."

"Good morning, good morning, my pretty fair miss,
Good morning, good morning, can you fancy me?"
"No, my fancy's all on a brisk young farmer,
Oh, he's lately crossed the sea."

"Describe him, describe him, describe him unto me,
For I've been a warrior, many, many warrior,
Oh, I've lately crossed the sea."

"He was tall and he was handsome,
He wears a diamond ring of gold;
His hair was light and he's well complected,
Oh,his name, it is William Hall."

"I knew him, I knew him in the war,
I knew him, I knew him in the war;
I saw a cannon ball shot through him,
Oh, what a death he did fall."

"Alas, alas, oh what shall I do?
Alas, alas, oh what shall I do?
And we parted broken-hearted
Oh, my heart, it'll break into."

"Dry up, dry up, my pretty fair miss,
Dry up, dry up, for I surely am he;
To convince you of this matter
Here's the ring that you gave unto me."

They joined their hearts and hands together,
Away to the squire they did go.
It was their intention to get married,
Whether their parents was willing or no.

EARLY, EARLY IN THE SPRING

The story of this old song remains substantially the same in all the texts examined. The lover is forced to go to sea, and on his return finds that his sweetheart has married another. In despair he determines to put himself in the face of danger, "where the bullets fly," and thus perhaps commit suicide. His former sweetheart, however, still with a tender place in her heart for the boy she has jilted, slips him a note of consolation telling him there are other pretty girls.

Margaret Larkin gives a song called "The Trail to Mexico," which is "Early, Early in the Spring" made into a cowboy song. Larkin, p. 50.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 55; Cox, p. 358; Henry, p. 233; Hudson, Songs, p. 155; JAFL, XLIV, 78.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 151; Cox, Traditional Ballads, pp. 64, 101; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 328, 444.

EARLY IN THE SPRING

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, November 12, 1938. She learned the song from Mrs. Jennie Green, Murray County, Georgia.

Earl-ie, earl-ie in the spring
I was pressed on board to serve my king,
To leave my dearest dear behind,
Who ofttimes told me that her heart was mine.

I sailed all over and over the sea,
And every kind opportunity
To write kind letter to kind dear,
But never an answer could I hear.

I sailed up to her father's door,
Inquiring for my true love once more;
"My daughter's married a richer life
Therefore go choose you another wife."

"Your daughter is married, adieu, adore,
I'll neither stay on land nor shore.
I'll press my way where the bullets fly
I'll stay on sea till the day I die."

As I walked out on London street,
I spied a letter beneath my feet,
"I pray dear Willie, don't go on sea
There's prettier girls for you than me."

GEORGE REILLY

The name of the hero in this old song is sometimes John Riley and sometimes George Reilly, but the story is always the same. It is that story found so often in the old songs, the return of the long absent lover and his test of his sweetheart's faithfulness. When John approaches the fair young lady and without any preliminary lovemaking asks her quite boldly if she will be a sailor's wife, she replies at once that she prefers single life. On being asked the reason for this choice, she explains that she was betrothed three years before to one John Riley and that she intends to be faithful to him. With that, John gives her kisses "one, two, three." His kisses are evidently different, because that seems sufficient to establish his identity and they go straightway to get married. He gives no explanation of his long absence, nor does she ask any; he does, however, promise not to leave her again.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 95; Cox, p. 323.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 22; Flanders and Brown, p. 135; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 267, 426.

JOHN RILEY

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938. Mrs. Hughes learned the song many years ago from Cal Black, Daisy, Tennessee.

As I was walking out one morning
All for to take the pleasant air,
Oh there I spied a charming creature,
Which looked to me like a lily fair.

So quickly I stepped up and asked her
If she would be some sailor's wife.
"Oh no, kind sir, I'll tell you plainly,
I do prefer sweet single life."

"Oh now kind Miss, why is your reason,
You differ from all female kind;
For you are useful, loving and handsome,
To marry me you do decline."

"Oh now, kind Sir, I'll tell you plainly,
Promised I was three years ago,
To one John Riley, lived in this country,
He's been the cause of my sad overthrow."

So quickly I stepped up and embraced her,
The kisses I gave were one, two, three,
Saying, "I am the man you call John Riley,
I've been the cause of your misery.

"I have traveled in commotion,
I've laid up riches in great store;
I vow we'll go and we'll get married,
I vow I never will leave you any more."

PRETTY FAIR MAID

This widely known and popular song is one of the best examples of the ballad theme in which the lover, absent for many years at sea or war - usually seven - returns, is not recognized by his former sweetheart, and tries to persuade her to fall in love with him and forget her absent lover. In almost every instance, however, the girl remains faithful, saying her lover has been gone seven years, but if he is gone seven years longer not a man on earth can marry her. Then comes a stanza that is the very essence of faith and unselfish devotion.

"If he's drowned I hope he's happy,
  Or if he's in some battle slain;
Or if he stole some pretty girl and married her
  I love the girl that married him."

Nearly all the versions end with the revelation of his true identity and his giving her kisses one, two, three, taking for granted that she will welcome him with open arms without wondering where he has been those seven years. There is one version which ends on a practical note. In this text he tells her that he has made a fortune in his absence and now has six ships on the ocean.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Archiv für Neuere Sprachen, CXX, 64; Cox, p. 316; Fuson, p. 77; Henry, p. 201; Hudson, Songs, p. 150; JAFL, XXII, 67; XXIX, 201; Mackenzie, p. 168; Musical Quarterly, III, 38.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 70; JAFL, XXII, 379; Sandburg, p. 68; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 260, 423; Reed Smith, p. 162; Smith and Rufty, p. 65.

A

PRETTY FAIR MAID

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 12, 1938.

Pretty fair maid all in the garden,
A band of soldiers passing by;
And in this way one did address her,
"Pretty kind miss, won't you marry me?"

"No, oh no, not a man of honor,
A man of honor you may be,
But how can you force a poor lady,
A poor lady your bride to be?"

"It's I have a true love gone on the ocean,
Seven long years gone to sea;
And if he stays there seven years longer,
Not a man on earth can marry me."

"What if your true love is drowned,
Or what if he's in some battle slain;
Or what if he stole some pretty girl and married her,
His face you'll see no more."

"If he's drowned, I hope he's happy,
Or if he's in some battle slain;
Or if he stole some pretty girl and married her,
I love the girl that married him."

He ran his hands all in his pockets,
And out he pulled a fine gold ring,
Saying, "Here is the ring that you gave to me."
And all before him she did fall.

He picked her up all in his arms,
And kisses gave her, one, two, three,
Saying, "If I'd a stayed there seven years longer,
Not a girl on earth should have married me."

B

A JOLLY SOLDIER

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938. Learned from her brother, L. H. Mills.

A pretty fair maid all in the garden,
A jolly soldier passing by;
And in this way he did embrace her,
Saying, "Pretty fair miss, won't you marry me?"

"A man of honor you may be sir,
Yes, a man of honor you must be;
How can you insist on me, poor lady,
Who your bride can never be?

"I have a true love all on the ocean,
For seven long years he's been gone there;
And if he stays there seven years longer,
Not a man on earth can marry me."

He run his hand all in his pocket,
His fingers being neat and small;
He showed her a ring that she gave to him,
Straight down before him she did fall.

He picked her up all in his arms,
And gave her a kiss, yes, one two three,
Saying, "If I had stayed there seven years longer
Not a girl on earth could a-married me."

YOUNG JOHNNY

In this popular old English ballad, commonly known in England as "The Green Bed"[4] and in America as "Young Johnny," we have the theme of the return of the lover after a long absence at sea seeking his fortune. Instead of coming in disguise to test the waiting girl's faithfulness, as is often the case, in this song he simply pretends to have lost all he had and to be very poor. Her mother, the keeper of the tavern, informs him daughter Molly, or Polly in some versions, is absent but that if she were there she'd have nothing to do with him now that he has no money. On hearing that, Johnny draws from his pockets handfuls of gold. The mother, in amazement, pretends to have been only jesting, while the supposedly absent Molly, who has evidently been eavesdropping, rushes in to kiss and embrace her returned lover. But it is too late; his faith is shattered, and calling in his sailor companions, they go upon a spree. The version I have ends with the homely bit of advice,

"Oh be careful of your money, boys,
Laid up in store,
For if you ain't got no money, boys,
You're turned out of doors."

For a text of "The Saucy Sailor," a similar song but without the tavern or mother, see Cox, p. 389.

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4 John Harrington Cox, Folk Songs of the South, p. 390.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Archiv für Neuere Sprachen, CXX, 68; Cox, p. 390; Henry, p. 168; Hudson, Songs, p. 156; JAFL, XXV, 7; XXVIII, 156; XXXV, 373; XLII, 290.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 365; Mackenzie, pp. 245, 400.

TRAVELING ON THE SHORE

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939. Learned from the singing of her father, Van Green.

Sailing on the sea,
Or traveling on the shore;
I called at a tavern,
Where I had been before.

"Bring down your daughter Molly,
And set her on my knee;
We'll drink the melancholy,
And married we will be."

"My daughter Molly's absent,
She won't be home today;
But if she was here, John,
She'd turn you away."

John a-being worried,
He hung down his head;
He called for a candle,
To light him to bed.

"Oh, my beds are ready full, John,
I can't take any more;
Full of wealthy young strangers,
But, Johnny, you are poor."

Johnny, he got up
And he walked across the hall;
Says he, "For what I'm owing you
I'm able for it all.

"Here is twenty for the new,
Forty for the old"
And out of his pockets,
Drew handfuls of gold.

Molly, she came down
With a smile upon her face;
She hugged and she kissed him,
And him she did embrace,

Saying, "You're welcome home, dear Johnny,
You're welcome home from sea;
There's a green bed a-waiting
For you and me."

"Before I'd lie in your green beds
I'd lie out on the street;
For if I had no money,
My lodging I might seek.

"Oh, it's now I've got the money, boys,
A-laid up in store;
The bottles and fine glasses
I'll throw against the door.

"Come, all you jolly seamen,
Wherever you may be;
A-traveling on the land,
Or sailing on the sea.

"Oh, be careful of your money, boys,
Laid up in store;
For if you ain't got no money, boys,
You're turned out of doors."

LOCKS AND BOLTS

Using this song as an illustration, Carl Sandburg quotes English tourists as saying that it is "seventeenth century language of England that is spoken in certain isolated mountain and seaboard corners of America."[5] The text Mrs. Hughes gave me is rather mild compared to others. Bess Alice Owens gives a much more spirited account of the conclusion of the affair.

> The locks they did break and the bolts they did quake
> And I in the room did enter,
> I took her by the lily-white hand
> And led her to the window.
>
> Her father ran to other men
> So quickly did he follow,
> He said he'd have her back again
> Or in my blood he'd wallow.[6]

For texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 253; JAFL, XLV, 100.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 17; JAFL, XLIX, 236; Sandburg, p. 149.

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5 Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, p. 149.

6 Bess Alice Owens, "Songs of the Cumberlands," JAFL, XLIX, 237.

I DREAMED OF MY TRUE-LOVE LAST NIGHT

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

I dreamed of my true-love last night,
All in my mind I had her;
Her yellow hair like chains of gold
Come dangling round my pillow.

When I awoke, my sleep was broke,
I was forced to lie without her
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

My true-love was taken from me,
All out of spite and manner;
Over hills and under hills,
And in some lonesome valley.

I went unto her uncle's house,
Inquiring for my sweetheart;
"There's none such here, there's none such here,
There's none such in my keeping."

She thought she heard her true-love's voice,
She came unto the window,
"True-lover I've come, true-lover I've come
But locks and bolts do hinder."

"Fare-you-well maw, fare-you-well paw,
I'm going away to leave you;
This young man who holds my hand
Shall have my love forever."

THE CRUEL SHIP'S CARPENTER

This old song, with its story of the faithless lover who murders his sweetheart, is evidently an American variant of "The Gosport Tragedy" or "The Perjured Ship's Carpenter,"[7] a long broadside ballad of about 1750. Cox gives a similar song said to have been composed about a West Virginia girl named Polly Aldridge, who met the same fate as that of Polly in the old ballad.[8]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 74; Cox, p. 308; Fuson, p. 69; Henry, p. 229; JAFL, XX, 261; XLII, 276; XLIV, 107.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 317; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 60; Mackenzie, pp. 96, 396; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 128, 395; Wyman and Brockway, p. 110.

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7 W. Roy Mackenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs from Novia Scotia, p. 96.

8 John Harrington Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 62.

OH POLLY

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939. Mrs. Hughes learned the song many years ago from Jewel Ballew, an old man who was a great singer of old ballads.

"Oh Polly, oh Polly, oh Polly," said he,
"Oh will you now consent and marry to me?"
She jumped up behind him, away they did go;
He led her to her ruin, grief, sorrow, and woe.

He led her o'er big hills and valleys so deep,
Until a-nursing Polly began for to weep,
"Oh William, oh William, you're leading me astray
You have led me to my ruin, my poor heart to betray."

"Oh Polly, oh Polly, you guessed just about right,
I was digging of your grave the best part of last night."
They rode a little farther, and there they did espy
The grave ready dug, and the spade a-standing by.

"Oh pity me, your infant, and spare to me my life,
And I'll go distressed, love, and not be your wife."
She threw her arms around him, oh saying, "I do not fear,
How could you kill a poor girl that loves you so dear?"

"There's no time to talk, there's no time to stand."
He immediately drew his knife all into his hand;
He pierced it through her heart which caused the blood
to flow,
And down in the grave her fair body he did throw.

He covered her up, and then returned home,
Left nothing but the small birds her fair death to mourn;
The ship was ready waiting all on the ocean wide
He swore by his Maker he'd sail to the other side.

One night as he sailed all on the palace high,
A chance for to hear his true lover cry,
"Arise ye, sad villain, arise ye in flight."
He went plumb distracted and died that same night.

THE WEXFORD GIRL

This gruesome story was an English broadside of the eighteenth century.[9] It is known in America under a number of different titles. Among them are "The Boston Girl," "The Lexington Girl," "Johnny McDowell," "Waterford Town," "Hang-ed I Shall Be," "Oxford Tragedy," and "Miller's Apprentice." The text called "Prince's Boy," given to me by Mrs. Ethel Welch, was probably originally "Apprentice Boy" from "The Miller's Apprentice."

Hudson gives the explanation that perhaps the English "Wexford" became "Oxford" in Mississippi because of the fact that Oxford, Mississippi, is the seat of the United States court of the northern district of that state. He gives one version called "The Expert Girl," in which there is the only known stanza explaining a motive for the murder.

> Another boy sat by her side
> And held her hand in his,
> And said, "Oh dear, how glad I'll be
> When you and I are wed." [10]

For a text of the American broadside, "The Lexington Miller," quoted side by side with the song as handed down by oral transmission, see JAFL, XLII, 247.

For other references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 311; Hudson, Songs, p. 141; JAFL, XXXIX, 125; XLV, 125; XLVI, 29; Mackenzie, p. 293.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 407; Flanders and Brown, p. 88; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 159, 402.

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9 Sandburg, p. 311.

10 Arthur Palmer Hudson, "Ballads and Songs from Mississippi," JAFL, XXXIX, 128.

A

PRINCE'S BOY

Obtained from Mrs. Ethel Welch, Daisy, Tennessee, September 15, 1938.

When I was a prince's boy,
Sixteen years of age,
My father bound me to the mill,
To learn the miller's trade.

I had not been there but a very short time,
Almost six weeks or more,
Till I fell in love with an orphan girl,
With a dark and rolling eye.

My father he persuaded me
To take her as my wife,
The devil he persuaded me
To take away her life.

I went unto her sister's house,
Eight o'clock in the night;
I conducted her a short way out
To a dark and lonesome place.

I drew a stick from off the fence,
And struck her in the face,
"Oh, Johnie, oh, Johnie, don't murder me,
For I am not fit to die."

On to her bended knees she fell
"For Heaven's sake," she cried,
"Johnie, oh, Johnie, what have I done,
That you should murder me?"

And for to wash all stains away,
I caught her by the hair;
I drug her to the river bank,
And lay her body there.

And then I ran unto the mill,
Like a man amazed;
The miller placed his eyes on me,
And surely he did gaze.

And there I lay that livelong night,
Could neither sleep nor rest,
I felt the very sting of hell
Roll through my guilty breast.

Her sister swore so hard on me,
She swore without a doubt;
She swore that I had murdered her
By the calling of her out.

B

THE KNOXVILLE GIRL

Obtained from Mrs. C. H. Northrup, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 13, 1938.

There lived a girl in Knoxville,
A girl that I loved well;
On every Sunday evening,
A pleasant cottage dwell.

'Twas on one Sunday evening,
About a mile from town,
I drew a stick up o'er her head,
And knocked her backward down.

And falling on her bending knees,
For mercy she did cry,
"Oh Will, oh Will, don't kill me now,
I am not prepared to die."

He heeded not her pleading words,
But beat her all the more,
Till all the ground around her
Was in a bloody gore.

He took her by her golden locks,
And drug her o'er the ground;
And threw her in the river,
That ruined the Knoxville Town.

He then returned to Knoxville,
It was about midnight;
His mother being weary
Was in a greatful fright.

She says, "My son, what have you done
To bloody your hands and clothes?"
The only answer that he gave
Was bleeding at the nose.

He asked her for a candle,
To light himself to bed;
And also for a handkerchief,
To tie his aching head.

All night he rolled and tumbled,
For rest he could not find,
For the fires of Hell was around him,
And in his eyes did shine.

They took him on suspicion,
And locked him in the Knoxville jail;
His friends all gathered around him,
But none could go his bail.

Come all you young men of Knoxville,
And listen to what I say,
If ever you have a true lover,
Don't treat her in this way.

THE BUTCHER BOY

This shocking story of the unfortunate girl who hangs herself for her faithless lover enjoys wide popularity in the South. According to Mackenzie, this popularity extends over a large portion of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, the song itself being a combination of two old British songs, "The Squire's Daughter" and "There Is an Ale House in Yonder Town."[11] The latter song is known in most college towns as "There's a Tavern in the Town."

The lover is usually a butcher boy. However, in one version he is a bachelor boy, in another a merchant's son, in another a soldier boy, and once a railroad boy. It is difficult to locate him in any one town. He is from London City, Dublin City, New York City, Kosciusko, Seaport Town, but more often from Jersey City. Some versions are not definite, merely saying "In yonder city," or "Down in a village." If he has a name, it is usually Willie, but once I found it to be Johnnie. Regardless of his occupation, home town, or name, he was evidently a great heartbreaker. In every version the girl hangs herself, leaving the dying request

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11 Mackenzie, p. 157.

that she be buried with a white dove hovering over her grave to show to the world that she died for love.

For a history of the British origin of this song, see Mackenzie, p. 157; Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 282.

For other references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 195; Hudson, Songs, p. 160; Hudson, Specimens, p. 31; JAFL, XXIX, 169; XXXIX, 122; XLIV, 76; XLV, 72; Pound, p. 60; Stout, p. 37.

A

THE BUTCHER BOY

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 14, 1938. Learned from Wilma Romines who has heard it sung at home since she was a small child.

In Seaport Town where I did dwell,
A butcher's boy I loved so well;
He courted me both night and day,
And with me then he would not stay.

There's another place in this little town,
Where my lover goes and he sits down,
He takes another girl upon his knee,
And he tells her things he won't tell me.

She has more gold and silver than I;
Her gold may shine,
And her silver may fly,
And I hope some day she'll be as poor as I.

It was almost dark when father came home,
Inquiring where his daughter had gone;
"It's growing late," the mother said,
"She's gone up stairs to make her bed."

He went to the stairs, and the stairs were broke;
He found his daughter hanging on a rope;
He took his knife and he cut her down,
And on her breast these words were found.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my feet;
And on my breast place a little white dove,
To show to the world I died for love.

"Must I go down, while he goes free?
Must I love someone who don't love me?
Alas, alas, there never shall be
Till the green, green grass grows over me."

B

THE BUTCHER BOY

Obtained from Mrs. C. A. Brackett, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 19, 1938.

In Jersey City where I used to dwell,
Lived a butcher's boy I loved so well;
He courted me my heart away,
And then with me he would not stay.

"Oh Daughter, oh Daughter, what aileth you?
What makes you seem so queer to me?"
"Oh Mother, oh Mother, why can't you see
How this poor boy has treated me?"

The night rolled on and father came home
Inquiring where his daughter had gone;
He went upstairs and he broke the door,
And found her hanging on the line.

He took his knife, and he cut her down,
And on her bosom these words were found,
"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and foot,

"And a turtle dove upon my breast,
To show the world I died for love;
And let this wide world plainly see
That I love the boy that didn't love me."

THE LILY OF THE WEST

The chief difference between the English and the American versions of this old song seems to be in the girl's name. In England she is Flora, while in America she has become Mary, but always she is called "The Lily of the West." The texts have changed little. The sweetheart tells how he has murdered his rival and later been betrayed by the girl he loves.

For references and texts with tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 199; JAFL,XXXV, 368.

THE LILY OF THE WEST

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, who learned the song from the singing of her grandmother, Mrs. Mopha Jane Young, of Blount County, Tennessee.

I just came down from Louisville
Some pleasure there to find;
A handsome girl from Milledgeville,
So pleasing to my mind.
Her rosy cheeks and rolling eyes
Like arrows pierced my breast;
They called her handsome Mary,
The Lily of the West.

I courted her for many a day,
Her love I sought to gain
Too soon, too soon she slighted me,
And caused me grief and pain.
She robbed me of my liberty,
And deprived me of my rest,
They called her handsome Mary,
The Lily of the West.

One evening as I rambled
Down by yon shady grove,
I met a lord of high degree
Conversing with my love.
He sang, he sang so merrily,
While I was sore oppressed;
He sang for handsome Mary,
The Lily of the West.

I rushed upon my rival,
My dagger in my hand;
I tore him from my true-love,
And boldly made him stand.
Being mad to desperation,
My dagger pierced his breast;
And all because of Mary,
The Lily of the West.

Now my trial has come on,
And sentenced soon I'll be;
They put me in the criminal box,
And there convicted me.
She so deceived the jury,
So modestly did she dress;
I was betrayed by Mary,
The Lily of the West.

THE LITTLE MOHEA

This mournful little song is very popular in the United States. According to the story told in the song, an Indian lass woos a young man who has come to her shore. After an interval of lovemaking, he leaves her to return to his own country and the girl he left behind. However, on reaching home, he finds that the girl has been untrue to him. The song usually ends with his determination to return to spend the rest of his days with the little Mohea.

The song is known by various titles. Among them are "The Pretty Mohea," "Cocoanut Grove," "The Little Mohea," "The Little Maumee," "Little Mauniee," "The Pretty Mauhee," and "The Lass of Mohee."

G. L. Kittredge speaks of "The Little Mohea" as "a chastened American remaking of the favorite English broadside song of 'The Indian Lass'."[12] Mackenzie quotes both songs, "The Indian Lass" and "The Little Mohea," pointing out the similarities between the two and yet calling attention to the fact that "The Indian Lass" is hardly known in the United States, while "The Little Mohea" has a wide circulation.[13]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 62; Cox, p. 372; Fuson, p. 84; Hudson, Songs, p. 162; JAFL, XXXV, 408; XXXIX, 132; XLII, 282; XLV, 96; Mackenzie, p. 155; Pound, p. 197.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Botsford, p. 24; Henry, p. 284; Lomax, p. 163; Matteson and Henry, p. 30; Niles, p. 2; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 336, 448; Stout, p. 33.

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12 G. L. Kittredge, editor's note, A. H. Tolman and Mary O. Eddy, "Traditional Texts and Tunes," JAFL, XXXV, 408.

13 Mackenzie, pp. 154-55.

A

THE LITTLE MOHEA

Obtained from Mrs. Pat Hoffman, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 9, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Annie West, also of Sale Creek.

As I went out roving for pleasure one day,
I craved recreation as the day passed away.

As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Who should I spy near me but a young Indian lass?

She came, sat beside me, and taking my hand,
Said, "You are a stranger, and in a strange land.

"If you will agree, sir, no longer we'll roam,
We'll live here together in a snug little home.

"And together we'll wander and together we'll go,
Till we come to Sewanee River where the cocoanuts grow.

"If you will agree, sir, to stay here with me,
I'll teach you the language of the little Mohea."

"Oh no, my fair jewel, that never can be,
For I have an own true-love in my native country.

"I can never forsake her for I know she loves me,
And is just as true-hearted as the little Mohea."

The sun was fast sinking far over the sea,
As I wandered alone with the pretty Mohea.

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
'Twas enough to break her heart, these words I did say,

"Oh fare you well, darling, oh fare you well, dear,
My boat is now landing and home I must steer."

The last time I saw her she stood on the sand,
And as my boat passed her she waved me her hand.

Saying, "If e'er you return, sir, to the land that you know,
Remember the maiden where the cocoanuts grow."

And now I am home again on the old native shore
With friends and relations all around me once more.

But all that's around me and all that I see,
There's none to compare with the little Mohea.

I'll turn my course backward across the blue sea,
Spend the rest of my days with the little Mohea.

B

THE LITTLE MAUMEE

Obtained from Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

As I went a-roving for pleasure one day,
In self-recollection as the day passed away.

As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Who should I spy but a young Indian lass?

She came and sat by me and took up my hand,
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one of our land."

Together we rambled, together we roamed,
Till we came to the place where the maiden called home.

"Now if you'll agree, sir, and stay here with me,
I'll teach you the language of the little Maumee."

"Oh no, fairest jewel, this never can be,
For I have a true lover in my own country.

"No, I'll never forsake her for I know she loves me;
She's a heart just as true as the little Maumee."

The last time I saw her was down on the strand,
As my boat passed by her she gave me her hand,

Saying, "When you return to the land that you know
Remember the maiden where the cocoanuts grow."

THE NIGHTINGALE

> This lineal descendant of old English balladry has many variants in America; an instance of certain English folk-songs which have a wider variety of texts and tunes in the Appalachian Mountains of the United States than are to be found in the British Isles. 14

We find in this song the familiar story of the soldier making love as a passing fancy; then when the young lady becomes serious, he tells her he has a wife and family. My text ends with a bit of advice on the part of the forsaken girl.

> "Come all you young ladies, take warning by me
> Never place your affections on a young man so free.
>
> "At least one might serve you as one has served me,
> He'll leave you to sing with a babe on your knee."

Miss Harbison has an interesting variant from Ohio in which it is the lady who is not serious in her love-making.

> "And now," said the soldier, "You must marry me."
> "Oh, no!" said the lady, "that never can be.
> I've a husband in the Northland and children twice three,
> And another in the army's too many for me." 15

For references and texts without tunes, see Cambiaire, p. 92; Henry, p. 200.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 192; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 78; Niles, p. 22; Sandburg, p. 136; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 310, 438; SFQ, II, No. 3, 154.

THE NIGHTINGALE

Obtained from Miss Mollie V. Green, a sister of Mrs. Rosa and Mrs. Exona Hughes, from whom I received so many excellent texts. Learned this song which has been traditional in their family for many years, from her father, I. V. Green.

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14 Sandburg, p. 136.

15 Katherine Harbison, "In the Great Meadow and the Lone Prairie," SFQ, II, No. 3, 154.

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I spied a fair couple all making their way.

One was a lady, a lady so fair,
And the other a soldier, and a brave volunteer.

"Oh now," says this lady, "let's go to the spring,
To see the still waters and hear the nightingale sing."

"Oh no," says the soldier, "it's time for to go."
"Oh no," says the lady, "play me one tune more."

He tuned up his fiddle all on the high string,
And he played a tune called "The Valley to Ring."

"Oh now," says the soldier, "it's time for to go."
"Oh no," says this lady, "play me one tune more."

He tuned up his fiddle all on the high string,
And he played the tune over and over again.

"Oh now," says this lady, "Won't you marry me?"
"Oh no," says the soldier, "Such things can never be.

"I've a wife in splendor, and children have three,
And the beautifulest woman you ever did see."

"Come all you young ladies, take warning by me,
Never place your affections on a young man so free.

"At least one might serve you as one has served me;
He'll leave you to sing with a babe on your knee."

JACKIE FRAZIER

The text I found of this well-known song lacks the first part of the story, in which the merchant has only the one daughter whose lover has gone to the wars of Germany. It ends with her search for a surgeon to heal and cure his wounds, leaving us in doubt as to the final outcome of her sacrifice, whereas the more complete versions tell us he was cured and they were happily married.

The hero's name passes through many changes in different localities. He is called Jackaroe, Jacky Freasher, Jackie Fraisure, Jackie Frazier, Jacky Frashier, Jacky Roe, and Jack Monroe.

Belden uses a fragment of this song to illustrate the fact that in many of the old ballads there is a striking contrast between the heroine's tender beauty and the rough office she must perform.[16]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 240; Cox, p. 330; Henry, p. 208; Hudson, Songs, p. 147; Shearin, p. 6; JAFL, XII, 249; XX, 269; XXV, 9; XLV, 76; XLVI, 38, 48.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 385, 425; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 203, 410; JAFL, XXXV, 377.

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16 H. M. Belden, "Balladry in America," JAFL, XXV, 9.

JACKIE FRAZIER

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Ella Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 28, 1938. She learned the song when she was a small child from hearing her mother, Mrs. Rosa Hughes, sing it.

"Oh Daughter, dearest Daughter,
You had better mind;
I'll lock you in a dungeon,
Your body I'll confine,
Oh, your body I'll confine."

"Oh Papa, dearest Papa,
My body you'll confine;
There's none but Jackie Frazier
Can win this heart of mine,
Oh, can win this heart of mine."

She went into her parlor,
And dressed in men's array,
And bargained with a captain
To bear her far away,
Oh, to bear her far away.

"Your waist is most too slender,
Your fingers are too small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy
To face the cannon ball,
Oh, to face the cannon ball."

"I know my waist is slender,
I know my fingers are small,
But it would not change my countenance
To see ten thousand fall,
Oh, to see ten thousand fall."

She hoisted her flag off angry,
And marched around and round;
Among the dead and wounded
Her darling boy she found,
Oh, her darling boy she found.

She picked him up all in her arms,
And straight way she did go
To try to find a surgeon,
To heal and cure his wounds,
Oh, to heal and cure his wounds.

SWEET WILLIAM

The deserted lady in this old song starts out bravely in search of her absent lover. Her courage leaves her, however, when she finds that he is killed, and after making full provisions for the digging of her grave and the proper placing of the marble stone and turtle dove, we suppose that she, too, "dies for love," as seemed so befitting in the good old ballad times.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 353; Henry, p. 188; JAFL, XXIX, 199; XLV, 79; Rickaby, p. 210.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 84; JAFL, XXX, 363; XXXI, 162; XXXI, 170; XXXV, 410; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 318, 441.

FATHER, FATHER, BUILD ME A BOAT

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

"Father, Father, build me a boat,
Build it on the ocean that I may float;
Build it quick and give me joy,
And then I'll have my two sailor boys;
Build it quick and give me joy,
And then I'll have my two sailor boys."

One day as she sailed on the main,
She saw three ships just come from Spain.
Then they'll all impass me by,
And I'll inquire for my sweet William-I;
Then they'll all impass me by,
And I'll inquire for my sweet William-I.

"Captain, Captain, tell me true,
Has my sweet Willie been sailing with you?"
"Oh no, sweet lady, he's not here,
He got killed in the battle, my dear;
Oh no, sweet lady, he's not here,
He got killed in the battle, my dear."

Her boat it lodged against a rock,
The captain thought her heart was broke;
She wrang her hands into her hair
She wept like one in a wild despair;
She wrang her hands into her hair
She wept like one in a wild despair.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet;
On my breast place a sweet turtle dove,
To show to the world that I died for love;
On my breast place a sweet turtle dove,
To show to the world that I died for love."

MOLLIE VAUGHN

This old ballad usually begins with a warning to all young men not to go hunting in the twilight, for it is "between sunset and dark" that the young man in the story mistakes his sweetheart for a swan and shoots her. It might as well be a warning to young ladies to stay in at dark, for the young lady in this instance, caught in a shower, pins an apron around her and runs under the trees for shelter, thus bringing disaster upon herself.

In the latter part of the story we find a true ballad theme, the appearance of the dead. The heroine's ghost, like a fountain of snow, appears to save her lover from punishment for having killed her.

The girl is known by many names. Among them are Polly Van, Mollie Bawn, Mollie Bond, Mollie Bender, Polly Bam, Mollie Bander, Mollie Varn, Mollie Bon, Mollie Vaughn, Mollie Vaunders, and the one Mrs. Hughes gave me, Mollie Van Dora. The boy is Johnnie Randle, Johnny Random, or Jimmie Randolph.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 145; JAFL, XXII, 387; XXXIX, 136; Pound, p. 78; Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 116.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Cox, pp. 339, 529; Campbell and Sharp, I, 328; JAFL, XXX, 358.

MOLLIE VAN DORA

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938. She learned the song from her grandmother Young of Blount County, Tennessee.

My true love went hunting
'Tween sunset and dark,
All under some bower,
A shower to shun.
With an apron pinned round her,
I shot her for a swan;
Now Mollie Van Dora,
Oh now she is gone.

I runned up to her,
When I found it was she;
A fountain of tears
All round her I shed.
With an apron pinned round her,
I shot her for a swan;
Now Mollie Van Dora,
Oh now she is gone.

To her uncle, to her uncle,
To her uncle she appeared;
"Oh don't kill Jimmy Randolph
For killing Mollie Van."
With an apron pinned round her,
He shot her for a swan;
Now Mollie Van Dora,
Oh now she is gone.

She was the queen of her own country,
And the flower of all girls,
And the prettiest fair maiden
I ever did see.
With an apron pinned round her,
I shot her for a swan;
Now Mollie Van Dora,
Oh now she is gone.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

This song, called by Belden a "traditional vulgar ballad,"[17] is known in England as "The Constant Farmer's Son" or "In Bruton Town" and in America by various titles, most popular of which is "The Bramble Briar." Other American titles are "In Seaport Town," "In Strawberry Town," "The Brake O' Briars," "Lord Burling's Sister," "The Bamboo Briar," and "The Bomberry Briar."

The story is essentially the same in all texts. The girl's lover is persuaded by her two brothers to go hunting, is killed by them and thrown into a ditch of briars. During the night his ghost appears to her, revealing to her what has taken place. She goes to him, and in some texts fasts there beside him for three days. She later returns to her brothers to confront them with their guilt. One text closes with the brothers in prison condemned to die, but their usual punishment is death at sea.

For a study of this ballad, see H. M. Belden, PMLA, XXXIII, 327-395.

In Sewanee Review, XIX, 222, Belden also prints side by side for comparison "The Merchant's Daughter," as given by a high school girl of Missouri, and "The Constant Farmer's Son," from a series of books in the British Museum dating 1800-1870.

For other references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 305; Henry, p. 161; JAFL, XX, 259; XXIX, 168; XLV, 48; XLVI, 25; Pound, p. 53; Shearin, p. 9.

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17 H. M. Belden, "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and 'The Bramble Briar,'" PMLA, XXXIII, 327.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 310, 422; Cox, Traditional Ballads, pp. 57, 101; JAFL, XXXV, 359.

A

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938. She learned the song from her brother, John A. Mills, of Scottsboro, Alabama.

In Seaport Town there lived a merchant,
He had two sons and a daughter dear;
And the prettiest man there was around there
Was his daughter's dearest dear.

One evening while they were in the room a-courting
Her eldest brother chanced to hear;
He went and told his other brother,
Saying, "Let's deprive her of her dear."

So early, so very early, 'twas next morning,
A-hunting they arose to go;
But little did he think of the cruel murder,
So a-hunting he agreed to go.

So late, so very late, 'twas that evening,
She did inquire of the servant-man;
Her brother began to whisper lowly,
Saying, "Brother, tell her if you can."

"He's in the wild, wild woods a-hunting,
His fair face will never be shown
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

So early, so very early, 'twas next morning,
She gave a sigh and a bitter groan;
And she hunted till she came to a ditch of briars,
Where her true love was killed and thrown.

His face was bloody as any murderer,
The tears in his eyes were as salty brine;
She kissed his cold, cold lips a-crying,
Saying, "You are the dearest dear of mine.

"Since my brothers have been so cruel,
To force your sweet, sweet life away;
Now one grave shall receive us together,
So with you as long as life I'll stay."

B

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from Wilma Romines, Coulterville, Tennessee.

In Seaport Town there lived a merchant,
He had two sons and a daughter fair;
But the prettiest boy that lived about there
Was her father's servant man.

One day while they were silent courting,
Her brother heard what they did say;
"This long courtship will soon be ended
We'll force this boy into his grave."

They arose next morning, early starting,
A-hunting these three men did go;
They went o'er hills and lowly mountains,
A-hunting these three men did go.

It was late that night when they's returning,
Their sister inquired of the servant man;
She said, "It seems, dear Brother, that you whisper,
Tell me, tell me if you can."

"We lost him in some suit of hunting,
Or perhaps he's in the sea been drowned,
He's crossing o'er death's deep blue ocean
His face you'll never see again."

Then she returned to her bedchamber;
His ghostly looks to her appeared,
His ghostly looks of being wounded,
His eyes were in a gore of blood.

Saying, "My dearest, dearest jewel,
It's all in vain to weep for me;
Go straightway to yond ditch of briars,
And there my body you shall see."

She arose next morning, early starting,
With a lonely sigh and a bitter groan,
Searching for that ditch of briars
Where her true love had been killed and thrown.

His face was bloody as any butcher's,
The tears in her eyes like salted brine;
She kissed him cold, a-crying, saying,
"This, dear boys was a friend of mine.

"But since my brothers have been so cruel
As to force his dear sweet life away,
One grave will hold us both together
So while I've life with him I'll stay."

Three days and nights she fasted
But then she had to say,
"I feel sharp hunger creeping o'er me,
It's home or die I now must go."

It was late that night when she was returning,
Her brothers asked her where she'd been;
"Don't talk to me, you cruel murderers,
For this one crime you both shall hang."

The only way to get rid of the cruel murder
Was to sail across the deep blue sea;
The wind did blow and it wasn't no wonder
That it blew them both into the sea.

PRETTY BETSY

In this old ballad we have an interesting variation of the "dying for love" theme. Usually it is the girl who pines away and dies for a lover who does not return, but this time the lover falls sick at the departure of his sweetheart and the inference is that he dies of grief, although one text rather humorously reads,

> And every doctor tried their skill
> Till at last they did poor Johnny kill.[18]

Another interesting element in this ballad is the interference of the mother. Johnny, the son, falls in love with his mother's servant. The mother, with a keen sense of class distinction, says she had rather see Johnny's corpse lie dead than to see him married to the servant girl. Accordingly, she takes Betsy away, supposedly for a few days, but in reality sells her to a merchant sailing on the ocean, in some instances going to "Virginny," and returns home alone. However, when Johnny grows ill from grief, her mother love triumphs over her class feeling and in despair she cries,

> "Lord, send my son draw breath again,
> And I'll send for Betsy all over the main."

Her remorse closes the three American texts I have been able to find, but Pearl Green Gentry gave me a closing stanza which I think is well worth repeating:

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18 Louise Pound, American Ballads and Songs, p. 68.

When Betsy came this for to hear,
It being more or less than a year;
She, being tender hearted as a dove,
She wrang her hands and died for love.

For texts without tunes, see JAFL, XII, 245; Pound, p. 66.

For text with tune, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 4.

PRETTY BETSY

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 31, 1938. She learned the song from her aunt, Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

Early one morning all in the room,
John says to Betsy, "You must be my wife,
For I love you as dear
As I do my life."

John's old mother being all in the room,
A-hearing all they did consume;
She made it up within her own mind
To put a stop to their incline.

Early next morning she arose saying,
"Get up, pretty Betsy, put on all your clothes,
For to sail upon the ocean
Two weeks if not three."

As they went marching all down in town,
The ship being ready to sail down,
And it's to old Virginia
Pretty Betsy was bound.

As John's old mother was returning home,
She met her own beloved son,
"Oh where is Betsy?
She's been gone so long."

Late in the evening her son took sick,
No sorts of music could make him glad;
She sent for the doctor and liniment,
And much upon him she did spend.

Early next morning her son lay dead,
She wrang her hands oh to her head,
"Lord, send my son draw breath again,
And I'll send for Betsy all over the main."

When Betsy came this for to hear,
It being more or less a year;
She being tender-hearted as a dove,
She wrang her hands and died for love.

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

The story of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee," as Mrs. Aslinger sang it to me, is remarkably similar to the other five texts of the song I have found in American collections. The heroine of this old ballad, far from submitting to her uncle in affairs of the heart and "dying for love" as was the style in those days, fights her way through. She kills not only the unwelcome suitor, but the matchmaking uncle as well.

This song is well known as an English broadside, and there is a sequel in which Mary's true lover returns and they are happily reunited.[19] I have found no American text of the sequel.

Mackenzie quotes Robert Ford in Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland to show that the song is at least a hundred years old.[20]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 379; Mackenzie, p. 84; Stout, p. 44; JAFL, XXXV, 354.

For text with tune, see Campbell and Sharp, I, 399.

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19 Kittredge, p. 355.

20 Mackenzie, p. 84.

SWEET DUNDEE

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 8, 1938. She learned the song from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Hannah Mills, also of Sale Creek, Tennessee.

'Twas of the farmer's daughter,
So beautiful I am told;
Her parents died and left her
Five hundred pounds of gold.

She lived with her uncle,
Who caused all her woes;
And soon you'll hear this maiden fair
Prove of her overthrows.

Her uncle had a plowboy
That Mary loved right well.
Down in her uncle's garden,
Some tale of love would tell.

At length there came a squire,
Who chanced her to see;
But still she loved her plowboy,
On the banks of Sweet Dundee.

It was on one Monday morning,
Just at the break of day;
Her uncle came to her bedroom door,
And thus to her did say,

"Arise, my pretty fair maiden,
A lady you may be;
For the squire is now a-waiting
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

"A fig for all your squires,
Your lords and dukes likewise;
My William seems to me
Like a diamond in my eyes."

"You unruly female,
You never shall happy be;
For I mean to banish William
From the banks of sweet Dundee.

"It is my whole intention
To tie him to a tree;
Or send the pressgang after him
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

The pressgang came to William
When he was all alone;
He bravely fought for liberty,
But there was six to one.

The blood did flow in torrents.
"Oh kill me now," said he,
"For I'd rather die than Mary
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

When Mary was a-walking
Lamenting of her love;
She met up with the squire
All in her uncle's grove.

He threw his arms around her;
"Stand off, stand off," said she,
"You've slain the only lad I loved
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

He threw his arms around her
Which caused her to frown;
Two pistols and a sword he spied
Beneath her mourning gown.

She picked the weapons up,
And her sword she handled free;
She fired and killed the squire
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise,
And hastened to the ground;
"Since you have killed the squire,
"I'll give you your death wound."

"Stand off, stand off," said Mary,
"I never shall daunted be."
Her sword she drew and her uncle she slew
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

DOG AND GUN

This old song of British origin is usually known in England as "The Golden Glove" and in America as "Dog and Gun." Regardless of the title, the story is the same. Instead of resorting to murder to keep from marrying the squire, as in the case of Mary in "The Banks of Sweet Dundee," the lady in this song uses trickery to gain her farmer boy. She seems to have had a little doubt as to the farmer's love for her, but as soon as she finds that he has refused to take part in her wedding because he loves her too much to give her up to another, she rushes home and sets about to carry out the ruse whereby she succeeds in marrying the farmer boy.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 158; JAFL, XXIX, 171; XXXIX, 113.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 377; Cox, pp. 384, 530; Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 68; Flanders and Brown, p. 117; Hudson, Tunes, p. 24; Mackenzie, pp. 80, 395; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 227, 416; SFQ, II, No. 3, 149.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRL

Obtained from Roy Shipley, a high school boy at Sale Creek, Tennessee, November 28, 1938. He learned the song from his aunt, Mrs. Bill Iles, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

In New Hampshire a lady did dwell,
Was courted by a squire that loved her so well.
To marry this young lady was his intent;
His friends and relatives had given their consent.

The day was appointed for the wedding day,
A jolly young farmer the waiter was to be.
Instead of the wedding she went to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer was so in her head.

The thoughts of the farmer was so in her mind,
The way she could get him so quickly she did find;
So pants and waistcoat she put on,
Started out hunting with her dogs and her gun.

She went around the field where the farmer did dwell,
Down in her heart she loved him so well;
She fired many a shot but nothing did she kill,
Then the young farmer came out into the field.

"Why wasn't you at the wedding, the wedding," she cried,
"To wait upon the squire to give away the bride?"
"Now my kind miss, the truth to you I'll tell,
I couldn't give you up for I loved you too well."

This young lady went home with a heart full of love,
And made up a story that she had lost her glove;
"And the very man that brings it back to me,
I'll vow and declare that his bride I'll be."

It pleased the young farmer to hear of the news,
So straightway he went and carried back her glove,
Saying, "Here my kind lady, I've brought back your glove,
And all I ask of you is to grant me your love."

"It's already granted," the lady replied,
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer," she cried.
And after she got married she laughed and told her fun,
How she hunted up the farmer with her dogs and her gun.

THE FARMER BOY

I have found no account of "The Farmer Boy" in any southern collection of folk songs and ballads. There is every reason to suppose that it was brought to Hamilton County from England by Colonel William Clift. It was from his daughter-in-law, Mrs. S. A. Clift, that Miss Winnie Walker learned the song when she was a child, and I found no knowledge of the song in any other Hamilton County family. The version I have corresponds very closely to that given by Pound and described in her notes as "brought from Newcastle, England, as early as 1870."[21]

I found no text with music in any collection, but it is a very pretty tune indeed to which Miss Walker sings this old song of the boy who, in search of a job as a farmer's helper, finds the job and later becomes owner of the farm and marries the farmer's daughter as well.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, p. 118; JAFL, LI, 38; Pound, p. 69; Stout, p. 27

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21 Pound, p. 246.

THE FARMER BOY

Obtained from Miss Winnie Walker, Soddy, Tennessee, October 25, 1938. She learned the song from her grandmother, Mrs. S. A. Clift, who died ten years ago at the age of ninety-three.

Oh the sun had set behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When up the lane a lad there came,
Up to a farmer's door.
"Can you tell me sir, if any there be
Who will give to me employ?
For to reap or to mow or to plow or to sow,
Or to be a farmer's boy?

"My father's dead; my mother's left
With us five children small,
And what is worse for a mother yet,
I'm the eldest of them all.
Though little I be I fear not work,
If you'll give to me employ;
For to reap or to mow or to plow or to sow,
Or to be a farmer's boy."

"I'll try the lad," the farmer said,
"No longer shall he weep."
"Oh yes, kind sir," his daughter replied,
As the tears rolled down her cheek.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
For to reap or to mow or to plow or to sow,
Or to be a farmer's boy.

In the course of time he grew a man,
That good old farmer died;
And he left for the lad the farm that he had,
And his daughter for a bride.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
For to reap or to mow or to plow or to sow,
Or to be a farmer's boy.

The lad who is the farmer now,
He often smiles with joy;
"Oh that lucky, lucky day,
That I came this away,
In search of some employ,
For to reap or to mow or to plow or to sow,
Or to be a farmer's boy."

THE BOSTON BURGLAR

"The Boston Burglar" is well known in Hamilton County, and in all Sale Creek texts the hero is "born and raised in Boston" and is tried for his crime in either Charles Town or Charleston Town. These are the place names most often found in other texts, but in some versions he is from Covington or West Virginia, and is tried in Frankfort, Morgantown, Richmond, or Jefferson Town. Spaeth states that M. J. Fitzpatrick is credited with the authorship of this song.[22]

For texts and references to "The Sheffield Apprentice," often confused with "The Boston Burglar," see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 66; Cox, p. 294; Henry, Songs, p. 183; JAFL, XXIII, 164.

For three West Virginia texts and references to "Botany Bay," the English song from which this song comes, see Cox, p. 296.

For other texts without tunes, see Cambiaire, p. 69; Flanders and Brown, p. 53; Pound, p. 57.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 89; Finger, p. 88; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 289, 433; Spaeth, p. 178.

A

THE BOSTON BURGLAR

Obtained from Mrs. Grace Francisco, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 13, 1938. She learned the song from her aunt, Mrs. Mary Francisco, also of Sale Creek, Tennessee.

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22 Sigmund Spaeth, Read 'Em and Weep, p. 178.

I was born and raised in Boston,
A city you all know well;
I was born and raised by honest parents,
The truth to you I'll tell.

I was raised by honest parents,
I was raised most tenderly;
Till I became a sporting man,
At the age of twenty-three.

My liberty was taken,
And I was sent to jail,
My friends they found it all in vain,
To get me out on bail.

The judge he found me guilty,
The clerk he wrote it down.
The jury passed my sentence
Who's off for Charleston town.

I was placed on board one cold December day,
I was off on an east bound train;
And every station I passed by
I'd hear those people say.

"There goes the Boston burglar,
With chains he's all bound down,
There goes the Boston burglar
Some crime or another he's done."

My dear old aged father
Was pleading at the bar,
Likewise my aged mother
Was tearing out her hair.

Was tearing out those old grey locks,
The tears came trinkling down.
"Oh son, dear son, what have you done?
Who's off for Charleston town?"

I have a girl in Boston,
A girl you all know well;
If ever I gain my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.

If ever I gain my liberty,
Bad company I will shun;
Night walking and a-gambling
And also drinking rum.

It's those who have their liberty,
It's keep it while you can;
Don't walk around the street at night,
And break the laws of man.

For if you do you'll be found
Just like me,
A-serving out your twenty-one years
In the penitentiary.

B

THE BOSTON BURGLAR

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938. Learned from her grandmother, Mrs. Mopha Jane Young, Blount County, Tennessee.

I was raised in Boston city,
The place you all know well;
Raised up by yonder parents,
The truth to you I'll tell.

Raised up by yonder parents,
Raised most tenderly;
Till I became a sportsman,
At the age of twenty-three.

Then my character was taken,
And I was sent to jail.
My friends they tried, but all in vain,
To get me out on bail.

The jury man found me guilty,
The clerks they wrote it down;
The judge pronounced my sentence,
I was sent to Charleston Town.

They put me on board an Eastern train
One cold December day;
Every station I passed through
I heard the people say,

"There goes that Boston Burglar,
To Ireland he'll be bound;
For some crime or other
He's going to Charleston Town."

You ought to've seen my father
Pleading at the bar,
Likewise my dear old mother
All tearing out her hair.

All tearing out her old gray locks,
While tears came streaming down,
"My God, my son, what have you done
You're bound to Charleston Town?"

There's a girl in Boston city,
A girl that I love well;
If ever I gain my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.

Pray you men who have your liberty,
May keep it while you can.
Don't roam about the streets at night
To break the laws of man.

If you do you'll gain the day,
And find yourself locked up like me,
A serving out just twenty-one years
In the penitentiary.

C

PRISON SONG

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned from his mother while living in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I was born and raised in Boston, boys,
The city you all know well;
Brought up by honest parents,
The truth to you I'll tell.

Brought up by honest parents,
And raised most tenderly;
Until I became a sporting man
At the age of twenty-three.

The jury found me guilty,
The clerk he wrote it down;
The judge then passed the sentence,
And I was sent to Charles Town.

I was put on board an Eastern train,
One cold December day;
And every station we'd pass through
I'd hear the people say,

"There goes some Boston burglar,
In strong chains he'll be bound.
For some crime or another, boys,
He's off to Charles Town."

There is a girl in Boston, boys,
A girl that I love well;
If ever I get my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.

All you that have your liberty,
Pray keep it if you can.
And don't go round the streets at night
To break the laws of man.

For if you do you'll surely rue,
And find yourself like me,
Serving out my twenty-one years
In the penitentiary.

THE ROVING GAMBLER

Sandburg gives a version of this song from Delaney's song book and quotes him as saying that this is evidently a popular song of English origin. He calls attention to the fact that in English versions the gambling may be carried on, but that no deck of cards is mentioned.[23]

For texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 131; Henry, Songs, p. 98; JAFL, XXXIX, 134.

For texts with tunes, see Lomax, p. 150; Sandburg, p. 312.

THE ROVING GAMBLER

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, a high school girl at Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I am a roving gambler,
I gamble down in town;
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards
I lay my money down.
I had not been in Washington
Many more weeks than three,
When I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And she fell in love with me.

She took me in her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan;
She whispered low in her mother's ear
"I love this gambling man."
"Oh daughter, oh dear daughter,
Why do you treat me so?
To leave your dear old mother,
And with a gambler go?"

"Oh mother, oh dear mother,
You know I love you well,
But the love I have for this gambling man
No human tongue can tell."
I've gambled down in Washington
I've gambled down in Spain,
I'm going down in Georgia,
To gamble my last game.

---

23 Sandburg, p. 312.

I hear the train a-coming,
A-comin' round the curve,
A-whistlin' and a-blowin', a-strainin' every nerve.
"Oh mother, my dear mother,
I'll tell you if I can,
If you ever see me comin' back again
I'll be with this gamblin' man."

THE OLD ARMCHAIR

For texts with tunes, see: Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 373, 457; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 205.

THE OLD ARMCHAIR

This song, spoken of by Miss Scarborough as "an amusing old song of British origin,"[24] was obtained from the singing of Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

Oh my grandmother, she at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May was taken ill and died.
And after she was dead, why of course the will was read
By the lawyers as they all stood by his side.
To my brother it was found, she had left a hundred pounds,
And the same unto my sister I'll declare;
But when it came to me the lawyer said, "I see
She has left to you the old armchair."

Chorus
How they tittered, how they chaffed,
How my brother and my sister laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
Granny had only left to me the old armchair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I didn't care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
The people at me chaffed, and my brother at me laughed,
But said, "It will be useful, John, some day
When you settle down to life, find some girl to be your wife,
You will find it very handy, I'll declare;
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
You can then sit in your old armchair."

What my brother said came true, why in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down a married life.
I first a girl did court and then a ring I bought,
Took her to the church and there made her my wife;
And the old gal and me were as happy as could be,
And when the work was over I'll declare;
On a cold and frosty night when the fire was burning bright,
I would then sit in my old armchair.

But one night the chair fell down, I picked it up and found
That the seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there before my eyes there lay to my surprise,
A lot of notes, ten thousand pounds or more.
When my brother heard of this, why the fellow I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair;
But I only said to him, "My dear brother Jim,
Don't you wish you had the old armchair?"

---

24 Dorothy Scarborough, A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains, p. 373.

THE ORPHAN GIRL

Carl Sandburg gives a variant of this rather sentimental song entitled "Mag's Song," which he says traces back to a broadside or popular ballad in England or Scotland.[25]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 26; Cox, p. 446; Fuson, p. 106; Henry, p. 373; JAFL, XXVIII, 170; XLV, 66; XLVI, 49; Stout, p. 61.

For texts with tunes, see: Jackson, p. 48; Sandburg, p. 316; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 364, 454.

A

THE ORPHAN GIRL

Obtained August 15, 1938, from the singing of Lorene Fox, a high school girl who learned the song from her aunt, Mrs. Vergie Morgan, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

"No home, no home," said a little girl,
  At the door of a rich man's hall;
As she trembling stood on the marble steps,
  And leaned on the polished wall.

Her clothes were thin, and her feet were bare,
  And the snow had covered her head.
"O give me a home," she feebly cried,
  "A home and a piece of bread."

"My father, alas, I never knew,"
  And the tears did fall so bright;
"My mother sleeps in a new made home,
  While the orphan begs to-night."

The night was dark, and the snow still fell,
  And the rich man closed his door;
His proud lips curled as he scornfully said,
  "No home, no bread for the poor."

The rich man sleeps on his velvet couch,
  And dreams of his silver and gold;
While the orphan lies on a bed of snow,
  And cries, "I'm cold, so cold."

---

25 Sandburg, p. 316.

"I must freeze," she said, as she sank on the steps,
And strove to cover her feet
With her old tattered clothes all covered with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

Another hour, and the midnight storm
Rolled on like a funeral knell;
And the earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet,
And the drops of snow still fell.

The morning dawned, and the little girl
Still lay at the rich man's door;
But her soul had fled to a home above,
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

B

THE ORPHAN GIRL

Obtained from a high school girl, Mary Helen Crawley, who learned it from her grandmother, Mrs. William Roberts, Hillsboro, Tennessee.

"No home, no home," said a little girl,
At the door of a prince's hall;
As she trembling stood on the polished step,
And leaned on the marble wall.

Her clothes were thin, her feet were bare,
The snow had covered her head;
"Oh, give me a home," she feebly cried,
"A home and a bit of bread."

"My father, alas, I never knew."
As the tears dimmed her eyes so bright;
"My mother sleeps in her new-made grave,
'Tis an orphan that begs tonight."

The night was dark, and the snow fell fast,
But the rich man shut his door;
His proud lip curled with scorn as he said,
"No room, no bread for the poor."

"I must ffeeze," she said as she sank on the step
And strove to cover her feet;
Her tattered dress was covered o'er
With snow, yes, snow and sleet.

The rich man lay on his velvet couch,
And dreamed of his silver and gold;
While the orphan lay on her bed of snow,
And murmured, "So cold, so cold."

The hours passed on, the midnight came,
   Rolled on like a funeral knell;
The earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet,
   And the drifting snow still fell.

The morning dawned, the orphan girl
   Still lay at the rich man's door;
But her soul had fled to its home above,
   Where there's room and bread for the poor.

Oh, if the rich could only feel
   The weight of others' woe;
To God and not to Mammon kneel,
   They'd never forget the poor.

THE SOLDIER'S POOR LITTLE BOY

Cox says this song is probably an imitation of "The Poor Fisherman's Boy," common in English broadsides.[26] The chief difference in my text and others I examined is that the song is usually about a soldier's poor little boy and in mine the lad himself is the poor little soldier boy.

For texts without tunes see Cox, p. 275; Stout, p. 117.

For a text with tune, see Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 88.

SOLDIER BOY

Obtained from Mrs. Mattie Irvin, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 17, 1938.

The snow is fastly falling,
And the wind doth loudly roar;
And a poor little boy most frozen,
Came up to the lady's door.

He saw her through the window so high,
It filled his heart with joy,
"If you don't arise and let me in,
I'll freeze before the morning.

"This would grieve your heart
Your happy mind destroy,
To find me lying dead at your door
I'm a poor little soldier boy.

"My mother died while I was young,
My father's gone to the war;
He's fought through many hard battles,
He's covered with wounds and sores.

"A many long mile on his knapsack,
He's carried me with joy;
But now I'm left quite friendless,
I'm a poor little soldier boy."

---

26 John Harrington Cox, Folk-Songs of the South, p. 275.

The lady arose and slipped on her clothes,
And she opened the parlor door,
"Cometh thou in, thou unfortunate child
To wander no more.

"My own dear son in the battle was slain,
My life, my hope, my joy;
As long as I live a shelter I will give
To a poor little soldier boy."

THE LITTLE FAMILY

> This is an interesting specimen for the reason that few ballads from the traditional ones of England dealing with religion or with ritual are current in America. . . . Perhaps it is due to the fact that pioneer worship largely stripped itself of rituals and formula and held to the simpler essentials of faith than was the case in English life.[27]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 407; Henry, p. 417; Hudson, Songs, p. 212; JAFL, XXIX, 182; XXXIX, 174; XLVI, 43; Scarborough, Song Catcher, p. 195.

For texts with tunes, see: Botsford, p. 29; Jackson, White Spirituals, p. 195; JAFL, XXXV, 388.

THE LITTLE FAMILY

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Hannah Mills, also of Sale Creek.

There was a little family,
  Who lived in Bethany;
Two sisters and one brother
  Composed that family.

With singing and with praising,
  Like angels in the sky;
At morning and at evening,
  They raised their voices high.

They lived in peace and pleasure
  For many a lovely year;
And laid away their treasures
  Beyond this vail of tears.

Though poor and without money,
  Their kindness may demand;
Their house was always open
  To Jesus and his friends.

Though while they lived so happy,
  So pure, so kind, so good,
Their brother was afflicted,
  And rudely thrown in bed.

Then Martha and her sister,
  They wept aloud and cried;
But still he grew no better,
  But lingered on and died.

---

27 Scarborough, p. 196.

The Jews came to those sisters,
Laid Lazarus in the tomb;
And tried for to comfort them,
And drive away their gloom.

When Jesus heard the tidings,
Far in a distant land,
Then swiftly he did travel
To see that lonely band.

When Jesus was a-coming,
Martha met him by the way,
And told him that her brother
Had died and passed away.

He blessed her and he cheered her,
And told her not to weep;
That in him was the power
To raise him from his sleep.

When Jesus was a-coming,
Mary ran and met Him too;
Down at His feet a-weeping,
They hushed the tale of truth.

When Jesus saw them weeping,
He fell to weeping too;
And wept until they showed him
Where Lazarus was in tomb.

He rolled away the cover,
And looked into the grave;
And prayed unto His Father
His lovely friend to save.

Then Lazarus in full glory
Riz from that lonely mount,
And full of life and vigor,
He walked upon the ground.

And now if we love Jesus,
And do His holy will,
Like Martha and like Mary,
Who always used Him well,

From death He will redeem us,
And take us to the skies;
And bid us live forever,
Where pleasure never dies.

THE ROMISH LADY

> "The Romish Lady," dating from the era of Protestant martyrs, remains very close in its American derivatives to the broadside text of the time of Charles II, which is the earliest text of it preserved in England. [28]

A copy of this text is in the Roxburgh Ballads, I, 43 (1873).[29]

An even earlier version of the same song, called "A Lady's Daughter of Paris," is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (1613).[30]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 137; Jackson, White Spirituals, p. 188; Pound, p. 63.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Jackson, p. 27; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 175, 404.

THE ROMISH LADY

Obtained from Mrs. S. G. Frazier, Soddy, Tennessee. She was unable to remember all of the song, but added this comment, "The story was that she was burned at the stake for forsaking her original belief."

There was a Romish Lady,
Brought up in Popery;
Her mother always taught her
The priest she must obey.

"Oh pardon me, dear Mother,
Oh pardon if you can;
For unto these false idols
I can no longer bow."

---

28 Pound, p. xxii.

29 Arthur Palmer Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi, p. 137.

30 Scarborough, p. 175.

THE DROWSY SLEEPER

This song, given to me with the title, "The Sluggard Lover," is usually known as "The Drowsy Sleeper." Mackenzie says it is one of a large group of English and Scottish songs on the "night visit."[31] The lover comes to his sweetheart's window at night asking her to go away with him. The girl refuses to let him ask either her mother or her father if she may go, for her mother is sleeping and her father has a dagger in his hand to slay the man she loves. Various endings are given, the most common of which being that when the young man starts to leave in despair she calls him back, telling him she will forsake both mother and father to go with him.

Several versions seem to be a combination of "The Drowsy Sleeper" and "The Silver Dagger." In these the young man, disappointed in love, takes the silver dagger from her father's hand and pierces his own aching heart, after which she, in true Juliet fashion, takes the same dagger and pierces it through her snow white breast. Hudson has a text and Cambiaire gives a similar one in which there is a strange mixture of three songs, "The Drowsy Sleeper," "Pretty Fair Maid," and "The Quaker's Wooing."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 64; Cox, p. 348; Henry, p. 190; Hudson, Songs, pp. 151, 161; JAFL, XX, 260; XXIX, 200; XXX, 338; XLV, 55; Pound, p. 51.

---

31 Mackenzie, p. 99.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, I, 358; Mackenzie, pp. 99, 396; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 139, 399; JAFL, XXXV, 356.

THE SLUGGARD LOVER

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee. Learned from her grandmother Young, of Blount County.

"Wake up, wake up, you drowsy sleeper,
Wake up, wake up, it's almost day;
How can you lie and sleep and slumber,
When your true love is going away?

"Oh may I go and ask your mother
If you my loving bride shall be?
And if she says no, I'll come and tell you,
It'll be the last I'll trouble thee."

"Oh no, oh no, don't disturb my mother,
She is lying now at her rest;
You may go and court some other,"
She whispered low, love, in my ear.

"Then may I go and ask your father,
If you my loving bride shall be?
And if he says no, I'll come and tell you,
It'll be the last I'll trouble thee."

"Oh no, oh no, don't disturb my father,
He is lay now at his rest;
And in his hands he holds a dagger,
To slay the man that I love best."

LITTLE SPARROW

This song is a warning given by a young girl disappointed in love for other girls to beware how they believe the young men. Having been deceived herself, she seems to have lost faith in all mankind. An excellent old maid she would make! Her one desire is to have the wings of a sparrow - Mrs. Hughes gave it to me as "swallow" - and fly to eavesdrop as her lover courts another. Evidently a rabbit does not take its troubles seriously,

> But as I am no little sparrow
> And got no wings to fly,
> I wish I were instead a rabbit
> To pass my troubles by. [32]

The song usually ends with the plaintive acceptance of the fact that the lover is gone,

> I sit down here in a grief and sorrow
> And try to pass my troubles by. [33]

Occasionally, however, there is a desire for retribution,

> I hope there is a place in torment
> To punish my love for denying me. [34]

Still again, we read of forgiveness,

> I hope there is no torment burning
> To punish my love for deserting me. [35]

---

32 Isabel Manton Rawn and Charles Peabody, "Songs and Ballads from the Southern Appalachians," JAFL, XXIX, 200.

33 James Watt Raine, The Land of Saddle-bags, p. 124.

34 Mellinger E. Henry, Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands, p. 258.

35 Celestin Pierre Cambiaire, East Tennessee and West Virginia Mountain Ballads, p. 61.

Raine has an interesting comment on the word "court." "In the first stanza the word 'court' is used, not in the sense of actively wooing, but it indicates a gracious and courtly reception of their attentions."[36]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 61; JAFL, XXIX, 183, 200; XXXIX, 119.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Cox, pp. 419, 530; Henry, p. 257; JAFL, XLIV, 100; McGill, p. 23; Raine, p. 124; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 313, 440.

A

LITTLE SWALLOW

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

Come all you young and pretty ladies,
Take warning how you court young men;
They're like bright stars of a summer's morning,
So quickly appear, so soon they're gone.

They'll tell you of a many a story,
They'll tell you that they love so well,
Straightway they'll go and court another,
And that's the love they have for you.

Like I myself once had a lover,
I thought indeed he was my own;
Straightways he went and courted another,
And left me here for to weep and mourn.

I wish I were some little swallow,
And had wings, could fly so high,
After my true love I'd follow,
And when he talked I would be nigh.

I'd ask him who he meant to flatter,
And who he meant all to deceive;
And in his bosom I would flutter,
All with my little tender wings.

But as I am no little swallow,
And have no wings to fly so high,
I'm to be left here like wondrous lady,
To sing and pass my moments by.

---

36 Raine, p. 124.

B

LITTLE SPARROW

Obtained from Orval Crawley. Learned from his mother, Mrs. D. A. Crawley.

I wish I was a little sparrow
Those sad wings could fly so high,
After my false lover I would follow,
When he talked I'd be close by.

I'd ask him who he was fooling,
Who he intended to deceive;
And on his breast I'd lie and flutter,
With my little tiny wings.

As I am no little sparrow,
Neither have wings nor cannot fly,
I'll sit down here in grief and sorrow,
Try to pass my moments by.

OLD SMOKY

There is so much similarity between parts of "Old Smoky" and "The Waggoner's Lad" that it is very difficult to separate the references to the two songs. Some texts of "Old Smoky" in addition to being similar to "The Waggoner's Lad" also have stanzas like those found in "Pretty Saro."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 119; Henry, p. 273; JAFL, XXVIII, 159; XLV, 105.

For a text with tune, see Matteson and Henry, p. 28.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

Obtained from Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, a teacher in the Sale Creek School.

On top of old Smokey,
All kivered in snow,
I lost my true lover
By courting too slow.

Oh courtin's a pleasure,
And partin' is grief,
But a cruel hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

He'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than there are angels in heaven,
Or stars in the skies.

THE WAGGONER'S LAD

In his introduction to a song entitled "Farewell, Sweet Mary," Cox discusses and gives references to show the combinations of "The Waggoner's Lad" with other songs. Cox, p. 433.

For other references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 37; Henry, p. 279; JAFL, XX, 268; XLV, 108; Stout, p. 49.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 123; Hudson, Tunes, p. 6; Niles, p. 20; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 272, 428.

THE WAGGONER'S LAD

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939. Mrs. Hughes learned the song from the singing of her great-grandmother Headrick of Blount County, Tennessee.

I am a poor lady, my fortune is bad,
I've often been courted by the waggoner's lad,
By the waggoner's lad,
I've often been courted by the waggoner's lad.

"Miss Polly, Miss Polly, would you think it unkind,
For me to sit by you and tell you my mind?
And tell you my mind,
For me to sit by you and tell you my mind?

"My mind is to marry and never to part,
For the first time I saw you, you wounded my heart,
You wounded my heart,
For the first time I saw you, you wounded my heart."

"Go put up your horses and feed them some hay,
And seat yourself by me so long as you stay,
So long as you stay,
Come seat yourself by me so long as you stay."

"My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
My wagon is loaded and rolling away,
Rolling away,
My wagon is loaded and rolling away.

"Your parents don't like me and this I well know,
They think I'm not worthy to knock at your door,
To knock at your door,
They think I'm not worthy to knock at your door.

"To work I'm too lazy, to beg I'm too low,
To steal, I won't do that, but a-gambling I'll go,
A-gambling I'll go,
To steal, I won't do that, but a-gambling I'll go.

"My foot's in my stirrup, my whip's in my hand,
My horse is unruly, sometimes he won't stand,
Sometimes he won't stand.
My horse is unruly, sometimes he won't stand.

"On top of yon mountain there lies a cold snow,
She gives me cold comfort every time that I go,
Every time that I go,
She gives me cold comfort every time that I go.

"At the foot of yon mountain there lies a clear stream,
There I'll go marry pretty Mary, the queen,
Pretty Mary, the queen,
There I'll go marry pretty Mary, the queen."

PRETTY PEGGY O

From the four stanzas given me by Mrs. Exona Hughes, I was unable to get the story of this song. Shearin has the only complete story I have found. It seems that a captain falls in love with a young lady named Pretty Peggy. Then comes his call to her to "come tripping down the stairs" to tell him goodby, his question as to what her mammy will think, and his promise of what he will do if he ever returns. The song, however, has a tragic ending, for the captain dies and never returns. Different versions speak of the girls in Ario, Ivry O, and my version has Darby O.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 165; Shearin, p. 14.

For references and texts with tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 59.

PRETTY PEGGY O

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

"Come tripping down stairs, Pretty Peggy O,
Come tripping down stairs,Pretty Peggy O,
Come tripping down stairs, Pretty Peggy O,
All combing back your hair,
Take your last farewell of your William I.

"What will your mammy think, Pretty Peggy O?
What will your mammy think, Pretty Peggy O?
What will your mammy think, Pretty Peggy O?
For to hear the guineas chink,
And to see the soldiers a-marching before you O?

"The colt you shall ride, Pretty Peggy O,
The colt you shall ride, Pretty Peggy O,
The colt you shall ride, Pretty Peggy O,
With your true-love by your side,
Save all the little girls in Darby O.

"If ever I return, Pretty Peggy O,
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy O,
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy O,
The city I will burn,
Save all the little girls in Darby O."

PRETTY SARO

Two sisters, Mrs. Exona Hughes and Mrs. Ethel Welch, gave me identical versions of this song, except that Mrs. Hughes ended stanza four with the lines,

> Horse racing, fox chasing, and a-gambling also
> And a-leaving pretty Saro wherever I go.

and Mrs. Welch ends it,

> There's not but one thing that troubles my mind
> 'Tis leaving pretty Saro, my darling, behind.

If a date is mentioned for the story of the stranger far from home it is 1849, with the exception that one North Carolina singer changed it to 1749 because in that year many immigrants came to North Carolina from England and Scotland, and he thought probably they brought the song with them at that time.

Two wishes always appear in the song, first, that he were a merchant and could write a fine hand so that he might write his love a letter and, second, that he were a small bird and could fly to his love. One other thought is common in all the versions. Saro is constantly on his mind, and wherever he is, he will "sit and think on pretty Saro."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 115; Henry, p. 283; Hudson, Songs, p. 164; JAFL, XLV, 112; Stout, p. 106; Survey, XXXIII, 374.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 10; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 327, 443.

PRETTY SARO

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939. Learned from Jewel Ballew, who came to Flat Top many years ago from Copperhill, Tennessee.

'Way down some lone valley, in some lonesome place,
Where the small birds do whistle, and the notes do increase,
I'll think on pretty Saro, her ways are so complete;
And I don't want no better pastime than to be with my sweet.

My love she won't have me, as I can understand,
She wants a free-holder, but I ain't got no land;
But I can maintain her with silver and gold,
And all other fine things that my love's house can hold.

Farewell to my father, likewise to my mother too,
I aim for to ramble this wide world all through;
And when I get tired I'll sit down and cry,
And think on pretty Saro and wish she was nigh.

'Tis not my long journey that I value one straw,
'Tis leaving my country for the debts that I owe;
Horse racing, fox chasing, and a-gambling also,
And aleaving pretty Saro wherever I go.

I wish I were a merchant, could write some fine hand,
I'd write my love a letter that she might understand,
I'd send it by the waters where the islands overflow,
And think on pretty Saro wherever I go.

I wish I were a small lark, had wings and could fly,
I'd fly to my love's dwelling this night where she lie;
In some little window I'd sit and cry,
And in her lily-white arms all night I would lie.

THE REJECTED LOVER

The young lady tampers with the young man's affections once too often. After telling him he can't come any more, she relents and tells him she will never die satisfied if he doesn't come. By this time he doesn't even want to come, but warns other young people,

Come all you young people
It's warning taking time,
Don't never be by your true love
As I have been by mine.

For a text without a tune, see Fuson, p. 145.

For texts with tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 96.

I ONCE KNEW A LITTLE GIRL

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, December 16, 1938.

I once knew a little girl,
I took her by the hand;
I led her to the door,
And I asked her once more,
Oh, I asked her once more.

She looked upon me;
The answer she gave me,
I could not come no more,
Oh, I could not come no more.

I hadn't been gone more than a week,
Or maybe a little more,
Till she wrote me a letter
That I must come again,
Oh, I must come again.

I wrote her an answer,
Just for to let her know
I hadn't forgot the time
That I could not come no more,
Oh, I could not come no more.

Hadn't been more than a month,
Or maybe a little more,
Till she wrote she'd never die satisfied
Unless I come again,
Oh, unless I come again.

I wrote her a letter,
Just for to let her know
I hadn't forgot the time
That I could not come no more,
Oh, I can't come no more.

Come all you young people,
It's warning take by me,
Don't never be by your true love,
As mine has been by me,
Oh, as mine has been by me.

Come all you young people,
It's warning take in time,
Don't never be by your true love,
As I have been by mine,
Oh, as I have been by mine.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL

For texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 269; JAFL, XXXIX, 146; XLIV, 96.

For text with tune, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 115.

THE CROW SHE IS COAL BLACK

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee. She learned the song from hearing her father, Floyd Mills, sing it when she was a small child. She said it was her father's favorite song, and she remembered hearing him say he sang it to her mother the night he "asked for her."

The crow she is coal-black, my love,
Altho she may turn white;
But if ever I prove false to you,
Bright day shall turn to night,
Bright day shall turn to night.
My love, believe me what I say,
You are the one that I love best,
Until my dying day.

I wish my heart was made of glass,
Wherein you might behold;
To see the letters of pure love,
And them all lined with gold,
And them all lined with gold.
My love, believe me what I say,
You are the one that I love best,
Until my dying day.

I wish I was ten thousand leagues,
All on some distant shore;
Among the hills and mountains high,
Where the wild beasts howl and roar,
Where the wild beasts howl and roar.
My love, believe me what I say,
You are the one that I love best,
Until my dying day.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM

This old song, having as its theme the reform of a drunken husband and father as the result of a dream, is common in English broadsides as "The Husband's Dream."[37]

For a text without tune, see Cox, p. 398.

For texts with tunes, see: Richardson and Spaeth, p. 41; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 366, 455; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 193.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM

Obtained from Geraldine Hoffman, a high school girl in Sale Creek, who learned it from the singing of her grandmother, Mrs. Annie West.

I dreamed I staggered home one night,
As I often did before;
I missed my wife, where could she be,
And strangers in the door?

I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead,
She's lived an awful life;
'Twas grief that broke her loving heart,
To be a drunkard's wife."

My little children standing 'round,
And to their papa said,
"Oh Papa, dear Papa, go wake up ma,
The people say she's dead."

"No, she's not dead," I fiercely cried,
And rushed in where she lay;
I stopped to kiss her once warm lips,
That seemed as cold as clay.

"Oh Mary, speak one word to me,
I know I've caused you pain;
I know I've broke your loving heart,
I'll never get drunk again.

"Oh Mary, speak one word to me."
And this she did and cried;
I woke and found my loving wife,
A-kneeling by my side.

I pressed her to my aching heart,
And the tears down my cheek did stream,
Evermore will heaven be blessed
For sending me this dream.

DEVILISH MARY

For texts with tunes, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 200.

DEVILISH MARY

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, who learned the song from the singing of her father, Van Green.

When I was young and foolish,
And in a devilish hurry,
The very first girl I went to see
Her name was Devilish Mary.

Chorus
To-my-roar-to-my-rinct,
To-my-roar-to-my-rinct,
To-my-dairy.

Both being young and foolish,
And in a devilish hurry,
We both agreed upon one word,
To marry, and the day was Thursday.

We hadn't been married but about six weeks,
My wife got mad as tucker;
She beat me black and she beat me blue,
And she beat me over the head with the shovel.

I said to my wife one day,
"Better we were parted";
She shouldered up her old duds,
And shore enough she started.

We both went down the very same lane,
Seeming sad and asunder;
There she met with the same little pewter mug,
And beat me over the head like thunder.

She filled my side with sores,
She filled my back with stitches;
She let me know right straight away
That she would wear the breeches.

I filled her side with sores,
I filled her back with stitches;
I let her know right straight away
That I would wear my breeches.

If ever I do marry in this world,
It won't be for love nor riches;
I'll marry a little girl about three feet high
So she can't wear my breeches.

THE DUMB WIFE

This complaint of the husband about his dumb wife has been traced back to the latter part of the seventeenth century. A song in Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1698, begins:

There was a bonny blade
Had married a country maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in every part,
And she pleased him to the heart,
But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.[38]

For reference and a text with tune of this old English song, see Gardner, p. 199.

THE DUMB WIFE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, who learned the song from Bill Ensley, Flat Top, Tennessee.

She is neat and she is smart,
She is pleasing to the heart;
But the lack and the less, she is dumb, dumb, dumb,
But the lack and the less, she is dumb.

She can sew and she can make,
She can brew and she can bake;
She can keep her house clean with a broom, broom, broom,
She can keep her house clean with a broom.

She can card and she can spin,
She can do most anything;
But the lack and the less, she is dumb, dumb, dumb,
But the lack and the less, she is dumb.

To the doctor he did bring,
For to cut her chattering string;
Her tongue began to walk and she began to talk,
And she chattered in his ears like a drum, drum, drum,
And she chattered in his ears like a drum.

To the doctor he did go,
For to let him know his woe,
Saying, "Doctor, you have me undone,
My wife she is rude, and she won't hold her tongue;
And I wish that again she was dumb, dumb, dumb,
And I wish that again she was dumb.

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38 Evelyn Elizabeth Gardner, Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, New York, p. 201.

MY GRANDMA

This humorous song, in which the young lady doubts the wisdom of her grandmother's advice, is evidently a modification of the eighteenth century song "The Old Maid."[39] It often takes for a title "Little Johnny Green" from the name of the first suitor.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 469; JAFL, XXXIX, 157; Stout, p. 21.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Cox, Traditional Ballads, p. 85; Gardner, p. 206; Mackenzie, pp. 379, 408; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 46; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 374, 457; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 160.

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39 Cox, p. 469.

MY GRANDMA

Obtained from Katherine Shipley, a high school girl who learned it from her father, Oliver Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

My grandma lives on yonder little green,
Finest old lady that ever was seen;
But she often cautioned me with care
Of all false young men to beware.
Timeyi, timeyi, timey, umpty, umpty, paudy,
Of all false young men to beware.

First came a-courting was little Johnnie Green,
Finest young man that ever was seen;
But the words of my grandma went to my head,
And I couldn't hear one word that he said.
Timeyi, timeyi, timey, umpty, umpty, paudy,
And I couldn't hear one word that he said.

Next came a-courting was young Ellis Grove;
And there we met with a joyous love;
With a joyous love I couldn't be afraid;
Better get married as to die an old maid.
Timeyi, timeyi, timey, umpty, umpty, paudy,
Better get married as to die an old maid.

Thinks I to myself there sure is some mistake.
What a fuss these old folks make!
If the boys and the girls had all been afraid,
My grandma herself would have died an old maid.
Timeyi, timeyi, timey, umpty, umpty, paudy,
My grandma herself would have died an old maid.

THE OLD MAN WHO CAME OVER THE MOOR

This song about the old man who comes courting but is unwelcome remains practically the same in all texts examined. The chief difference lies in the description of his beard. A version found in the Matteson and Henry collection reads,

With his old gray beard unshaven.[40]

In direct contrast to that, we read in an Iowa text,

With his old gray beard newly shaven.[41]

Ignoring the fact of the shave, another text reads

With his old gray beard a-shining.[42]

My Hamilton County text, different from any of these, reads,

With his gray beard a-shaking.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 489; Henry, p. 301; JAFL, XXVIII, 158; Stout, p. 30.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 93, 388; Matteson and Henry, p. 8.

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40 Maurice Matteson and Mellinger E. Henry, Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads, p. 8.

41 Earl J. Stout, Folklore from Iowa, p. 30.

42 Henry, p. 301.

OLD GRAY BEARD

Obtained from Mrs. Floyd, Soddy, Tennessee. Her text begins with the second stanza, as she could not remember the first one.

My maw told me to open the door,
But law, I wouldn't have him;
I opened the door and he fell in the floor
With his old gray beard a-shaking.

My maw told me to get him a chair,
But law, I wouldn't have him;
I got him a chair and he called me his dear
With his old gray beard a-shaking.

My maw told me to bake him a pie,
But law, I wouldn't have him;
I baked him a pie and he told me a lie
With his old gray beard a-shaking.

My maw told me to make him a bed,
But law, I wouldn't have him;
I made him a bed but he lay like he was dead
With his old gray beard a-shaking.

My maw told me to fire the gun,
But law, I wouldn't have him;
I fired the gun and you ought to have seen him run
With his old gray beard a-shaking.

THE SINGLE GIRL

Usually it is the old maid who receives either sympathy or ridicule, but this time the married woman is looking at her with envy. My text differs from those in other collections, but it is evidently a variant of the same song.

For texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 118; Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, p. 163.

For a text with tune, see Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 320, 442.

SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, a high school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938.

Single girl, single girl, she's going wherever she pleases,
Oh, she's going wherever she pleases;
Married girl, married girl, with a baby on her knees,
Oh, with a baby on her knees.

Single girl, single girl, she goes to the store and buys,
Oh, she goes to the store and buys;
Married girl, married girl, rocks the cradle and cries,
Oh, she rocks the cradle and cries.

Single girl, single girl, she's going dressed so fine,
Oh, she's going dressed so fine;
Married girl, married girl, she wears just any kind,
Oh, she wears just any kind.

Single girl, single girl, she has good things to eat,
Oh, she has good things to eat;
Married girl, married girl, she eats cornbread and peas,
Oh, she eats cornbread and peas.

SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

Louise Pound has a variant of this old English song which, instead of beseeching a soldier to enter into matrimony, reads,

"Dutchman, Dutchman, won't you marry me?"

The story is the same; after he has been provided with all the material necessities for marriage, he replies,

"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you
For I've a wife and baby at home." [43]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 467; Flanders and Brown, p. 61; Pound, p. 224.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 40; JAFL, XXVIII, 158; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 51.

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43 Pound, p. 225.

THE SOLDIER AND THE MAID

Obtained from Mary Helen Crawley, a high school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

"O soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no hat to put on."

Then off she ran to her grandfather's chest,
To get him a hat of the very, very best;
She got him a hat of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

"O soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no coat to put on."

Then off she ran to her grandfather's chest,
To get him a coat of the very, very best;
She got him a coat of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

"O soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no shoes to put on."

Then off she ran to her grandfather's chest,
To get him some shoes of the very, very best;
She got him some shoes of the very, very best,
And the soldier put them on.

"O soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no shirt to put on."

Then off she ran to her grandfather's chest,
To get him a shirt of the very, very best;
She got him a shirt of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

"Now, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"No, no, sweet maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've a wife and baby at home."

THREE JOLLY WELCHMEN

The earliest English reference to this humorous song, usually listed as a nursery rhyme, is found in Davenant's comedy, "The Rivals," printed in 1668.

> There were three Fools at Mid-summer run mad
> About an Howlet, a quarrel they had
> The one said 'twas an Owle, the other he said nay [44]
> The third said it was a Hawk, but the bells were cut away.

For texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 183; JAFL, III, 242.

For a Negro text without tune, see Scarborough, p. 57.

For texts with tunes, see: Cox, pp. 478, 532; Flanders, p. 28.

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44 Cox, p. 478.

THE HUNTERS

Obtained from Mrs. M. M. Walker, aged eighty, Soddy, Tennessee, October 25, 1938. Mrs. Walker learned this song when she was a small child from her mother, Mrs. S. A. Clift.

There were three Irish Welchmen,
Who were so wise and gay;
They feign would go a-hunting,
All on the Sabbath day, da lay,
All on the Sabbath day.

They went a-hunting,
Down by a run;
There they spied a hornet's nest,
That weighed five hundred ton, da lon,
That weighed five hundred ton.

One of 'em said, "A hornet's nest."
Another said, "Nay."
Another said 'twas Noah's Ark,
But the people had gone away, da lay,
But the people had gone away.

They went a-hunting,
Down by a stump;
There they spied a toad, sir,
So nimbly did he jump, da lump,
So nimbly did he jump.

One of 'em said, "A toad, sir."
Another said, "Nay."
Another said 'twas mammy's duck
But the tail had gone away, da lay,
But the tail had gone away.

CHAPTER IV

AMERICAN BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS

From a study of the songs brought to this country by our ancestors many years ago we might get the impression that the making of ballads is a lost art, known only to some mysterious peoples in the dim ages of the past. A look about us, however, will soon show the error of such an idea. The art of balladry is very much alive; ballads and folk songs are constantly coming into being in America - often no one knows how, when, or where - and are being handed down by oral transmission from one generation to the other just as the old traditional ballads have always been.

The songs included in this group make up a good portion of America's contribution to the field of folk song. Some of the songs might well be ranked with the best of the imported ballads; others are not very good specimens of balladry, but all are the property of the folk and represent American folk song in the making.

LOVERS' TRAGEDIES

A tragedy in love is always an interesting subject, whether it be the plot of a novel or short story, a front-page newspaper article on a wrecked home, or simply a tasty morsel of village gossip. This is particularly true of stories told in song. The old "love ballads" have always

been popular. The themes are varied; perhaps the lover has gone to war or sea, leaving the girl at home to mourn in solitude; perhaps one lover has proved untrue, even in some cases resorting to murder; perhaps one has died, leaving the other to die also of grief or to lead a saddened life.

One of the most common themes is that in which a third party intervenes to mar the happiness of two lovers. The triangle in affairs of the heart is as old as time itself and is often found in the English and Scottish traditional ballads. Sometimes the young man falls in love with another girl, as in the case of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" and "Lord Thomas." Again, the lady sometimes proves untrue to her lover or husband, as happens in "The Gypsy Laddie." This theme is no less common in the more modern American ballads.

MY SWEETHEART

In this Spanish-American war song there is sadness and heartbreak, brought on by the death of a loved one. The lover is persuaded by his friend to go to Cuba and is slain by the Spaniards. His grief-stricken sweetheart makes a vow that she will always live a single life.

For texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 270; JAFL, XXXIX, 150; XLV, 86.

MY SWEETHEART

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938. Learned when she was a small child in Sale Creek from Minnie Price.

I once did have a sweetheart,
A sweetheart brave and true;
His hair was black and curly;
His loving eyes were blue.

He told me that he loved me,
And oh, he proved it so;
He often came to see me,
When the sun was bending low.

He was like all other boys;
He had a friend, a chum,
They often went together
For pleasure and for fun.

And he persuaded my sweetheart;
I never knew the cause;
But they went together
To the Spanish-American war.

And when he came to say goodby,
My heart did overflow;
He said, "My dearest love, be true,
To Cuba I must go."

He promised that he'd write to me;
His promise he kept true;
The very last letter I got from him:
"I'll soon be home with you.

"The war will soon be over;
Our happiness just ahead."
And when I read those lines he wrote,
My sweetheart then was dead.

'Twas on the battleship's balcony,
He met his fatal doom;
The Spaniards fired the fatal shot,
That laid him in the tomb.

I'll always keep his finger ring
And all his letters too;
And always live a single life
For him who was so true.

LITTLE DOVE

This song, sometimes called "Lonesome Dove" or "The Lonesome Grove," and once "The Minister's Lamentation," is written to express the grief of a husband and father who has lost his wife and child in death.

Jackson attributes the authorship to William C. Davis and thinks the first stanza was evidently inspired by the traditional English ballad, "Giles Collins," one stanza of which reads,

> Look away, look away, that lonesome dove
> That sails from pine to pine;
> It's mourning for its own true love
> Just like I mourn for mine. 1

For texts without tunes, see Cambiaire, p. 77; JAFL, XXV, 276.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 197, 393; Henry, p. 267; JAFL, XLV, 83; Jackson, p. 63.

LITTLE DOVE

Obtained from Mrs. Frank Green, the mother of Mrs. Pearl Green Gentry, Bakewell, Tennessee, September 12, 1938.

> One day whilst in the lonesome grove
> O'er my head sat a little dove,
> For her lost mate she began to coo,
> Which made me think of my mate too.
>
> Oh, little dove, you're not alone,
> I now like you can only mourn;
> I was like you, did have a mate,
> But now, like you, I'm desolate.
>
> Consumption seized my love severe,
> And upon her preyed for one long year
> Until Death, it came at break of day,
> And my poor Mary it did slay.

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1 George Pullen Jackson, Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America, p. 64.

Grim death, grim death did not stop here;
I had one child, to me most dear;
Death, like a vulture, came again,
And took from me my little Jane.

Oh, while her dying tongue could move,
She praised the Lord for heavenly power;
Oh, shout on, you heavenly angels,
While I this lonesome desert roam.

MY PRETTY LITTLE PINK

My text of this song does not tell the entire story. In a complete version, entitled "My Pretty Little Pink," the girl has slighted her lover, but he still loves her. We do not know what his crime is, but he has been sentenced to death. The prison doors are opened and he is carried out on his coffin prior to his execution. Just before he dies, a dove hovers over his head as a symbol of his innocence.

For a text with tune, see JAFL, XLIV, 89.

FARE YOU WELL, MY PRETTY LITTLE BELL

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1938. Learned from her uncle, Frank Young, eighty-two years old. He has known the song since he was a small child.

Fare you well, my pretty little Bell,
You slighted me, but I wish you well;
Up here on earth no more I see;
I wouldn't serve you like you served me.

I'm going love now to weep,
I'll neither eat nor will I sleep;
I'll let you know by these few lines,
Love's worse than death ten thousand times.

I love my love, well she knows,
I love the ground whereon she goes;
Her sweet little cheeks, her tender little hands;
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I'M SAD AND I'M LONELY

This song, usually entitled "I'm Sad and I'm Lonely," is often combined with other songs having a similar theme. A young girl, disappointed in love, is warning other girls against having too much confidence in men.

For a text without tune, see Cambiaire, p. 84.

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXX, 352; Sandburg, p. 243.

TROUBLE ON MY MIND

Obtained from Pearl Green Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

It's a long way to travel, it's a long way to go,
But if I ever get there, I'll come back here no more;
I left my dear old father, 'twas against his command;
I left my dear old mother, a-wringing of her hands.

Chorus
It's trouble, yes trouble, and it's trouble on my mind,
If trouble don't kill me, I'll live a life time.

Young ladies, young ladies, take warning by me,
Never place your affections on a green growing tree;
The leaves they will wither, and the roots will decay,
And the young men they'll fool you and lead you astray.

Young ladies, young ladies, take warning by me,
Never place your affections on a young man so free;
It's he'll court, he'll flatter, he'll tell you more lies,
Than the leaves in the tree tops and the stars in the skies.

It's go build me a cabin on the mountain so high,
Where the small birds can't find me and hear my sad cry.

MAY I SLEEP IN YOUR BARN TONIGHT, MISTER?

In this song we have a story of the treachery of a stranger taken into the home. In the absence of the husband and father, the stranger leaves, taking with him the man's wife and child. The deserted husband is now wandering about without home or friends, but he still feels that in some way justice will be done and the man who wrecked his home will be punished.

For a text without tune, see Cambiaire, p. 117.

MAY I SLEEP IN YOUR BARN TONIGHT, MISTER?

Obtained from Roy Shipley, a high school boy in Sale Creek, Tennessee. Learned from Sylvia Aslinger, another high school student. Sylvia does not remember where she first heard the song.

May I sleep in your barn tonight, Mister?
   It is cold lying out on the ground.
The cold north wind is blowing,
   And I have no place to lie down.

I have no tobacco or matches,
   And I'm sure I will do you no harm;
I will tell you my story, kind mister,
   For it runs through my heart like a storm.

It was three years ago last summer,
   I will never forget that day;
When a stranger came in from the city,
   And said that he wanted to stay.

I was coming home from my work shop,
   I was whistling and singing with joy;
Expecting a kind-hearted welcome,
   From my loving wife and my boy.

What should I find but a letter?
   It was placed in a room on a stand;
The moment my eyes fell upon it,
   I picked it right up in my hand.

Now this note said my wife and the stranger,
They had left and had taken my son;
Oh, I wonder if God up in Heaven,
Only knows what this stranger had done?

SINFUL TO FLIRT

The interference of others seems to have brought on the tragedy of this song. We have the distressed words of the girl,

Oh why don't they leave us alone
And, oh how happy we'd be!

In one text she admits that she has been flirting with some one else. Whatever the cause, she refuses to accept the young man's offers of his heart and he, taking a white rose from her hair, leaves. The next morning he is found dead, with the white rose pressed to his lips. The last stanza is a heart-broken cry from the girl that if he will only come back, she will always be faithful to him.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 90; JAFL, XXXIX, 164; XLVI, 37.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Henry, p. 238; JAFL, XLII, 278; XLV, 89; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 57; TFSB, III, No. 4, 93.

SINFUL TO FLIRT

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938. Learned as a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

They say it is sinful to flirt,
They say that my heart's made of stone.
They ask me to speak to him kindly,
And leave the poor boy alone.

Oh why do they call him a boy
When I'm sure he's much older than me?
Oh why don't they leave us alone?
And oh, how happy we'd be!

It was only last night Willie said
   He loved me far better than life;
He called me his darling, his own,
   And asked me to be his wife.

"Oh Willie," I said with a sigh,
   "I fear I shall have to say no."
I gave him my hand with a smile,
   And told him that he must go.

"Oh Katie, my darling," he cried,
   "Is it true that your heart's made of stone?"
He took a white rose from my hair,
   And left me standing alone.

Next morning, they found Willie dead,
   Deep down in the stream by the mill;
In the clear sparkling waters so bright,
   That flows at the foot of the hill.

His blue eyes forever were closed,
   And damp were his golden curls fair;
And close to his cold lips were pressed
   The white rose he took from my hair.

"Oh Willie, my darling, come back,
   And I'll always be faithful and true!
Oh Willie, my darling, come back,
   And I'll always be faithful to you!"

THE LONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

This song is similar to "The Rejected Lover." The girl tells her sweetheart she prefers a single life, then later repents and asks him to return. By that time, however, his mind has changed, and he is in love with someone else.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 298; JAFL, XX, 273; XLV, 111.

For a text with tune, see Wyman and Brockway, p. 94.

CHILLY SCENES OF WINTER

Obtained from Mrs. A. A. Tucker, whose husband is employed by the T. V. A. and stationed at Soddy, Tennessee. She learned the song from Ed Smelley, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Oh, the chilly scenes of winter,
The frost did change to snow;
Those dark clouds gathered around me;
Those chilly winds did blow.

I went to see my darling,
She frowned, she scorned at me;
I asked her would she marry me,
She would not answer me.

"Prey darling, pray darling,
It's almost dawn of day;
I'm waiting for an answer,
Sweet girl, what do you say?"

"Kind sir, would be my say so,
I choose a single life;
I don't think it's suitable,
For me to be your wife."

In a course of three weeks later,
This girl's mind did change;
She wrote me a loving letter,
"Say dear, I am ashamed.

"If I have slighted you,
I shall not hear your moan;
Now here is my heart,
Just treat it as your own."

I wrote her a letter,
And I sent it back in speed,
"I loved you once as a lady,
I loved you once indeed.

"But since my mind has changed,
And I look some other way;
I've laid my eyes on a lady
Where love can have its way."

THE FATAL WEDDING

According to Sigmund Spaeth, the tune of this song was composed by Gussie L. Davis, a Negro man who also wrote several other songs of the early 'Nineties. One of his successes was "In the Baggage Coach Ahead." The words of "The Fatal Wedding" are by W. H. Windom.[2]

In this modern ballad we have a tragedy of a different type. The man, with one wife and child already, is preparing to take unto himself another bride. However, the wife, her child dying in her arms, stops the wedding, and out of gratitude to her for having saved their daughter from such a fate, the parents of the bride take the forsaken woman into their care. The song closes with a double tragedy, the death of the baby from cold and that of the father by his own hand.

For texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 195; Pound, p. 140.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, p. 172.

THE FATAL WEDDING

Obtained from an old notebook dated 1900, belonging to Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

The wedding bells were ringing
One moonlight winter night;
The church was decorated,
All within was gay and bright.
She, the same bells had chimed
For her three years ago.
"I would like to be admitted, sir,"
She begged the sexton old,

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2 Sigmund Spaeth, Read 'Em and Weep, p. 172.

"Just for the sake of Baby,
To protect him from the cold."
He told her that the wedding there
Was for the rich and grand,
And with an eager, watching crowd
Outside she had to stand.

Chorus:
While the wedding bells were ringing,
While the bride and groom were there,
Marching up the isle together,
While the organ pealed an air,
Tell tales of fond affection,
Vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding,
Just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again
To let her pass inside,
"For Baby's sake you may pass in,"
The gray haired man replied.
"If any one knows the reason
This couple should not wed,
Speak now, or hold your peace forever,"
Soon the preacher said.
"I must object," the woman cried,
With voice so meek and mild.
"What proof have you?" the preacher said.
"My infant," she replied.
She raised her babe and knelt to pray;
The little one had died.

The parents of the bride
Then took the outcast by the hand;
"We'll care for you through life," they said,
"You saved our child from harm."
The parent's pride, the outcast wife,
Then quickly rolled away.
The husband died by his own hand
Before the break of morn.
No wedding feast was spread that night,
Two graves were made next day,
One for the little baby,
In one the father lay.
The story has been often told
By fireside warm and bright,
Of parents, bride, and outcast,
And the fatal wedding night.

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS

This song of unrequited love dates as far back as 1884-85.[3] We find the girl in this instance dying of a broken heart. Instead of the careful instructions concerning the proper placement of the marble stones and the turtle dove at her burial, as found in many of the traditional ballads, she asks simply that the letters of the lover who has been untrue and the locket containing his picture be buried with her, and that the ring he gave her be taken from her finger never.

For references and texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXVIII, 172; XLV, 90; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 35; Stout, p. 83.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Henry, p. 243; JAFL, XLII, 294; Matteson and Henry, p. 32.

LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938. Learned as a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

In a little rosewood casket
That is resting on my stand,
Is a package of old letters
Written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and get them, sister?
Will you read them o'er to me?
For ofttimes I've tried to read them
But for tears I could not see.

Read those precious lines so slowly,
That I'll miss not even one;
For that cherished hand that wrote them,
His last words for me is done.

Tell him that I never blamed him,
Though to me he's proved untrue;
Tell him that I'll never forget him,
Till I bid this world adieu.

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3 Earl J. Stout, Folklore from Iowa, p. 83.

Tell him that I never blamed him,
Not one unkind word was spoke;
Tell him, oh my sister, tell him
That my heart in coldness broke.

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my shroud around me bound,
And my little bed is ready
In her cold and silent ground.

You have finished now, dear sister,
Will you read them o'er again?
While I listen to you read them,
I will lose all sense of pain.

While I listen to you read them,
I will gently fall asleep;
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus,
Oh, dear sister, do not weep.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

Another triangular love song is found in "The Weeping Willow." The girl has no desire to live since her sweetheart has fallen in love with another, but there is no bitterness in her heart either toward him or the girl he now loves. We find a change from the usual request to place on the grave a turtle dove. In this song the request is,

Place on my grave a snow white lily
To prove my love for him was true.

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 85; Fuson, p. 126.

For texts with tunes, see: Matteson and Henry, p. 40; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 56; Sandburg, p. 314.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

Obtained from Mrs. G. C. Eldridge, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Some say that my love was not faithful,
He did not intend to keep his vow;
He fell in love with another lady,
And so my heart is broken now.

Chorus:
Bury me beneath the willow,
Beneath the weeping willow tree,
So he may know I died in sorrow,
Perhaps oh then he'll weep for me.

Many joyous hours we spent together,
But they have proved to be in vain;
And now my heart is surely aching,
To think we'll never meet again.

I know that I am slowly dying,
I do not wish here to remain.
Tell my true love in my passing
I hope in heaven we'll meet again.

Place on my grave a snow white lily,
To prove my love for him was true,
So now that he may love another,
. . . . . .

JACK AND JOE

This song is written in a less serious vein than most of the love ballads. Joe loses his girl to his pal, but he is very philosophical about it, simply stating that "all is fair in love and war."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 173; JAFL, XXXIX, 160; XLIV, 110.

JACK AND JOE

Obtained from Margie Hawkins, a school girl at Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Lillie Hawkins.

Two years ago both Jack and Joe
Set sail across the foam,

Each one vowed a fortune to gain
Before returning home.
In one short year Jack gained his wealth
And he set sail for home;
And as the boys shook hands to part
Poor Joe could only say,

Chorus:
"Give my love to Nell, Jack,
And kiss her once for me;
The fairest girl in all this world,
I'm sure you'll say 'tis she.
Treat her nicely, Jack, old boy,
And tell her that I'm well,
And don't forget
To give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed and Joe at last
Had gained his wealth for life;
Then he set sail across the foam
To make sweet Nell his wife.
Upon the way he heard them say
That Jack and Nell had wed,
And deeply he regretted then
That he had ever said,

Chorus:

Upon the street they chanced to meet;
Said Joe, "You selfish elf,
The next girl that I learn to love
I'll kiss her for myself;
But all is fair in love and war,
And since you're really wed,
I won't be angry with you, Jack,"
And once again he said,

Chorus:

ROSIE NELL

"Rosie Nell" is another of the triangle songs in which the young man takes rather lightly the loss of his sweetheart.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 99; Stout, p. 75.

For a text with tune, see Sandburg, p. 114.

ROSA NELL

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

How oft I think of childhood days,
And tricks we used to play
Upon each other while at school
To pass the time away.
But oh, how often I have wished
For those bright days again,
While little Rosa Nell and I
Would go swinging in the lane.

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brooks,
With spools of thread for fishing lines,
And bended pins for hooks.
They often wished me with them, but
They only wished in vain;
I'd rather be with Rosa Nell,
A-swinging in the lane.

But oh, a cloud of sorrow came,
A nice young man from town
Was introduced to Rosa Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown.
She stayed away from school next day,
The truth to me was plain;
She'd go off with that city chap,
A-swinging in the lane.

THE TWO LETTERS

Olive Dame Campbell uses this song to illustrate the fact that while the more modern American ballads are written on episodes of love and unrequited affection, the person disappointed in love does not pine away and die as in so many of the traditional ballads.[4]

For a fragment of this old song without tune, see Survey, XXXIII, 374.

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4 Olive Dame Campbell, "Songs and Ballads of the Southern Mountains," Survey, XXXIII, 374.

THE TWO LETTERS

Obtained from an old notebook belonging to Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley and dated 1900.

FIRST LETTER:
Miss Adair, since I left the city,
I find I've changed my mind;
I pray, don't think me fickle,
Or deem me the least unkind.

I find we are both mistaken,
I know you will never suit me;
I pray my heart is another's
Miss Adair, I hope you will agree.

Please send me the ring I gave you,
My photo, too, is it there?
And then be so kind as to free me
From a bit of a flirt, Nell Adair.

Please send me the locket I gave you,
Also my letters and my books;
Henceforth forever we are strangers,
Respectfully yours, Charles Brooks.

SECOND LETTER:
I received your letter, dear Charley,
The last one you wrote to me;
I read it over and over,
And of course with you I'll agree.

I'd rather you would be happy
With that pretty little heiress, Miss Gray;
I've heard all about it, dear Charley,
I thought it would end this way.

Here are your letters, dear Charley,
I burned mine up when they came;
And I guess without reading mine over,
You commend them to the flame.

BILLY VENERO

A real tragedy is this of Bill Venero and his Bessie Lee. My text does not make the story clear, but Margaret Larkin has an excellent version. Bill hears that a band of Apache Indians are on the warpath and headed toward the Cow Ranch, a

small settlement where his sweetheart lives. Determined to save little Bessie, he sets out to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. On the way he is wounded, but before he loses consciousness he writes a note of warning, using for ink the blood that is flowing from his wound, ties it to the saddle horn, and tying himself to the saddle, gives his horse the rein. The horse reaches the Cow Ranch with Bill's message in time for the settlers to prepare for the attack, but Bill is dead. Little Bessie plants flowers on his grave before she follows him in death.

For a text with tune, see Larkin, p. 27.

BILL VENERO

Obtained from Mildred Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee. Learned from a teacher, Mr. Bolanger, while she was attending school in Weatherford, Texas.

Bill Venero heard them say
- In an Arizona town one day,
That a bunch of Apache Indians
Was on his trail that day.

He had heard three murders done,
Three men killed on Rocky Run;
But his thoughts lay on the cow range
Not many miles away.

Loud and ruffled, rifle cracked,
Broke an ankle on the spot;
"I am wounded," said the cowboy,
As he swayed from side to side.

He wrote a letter, wrote it fast,
His first love letter and his last;
And he tied it to the saddle,
And gave his horse the rein.

Take this message if not me,
To little Bessie Japanese;
And if I don't reach the cow range,
Little Bessie will know I tried.

At dawn the horse of brown
   And sweat came trinkling down;
As he rode to the cabin
   At little Bessie's door.

Now my story has been told
   To the young and to the old,
How the Indians killed Bill Venero,
   On Rocky Run that day.

Bessie's hair is turning gray,
   And her face is fading away;
But she still plants wreaths of roses
   On Bill Venero's grave.

LORENA

A story of disappointed love is given in this song. The man, now grown older, seems not to doubt that their love was sincere in their younger days, but because of some duty, not made clear in the song, they were separated and have lived their lives apart.

For a text with tune, see JAFL, XLIX, 228.

LORENA

Obtained from Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart beats on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh, the sun can never dip so low
Or down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,
But mine beats faster far than thine!
A hundred months - 'twas flowery May
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

The story of the past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
The hopes that would not last, Lorena,
They live, but only live to cheat.
I would not cause even one regret
To wrinkle in your bosom now;
But if we try, we may forget
Those words of thine long years ago.

Yes, they were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chord, Lorena,
Which thrilled and trembled with regret.
'Twas not thy woman heart that spoke,
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty stern and pressing broke
The ties which linked my soul to thee.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Has not our loving prospered well?
But then 'tis past and years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms."

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is with the eternal past;
Our heads will soon be low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future - oh thank God!
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

AFTER THE BALL

The first song to "sweep the country," the first smashing, sensational success of modern times was unquestionably After the Ball, by Charles K. Harris. . . . This huge hit became well established when John Philip Sousa played it constantly at the World's Fair in Chicago. 5

For a text without tune, see Stout, p. 62.

For a history of the song, including a text and tune, see Spaeth, p. 188.

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5 Spaeth, pp. 188-91.

AFTER THE BALL

Obtained from Thyra Downey, Sale Creek, Tennessee. Learned from her father, J. M. Downey, who used to sing it to her and her sister as they played the parts of the two little girls. Mr. Downey sang the entire song, but she can remember only a part of it.

Two little girls sat on an old man's knee,
Begging for a story, "Do, Uncle, please,
Why are you single, why do you live alone?
Why haven't you no babies, why haven't you no home?"

Chorus:
After the ball is over, after the break of dawn,
After the dance is leaving, after the stars are gone;
Many a heart was broken if I could read them all.
Many a hope was vanished after the ball.

This is my story, I'll tell it all:
I broke her heart, pets, after the ball.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

Jealousy causes the unhappiness expressed in this song. Sigmund Spaeth says "Two Little Girls in Blue," written by Charles Graham, was inspired by Mr. Harris' "After the Ball."[6] In both songs the story is told by one generation to another.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 12; Stout, p. 57.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, p. 199.

A

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Thatcher, Bakewell, Tennessee, August 31, 1938.

An old man gazed on a photograph
In a locket he'd worn for years,
And his nephew asked him the reason why
The picture should move him to tears.

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6 Ibid., p. 199.

"I'll tell you, lad," the old man said,
'Tis a story old but true,
Your father and I out walking one day
Met two little girls in blue.

"Two little girls in blue, lad,
Two little girls in blue,
He married your mother and I the other
Of these two little girls in blue."

B

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned from his father as a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

An old man gazed on a photograph
In a locket he'd worn for years;
His nephew then asked him the reason why
That picture had caused him tears.
"Come listen," he said, "and I'll tell you, lad,
The story that's strange but true;
Your father and I were at school one day,
And met two little girls in blue."

Chorus:
"Two little girls in blue, lad,
Two little girls in blue;
They were sisters and we were brothers,
We learned to love those two.
One little girl in blue, lad,
Who won your father's heart
Became your mother, I married the other,
But we have drifted apart."

"The picture is one of those girls," he said,
"And to me she was once a wife,
I thought her unfaithful; we quarreled, lad,
And parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy ruined a heart
One that was good and true;
For two better girls never lived than they,
Those two little girls in blue."

SONGS OF SENTIMENT

Not very long ago, one of my high school girls, commenting on her enjoyment of a show she had recently seen, said, "I had the best time. Why, I nearly cried my eyes out!" Evidently with the idea of giving their hearers a similar good time, makers of songs have produced many texts and tunes with a note of sad and sometimes tearful sentimentality. A number of these songs were popular during the sentimental 'Nineties; others have been sung for many years, but no one knows anything of their origin.

BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER

Sigmund Spaeth gives the following information concerning the origin of this song. In William Gillette's "Secret Service" a wounded soldier is brought home from the battle-front and says to the darky at the door, "Break the news to Mother." Using these words as a title, Charles K. Harris wrote this song, which became popular during the Spanish-American War.[7]

For a text without tune, see Stout, p. 113.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, p. 194.

BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, April 24, 1939.

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7 Ibid., p. 194.

While the shots and shells were screaming
Along the battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting
Their noble flag to shield;
Came a cry from their brave captain,
"Look, boys! our flag is down;
Who'll volunteer and save it from disgrace?"
"I will," a young man shouted,
"I'll bring it back or die!"
And sprang into the thickest of the fray;
He saved the flag, but gave his young life,
All for his country's sake.
They brought him back and heard him softly say:

Chorus:
"Just break the news to Mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of Mother;
And kiss her dear sweet lips for me,
And break the news to her."

From a wise and noted general
Came a cry of, "Where's the boy
Who saved the flag? Speak up, lad,
It was noble, brave indeed!"
"There he lies, sir," said the captain,
"He is sinking very fast,"
And slowly turned away to hide a tear.
The general, in a moment,
Knelt down beside the boy;
And gave a cry that touched all hearts that day.
"Why it is my son, my brave young hero;
I thought you were safe at home."
"Forgive me, Father, for I ran away."

THE VICKSBURG SOLDIER

This fragment is evidently a portion of a war song sometimes entitled "The Vicksburg Soldier" and sometimes "Shallows Field."

For texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 93; Hudson, p. 261.

ON CHICKAMAUGA'S BATTLE-FIELD

Obtained from Allene Francisco, a high school girl of Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from her father, Carl Francisco.

On Chickamauga's battle-field,
A wounded soldier lay;
His thoughts were for some happy home,
Some thousand miles away.

The blood did trinkle down his side,
And the tears stood in his eyes;
He said, "Go tell my mother and sweetheart dear,
A soldier's death I died."

THE BLIND CHILD

E. C. Perrow says this song is evidently the work of a literary hand, but has been taken over by the folk.[8] The blind child is heartbroken that her father is bringing another bride home to take the place of her dead mother, but before the stepmother arrives the child dies.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 146; JAFL, XXVIII, 170; Stout, p. 79.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Henry, p. 371; JAFL, XLIV, 75.

THE BLIND CHILD

Obtained from Mildred Hinkle, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School, August 10, 1938. Learned from her mother, who in turn had learned it from her aunt.

"They tell me, Father, that tonight
You'll wed another bride;
That you will clasp her in your arms
Where my dear mother died.

---

8 E. C. Perrow, "Songs and Rhymes from the South," JAFL, XXVIII, 170.

"That she will lay her graceful head
Upon your manly breast;
Where she who now lies low in death,
In life's last hours did rest.

"They say her name is Mary, too,
The name my mother wore;
Pray, Father, is she kind and true
Like the one you loved before,

"And is her step so soft and low,
Her voice so meek and mild;
And, Father, do you think she'll love
Your blind and helpless child?

"Her picture's hanging on the wall,
Her books are lying there;
And there's the harp her fingers touched
And there's her vacant chair.

"The chair where by her side I knelt
To say my evening prayer;
Please, Father, do not bid me come,
For I could not meet her there.

"And when I've cried myself to sleep,
As now I often do;
Then gently to my bedroom creep,
My new mama and you.

"Then bid her softly press a kiss
Upon my throbbing brow,
Just as my own dear mother would;
Why, Papa, you are weeping now.

"Then let me kneel down by your side,
And to the Saviour pray,
That God's will may guide you both
Through life's long weary way."

The prayer was murmured, and she said,
"I'm growing weary now."
Her father raised her in his arms
And laid her on the bed.

And as he turned to leave the room,
One joyful cry was given;
He turned and caught the last sweet smile;
For his blind child was in Heaven.

They laid her by her mother's side,
And placed a marble stone;
And on it were engraved these simple words,
"There'll be no blind ones there."

THE STEPMOTHER

In this song we have another story of the child's dread of a stepmother's arrival.

For a text without tune, see JAFL, XXVI, 358.

THE STEPMOTHER

Obtained from Mrs. Mattie Irvin, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 17, 1938. Mrs. Irvin says she has sung this song since she was a small child, but does not remember where she learned it.

The marriage rite was over,
And oh, I turned aside
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide.

I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To meet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her Mother.

She was a fair young creature
Of meek and gentle air,
With blue eyes soft and loving,
And sunny silken hair.

I know my father gave her
The love he bore another;
But if she was an angel,
I could not call her Mother.

They bore my mother's picture
From its old accustomed place,
And hung beside my father
A younger, fairer face.

They made that dear old chamber
The burden of another;
But I will not forget thee,
My own, my angel Mother.

My father in the sunshine
Of happier days to come,
Perhaps forgets the shadow
That darkens our old home.

Yet still the shadow lingers
O'er I and little brother;
We'll still be orphan children,
God gave us but one mother.

THE LIGHTENING EXPRESS

This song tells the pathetic story of a little boy who is going home to see his dying mother, but does not have the money to pay his fare on the train. While he is telling his sad story to the conductor, a little girl on the train takes up a collection and pays his fare.

For a text without tune, see Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, p. 44.

For a text with tune, see TFSB, IV, No. 3, 79.

THE LIGHTENING EXPRESS

Obtained from Mrs. Eliza Eldridge, Sale Creek, Tennessee. Mrs. Eldridge learned the song when she was a young girl and says it was very popular at that time.

The Lightening Express from the depot so grand
Was speeding along on its way;
And all the passengers that were on board
Seemed to be happy and gay.

A little boy, sitting on a seat by himself,
Was reading a letter he had;
Anyone could tell by the tears in his eyes,
That the contents were making him sad.

The stern old conductor then passed through the car,
Taking tickets of everyone there;
He stopped at the seat where the little boy sat,
And gruffly demanded his fare.

"I haven't the money," the little boy said,
"But I'll pay you back some day."
"Then I'll put you off at the next station, sir."
But he stopped when he heard the boy say,

"Please, Mr. Conductor, don't put me off of the train
For the best friend I have in this world, sir,
Is waiting for me in pain.
She's expected to die any moment,
And may not live through the day;
I want to tell Mamma goodby, sir,
Before God takes her away.

"A letter from Sister arrived here today,
'Come home, Mother's dying,' did say,
And that is the reason that I ride on the train,
But I haven't the money to pay."

A little girl sitting close by them, she said,
"If you put that boy off it's a shame."
Then taking a hat, a collection she made,
And soon paid the boy's fare on the train.

"Much obliged to you, Missus, for the kindness," he said,
"You're welcome, you need never fear."
Every time the conductor would pass through the car,
These words would ring in his ear,

"Please, Mr. Conductor, don't put me off of the train,
For the best friend I have in this world, sir,
Is waiting for me in pain.
She's expected to die any moment,
And may not live through the day;
I want to tell Mamma goodby, sir,
Before God takes her away."

POOR LITTLE JOE

Another sentimental story told in song is this of poor little Joe, the homeless, motherless boy who dies on the streets of New York.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 445; Stout, p. 64.

POOR LITTLE JOE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

While strolling one night through New York's gay throng,
I met a poor boy who was singing a song;
Although he was singing, he wished himself dead,
He died on the cold streets, did poor little Joe.

Chorus:
Then cold blew the blast, and down came the snow,
He had no place to shelter him, he had no place to go;
No mother to guide him, in the grave she lay low,
He died on the streets, did poor little Joe.

A carriage passed by with a lady inside,
She looked on poor Joe's face and saw that he cried;
He followed the carriage, she not even smiled,
But fondly caressed her own darling child.

The lamps had gone out, the clock had struck one,
Along came policeman whose duty was done;
You could tell by the sound of the dull heavy tread
That they were a-sinking on the graves of the dead.

PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY

We can easily see how an audience would be stirred to tears on hearing this last request of a dying child to its mother.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 25.

PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY

Obtained from Mrs. W. A. Stultz, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from her father, C. H. Hayes, Dayton, Tennessee.

Come and bathe my forehead, Mother,
For I'm growing very weak;
Let one drop of water, Mother,
Fall upon my burning cheek.

Tell my loving little playmates,
That I never more shall play;
Give them all my toys, but Mother,
Put my little shoes away.

Santa Claus, he brought them to me,
With a lot of other things,
And I think he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings.

COME HOME, FATHER

According to Sigmund Spaeth, this prohibition song was written by Henry Clay Work, a Connecticut composer dedicated chiefly to the causes of temperance and Northern patriotism.

His best known song is "Marching Through Georgia," but "Come Home, Father" is his masterpiece from a dramatic standpoint.[9]

For a text without tune, see Fuson, p. 144.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, p. 65.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

Obtained from Mrs. James Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Please Father, dear Father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
The fire has gone out, and the house is all dark,
And Mother's been watching since tea,
With Brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home, come home, please Father, dear Father, come home!

Father, dear Father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse -
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And that is the message she sent me to bring -
Please Father, dear Father, come home!
Come home, come home, please Father, dear Father, come home!

Father, dear Father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours so long
For poor weeping Mother and me.
Indeed we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
But these are the very last words that he said -
"I want to kiss Papa goodnight."
Come home, come home, please Father, dear Father, come home!

---

9 Spaeth, p. 64.

THE DRUNKARD'S HELL

This song, sometimes called "The Drunkard's Song," tells of the reform of a drunkard. It was very popular during the early prohibition days.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 110; Henry, p. 378; JAFL, XXXIX, 169; XLV, 55.

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG

Obtained from Geraldine Hoffman, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School. Learned from her grandmother, Mrs. Annie West, who has known the song since she was a child.

I was out on a dark and starless night,
I seen, I heard an awful sight.
Red lightning flashed, loud thunder rolled
Upon this poor benighted soul.

I started on for to change my life,
To see my long neglected wife;
I found her weeping o'er the bed,
Because her infant babe was dead.

I took her by the lily-white hand;
She was so weak she could not stand;
I laid her down and prayed a prayer
That God might bless and save us there.

I started on to the Christian hall,
To take a pledge among them all.
They met me with a welcome hand,
And took me into the Christian band.

Five slowly years have passed away,
When first I bowed my knees to pray;
But now I live a sober life,
A blessed home, and a loving wife.

COME THINK ON DEATH AND JUDGMENT

S. S. McDowell, including this song in his Songs of the Old Camp Ground, speaks of "its peculiar dialogue form, its quaint wording, and its ancient folkish flavor."[10]

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10 S. S. McDowell, Songs of the Old Camp Ground, p. 72.

For a text without tune, see Henry, Songs, p. 206.

For a text with tune, see McDowell, p. 72.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT

Obtained from Mrs. Mattie Irvin, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 17, 1938. She remembered that she and Mr. Joel Rogers used to sing the song as a dialogue.

"Come think on death and judgment,
Your time is almost spent;
You've been a wretched sinner,
It's time that you'd repent."

"I know I've been a sinner,
And wicked all my days;
But when I'm old and feeble,
I'll think upon my way."

"But has not God commanded
By His loud voice of truth;
'Remember Thy Creator
While in the days of youth?'"

"I know that God commanded,
But still I do disdain
To leave a world of pleasure,
And wear a Christian's name."

"Supposing you'd lay down tonight
Thinking all was well,
And God should call your soul away,
And you'd wake up in Hell."

"My case, it would be awful,
Now I begin to see;
I pray the Lord have mercy,
Have mercy Lord on me."

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

This song was popular about 1870.[11] Later the words were changed to "The Train That Never Returned" and a text written based on an actual train wreck.[12]

---

11 Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, p. 146.

12 Sigmund Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 138.

An interesting story is told in Sale Creek about this song. As a boy, Ed Rievely was very fond of the song, and one of his favorite pastimes was to climb a large oak tree in his yard and sing "The Ship That Never Returned" at the top of his voice. The years passed, the boy became a man, and the World War came on. On his way over to do his bit for his country, he was drowned when a German submarine sank his ship, and thus he really left on a "ship that never returned."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 369; JAFL, XXVIII, 171; Stout, p. 73.

For texts with tunes, see: Sandburg, p. 146; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 138.

A

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

Obtained from Mrs. T. H. Fuller, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 19, 1938. Learned from hearing it sung when she was a small child in Bridgeport, Alabama.

On a summer day as the waves were rippled
By a soft and gentle breeze
Did a ship set sail with its cargo laden
For a port beyond the seas.
There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals
As her form they yet discerned
Tho they knew it not, 'twas a sad, sad parting
For the ship, she never returned.

Chorus:
Did she ever return?
No, she never returned,
And her fate is yet unlearned,
Tho for years and years there's been sad ones watching
For the ship that never returned.

"Just one more trip," said a gallant seaman
As he kissed his weeping wife,
"Just one more bag of the golden treasure
And 'twill last us all thru life,
Then we'll settle down in a cozy cottage
And enjoy the rest we've earned."
But alas, poor man, for he sailed commander
On a ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
"I must cross the wide, wide sea
For they say perchance in a foreign climate
There is health and strength for me."
'Twas a gleam of hope 'mid a maze of danger
And her heart for her youngest yearned
But she sent him forth with a smile and her blessing
For the ship, she never returned.

B

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

Obtained from Geraldine Hoffman, a school girl in Sale Creek, Tennessee, November 28, 1938. She learned the song from her grandmother, Mrs. Annie West, who told her the story about Ed Rievely.

On a summer day as the waves were ruffled
By a soft and gentle breeze,
A ship set sail for a foreign climate
To a port beyond the sea.

There were fond farewells, there were loving signals,
But there's one thing yet unlearned,
How for years and years there were fond ones watching
For the ship that never returned.

Chorus:
Did she ever return? No, she never returned
And there's one thing yet unlearned
Yet for years and years there were fond ones watching
For the ship that never returned.

KITTY WELLS

According to Cox, the author of this Negro song is Thomas Sloan, Jr., and it first appeared as a broadside about 1867.[13] Dr. Louise Pound has a text which has been traced to the singing of slaves in South Carolina.[14]

---

13 John Harrington Cox, Folk-Songs of the South, p. 395.

14 Louise Pound, American Ballads and Songs, p. 255.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 395; Henry, p. 414; JAFL, XLIV, 79; XLVI, 47; Pound, p. 202; Stout, p. 80.

KITTY WELLS

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he, like others, am not gay,
What makes the tears roll down his cheeks
From early morn till close of day;
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells;
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus:
While the birds were singing in the morning,
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
The sun on the hill-top was a-dawning,
It was then they laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
We roamed together in the dell;
I kissed her cheeks and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells,
But death came in her cabin door,
And took away my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
I laid my banjo down and cried.

I ofttimes wished that I were dead,
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Lies silent in the midnight gloom.
The springtime has no charm for me,
Though in my memory fresh it dwells;
But that bright form I do not see
Is the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME

This song, written by Paul Dresser in the 'Nineties, was probably based on actual episode. It was very popular for some years. A button firm got out a button on which the phrase was printed, and in all walks of life the same phrase, "Just

tell them that you saw me," was used as a parting salute.[15]

For a text without tune, see Stout, p. 63.

For a text with tune, see Spaeth, p. 220.

MADGE

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

While strolling down the street one eve
Upon mere pleasure bent,
'Twas after business worries of the day -
I met a girl who shrank from me
And whom I recognized,
A school mate in a village far away.
"Is that you, Madge," I said to her;
She quickly turned away.
"Don't turn away Madge, for I'm still your friend,
Next week I'm going home to see
The old folks, and I thought
Perhaps a message you would like to send.

Chorus:
"Just tell them that you saw me,
And they will know the rest;
Just tell them I am looking well, you know;
Just whisper if you get a chance
To Mother dear, and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago."

"Your cheeks are thin, your eyes are dim,
Come tell me, are you ill?
When last we met, your eyes shone clear and bright;
Come home with me when I go, Madge,
The change will do you good.
Your mother wonders where you are tonight."
"I'd like to see them all, you know,
But not just yet," she said,
"It's pride alone that's keeping me away;
Just tell them not to worry,
For I'm all right you know,
Tell Mother dear, I'm coming home some day."

BONNIE BLUE EYES

For texts without tunes, see JAFL, XXII, 242.

---

15 Sigmund Spaeth, Read 'Em and Weep, p. 220.

BONNIE BLUE EYES

Obtained from Mrs. Tom Cox, Sale Creek, Tennessee, June 9, 1939. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Clendenen, Coulterville, Tennessee.

Little Bonnie, I'm going away,
Little Bonnie, I'm going away,
I'm going away, but not to stay,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

Chorus:
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
I'm going away, but not to stay,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

Come and go to the train with me,
Come and go to the train with me,
Come and go to the train and see me get on,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

Don't cry, little Bonnie, don't cry,
Don't cry, little Bonnie, don't cry,
Little Bonnie, don't cry, you'll spoil your blue eyes,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

There's more pretty girls than one,
There's more pretty girls than one,
There's more pretty girls than one or two,
There's no little Bonnie like you.

The train has come in sight,
The train has come in sight,
The train is here and I must get on,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

Chorus:
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
I'm going away but not to stay,
Goodby, little Bonnie Blue Eyes.

KITTY CLYDE

In "Kitty Clyde" we have a love song in which the singer wishes to be a fish, bee, bird, anything to be near his beloved.

For a text without tune, see Gardner, p. 217.

KITTY CLYDE

My own earliest childhood memories are linked closely with this song. As far back as I can remember, I was rocked to sleep to the singing of "Kitty Clyde" by my aunt, Miss Ida E. Duncan. I have no idea where she learned the song, and I have never heard anyone else sing it.

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Clyde?
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
That carries her father's own mill.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Oh, how I do wish that I was a fish,
To be caught by my sweet Kitty's hook.

How I wish that I was a bee;
I would not gather honey from the flowers,
But I'd steal a sip from my sweet Kitty's lips
Or build my hive in the bowers.

Oh, I wish that I was a little bird;
I'd never build my nest in the air,
I'd build my nest on my sweet Kitty's breast,
Or rest in her soft silken hair.

AMERICAN JOURNALISTIC BALLADS

A great many of the English and Scottish traditional ballads are founded on actual happenings, and the same thing is true of many American ballads. The songs in this group are written about events - usually some murder or disaster - that furnished front-page news for a few days after they happened.

LITTLE MARY PHAGAN

This song tells the story of the brutal murder of a young girl in Atlanta, Georgia. Carter gives an account of the facts in the case. Mary Phagan, an employee of the National Pencil Company, went to the factory on August 5, 1913, for her weekly pay. There she was met and brutally murdered by Leo Frank. On August 26, Frank was sentenced to death. There were many who considered him innocent; feeling ran high and the case became an issue in the following senatorial campaign. His sentence was changed to a life term, but the following August a mob kidnapped him from the Georgia State Prison Farm and lynched him.[16]

Nothing is known of the origin of the song, but it was evidently written before Frank's death sentence was changed to life imprisonment.

---

16 Isabel Gordon Carter, "Songs and Ballads from Tennessee and North Carolina," JAFL, XLVI, 39-40.

It is interesting to note the changes that take place in a song handed down by oral transmission for even a few years. Newt Lee was the watchman who discovered the murdered girl. I found his name to be Newtley, or Nemphon, and in my text it is simply Newt. The prosecuting officer in the case was Solicitor-General H. M. Dorsey; in one text he has become Solister H. M. Doney, and a text I have calls him Solisted. However, no change takes place in the names of the two principal characters except the spelling of Phagan becomes Fagan.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 104; Henry, p. 336; JAFL, XXXI, 264; XLIV, 105; XLVI, 39.

For a fragment of this song with a tune, see TFSB, IV, No. 3, 77. This tune is given to show the influence of the phonograph and the radio on the newer songs. The melodies of new ballads show a resemblance to mountain hill-billy tunes rather than to the music of the older ballads.

A

MARY FAGAN

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938. Mrs. Crawley learned the song when she was a child in Sale Creek.

Little Mary Fagan,
  She left her home one day
She went down to the pencil factory
  To get her weekly pay.

She left her home at eleven,
  She kissed her mother goodby;
But never once did the poor girl think
  That she was going to die.

She went down to the office,
  She went up to the door,
She said to Mr. Leo Frank,
  "I'll work here no more."

He slipped along behind her,
   With a cruel heart you know;
And looked and smiled at Mary,
   "You'll never see home any more."

Down on her knees before him,
   She pleaded for her life;
While tears rolled down her rosy cheeks,
   And blood flowed down her back.

He hired a poor old negro,
   Who he was I do not know,
To take her down in the basement,
   And burn her in the furnace below.

He took her down in the basement,
   And burned her hands and feet;
And there laid little Mary,
   She lay there fast asleep.

Little Mary lies in Heaven,
   While Leo Frank's in jail;
Waiting for the day to come,
   When no one will go his bail.

Judge E. Rome passed the sentence,
   You bet he passed it well;
Well Solisted, he indorsed it,
   Sent Leo Frank to Hell.

B

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, a high school girl of Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. She learned the song from the singing of Mary Elsea, also of Sale Creek.

Little Mary Fagan,
   She went to town one day;
She went to the pencil factory
   To get her weekly pay.

She left her home at seven,
   She kissed her mother good-by,
Not one time did the poor child think
   That she was going to die.

Then the villain met her
   With a brutal heart you know,
He smiled and said to Mary,
   "You'll go home no more."

He sneaked along behind her
   Till she came to her little room;
He smiled and said, "Little Mary,
   You've met your fatal doom."

Newt was the watchman,
   And when he turned the key
Away down in the basement,
   Little Mary did he see.

He called to the policemen,
   Their names I do not know;
They came to the pencil factory,
   And told Newt he must go.

Her mother did the weeping,
   She weeped and mourned all day;
She prayed to meet her daughter
   In a better world some day.

THE DISASTER OF THE GREAT TITANIC

For texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 426; JAFL, XLIV, 111; White, p. 347.

THE DISASTER OF THE GREAT TITANIC

Obtained from a printed copy on a single sheet of paper, evidently one that was sold on the streets soon after the sinking of the Titanic in 1912. The printed copy belongs to Mrs. Sytha Fuller, of Sale Creek, Tennessee, but she has had it for so many years she does not remember how or when she came into possession of it.

It was on Monday morning about one o'clock,
When the Great Titanic began to reel and rock;
People began to scream and cry,
Saying, "Lord I am going to die."
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:
Don't you know it was sad
When that great ship went down?
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Husbands and wives,
Little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

When that ship first left England,
It was making for this shore;
The rich had declared, "I won't ride with the poor."
And they placed the poor below,
But it was sad when that great ship went down.

People aboard of that ship was a long way from home,
With friends standing round didn't know their time had come,
Oh, death came riding by;
Sixteen hundred of them had to die,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

While they were building they'd said what they could do;
"We will build a ship that water cannot go thru."
But God with power in hand,
Showed the world it could not stand;
It was sad when that great ship went down.

While old Paul was a sailor with all his men around,
God setting in heaven said none of them should be drowned.
Two hundred-three score and sixteen souls,
God landed on the shore;
It was sad when the great ship went down.

You know it was awful with those people on the sea,
They tell me they were singing "Nearer my God to Thee."
While they were homeward bound,
Sixteen hundred of them were drowned;
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHARLES GUITTEAU

This song is written about the assassination of President Garfield. There is no record of the origin of the song, but Louise Pound considers it an adaptation of an older song, "John T. Williams," which was well known in the '70's before the death of Garfield.[17]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 238; JAFL, XXVI, 359; Pound, p. 146; Stout, p. 110.

For a text with tune, see Henry, p. 331.

A

CHARLES GUITAH

Obtained from Mrs. C. H. Northrup, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 13, 1938.

---

17 Pound, p. 251.

Come all you tender Christians,
Wherever you may be,
And likewise pay attention
To these few lines you see.
For the murder of James A. Garfield
I am condemned to die,
The thirtieth day of June
Upon the scaffold high.

Chorus:
My name 'tis Charles Guitah,
That name I'll never deny.
I leave my aged parents
In sorrow for to die.
But little did they think of me,
All in my youthful bloom,
Today I take the scaffold
To meet my fatal doom.

I was down by the depot
Where I tried to make my escape,
And Providence being against me
I found it was too late.
I tried to play and sing
But I found it would not do,
The people were against me,
And proved to be untrue.

My sister came to see me,
To bid me her last farewell.
She threw her arms around me
And wept most bitterly.
Said she, "My darling brother,
Today you'll surely die
The thirtieth day of June
Upon the scaffold high."

B

CHARLES GUITTEAU

Obtained from Mrs. Pearl Thatcher, Bakewell, Tennessee, August 31, 1938.

My name is Charles Guitteau,
That name I'll never deny.
I'll leave my aged parents
In sorrow for to die.

My sister came to see me,
She bade me a last farewell.
She threw her arms around me
And wept most bitterly.

Said she, "My darling brother,
Today you'll surely be hung
For the murder of James A. Garfield
In the city of Washington."

ASSASSINATION OF MCKINLEY

This song is not in any collection of folk songs I have examined, but I am including it because it seems to belong in the class of journalistic ballads. Czolgosz, the assassin of McKinley, has become Jog Eye in the song.

ASSASSINATION OF MCKINLEY

Obtained from Mrs. Dora Ray, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

McKinley, McKinley, why didn't you run,
When you saw Jog Eye with his hammerless gun?
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

He made like he was proud to see me once more,
When he shot me with his forty-four.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

They sent for the doctor, the doctor he come;
He come in a trot and he come in a run.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

Mrs. McKinley, I'll tell you before I start,
The ball lodged somers 18 near your husband's heart.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

Mrs. McKinley wept and Mrs. McKinley squalled,
When the doctor said he couldn't find the ball.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

Mrs. McKinley wept and Mrs. McKinley mourned,
When she saw the corpse a-leaving her home.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

Forty-nine coaches all dressed in black;
They hauled him to Washington, but they failed to bring him back.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

"Jog Eye, Jog Eye, what are you doing here?"
"I killed the president, and have to take the electric chair."
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

---

18 Somewhere.

Jog Eye said when he was pulling off the belt,
That the next president would be called Roosevelt.
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.

CASEY JONES

There seem to be conflicting ideas as to the origin and authorship of this well known railroad song. Dorothy Scarborough, giving Irvin Cobb as her authority, says it was written by a Negro in Memphis to recount the gallant death of Cayce Jones, an engineer who came from Cayce, Tennessee.[19] Sigmund Spaeth gives credit for the authorship to two railroad men, T. Lawrence Seebert, and Eddie Newton.[20] E. C. Perrow quotes Mr. Barry as saying the song was composed by William Saunders.[21] Regardless of its authorship, however, it is one of the most popular of all the railroad songs.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 21; Hudson, Songs, p. 214; JAFL, XXIV, 351; XXVI, 165; Odum and Johnson, p. 207; Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, p. 126; Pound, p. 133.

For texts with tunes, see: Sandburg, p.366; Scarborough, p. 249; Spaeth, p. 119.

A

CASEY JONES

Obtained from Orval Crawley, a high school boy of Sale Creek, Tennessee, November 28, 1938. Learned from his father, D. A. Crawley.

---

19 Dorothy Scarborough, On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs, p. 249.

20 Spaeth, p. 119.

21 E. C. Perrow, "Songs and Rhymes from the South," JAFL, XXVI, 165.

Come all ye rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six eight wheeler he won his fame.

The caller called Casey at half-past four,
Kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
Took a farewell trip to the Promised Land.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more roads I'd like to ride."
The fireman said, "What can that be?"
"The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe."

Chorus:
Casey Jones mounted for the cabin,
Casey Jones with the order in his hand,
Casey Jones mounted for the cabin,
Farewell trip to the Promised Land.

B

CASEY JONES

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School. Learned from the singing of her grandmother, Mrs. Tennie Hutcheson.

Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On the six eight wheeler he won his fame;
Casey mounted to the cabin with orders in his hand,
Took a farewell trip to the Promised Land.

Casey said to the fireman,
"Shovel in the coal,
Stick your head out of the window,
And watch the drivers roll."

Fireman said to Casey, "You'd better jump,
For there's two locomotives bound to bump;
And if they spring a rail,
There'll be nobody left to tell the tale."

JESSE JAMES

Hudson speaks of this song as "facile princeps of American outlaw ballads,"[22] and Sandburg says Jesse James himself is to America what Robin Hood or Dick Turpin is to England.[23]

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22 Arthur Palmer Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi, p. 235.

23 Sandburg, p. 420.

In order to understand the story of the song it is necessary to know that Jesse James was shot while living under tthe name of Howard.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 25; Cambiaire, p.17; Cox, p. 216; Gerould, p. 283; Hudson, Songs, p. 235; JAFL, XXII, 246; XXV, 17; XXVI, 359; XXXIV, 124; XLV, 150; Pound, p. 145; Stout, p. 109.

For texts with tunes, see: Finger, p. 57; JAFL, XXV, 145; Lomax, p. 128; Sandburg, pp. 374, 420.

Mellinger E. Henry gives an unusual text called "Jessey James" from Gatlinburg, Tennessee, which, however, tells practically the same story that is found in other songs about the famous outlaw. Henry, p. 320.

JESSE JAMES

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School, September 22, 1938. Learned from her grandmother, Mrs. Tennie Hutcheson, also of Sale Creek.

Jesse was a man, he traveled through land and robbed many
a coach and train;
Jesse had a wife, she was a mourner all her life,
Three children and they were brave;
But the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
And laid poor Jesse in the grave.

The people of the west, they all held their breath,
When they heard of poor Jesse's death,
And wondered how come the poor man to die;
But the dirty little spy that shot him on the sly,
And laid poor Jesse in the grave.

THE JEALOUS LOVER

"The Jealous Lover" is generally considered one of the most widespread of all the American ballads. The girl who is murdered by her sweetheart is known by various names. Among them are Lorella, Florella, Lurella, Flo Ella, Ellen, and Florilla.

"Pearl Bryan," a similar song about the murder of a Greencastle, Indiana, girl of that name, is based on "The Jealous Lover."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 109; Cox, p. 197; Flanders and Brown, p. 59; Fuson, p. 65; Henry, p. 209; Hudson, Songs, p. 185; JAFL, XX, 264; XXVIII, 168; XXXIX, 116; XLII, 280; 301; XLV, 130; XLVI, 38; Pound, p. 101; Stout, p. 50.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXII, 370; Matteson and Henry, p. 26; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 30; Spaeth, Weep Some More, p. 121.

THE JEALOUS LOVER

Obtained from Mrs. Clyde Hoffman, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938.

Down in the low green valley
Where violets fade and bloom,
There sleeps my own Flo Ella
In a cold and silent tomb.

One night as the moon shone brightly
The stars were shining too,
Before her cottage window
This jealous lover drew.

"Come, Love, and let us wander
Down by the meadow's gate,
Beneath the stars we'll wander
And name our wedding date."

Down deep into the forest
He led his love so dear;
"It's all for you, dear Edward,
That I am wandering here.

"The night seems dark and heavy
And I'm afraid to stay,
My wandering eyes grow weary
I can't retrace my way."

"Retrace your way, no never,
These woods no more you'll roam,
So bid farewell, my darling,
To parents, friends, and home,

"For in these woods I have you
From me you cannot fly;
No human hands can save you,
Flo Ella, you must die."

Down on her knees before him,
   She pleaded for her life;
While in her troubled bosom
   He plunged the fatal knife.

"What have I done, dear Edward,
   That you should take my life?
I've been so true and loving,
   And would have been your wife.

"Dear Edward, tell my parents
   I wish them well, I do,
Dear Edward, be as faithful
   As I have been to you.

"Dear Edward, I'll forgive you."
   This was her dying breath;
Her pulse had ceased its beating;
   She closed her eyes in death.

Next morning they found her body,
   And laid it in the tomb,
Down in the low green valley
   Where the violets fade and bloom.

CHARLOTTE

> "Young Charlotte," by virtue of its wide currency, the absence in it of a distinctly "vulgar ballad" or "popular ballad" style, and its persistency of form in spite of what appears to have been exclusively oral transmission, constitutes perhaps the most interesting and problematical phenomenon in American popular song. 24

Phillips Barry has made an exhaustive study of this song about the young girl who freezes to death because she is too vain to dress properly on a cold winter night. The author is William Carter, the blind poet of Bensontown, Vermont, and the events described in the song are based on a real happening in his home town. Several of Carter's poems have been published,

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24 H. M. Belden, "Balladry in America," JAFL, XXV, 14.

but there is no record to show that "Fair Charlotte" was ever printed or even written from the author's dictation. Yet it is one of the most widespread of the modern ballads, having been found in various parts of the United States and in Nova Scotia. This wide distribution can no doubt be partly explained by the fact that Carter himself traveled in many states of the Union, singing as he went. He is called by Barry "a modern representative of the old-time wandering minstrel."[25]

This song is a good example of the way folk songs are localized. Although it has been definitely agreed that Carter wrote it as far back as 1833, and about an event in Vermont, other versions have come to light in different places supposedly written about local events. It has been located in both Michigan and Indiana.

Despite the widespread distribution of this song, all versions are remarkably alike. The story remains the same, even the lovers' names, Charlotte and Charles, never changing. Phillips Barry uses "Fair Charlotte" as a concrete example of his belief that folk song and folk ballad can be accounted for on the basis of "individual invention, with subsequent communal recreation."[26]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 237; Cambiaire, pp. 110, 112; Gray, p. 94; Hudson, Songs, p. 183; JAFL, XXV, 13, 159; XXVI, 357; XXXIX, 119; XLVIII, 379; Mackenzie, p. 161; Pound, p. 103; Spaeth, p. 142; Stout, p. 51.

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25 Phillips Barry, "William Carter, the Bensontown Homer," JAFL, XXV, 159.

26 Ibid., p. 168.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Cox, pp. 286, 528; Finger, p. 119; Flanders, p. 10; Flanders and Brown, p. 35; JAFL, XXII, 367; XXXV, 420; Rickaby, p. 135; Sandburg, p. 58.

CHARLOTTE

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 22, 1938. Learned from her brother, L. H. Mills, of Scottsboro, Alabama.

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,
A cold and dreary spot;
There was no dwelling for five miles around
Except her father's cot.

On many a cold and dreary eve,
Young swains would gather there;
For her father he kept social cot,
And she was young and fair.

At the village fifteen miles away,
There's a merry ball tonight;
Although the tempest is a-raging wild,
Her heart is warm and bright.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Dear Charles' sleigh drove up.

"Oh, Daughter, dear," her mother said,
"This blanket around you fold;
For it is a bitter night abroad,
You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh my, oh my," her daughter said,
And she laughed like a gypsy queen;
"To be all muffled in a blanket," she said,
"I never could be seen."

Her bonnet and her shawl went on,
And she jumped into the sleigh,
And o'er the mountain side they went
And o'er the hills away.

LITTLE OMIE WISE

Professor Louise Pound states that Professor Belden has a copy of this song given to him by a man who says he learned

it from his mother. According to the tradition in this man's family, the mother had the song from her grandfather, who came from Virginia. The grandfather was personally acquainted with Omie, and tells that once when this song was being sung in Indiana, a stranger in the audience left and skipped the country. People thought it might have been the mysterious murderer.[27]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 30; Gerould, p. 277; Hudson, Songs, p. 187; JAFL, XX, 265; XXXIX, 142; Pound, pp. 119, 249.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 144; Henry, p. 221; JAFL, XLII, 281; XLV, 135; TFSB, IV, No. 3, 75.

A

LITTLE OMIE WISE

Obtained from Mrs. Dora Ray, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I will tell you a story
Of little Omie Wise;
And how she got deluded
By John Lewis' lies.

He promised he would meet her
At Adams' spring;
Some money he would bring her,
Some other fine things.

Well, he brought her no money,
To settle the case,
We'll go and get married,
That'll be no disgrace.

Saying, "Hop up behind me,
And away we will ride,
Till we come to some preacher
I'll make you my bride."

Well, she hopped up behind him,
And away they did ride,
Till they came to the river
So deep and so wide.

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27 Pound, pp. 249-250.

"John Lewis, John Lewis,
Go tell me your mind."
"My mind is to drown you
And leave you behind."

"Have pity, have pity,
You can go spare me my life,
I may go a-begging
And will be your bride."

"No pity, no pity,
I can go spare your life,
You may go a-begging
You won't be my bride."

He hugged her and he kissed her
And he turned her all around,
He throwed her in the river
Below yond milldam.

The people they hunted,
And they searched all around;
But they couldn't find little Omie
Below yond milldam.

A little boy was fishing,
'Twas on one Sunday morn.
Well, he saw little Omie
Coming all down in a storm.

Well, he threw his net around her,
He drew her to the bank.
Her clothes were wet upon her;
He laid her on a plank.

They sent for John Lewis
To come to this place;
They stood her up before him,
So he could see her face.

They took little Omie
And laid her in her grave;
And handcuffed John Lewis,
And took him to jail.

"John Lewis, John Lewis,
My name I'll never deny.
I murdered little Omie,
And I'll never reach the sky."

B

OMIE WISE

Obtained from John Maddox, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

He told her he'd meet her
   At Adams' spring;
He would bring her some money,
   Some other fine things.

She went and she waited
   Till John Lewis came;
He brought her no money,
   No other fine things.

He beat her, he stomped her,
   He knocked her to the ground;
He took her to the steepest cliff,
   He threw her in to drown.

A little boy was out fishing
   One warm summer day;
He saw little Omie Wise
   Go floating away.

He cast his net around her,
   He brought her to the shore;
But little Omie Wise was dead
   Dead forevermore.

They sent for John Lewis
   To come to that place;
They propped her up before him,
   So he could view her face.

He said, "My name is John Lewis,
   I'll never reach the skies;
I murdered my true lover,
   Her name was Omie Wise."

They led him up a ladder,
   They rung the big death bell;
They knocked the trigger under him,
   And away he went to hell.

FRANKIE

Thomas Beer, in his Mauve Decade, places this ballad as early as 1850, but Emerson Hough dates it fully ten years earlier. It is generally agreed that the locale was St. Louis. [28]

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28 Spaeth, p. 35.

According to Lomax, it is generally believed that Frankie still lives in Seattle, Washington.[29]

Sandburg classifies the "Frankie" songs in three groups, (1) "Frankie and Albert" songs, common along the Mississippi River as early as 1888, (2) "Frankie and Johnnie" songs which became popular several years later, and (3) "Frankie Blues," which came still later. Concerning the song, he says, "If America has a classical gutter song, it is the one that tells of Frankie and her man."[30]

There are almost as many versions of the song as there are people who sing it. It is very easily adapted to local changes and few people sing it exactly alike. In 1930, a play, "Frankie and Johnnie," was produced in New York, giving a dozen versions of the song from various sources.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 5; Cox, p. 218; Gerould, p. 292; Hudson, Songs, p. 189; JAFL, XXIV, 366; XXVIII, 178; XLII, 285; XLV, 141; Odum and Johnson, p. 228; White, p. 213.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Henry, p. 338; Lomax, p.103; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 38; Sandburg, p. 75; Scarborough, p. 80; Spaeth, p. 34.

FRANKIE

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938. Learned from her cousin, Maude Bryant, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Frankie was a good girl,
  As everybody knows,
She paid one hundred dollar bill
  For a suit of Albert's clothes.
He was her man, she loved him so.

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29 John A. and Alan Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs, p. 103.

30 Sandburg, p. 75.

Frankie went down to the bar room,
To order a glass of beer,
Calling out to the bar tender,
"Has Albert been down here?
Oh, he's my man, my gambling man."

The bar tender said to Frankie,
"Oh girl, I cannot lie,
He left her just a minute ago
With a girl named Alice Fly,
Oh, he's your man, don't treat you right."

Frankie went down to the pool room,
But she did not mean no harm;
There she saw another girl lying
In her own man's arms,
"Oh you're my man, my gambling man."

Frankie said to Albert,
"I am not calling you through fun,
If you don't come to the one you love
I'll shoot you with your own gun,
Oh you're my man, don't treat me right."

Frankie walked out on the corner,
About half past nine o'clock,
With her forty-four in her hand
She fired her fatal shot,
Killing her man, her gambling man.

Albert went around the table,
Bending down upon his knees;
Called out to his loving wife,
Saying, "Frankie, don't shoot me please,
You're killing me, your gambling man."

Frankie walked out on the broadway,
As far as she could see;
All she could see was boys in blue,
Playing "Nearer my God to Thee."
It seems so sad, little Albert's dead.

The boys all said to Frankie,
"Oh girl, why don't you run,
Can't you see the Chief of Police
With his forty-four smoking gun?
He'll get you now for killing your man."

Frankie's in the court room,
Sitting in a big armchair,
Waiting for the judge and jury
To give her ninety-nine years
For killing her man, her gambling man.

Frankie walked out on the scaffold,
As brave as she could be;
Calling out to the judge and jury,
"There's murder in the first degree,
I killed my man, my gambling man."

The judge said to the jury,
"Oh men, why don't you see
Frankie's killed the one she loves,
I think she ought to go free
For killing her man, her gambling man."

Frankie's dead and buried,
In a tomb by Albert's side;
A tombstone at their head and feet,
And these words are inscribed,
"He's a gambling man, and she's his bride."

FLOYD COLLINS

This song became popular soon after the tragic death of the young man trapped in a Kentucky cave. Rescuers worked unsuccessfully night and day, trying to release him, but they were unable to do so and death finally won the victory. This tragedy took place in 1925.

For a text without tune, see Henry, Songs, p. 82.

FLOYD COLLINS

Obtained from Roselyn Fuller, a high school girl of Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Sytha Fuller.

Come all you young people,
And listen while I tell;
The fate of Floyd Collins,
The lad we all knew well.

His face was fair and handsome;
His heart was true and brave;
His body now lies sleeping
Within the sandstone cave.

Oh, Mothers, don't you worry;
Dear Father, don't be sad;
I'll tell you all my troubles
In an awful dream I had:

I dreamed I was in prison;
My life I could not save;
I cried, "Must I be buried
Within this sandstone cave?"

WE'VE GOT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT BACK AGAIN

This is the only song of local composition in my collection. It is supposed to have been written by a young man now living near Sale Creek,and is sung to the tune of "Take Me Back to Colorado."

WE'VE GOT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT BACK AGAIN

Obtained from the singing of Lionel Ottinger, a school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

So give me my old Martin, for soon I'll be a-startin'
Back to dear old Charleston far away;
Since Roosevelt's been elected, we're not a-goin' to be neglected;
We've got Franklin D. Roosevelt back again.

Chorus:
Back again, back again, we've got Franklin D. Roosevelt again,
Since Roosevelt's been elected, moonshine liquor's been corrected;
We have legal wine, whiskey, beer, and gin.

So give me a drink of brandy, and let myself be handy,
For good old times are coming back again;
We can laugh and we can smoke, we can dance and we can joke;
We've got Franklin D. Roosevelt back again.

So come on folks, I'm glad to say the donkey won election day;
No more standing in the blowing snow and rain;
We've got things in full sway, we've got a job for W.P.A.
We've got Franklin D. Roosevelt back again.

SONGS OF WANDERERS AND OUTCASTS

The bounds of civilization are always too narrow for some hardy souls. Some of them seek an outlet through adventures into far places; others show their individualism by adventures outside the pale of the law. I am including in this group songs about these two classes of individuals - those who have ventured beyond the limits of civilization, and those who have ventured beyond the laws set down by their fellow men.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN

This song of the fate of one of the forty-niners was first published in the New England Diadem in 1850 under the title, "Lines suggested on hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, containing the dying words of Brown Owen, who recently died on his passage to California."[31] Pound says the model for this song was evidently "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying" of William Haines Lytle's well-known poem, "Antony to Cleopatra."[32]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 232; Hudson, Songs, p. 221; JAFL, XXVI, 359; XXXIX, 139; XLVIII, 381; Pound, p. 191.

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXXV, 364; Jackson, p. 37.

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31 Arthur Palmer Hudson, "Ballads and Songs from Mississippi," JAFL, XXXIX, 139.

32 Louise Pound, "Traditional Ballads in Nebraska," JAFL, XXVI, 359.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN

Obtained from Mildred Hinkle, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 8, 1938. Learned from Wayne Guinn, also of Sale Creek, who has often heard his father sing the song.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth nearer
When thy arms around me fold.

I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth;
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him;
Prayed that I might only meet him
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother (God assist her
Now that she is growing old!)
That her child would glad have kissed her
While his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I speak of now;
Tell, oh tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed;
Hold them as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast.

Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God;
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in His word.

Oh my children, Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Before I sink beneath the sea!

'Twas for them I crossed the ocean;
What my hopes were, I'd not tell;
But they've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet, "He doeth all things well."

Listen, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word;
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stored.

Tell them I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust;
But have gained a port called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kind and parting word;
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thought its memory stirred.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find a brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance
Will secure for them a share.

Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis, I know His voice so well;
When I'm gone, oh don't be weeping,
Brother, hear my last farewell.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

For texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 77; Henry, p. 351.

For a text with tune, see Sandburg, p. 260.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

Obtained from Orval Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, November 28, 1938. Learned from his aunt, Mrs. Mary Blake.

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen please.
I am an old cow puncher and here I'm dressed in rags;
I used to be a tough one boys, and go on great big jags.
But I have got a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I haven't seen it since long,long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all;
I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

That very night the cowboy went out to stand his guard;
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard;
The cattle all got frightened and rushed in wild stampede;
The cowboy tried to head them while riding at full speed.
While riding in the darkness, so loudly did he shout,
Trying his best to head them and turn the herd about,
His saddle horse did stumble and on him did fall;
The boy won't see his mother when the work's all done
this fall.

"Bill, you may have my saddle, George, you may have my bed;
Jack, you may have my pistol, after I am dead;
Boys, think of me kindly when you look upon them all;
For I won't see my mother when the work's all done this
fall."
Poor Charlie died at daybreak, he died from the fall;
And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this
fall.

THE RAILROAD BUM

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 101; Hudson, Songs, p. 250; Stout, p. 113.

WAITING FOR A TRAIN

Obtained from George Gentry, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 27, 1938.

All around the water tank
Waiting for a train,
A thousand miles away from home,
Sleeping in the rain.

I walked up to the brakeman
To give him a line of talk.
He says, "If you've got money, sir,
I'll see that you don't walk."

"I haven't got a penny
Not a nickel can I show."
"Get off, get off, you railroad bum."
And he slammed the box car door.

He put me off in Texas,
The state I dearly love,
The wide open spaces all around me,
The moon and stars up above.

Nobody seems to want me,
So lend me a helping hand;
I'm on my way from Texas,
Going back to Dixie Land.

JOHN HENRY

> In southern work camp gangs, John Henry is the strong man, or the ridiculous man, or anyhow the man worth talking about, having a myth character somewhat like that of Paul Bunyan in work gangs of the Big Woods of the North. [33]

There has been a great deal of confusion concerning two groups of songs, the "John Henry" songs and the "John Hardy" songs, some authorities contending that all the songs were about the same character, others holding to the opinion that they were about two different men. Professor Guy B. Johnson of North Carolina has made a scholarly study of the John Henry legend, collecting stories and songs about both John Henry and John Hardy.[34] John Harrington Cox of West Virginia gives a detailed study of the "John Hardy" songs.[35] After a careful study, Newman I. White has reached the following conclusions:

(1) John Hardy and John Henry were both steel-driving men, probably Negroes, in West Virginia.

(2) John Hardy was a gambler, roué and murderer and was executed for murder.

(3) John Henry had no vicious traits and died as a result of trying to beat a steam drill. [36]

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33 Sandburg, p. 24.

34 Guy B. Johnson, John Henry, pp. 1-155.

35 Cox, pp. 175-77.

36 Newman I. White, American Negro Folk-Songs, p. 190.

There are two distinct types of "John Henry" songs, the ballads and the work songs. I found no version of a "John Hardy" song in Sale Creek, but I did find one "John Henry" song of the ballad type. I am including references to both the "John Henry" and the "John Hardy" songs.

JOHN HENRY

For texts without tunes, see: Gerould, p. 289; JAFL, XXVIII, 14; Scarborough, p. 221; White, p. 189.

For texts with tunes, see: Henry, p. 441; JAFL, XXVI, 163; Lomax, p. 3; Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, pp. 221, 248; Sandburg, pp. 24, 150.

JOHN HARDY

For texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 175; JAFL, XXII, 247; XXVI, 180; XXXII, 514.

For a text with tune, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 35, 386.

JOHN HENRY

Obtained from Allene Francisco, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School, August 15, 1938. Learned from her father, Carl Francisco.

John Henry was a steel driving man,
John Henry was a man;
He could drive the steel about fourteen,
While the steam drill only drove it nine,
While the steam drill only drove it nine.

They took John Henry to the White House,
They laid him in the sand;
The people from the east and the people from the west
Came to see that good old steel driving man,
Came to see that good old steel driving man.

"Where did you get your pretty red shoes?
The dresses that you wear so fine?"
"I got my slippers from a railroad man,
My dresses from a man in the mines,
My dresses from a man in the mines."

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann;
When John Henry lay sick in bed,
Polly drove the steel like a man,
Polly drove the steel like a man.

John Henry had a little son,
He could hold him in the palm of his hand;
But the very last words that John Henry said
Were, "Son, don't be a steel driving man,"
Were, "Son, don't be a steel driving man."

DUPREE

This song, with its faulty expression and confused story, is a Negro version of an Atlanta white "Frank Dupree," which has been made popular by the phonograph.

For a text without tune, see Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, p. 55.

DUPREE

Obtained from Mrs. Dora Ray, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Daddy, Daddy Dupree,
   Mamma wants a diamond ring;
Dupree says to Betty,
   "You can have just any old thing."

He went to Atlanta,
   Walked into a big jewelry store;
Took a thousand dollar diamond,
   And walked out that big front door.

He called for a taxi,
   The driver was Jimmie Lee;
He went away off up the country,
   Caught a train for Tennessee.

They captured Dupree
   By reading the poor boy's mail;
Took him back to Atlanta,
   Throwed him in that big rock jail.

If you've ever been down,
   You know just how I feel;
I feel like a train on the railroad,
   Ain't got no driver wheel.

Dupree on the scaffold,
Betty mamma, she was there;
Dupree says to Betty,
"Won't you please come and comb my hair?"

Betty mamma wrote a letter,
She mailed it through the air;
Just asking old Saint Peter
If Daddy Dupree was there.

He says, "I don't know, Betty,
But I'll look on my books and see;
I haven't got your Daddy Dupree
But I've got your used to be."

NEW RIVER TRAIN

There is no limit to the number of stanzas possible in this song as long as the singer's imagination holds out. Lomax has a text from the Great Smoky Mountains which goes as far as "You can't love five," but mine goes on to "You can't love ten," and then ends with the determination to leave on that New River train.

For a text with tune, see Lomax, p. 158.

NEW RIVER TRAIN

Obtained from Mildred Hinkle, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from Wayne Guinn, also of Sale Creek.

I'm leaving on that new river train,
I'm leaving on that new river train;
That same old train that brought me here,
It's gonna carry me away again.

O darling, you can't love but one,
O darling, you can't love but one,
You can't love but one and have any fun;
O darling, you can't love but one.

O darling, you can't love two,
O darling, you can't love two,
You can't love two and your little heart be true;
O darling, you can't love two.

O darling, you can't love three,
O darling, you can't love three,
You can't love three and still love me;
O darling, you can't love three.

O darling, you can't love four,
O darling, you can't love four,
You can't love four and love me anymore;
O darling, you can't love four.

O darling, you can't love five,
O darling, you can't love five,
You can't love five and get honey from my beehive;
O darling, you can't love five.

O darling, you can't love six,
O darling, you can't love six,
You can't love six for our love won't mix;
O darling, you can't love six.

O darling, you can't love seven,
O darling, you can't love seven,
You can't love seven and expect to go to heaven;
O darling, you can't love seven.

O darling, you can't love eight,
O darling, you can't love eight,
You can't love eight and meet me at the gate;
O darling, you can't love eight.

O darling, you can't love nine,
O darling, you can't love nine,
You can't love nine and still be mine;
O darling, you can't love nine.

O darling, you can't love ten,
O darling, you can't love ten,
You can't love ten and kiss me again;
O darling, you can't love ten.

O darling, remember what you said,
O darling, remember what you said,
Remember that you said you had rather see me dead
Than to see me on that new river train.

I'm leaving on that new river train,
I'm leaving on that new river train;
The same old train that brought me here,
It's gonna carry me away again.

GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD FEELIN' BAD

It is never very clear how the singer in this Negro song has been so badly mistreated, but at any rate he "ain't goin' to be treated this a-way." Horne comments on the fact that many of the more modern songs are distinctly Negroid.[37]

For a text with tune, see TFSB, IV, No. 3, 80.

GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD FEELIN' BAD

Obtained from Ruby Atkerson, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 16, 1938. Learned from her brothers, who learned it from a road gang working near their home at Big Springs, Tennessee.

I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,
I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

I'm goin' where the climate suits my clothes,
I'm goin' where the climate suits my clothes,
I'm goin' where the climate suits my clothes,
I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

They feed me on cornbread and peas,
They feed me on cornbread and peas,
They feed me on cornbread and peas,
I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

I'm goin' if I never come back,
I'm goin' if I never come back,
I'm goin' if I never come back,
'Cause I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.

---

37 Dorothy Duerson Horne, "An Inquiry into the Musical Backgrounds of the Folk Songs of the Southern Mountains," TFSB, IV, No. 3, 80.

WHEN I WAS ONE AND TWENTY

This song tells the story of a young man sowing his wild oats and then repenting.

For text without tune, see Cox, p. 404.

LEWISVILLE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee. Learned from her father, Van Green. Mr. Green learned the song in Giles County, North Carolina.

So early one morning not a-thinking any harm,
Saddle on my arm and away to the barn;
Saddled up my horse and away I did ride;
My father followed after me the way to betide.

I met up with an old acquaintance, old acquaintance on the way,
Got persuading me to go to Lewisville to get upon a spree;
After long time persuading with them I did agree,
Went down to Lewisville and got upon a spree.

Four young ladies on the floor for a dance,
Four young gentlemen on the floor for a fance;
The fiddler being ready, his arm a-being strong,
Played a grand old Lewisville about two hours long.

Come all you young gentlemen, warning take by me,
Don't never go to Lewisville to go upon a spree;
If you do, you'll spend your money loose;
First place you find yourself, you'll be in the calaboose.

GAMBLING ON THE SABBATH DAY

As a result of gambling on the Sabbath Day, a young man kills his comrade and is sentenced to die on the scaffold. The grief of the father, mother, and sister is shown, and the song ends with the mother's prayer that other boys be spared a similar fate.

Finger gives a version of "McAfee's Confession,"[38] in which two stanzas have been lifted bodily from this song.

For a text without tune, see Henry, Songs, p. 105.

GAMBLING ON THE SABBATH DAY

Obtained from Mrs. Ruby Crawley, Dayton, Tennessee, October 19, 1938.

A poor unworthy boy who dares
To disregard a father's cares,
Or laugh to see a sister's tears,
Or scorn to hear a mother's prayers.

From their advice he turns away
And cards and dice he learns to play;
Until his comrade he did slay
For gambling on that Sabbath day.

Oh, who could tell a mother's thoughts
When to her the news was brought?
The sheriff said her son had fought,
And to the prison must be brought.

With only a mother standing by
To hear him tell the reason why
That in the prison he must lie,
Till on the gallows he must die.

His father is sixty years of age,
The best of counsel did engage,
To see if something could be done
To save his disobedient son.

But nothing could the counsel do;
The testimony was so true;
How he his deadly weapon drew
And pierced his comrade's body through.

Oh, hear him on the scaffold tell
His weeping mother, "Fare you well,
My soul now feels this wanted hell
And soon with demons I must dwell.

"My darling sister, do not weep,
For if with demons I must sleep,
This is a debt that I must pay
For gambling on the Sabbath day."

---

38 Charles J. Finger, Frontier Ballads, pp. 42-43.

His weeping mother cries aloud,
"Oh God, do save this gazing crowd,
May not their lives be cut away
For gambling on the Sabbath day."

TWENTY-ONE YEARS

This song is evidently a native of Tennessee or else has become localized from much singing in this State, for the prisoner is sentenced to Nashville. We do not know what the crime is, but he seems to be paying the penalty for his sweetheart. When he does not hear from her, he loses faith in all womankind.

For a text with tune, see Henry, Songs, p. 69.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS

Obtained from Roy Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, December 1, 1938.

The Judge said, "Stand up boys and dry your tears;
You're sentenced to Nashville for twenty-one years."
So kiss me goodby, Babe, and say you'll be mine,
For twenty-one years is a mighty long time.

Oh hear the train blow, Babe, she'll be here on time,
To take me to Nashville to serve out my time;
Oh look down the railroad, as far as you can see,
And keep on waving farewell to me.

The steam from the whistle, the smoke from the stack,
I know you'll be true, Babe, until I get back.
So hold up your head, Babe, and dry up those tears,
The best friends must part; so must you and I.

Go beg the governor, Babe, on your sweet soul,
If you can't get a pardon try get a furlough;
If I had the governor where the governor's got me,
Before Thursday morning, the governor would be free.

Six months have gone by, Babe, I wish I were dead;
This old dirty jail house, the floor for my head,
It's raining, it's hailing, the moon gives no light,
Please tell me, Baby, why don't you write?

I counted the days, Babe, I counted the nights;
I counted the minutes, I counted the light;
I counted the footsteps, I counted the stars;
I counted a million of these prison bars.

I've counted on you, Babe, to get me a break;
I guess you forgot, Babe, I'm here for your sake;
You know who is guilty, you know it well;
But I'll rot in this jailhouse before I'll tell.

Come all you young fellows with hearts brave and true,
Don't trust any woman whatever you do;
Don't trust any woman, no matter what kind,
For twenty-one years is a mighty long time.

ANSWER TO TWENTY-ONE YEARS

Side by side with "Twenty-one Years" goes the "Answer to Twenty-one Years." I do not know whether this song is of local origin, but it is well known in Sale Creek, and I have not found it in any other collection. The girl is explaining that she has been ill and could not write. She has been unable to get a pardon for him from the governor, but she promises to wait for him the twenty-one years.

ANSWER TO TWENTY-ONE YEARS

Obtained from Roy Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, December 1, 1938.

She wrote him this letter all covered with tears,
And it's her answer to twenty-one years:
Six months have gone by, love, the good doctor said,
For six long months, love, I've been sick in bed.

They tell me you're angry, because I didn't write,
But a brain that is fevered is as dark as the night,
So you'll understand, Babe, why I didn't write
. . . . . .

The judge made you stand and dry up your tears,
Then sent you to Nashville for twenty-one years;
As we stood together they tore us apart,
But they can never tear you out of my heart.

They shackled your arms, love, they shackled your feet,
But they can never shackle a love that's so sweet.
The angels all know, love, that you'll always be mine,
And I'll still be waiting though it's a mighty long time.

I went to the governor, got down on my knees,
And said, "Mr. Governor, won't you hear me please?"
I begged for your pardon through hot burning tears;
All he would say was, "Wait twenty-one years."

Though you're in prison, behind those prison bars,
When I get strength back I'll come where you are;
I'll stand by those high walls and shout through my tears;
But I'll wait for you, love, for twenty-one years.

THE RAMBLER

This song came to Tennessee by way of Oklahoma, and I am sure it is a much-changed variant of "The Texas Ranger." Compare stanza five of "The Rambler" with the following lines from "The Texas Ranger":

I thought she was old and childish
The best she did not know,
My mind was bent on roaming
And I was bound to go. 39

For texts without tunes of "The Texas Ranger," see: Henry, p. 349; JAFL, XXXV, 417; XLVI, 48.

THE RAMBLER

Obtained from Mrs. Grace Francisco, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 17, 1938. Learned from her brother, Fred Crawley, when he returned to Sale Creek for a visit from Oklahoma.

I was sitting sad and lonely,
Thinking of my dear old home;
And the friends I left behind me,
How much farther could I roam?

---

39 Mellinger E. Henry, Folksongs from the Southern Highlands, p. 349.

I was once at home and happy
Just as happy as could be;
When I took a foolish notion
That a rambler I would be.

My mother was in the garden
Bending o'er her flowers gay,
When I told her I was going
To the west a while to stay.

And she threw her arms around me,
Pressed me close up to her breast,
Saying, "My darling boy, how can you leave me?
Leave the one that loves you best?"

And I thought her old and childish,
And perhaps she did not know
That my mind was bent on rambling,
And to the west I was bound to go.

And when I bid them all adieu, boy
And I started from my home,
The last thing that I saw
Was my mother's dear old form.

She was standing in the gate way
Bending o'er step so old,
And little did I think that morning
That soon in death she would be cold.

One day there came a letter,
It was from my sister Mae;
Telling me that they had laid her
Beneath the cold and silent clay.

Now kind friends if you will listen
A sad story I will tell;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Now, kind friends, my heart is breaking
For her last words were for me.
"Tell my darling boy to meet me
Far beyond life's troubled sea."

NONSENSE SONGS

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

So it is with folk songs. There are a number of songs that everybody knows, but nobody knows where he learned them. Yet the memory of them goes back through the years to his earliest childhood days. Often the song is composed of only a stanza or perhaps two, and sometimes it is made up of parts of several songs put together. There is usually not much meaning to such songs, just an absurd line or two and a catchy tune that lingers in the memory.

SHORTENIN' BREAD

This is a favorite hushaby tune of Negro mammies, handed down from slave days.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 428; White, p. 193.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXVIII, 142; Lomax, p. 234; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 81; Scarborough, p. 149.

SHORTENIN' BREAD

Obtained from Mary Helen Crawley, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. J. F. Crawley.

I skipped to the kitchen,
I bumped my head,
I filled my pockets
With shortenin' bread.

Mammy's little baby
Loves shortenin', shortenin',
Mammy's little baby
Loves shortenin' bread.

BOIL THEM CABBAGE DOWN

This song was originally a Negro dance tune with the title "Bile Dem Cabbage Down."

For a text without tune, see Scarborough, p. 124.

For texts with tunes, see: Richardson and Spaeth, p. 88; Scarborough, pp. 124, 168.

BOIL THEM CABBAGE DOWN

Obtained from Lorene Fox, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from her father.

Boil them cabbage down,
Boil them cabbage down,
All the song that I can sing
Is boil them cabbage down.

Bake them biscuits brown,
Bake them biscuits brown,
All the song that I can sing
Is bake them biscuits brown.

Wish that girl was mine,
Wish that girl was mine,
All the song that I can sing
Is wish that girl was mine.

MASSA HAD A YALLER GAL

Another Negro song is "Massa Had a Yaller Gal." It became famous through the singing of the ante-bellum minstrels.[40] Some texts have the "Massa" take the yaller gal with the big mouth to the blacksmith shop to have her mouth made smaller, but she always swallows blacksmith, shop, and all. Other versions read,

---

40 Robert Duncan Bass, "Negro Songs from the Pedee Country," JAFL, XLIV, 433.

He took her to the tailor
To have her mouth made small,
She swallowed up the tailor,
Tailor shop and all.

For references and texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XLIV, 433; Odum and Johnson, p. 236; Scarborough, p. 102; White, p. 153.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XLV, 170; Scarborough, p. 66.

MASSA HAD A YALLER GAL

Obtained from E. C. Morgan. Learned from his mother when he was a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Massa had a big brick house
Sixteen stories high,
Every window in that house
Was filled with pigeon pie.

Massa had a yaller gal,
Brought her from the south,
Hair on her head so kinky
That she couldn't shut her mouth.

ELIZA JANE

> Various songs about Eliza Jane are sung by both whites and Negroes, in addition to other songs into which a stanza, or a line, or a part of the chorus, has been attracted from the Eliza Jane songs. Probably they go back to one or more originals. . . . They all depend on five episodes, generally treated in distinct songs: a proposal, a sleigh ride, a visit to Eliza Jane, Goodbye, and Eliza's death on the train. [41]

Sandburg says, "There are as many Liza songs in the Appalachian Mountains as there are species of trees on the slopes of that range."[42]

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41 White, p. 172.

42 Sandburg, p. 132.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, p. 172; Henry, p. 429; JAFL, XXII, 71; XXVIII, 183; XLI, 575; Stout, p. 87; White, p. 172.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXVIII, 178; Lomax, p. 284; Sandburg, pp. 132, 308; Scarborough, p. 7.

A

ELIZA JANE

Obtained from John Maddox, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I went out on the mountain
To cut some sugar cane;
And every stalk that I cut down,
I thought of Liza Jane.

Oh get along home, Liza,
Get along that rocky road;
Liza went down that new cut road,
And I went down the lane;
I hid myself in the corner of the fence,
And scared Miss Liza Jane.

I went out on the mountain
To give my horn a blow;
And every girl in Georgia
Came running to the door.

Oh get along home, Liza,
Get along that rocky road;
Liza went down that new cut road,
And I went down the lane;
I hid myself in the corner of the fence,
And scared Miss Liza Jane.

B

SALLY ANN

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned when he was a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I went to see my Susie,
She met me at the door;
Shoes and stockings in her hands,
And her feet all over the floor.

I went to see my sweetheart,
She met me in her nighty;
She walked between me and the light,
Oh good gosh-a-mighty!

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 11; Henry, p. 399.

For texts with tunes, see: Lomax, p. 276; Sandburg, pp. 125, 320.

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

I have heard this song as far back as I can remember.

Chickens crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em.

My true love lives in the holler,
She won't come, and I won't foller.

Big dog bark and little one'll bite you,
Big gal court, and little one'll marry you.

LITTLE BOY

For a text without tune, see: JAFL, XXVI, 144.

LITTLE BOY

Obtained from Mrs. E. C. Morgan. Learned from her mother, Mrs. J. A. Shadow, Winchester, Tennessee.

"Little boy, little boy,
Where'd you get your breeches?"
"Mammy cut 'em out,
And Pappy sewed the stitches."

JOHNNY SANDS

In this humorous ballad Johnny is tired of life and his wife is tired of him. They agree that she will push him into the river to drown. He has her tie his hands behind his back lest he change his mind and rescue himself. As she runs down the bank full force to give him a push, he steps aside and of course she falls in. Then, since she has tied his hands, he cannot rescue her.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 198; JAFL, XXVIII, 174; XLIX, 235; Pound, p. 114.

For references and a text with tune, see Stout, p. 65.

JOHNNY SANDS

Obtained from Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 14, 1938.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands
Had married Betty Hague,
And though she brought him land and gold,
She proved a terrible plague.

For oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.

Says he, "Then I will drown myself,
The river runs below."
Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."

Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "My love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in - he stepped aside
And she fell in of course.

Now splashing, dashing like a fish,
"Oh save me, Johnny Sands."
"I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

THE OLD MAID AND THE BURGLAR

Another humorous story is told in this song of the old maid who is such a fright that the burglar prefers to be shot rather than marry her.

For a text without tune, see Hudson, Songs, p. 249.

THE BURGLAR MAN

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938.

Let me tell you a story of a burglar man
Who started to rob a house.
He opened a window, and in he crept
As quietly as a mouse.

Thinking of some money he'd get,
While under the bed he lay,
He saw a sight that night
That made his hair turn gray.

About twelve o'clock the old maid came in.
"Oh, I'm so tired," she said.
She looked all around and thought it was safe,
But she didn't look under the bed.

She took out her false teeth and her big glass eye
And the hair from the top of her head;
That burglar man had forty-nine fits
As he came from under that bed.

From under that bed that burglar came,
He sure did look a wreck;
Why this didn't bother the old maid at all,
She just grabbed him right around the neck.

And from her drawer her revolver she drew
And to this burglar said,
"Look here, young man, you'll have to marry me,
Or I'll blow off the top of your head."

He looked at her false teeth and her big glass eye,
And seeing no place to scoot,
He looked at the old maid sitting there
And said, "For the Lord's sake, woman, shoot."

FREE A LITTLE BIRD

A well known song and one with many variations is this one concerning the bird that is so particular as to the location of its nest.

For texts without tunes, see JAFL, XXVI, 134; XLVI, 49.

FREE A LITTLE BIRD

Obtained from Euva Aslinger, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from hearing other members of the family sing it at home.

I'm as free a little bird as I can be,
I'm as free a little bird as I can be,
Sitting on the hillside and I'm weeping all the day,
For I'm as free a little bird as I can be.

I'll never build my nest on the ground,
I'll never build my nest on the ground,
I'll build my nest in a high oak tree
Where the bad boys will never tear it down.

I BOUGHT ME A WIFE

There is evidently some relationship between this humorous song about the unsatisfactory wife and Child's "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." However, the connection is not clear enough to count it a variant of that song.

For a text without tune, see Pound, p. 236.

I BOUGHT ME A WIFE

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee, October 16, 1938. Learned in Sale Creek from his mother who had learned the song in Kentucky.

I married me a wife and I brought her home,
Sinig i sinag i sinew,
I put her in a corner and I called her my own,
Timapity wallity banity doodler hytomywilliker
bang John Doodler Robinson, Robinson New.

I bought my wife a fine milk cow,
Sinig
Told her to make butter provided she knew how,
Timapity

My wife, she churned in my old boot,
Sinig
She stirred it around with the old pot hook,
Timapity

I bought my wife six fine hens and one little cock
Sinig
And every day one would go into the pot,
Timapity

My wife was a slut, the queen of all sluts,
Sinig
She cooked them chickens all feathers and guts,
Timapity

I bought my wife a fine pacin' mare,
Sinig
She rode her to the devil just as hard as she could tear,
Timapity

My wife died and I never cried,
Sinig
I wrapped her up in an old cow hide,
Timapity

I hope tomorrow will be a fine day,
Sinig
So I can haul the old hussy away,
Timapity

ADVICE TO THE BOYS

I did not find in any other collection my entire text of "The Bald-headed End of the Broom," but I am quoting a similar song as they seem to be the same.

Now boys, keep away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room.
You'll think you're sober till the honeymoon's over
And then you'll think you're doomed.

With a cross-eyed baby on each knee,
I'll tell you it ain't no fun,
When the butcher comes around with a bill to collect
And a dog and a double barrelled gun. [43]

For a text without tune, see Henry, Songs, p. 34.

THE BALD-HEADED END OF THE BROOM

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

Oh, love is such a very funny thing,
It catches the young and the old;
It's just like a plate of boarding house hash
And many a young man is sold.
It makes you feel like a fresh water eel,
And causes your head to swell;
For love is blind, you'll lose your mind,
And it empties your pocket-book as well.

Chorus:
So, it's boys stay away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room,
For when you are wed, they'll beat you over the head
With the bald-headed end of the broom.

When a boy is struck on a pretty little girl
He talks just as gentle as a dove,
He spends all his money, and calls her his honey,
To show her he is solid in his love.
When his money is gone, and his clothes are in pawn,
He'll find the old saying is true:
That a mole on the arm is worth two on the leg,
But it's what are you going to do?

Chorus:
So, it's boys stay away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room,
For when you are wed, they'll beat you over the head
With the bald-headed end of the broom.

---

43 Mellinger E. Henry, Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians, p. 34.

When married folks have lots of cash,
Their love is firm and strong;
But when they have to feed on hash
Their love don't last so long.
With a cross-eyed baby on each knee,
And a wife with a plaster on her nose;
You will find true love don't run so very smooth,
When you have to wear your second-hand clothes.

Chorus:
So, it's boys stay away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room,
For when you are wed, they'll beat you over the head
With the bald-headed end of the broom.

When the rent is high, and the kids all cry
Because there's no grub to chaw,
You'll holler for your son to load up his gun,
While they vaccinate your mother-in-law;
With a wife and seventeen half starved kids,
I'll tell you it's no fun,
When the butcher comes around to collect his bill
With a dog and a double-barrelled gun.

Chorus:
Come, all young men, take my advice,
Don't be in no hurry to wed;
You'll think you are in clover till your honeymoon is over,
And then you'll wish you were dead.

HELLO, GIRLS

A companion piece to "Advice to the Boys" is this one giving advice to girls who may be thinking of getting married.

Sandburg gives a third stanza with the comment that it "carries a laugh with a slight mourning border of sober second thought."

When a gay young man falls in love
First it's honey and turtle dove.
After he's married, no such thing,
"Get up and get my breakfast, you good-for-nothing-thing."[44]

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44 Sandburg, p. 128.

For a text without tune, see Sandburg, p. 128.

HELLO, GIRLS

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee, October 16, 1938. Learned from his mother when he was a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Now young girls, listen to my noise
Don't you marry these poor boys,
For if you do, your doom will be
Johnny cake, hominy, and sassafac tea.

One cries, "Mother, I want a piece of bread."
Another cries, "Mother, I want to go to bed."
Wash them children, put them to bed,
Husband scolding, I wish I was dead.

MY COON DOG

For a text without tune from the Mississippi Negroes, see JAFL, XXVI, 127.

MY COON DOG

Obtained from Nelson Martin, school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938. Learned from his grandfather, O. T. Standifer, who in turn learned it from his father, George Standifer.

Somebody stole my old coon dog,
I wish they'd bring him back.
He'd run the big hogs over the fence,
And the little ones through the cracks.

I've got an old coon dog,
Blind as he can be.
He treed a Negro on the fence,
I'd swear that dog could see.

LITTLE NANCY HILL

For a text with tune, as sung in Patagonia and later taken to Tierra del Fuego, Australia, and New Zealand, see Finger, p. 165.

LITTLE NANCY HILL

Obtained from Mrs. Grace Francisco, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 13, 1938. Learned from her mother, Mrs. George Long, Graysville, Tennessee.

Down by the canebrake close to the mill,
There lived a little girl named Nancy Hill;
I knew that I loved her, knew that I loved her long,
We'll all go serenading and this will be my song.

Come, love, come, the boat runs slow,
Dry and high on the Ohio,
Music sweet, soft, and low,
Away down yonder on the Ohio.

PUTTING ON THE STYLE

For a text without tune, see Cox, p. 514.

PUTTING ON THE STYLE

Obtained from Mr. Vinton, a Presbyterian mountain missionary who learned the song from Osborn Childers, a fifteen year old boy of Tracy City, Tennessee. The boy learned it from his grandmother.

Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That is what the people now are doing all the while;
When you look around, you are very apt to smile
To see so many people putting on the style.

Old man in his drugshop, smoking his dirty pipe,
His head looks like a pumpkin that is just a-getting ripe;
He smokes and he chews, and he gambles all the while;
Oh, don't he think he's dreadful smart, putting on the style?

Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That is what the people now are doing all the while;
When you look around, you are very apt to smile
To see so many people putting on the style.

Young man in his carriage, driving like he's mad,
With a team of horses borrowed from his dad,
Pops his whip so loudly, makes his sweetheart smile;
Don't he think he's dreadful smart, putting on the style?

Woman in her kitchen with her box of snuff,
Dipping and spitting for she never gets enough;
She dips and she spits and she cooks all the while;
Oh, don't she think she's dreadful smart, putting on the style?

Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That is what the people now are doing all the while;
When you look around, you are very apt to smile
To see so many people, putting on the style.

LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE

These fragments, in which the mustache has changed color, give a part of a humorous story of a girl who loses her sweetheart. An old maid comes along with plenty of money and this is what happens,

She wore false teeth, she wore false hair;
She was forty-five years old;
She courted him for his black mustache;
He married her for her gold.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 295; JAFL, XXXIX, 159; XLV, 116; Stout, p. 85.

For a text with tune, see TFSB, IV, No. 3, 76.

A

LITTLE LIGHT MUSTACHE

Obtained from Mrs. Ethel Welch, Daisy, Tennessee, September 15, 1938.

He came to see me Sunday night,
He stayed till almost three;
He said that I was the sweetest girl
That ever he did see.

So you may know I have found me a beau
With a little light mustache.

B

LITTLE LIGHT MUSTACHE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, June 9, 1939.

He came to see me Sunday night
And stayed until almost three;
He said I was the prettiest girl
That ever he did see.

Chorus:
So now you may know I've found me a beau
With a little light mustache.

His pockets they were filled with gold,
I know he has the cash;
Upon my lips he gently placed
A little light mustache.

Young ladies, let me give advice,
And don't take me as rash,
So you may know I've lost my beau
With the little light mustache.

SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME

For a text without tune, see JAFL, XXVIII, 183.

SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME

Obtained from Mrs. B. T. Giddens, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned when she was a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Sixteen miles away from home, chickens crowing for day,
Me in bed with another man's wife, time I was getting away.

DEAR, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXVIII, 169; Odum and Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs, p. 160.

DEAR, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Obtained from Mrs. E. C. Morgan, who learned the song many years ago, but does not remember where she first heard it.

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a bow of blue ribbon,
He promised he'd buy me a bow of blue ribbon,
He promised he'd buy me a bow of blue ribbon,
To tie on my bonny brown hair.

THE LIAR'S SONG

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 217; Flanders, p. 30.

THE LIAR'S SONG

Obtained from Charles Lee, school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from his mother, Mrs. Amy Lee, who learned it from her father.

On one cold winter's morning,
Just at the break of day,
The flowers, they were blooming,
They looked so fine and gay, gay,
They looked so fine and gay.

On one bright summer's morning,
The ground was covered with snow,
I put my shoulder to my rifle,
A-hunting I did go, go,
A-hunting I did go.

I went upon the hillside
Just to get a thrill;
I spied a big fat venison
That I was bound to kill, kill,
That I was bound to kill.

I bent my gun a circle,
And shot all round the hill;
Out of five and twenty,
Ten thousand I did kill, kill,
Ten thousand I did kill.

I stacked up my venison,
And homeward I did come,
Just as I saw the rising moon,
I saw the setting sun, sun,
I saw the setting sun.

The money that I got
For my venisons and the skins,
I took it to my daddy's barn,
It wouldn't half go in, in,
It wouldn't half go in.

The man that made this lie, sir,
His name was Big and Young;
A man could make a bigger one
I'll swear he ought to be hung, hung,
I'll swear he ought to be hung.

OLD WHISKEY SELLER

This song is a parody on "Old Dan Tucker."

For references and texts to "Old Dan Tucker," see this paper, "Play-Party Songs."

OLD WHISKEY SELLER

Obtained from E. C. Morgan, Knoxville, Tennessee. Learned as a child in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Get out of the way, you old whiskey seller,
You've ruined a many a clever fellow.

Sold him whiskey and made him drunk,
And took his money from his trunk.

Ofttimes in the gutter he is found,
Feeling upward for the ground.

FOLK SONGS OR NOT FOLK SONGS?

I have not found any of the songs in this group in any collection of folk songs. However, they were given to me by people who have learned them from hearing them sung and have never seen or heard of a printed copy of them. Some of them have all the marks of the old folk songs; others have the stamp of literary composition, but since I have not been able to find anything of their origin, I feel that all of them are entitled to a place in this collection.

CHONNA SEE [45]

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 3, 1938.

My name it is old Chonna See,
I came from Ireland in '63;
I worked upon the section 'ere
For three long years in the rain.
When the brakeman came, he said to me,
"Oh, Chonna See, if you'll agree,
I'll get you a job on the train."

So he took me up into the yard,
Placed in me hand a new time card.
He said that braking was not hard,
Except for the snow and the rain.
Placed on me head a railroad cap,
'Twas worn before by Oliver Scrapp,
Another decent Irish chap
Who was braking on a freight train.

They sent me out on number Ten,
'Twas then my duty first began,
And where the devil it has no end;
I'm sure it troubles may bring.
One would send me after a link and pen,
The other would send me back again;
So they kept me a-running from end to end,
While braking on a freight train.

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45 Another man who knows this same song gave the hero the Irish name "O'Shaughnessy," which sounds better, since he is so definitely Irish.

They sent me after some red oil;
'Twas then my blood began to boil.
The clerk said the boss was out,
For me to call in again.
I asked him for a flat-car key;
He closed one eye and he winked at me,
Says, "I think you are old Chonna See
You're braking on a freight train."

They gave me a flag and sent me back,
And gave me torpedoes to put on the track,
And gave me a hammer to hit it a whack,
And I was all to blame.
I saw the train come around the curve,
I hit the torpedo with all me nerve,
And over the moon I cut a curve,
While braking on a freight train.

I swung the lantern above me head;
It was a signal, so they said,
For the engine to go ahead,
And I was all to blame.
They backed the cars right into a ditch,
And made them what you'd call 'straddle the switch'
The conductor said, "You son of a _____."
And they fired me off of the train.

LITTLE SOD SHANTY

Obtained from Mrs. Esther Abel Shipley, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

I am a stern old bachelor,
My age is forty-four;
I do declare I'll never live
With women any more.

Chorus:
Little sod shanty,
Sod shanty give to me;
For I'm a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free.

I live upon a homestead claim,
From women I am hid;
I do not have to dress a wife,
Or take care of a kid.

I cook my dirty little bite
Three times or less a day;
I lick my plates to keep them clean,
And just shove things away.

I have a stove that's worth ten cents,
A table worth fifteen;
I cook my grub in oyster cans,
And always have things clean.

On Sunday morn I go to church,
Without a wife to storm;
My latest paper is not rolled up
To beautify her form.

CONSCRIPT BILL

Obtained from Orval Crawley, school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee, November 28, 1938. Learned from his mother, Mrs. D. A. Crawley.

You have heard about a fellow called Steamboat Bill,
Pilot and commander of the Whip-poor-will;
If the boiler hadn't bursted he'd 'a' been there still,
But I'm going to tell you of a different Bill.

Billy's in the Senate, and figures in the House,
He's as lively as a cricket and as nimble as a mouse,
He'll furnish you the money when they finish their debates,
For he's going to get the soldiers for the United States.

Billy Sunday, Billy Goat, Buffalo Bill,
Greenback Billy and a Wild West Bill,
Board bill, a grocery bill, a bill board still,
But the latest of the Billys is Conscript Bill.

Chorus:
Conscript Bill, Conscript Bill, he's the President's favorite,
Conscript Bill, he's the bully of the Bills,
No matter what you say
He's going to get the Germans for the U.S.A.

COWBOY JACK

Obtained from Lurlene Crawley, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 22, 1938. Learned from Neldred Woods, also of Sale Creek.

He was just a lonely cowboy
With a heart so brave and true;
He learned to love a maiden
With eyes of heaven blue.
They learned to love each other,
And had named their wedding day,
When a quarrel came between them
And Jack, he rode away.

He joined a band of cowboys
And tried to forget her name,
But out on the lonely prairie
She waits for him just the same.
Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack,
Your sweetheart waits for you,
Out on the lonely prairie
Your sweetheart waits for you.

One day when work was finished
Just at the close of day,
Someone said, "Sing a song, Jack,
'Twill drive dull care away."
When Jack began his singing,
His mind it wandered back;
For he sang of a blue-eyed maiden
Who waited for her Jack.

Jack left camp that morning,
Breathing his sweetheart's name;
He'd go and ask forgiveness,
For he knew he was to blame.
But when he reached the prairie,
He found a new made mound;
His friends they sadly told him
They'd laid his loved one down.

They said when she was dying,
She breathed her sweetheart's name,
And with her last breath told them
To tell him when he came:
"Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack,
Your sweetheart waits for you;
Out on the lonely prairie,
Your sweetheart waits for you."

A LETTER FROM HOME SWEET HOME

Obtained from Roselyn Fuller, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 16, 1938. Learned from Mrs. Esther Alexander, also of Sale Creek.

Out on a western ranch one night
I met with a reckless crew;
One cowboy said to another, "Jack,
There's a letter here for you."
"I suppose it's from a sweetheart, boys,"
Came a rough voice from the crowd;
And one by one they gathered around
While Jack replied aloud,

Chorus:
It's only a letter from home, sweet home,
From loved ones down on the farm,
From wife, from mother, from sister and brother,
Saying, "Dear boy, please come home,
The baby is whispering a prayer tonight
To keep you wherever you roam;
We'll welcome you, Jack, if you'll only come back,"
Was the message from home, sweet home.

"So fare you well, my boys," said Jack,
"I am going to that land."
And one by one each cowboy came
And took him by the hand.
One said, "If we had homes like yours,
We'd all be better men,
But Jack, old pal, before we part
Please read us that letter again."

PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIE

Obtained from the singing of Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, April 24, 1939.

Out on a wild and wooley prairie
Not far from old Pueblo town,
There lived a little girl named Mary;
Blue eyes and tresses of brown.
From o'er the hills there came a cowboy,
And said, "Please name our wedding day."
She bowed her head and whispered, "Now, boy."
Then on their bronco they rode away,
They rode away one summer day.

"Pride of the prairie, Mary, my own,
Jump up beside me, ride to my home
My heart's been lassoed, no more we'll roam,
Pride of the prairie, Mary."

When o'er the prairie day was breaking,
And all was quiet on the plain;
Then to his Mary he was saying,
"Tell me you love me again."
He held the bronco while she mounted
And asked her, "May I steal a kiss?"
He stole more than she ever counted.
She said, "I love you"; he whispered this,
He whispered this and stole a kiss.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

Obtained from Mrs. Mattie Irvin, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 17, 1938. Learned from hearing it sung when she was a girl.

You ask me why of oft, Father,
The tears roll down my cheek,
And think it strange that I should know
A grief I dare not speak.

Chorus:
But oh, my soul, it is very sad,
And my brain is almost wild,
For oh, it breaks my heart to think
That I'm called a drunkard's child.

My playmates shun me now
And pass me by with scorn,
Because my dress is ragged,
And my shoes are old and torn.

You did love me once, Father,
When we had bread to eat;
When Ma and I seemed very glad,
You seemed so very sweet.

FOGGY MOUNTAIN TOP

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938.

If I were on some foggy mountain top
I'd sail away to the west;
I'd sail around this whole wide world
To the girl I love the best. (Yodel)

If I had listened to what ma said
I would not have been here today,
Lying around this old jail house
Weeping my sweet life away.

For when you go a-courting
Let me tell you what to do:
Pull off that long tail rastabout,
Put on your navy blue. (Yodel)

Now when you see that girl of mine,
Let me tell you what to tell her:
Just tell her not to fool her time away,
To court no other fellow. (Yodel)

She has caused me to weep,
   She has caused me to mourn;
Oh! those are good old happy days,
   And I'm on my way back home.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH

Obtained from Mrs. Ollie Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 18, 1938.

Friends of my youth, where are they now?
I pause response to hear,
But reason whispers in my ear,
"They're gone, I know not where."

Some to a distant land have gone,
Some on the stormy sea;
And some who with the living shone
Have long since ceased to be.

I pause and look around to see
If by me now they are;
But murmuring comes in accents low,
"They're gone, I know not where."

The rivers may forsake their course
And backward turn their way,
The sea no more supply its source,
Confusion bearing sway.

But youthful friends I never will forget,
If they no more I see,
No, never, till life's sun shall set,
And I no more shall be.

HAPPY IN THE PRISON

Obtained from James Willard, school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from his mother, Mrs. M. F. Willard, who learned it from her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, Coulterville, Tennessee.

Well, I'm happy in the prison,
Yes, I'm happy everywhere;
In my heart my Saviour is risen,
Of ten thousand He's most fair.

Chorus:
Oh glory, glory hallelujah,
Soon I'll lay my burden down;
Oh glory, glory hallelujah,
For the cross receive a crown.

Pentecostal rain is falling,
And his coming groweth nigh.
I can hear my Saviour calling,
"Come help them ere they die."

Chorus:

Thousands led by blinded leaders
Never felt the touch of power;
And they took to these as feeders,
Yes, he told us of this hour.

I'LL BE A GOOD BOY, I'LL DO SO NO MORE

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

When I was a small boy I walked upon the street,
A-drinking and a-gambling with everything I meet;
A-drinking and a-gambling so often I've been told,
I'll be a good boy, I'll do so no more.

I hadn't been in jail long weeks not more than four,
I was glad to get cold water instead of that strong beer,
I was glad to get the crumbs as they fell upon the floor,
I'll be a good boy, I'll do so no more.

There's Polly and Susan, and Mary likewise,
'Twas my bad conduct brought tears to their eyes,
'Twas my bad conduct that grieved their heart sore,
I'll be a good boy, I'll do so no more.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going to my wife,
There I'll maintain her the rest of my life,
There I'll maintain her and lay up in store,
I'll be a good boy, I'll do so no more.

I'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN TO THE CLUB

Obtained from Mrs. B. T. Giddens, Knoxville, Tennessee, October 16, 1938. Learned when she was a girl in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Last night I was out rather late,
'Twas only an innocent spree;
My wife for my coming did wait
While sleeping I thought she would be.
I found her in temper and tears;
She cried, "It's a sin and a shame."
Scratched both my eyes and my ears,
But I told her I soon would explain:

Chorus:
That the club had a meeting tonight, dear,
Of business we had a great sight, dear,
Don't think for a moment I'm tight, dear,
I've only been down to the club.

My boots I left down in the hall,
Softly I crept up the stairs,
Kept rather close to the wall,
Thought to ascend unawares.
But just as I got to the door,
I seemed to get lost in the dark,
And I stumbled and fell on the floor,
And then I could only remark:

Oh, she wept and she cried and she screamed,
And said she'd go back to her ma,
While I on the mantel piece leaned,
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
I promised to buy her a dress,
If she'd let me alone for a while;
Then I gave her a sweet little kiss,
And saw her beginning to smile:

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

This song, seemingly a variation of "The Green Grass Grows All Around," was brought to Sale Creek from Pennsylvania by a young ministerial student, John Wylie.

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a log, there's a log,
There's a log in the bottom of the sea.

There's a frog on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a frog on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a frog, there's a frog,
There's a frog in the bottom of the sea.

There's a wart on the frog on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a wart on the frog on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a wart, there's a wart,
There's a wart in the bottom of the sea.

There's a fly on the wart on the frog on the log in the
hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a fly on the wart on the frog on the log in the
hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a fly, there's a fly,
There's a fly in the bottom of the sea.

There's a wing on the fly on the wart on the frog on the
log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a wing on the fly on the wart on the frog on the
log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a wing, there's a wing,
There's a wing in the bottom of the sea.

THE IRISH GIRL

Obtained from Mrs. Exona Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939. Learned from Jewel Ballew, who came to Flat Top from Copperhill, Tennessee.

I stepped out one morning
Down by the riverside;
I cast my eyes all around me,
That blue-eyed girl I spied.

So red and rosy were her cheeks,
And yellow was her hair,
How costly was the jewelry
That blue-eyed girl did wear.

Tears came rolling down her cheeks,
How mournful she did cry:
"My love has gone and left me,
And surely I will die."

Love, it is a killing thing
Did you ever feel the pang?
How hard it is to be in love
And can't be loved again.

I wish I were in New Orleans,
A-sitting in my chair,
A glass of brandy in my hand,
My arms around my dear.

I'd wish for whiskey, Roman wine,
I'd drink before I'd go;
I'd sail through the deepest ocean,
Let the wind blow high or low.

SPARROW GILLASH

Obtained from Mrs. Frank Green, Bakewell, Tennessee. Learned from Mrs. Edmund Bearden of Georgia.

It's when I first came to this country
I came for a 'quaintance,
A bind of spun yarn and defraudance of none.
My parents to the station
Give me good education,
And there lived quite happy
In the County Tyrone.

My first trip to Europe,
It's there I fell a-courting
Of a silk merchant's daughter
For a wife of my own.
She said nothing to me,
For she never could endure me;
She said that I had a wife
In the County Tyrone.

As for my character,
You need not for to doubt it,
For I am not married
Nor promised to none.
With a quick apprehension
So soon she made mention
Saying, "I'll try other countries
As well as my own."

So earl-ie next morning
As the daylight was a-dawning,
It's to the ship Captain
All secrets made known.
A plank he threw to us,
And on board he drew us,
Saying, "Now we are bound
To the County Tyrone."

My wife took sick crying
And almost a-dying,
I offered her cordial
I brought from home.
She 'peared with more peartness
Than one could have expected
Saying, "I'll wait for the doctor
Till we get to Tyrone."

It's now we have landed
In our own native country;
In spite of her parents
I brought her home.
My name it is to a finish,
Miss Jennie de Innish,
My name it is Spärrow Gillash,
In the County Tyrone.

I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE ME

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

It was on one Sunday evening
Just about the hour of three,
When my darling started to leave me
To sail on the deep blue sea.

He promised to write me a letter,
He promised to write to me,
But I haven't heard from my darling
Since he sailed the deep blue sea.

"Oh, captain, can you tell me?
Can you tell me where he may be?"
"Oh yes, my little maiden
He's drowmded in the deep blue sea."

Fare you well, my friends and relations,
'Tis the last you'll see of me;
I'm going to end my troubles
By drownding in the deep blue sea.

DIXIE LAND

Obtained from George Slatton, school boy, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938.

In Dixie Land where I was born
Early on one frosty morn,
Ma said I looked like Pa,
Pa said I looked like Ma,
Aunt Jane said I was a quince,
And I've been a step-child ever since.

They always, always picked on me,
They never, never let me be,
I know what I'll do, by and by
I'll eat some worms, and then I'll die,
And when I'm gone you wait and see,
They'll all be sorry they picked on me.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

Obtained from Euva Aslinger, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. Learned from her father, H. D. Aslinger.

I've got a mother-in-law, fur, fur away
She's the bestest mother-in-law
When she's fur, fur away;
But when she comes to my house to stay,
I don't have a word to say,
Only I wish she would stay

COME MY WIFE AND KISS ME

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

Come my wife and kiss me,
Boo and hoo, boo and a hoo, hoo, hoo,
Come my wife and kiss me,
Boo and a hoo, hoo, hoo.

Wouldn't kiss you to save your life,
Fol I rip til fol I day,
Wouldn't kiss you to save your life,
Fol I li de o.

Come my wife and tell me goodby,
Boo and hoo, boo and a hoo, hoo, hoo,
Come my wife and tell me goodby,
Boo and a hoo, hoo, hoo.

Wouldn't tell you goodby to save your life,
Fol I rip til fol I day,
Wouldn't tell you goodby to save your life,
Fol I li de o.

WHAT DID TENNESSEE?

Obtained from Mary Helen Crawley, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 15, 1938.

"What did Tennessee, girls, what did Tennessee?
What did Tennessee, girls, what did Tennessee?
What did Tennessee, girls, what did Tennessee?
I ask you now as a personal friend, what did Tennessee?

"She saw what Arkansas, girls, she saw what Arkansas,
She saw what Arkansas, girls, she saw what Arkansas,
She saw what Arkansas, girls, she saw what Arkansas,
I tell you now as a personal friend, she saw what Arkansas."

"What did Mississipp, girls, what did Mississipp?"
"She sipped her Minnesota, girls, she sipped her Minnesota."
(Many sodas)

"What did Delaware, girls, what did Delaware?"
"She wore her New Jersey, girls, she wore her New Jersey."

"What did Idaho, girls, what did Idaho?"
"She hoed her Maryland, girls, she hoed her Maryland."

"Why did Florida, girls, why did Florida?"
(Why did Flora die)
"She had a Missouri, girls, she had a Missouri." (misery)

"How did Wisconsin, girls, how did Wisconsin?"
"She stole a Nebraska, girls, she stole a Nebraska."
(new brass key)

"What did Connecticut, girls, what did Connecticut?"
"She cut her New Hampshire, girls, she cut her New Hampshire."

"Why did Florida, girls, why did Florida?"
"She ate a Georgia peach, girls, she ate a Georgia peach."

"What did Iowa, girls, what did Iowa?"
"She weighed a Washington, girls, she weighed a Washington."

"Where has Oregon, girls, where has Oregon?"
"She's gone to Oklahom', girls, she's gone to Oklahom'."

CHAPTER V

PLAY-PARTY GAMES AND CHILDREN'S SONGS AND SINGING GAMES

THE PLAY-PARTY IN HAMILTON COUNTY

It is hard to draw the line between play-party songs and children's game songs. I have put in my group of children's game songs those played by the small children at recess on the playground; in my play-party group I have included those the high school pupils and the people in the community play when they have parties in the school gymnasium.

Many of the songs included in this group were given to me by older people who told me that when they were young, their parents did not permit them to dance. As one man expressed it, "We were not allowed to dance, but we could chase the buffalo all night if we wanted to." As is usually the case, however, the young folks were wiser than their elders and were fully aware of the fact that the old songs they were allowed to sing and play were nothing more nor less than the figures of a square dance.

As a result of the work of the T.V.A. recreational leader, Clifford Seeber, and the assistant county agent, W. F. Carpenter, the play-party in Hamilton County is having a new birth. The old songs are being revived and many new ones

introduced at the recreational meetings held for students at the various high schools of the county. The high school gymnasium affords an ideal place for the play-party, and many of the parents realize that recreation such as this, carried on under proper supervision, will keep their boys and girls away from less desirable places of amusement.

The high school pupils at Sale Creek know all these games, and many more as well. However, I have tried to include in this group only those that are traditional in the county, omitting those that have been brought in from the outside by recreational leaders.

ALL AROUND THE CEDAR

For a text without tune, see JAFL, XX, 276.

Obtained from Mrs. Ella Hughes, Flat Top, Tennnessee.

All around the cedar on a long summer day,
All around the cedar on a long summer day,
All around the cedar on a long summer day.

Back around the cedar on a long summer day,
Back around the cedar on a long summer day,
Back around the cedar on a long summer day.

Face your lady lover on a long summer day,
Face your lady lover on a long summer day,
Face your lady lover on a long summer day.

Swing her now or never on a long summer day,
Swing her now or never on a long summer day,
Swing her now or never on a long summer day.

Swing her in a hurry on a long summer day,
Swing her in a hurry on a long summer day,
Swing her in a hurry on a long summer day.

Swing her like you love her on a long summer day,
Swing her like you love her on a long summer day,
Swing her like you love her on a long summer day.

Formation:

Have two equal lines, one of boys and one of girls, with one couple in the center for the cedar.

Action:

They all catch hands and skip around to the fourth line. Then they turn back, skipping till they get to their original position. All stop. The center couple face each other. They swing in the center, then swing the boy and girl on opposite corners and meet in center to swing again. They keep swinging the next on corner and meeting in center till all have been swung, then center couple goes to foot of line. Next couple takes place as cedar and the game goes on till all couples have been through the center.

CHASE THE SQUIRREL

For references and texts without tunes, see JAFL, XXVII, 303.

For references and texts with tunes, see JAFL, XXV, 271 (directions for playing); XXVIII, 266.

Obtained from Mrs. Ella Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1938.

A. Up and down the valley we go,
Up and down the valley we go,
Up and down the valley we go,
This cold and frosty morning.

B. Out and around this ring we go,
Out and around this ring we go,
Out and around this ring we go,
This cold and frosty morning.

C. Now is the time to chase your squirrel,
Now is the time to chase your squirrel,
Now is the time to chase your squirrel,
This cold and frosty morning.

D. Little bit faster if you please,
Little bit faster if you please,
Little bit faster if you please,
This cold and frosty morning.

E. Catch her and kiss her if you can,
Catch her and kiss her if you can,
Catch her and kiss her if you can,
This cold and frosty morning.

Formation:

Two equal lines, one of boys and one of girls, with a couple in the center.

Action:

A. Center couple catches hands marching up and down middle.
B. They march around outside of both lines.
C. Girl starts walking outside with the boy behind her.
D. They begin running.
E. He catches her and kisses her if he can. During this verse she can cut through the lines and run in and out with boy trying to follow.

THE FARMER IN THE DELL

This game is a favorite with the grade children and the high school boys and girls as well. The texts I found in collections from various parts of the United States and from Canada are practically the same, the chief difference being in the burden which we sing, "Hi, yo, the cherry oh!" Variants of this burden are "Highery O Valero!" "High over fairyland," "Heigh ho may de re o," and "Hi! Ho! the derry O."

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, VIII, 254; XXXI, 51 (directions for playing); XXXIII, 97 (directions for playing); XL, 25; XLVII, 336; Whitney and Bullock, p. 142 (directions for playing).

For texts with tunes, see: Chase, p. 35; JAFL, XXXI, 160.

Learned from playing at school and at parties as far back as I can remember.

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife, the farmer takes a wife,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the farmer takes a wife.

The wife takes a child, the wife takes a child,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the wife takes a child.

The child takes a nurse, the child takes a nurse,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the child takes a nurse.

The nurse takes a dog, the nurse takes a dog,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the nurse takes a dog.

The dog takes a cat, the dog takes a cat,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the dog takes a cat.

The cat takes a rat, the cat takes a rat,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the cat takes a rat.

The rat takes the cheese, the rat takes the cheese,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the rat takes the cheese.

The cheese stands alone, the cheese stands alone,
Hi, yo, the cherry oh, the cheese stands alone.

Formation:

Boys and girls form a circle with one boy as the farmer in the center of the circle.

Action:

Everyone, including the farmer, skips around singing. On the second stanza the farmer takes a wife, who joins him in the center. On the third stanza the wife takes a child, who also joins the other two. The game continues until the group in the center includes the farmer, the wife, the child, the nurse, the dog, the cat, the rat, and the cheese. On the last stanza, all but the cheese take their places in the circle and the cheese standing alone becomes the farmer to start a new game.

FIGHT IN MEXICO

For texts without tunes, see: Hudson, Songs, p. 288 (directions for playing); JAFL, XXVII, 296; XXVIII, 277.

For text with tune, see Hudson, Tunes, p. 36.

Obtained from Mrs. Ella Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

Had a mighty fight in Mexico,
It wasn't for the boys but General Taylor, oh,
Sing fa le li, sing fa le li,
Sing fa le o li day.

March to the place where the blood was shed;
They all turned back with their faces from the dead,
Sing fa le li, sing fa le li,
Sing fa le o li day.

Rise you up, you'remighty in the way;
Choose you a partner and come along and play,
Sing fa le li, sing fa le li,
Sing fa le o li day.

Formation:

Make a circle with boys and girls alternating, extra boy in center.

Action:

March around as they sing first verse. Each couple takes hands at beginning of second verse. They all turn back marching to the end of verse; then the boy in the center chooses a partner and the game begins all over again. The one left without a partner when they choose takes the center at the beginning of each new game.

GREEN COFFEE

For a text without tune, see Hudson, Songs, p. 301 (directions for playing).

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, June 9, 1939.

Green coffee grows on white oak trees,
The river flows with brandy O,
Go choose the one to roam with you,
Sweeter than 'lasses candy O.

Four in the middle and do-si-do,
Four in the middle and do-si-do,
Four in the middle and do-si-do,
Swing those ladies out.

Six in the middle and you'd better get about,
Six in the middle and you'd better get about,
Six in the middle and you'd better get about,
Swing those ladies out.

Formation:

Partners form a ring with one couple in the center.

Action:

Boy and girl inside ring choose a couple from the ring while all skip singing first stanza. On second stanza swing partner and do-si-do, then swing corner. Repeat the same action while singing the third stanza. Then the first couple leaves the ring and the last couple called in chooses partners beginning all over again. Continue as long as desired.

JUMP JOSIE

One variant I read says simply, "Hold my mule while I jump Josie." In Sale Creek we are more specific. Who ever heard of a farm without a mule named Beck? So we say definitely, "Hold old Beck while I jump Josie."

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XLII, 213 (directions for playing); Scarborough, p. 105.

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

Four in the middle and can't jump Josie,
Four in the middle and can't jump Josie,
Four in the middle and can't jump Josie,
Hello, Susan gal.

Hold old Beck while I jump Josie,
Hold old Beck while I jump Josie,
Hold old Beck while I jump Josie,
Hello, Susan gal.

Feet's too big, can't jump Josie,
Feet's too big, can't jump Josie,
Feet's too big, can't jump Josie,
Hello, Susan gal.

Chew my gum while I jump Josie,
Chew my gum while I jump Josie,
Chew my gum while I jump Josie,
Hello, Susan gal.

Formation:

Players form in one big circle, boys and girls alternating. Four players - two couples - are in the center of the circle.

Action:

The players in the big circle sing while the couples in the center play. First, swing partners, then swing the corner, then partner again. Finally, two in the center leave, joining the big circle again. The two that are left select another couple and the action continues as before.

LOOBY LOO

This is a very old game representing a country boy unwillingly taking his bath on Saturday night. In some collections it is combined with another old song, "Mother Keturah." It is known by such titles as "Lubin," "Looby Low," and "Ugly Mug."

For texts without tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, p. 192 (directions for playing); JAFL, XXXII, 496; XL, 25; Whitney and Bullock, p. 147 (directions for playing).

For texts with tunes, see JAFL, XXIV, 312; XXXIII, 110.

Learned from playing at school parties.

Here we dance Looby Loo, here we dance Looby Light,
Here we dance Looby Loo, all on a Saturday night.

I put my right hand in, I take my right hand out,
I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about.

Left hand
Right foot
Left foot
The head
My whole self

Formation:

Players form in a circle.

Action:

Skip around the circle on the first two lines. Then stand in one position and act out the next stanza. Repeat the two skipping lines between each stanza, substituting the various parts of the body until "my whole self" goes in.

MILLER BOY

This old English game is another of the favorites at Sale Creek. Not many who play the game are aware of the sly reference that is made to the miller in the days when people took their own corn to the mill to be ground into meal, paying the miller with a part of the corn. With one hand in the hopper and the other in the sack, he is taking more than his share of the toll.

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 137 (directions for playing); Gardner, p. 235 (directions for playing); Hudson, Songs, p. 300; JAFL, XXVI, 139; XXVII, 293; XXXI, 54, 146; XXXII, 490; XXXIX, 193; XL, 20.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXIV, 306; XXV, 269 (directions for playing); XXXIII, 101 (directions for playing); XLII, 206 (directions for playing); XLIV, 15; XLIX, 250.

A

MILLER BOY

Obtained from Mrs. T. H. Fuller, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938.

Happy was the miller who lived by the mill
Every time the mill turned it turned with his will,
Hand on the hopper and the foot on the slab
Every time the mill turns, it's grab, boys, grab.

B

JOHNNY WAS A MILLER

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

Oh, Johnny was a miller and he lived in a mill,
The mill goes round with a free good will;
One hand on the hopper and the other on a sack,
Every time the mill turns, it turns right back.

Oh, Johnny was a miller and he lived in a mill,
The mill goes round with a free good will;
One hand on the hopper and the other on the sack,
Ladies go forward, and the gents turn back.

Oh, it's cold and stormy weather,
I have no shoes and I have no leather;
You be the reaper and I'll be the binder,
Lost my true love and here I'll find her.

C

MILLER BOY

Learned from the singing of the school children at Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Happy is the miller boy who lives by the mill,
Shakes his toe with a free good will;
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack,
The mill turns round and we all turn back.

Happy is the miller boy who lives by the mill,
Shakes his toe with a free good will;
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack,
The mill turns round and the boys turn back.

Oh, it's dark and stormy weather,
Got no shoes and I got no leather;
You be the reaper and I'll be the binder,
Lost my true love and here I'll find her.

Formation:

Form a circle of couples with the boys on the outside and one extra boy in the center.

Action:

The boy catches his partner by right hand behind his back. She catches his left hand behind her back. They skip to the music to the words, "They all turn back"; they turn back by changing opposite arms without unclasping hands. Skip to the last line of the second stanza, then the boys turn loose and turn back still skipping and the girls still skipping forward. On the last line of the third stanza the boy grabs for a partner and the extra boy in the center takes this opportunity to get a partner.

The game starts again with the boy left without a partner taking his place in the center of the circle.

OLD BETTY LINA

I am including references to "Old Brass Wagon" because, from an examination of the texts and directions for playing, they seem to be the same song.

For texts without tune, see: JAFL, XXVII, 293, 298.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Chase, p. 43 (directions for playing); JAFL, XXIV, 307; XXVIII, 282; XXXIII, 112; XL, 216; Sandburg, p. 159 (directions for playing as a ring game).

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

OLD BETTY LINA

Go and bow to old Betty Lina,
Go and bow to old Betty Lina,
Go and bow to old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Shy around old Betty Lina,
Shy around old Betty Lina,
Shy around old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Right hand swing old Betty Lina,
Right hand swing old Betty Lina,
Right hand swing old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Left hand swing old Betty Lina,
Left hand swing old Betty Lina,
Left hand swing old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Two hand swing old Betty Lina,
Two hand swing old Betty Lina,
Two hand swing old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Lead her up and down old Betty Lina,
Lead her up and down old Betty Lina,
Lead her up and down old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Swing and change old Betty Lina,
Swing and change old Betty Lina,
Swing and change old Betty Lina,
Won't you be my darling?

Formation:

Players form two lines, one of boys and one of girls, facing each other.

Action:

Played with steps similar to the Virginia Reel.

THE OLD BRASS WAGON

"The Old Brass Wagon" as given by Mrs. L. D. Ames in "The Missouri Play Party," JAFL, XXIV, 307, will show the similarity between the two songs.

Lead her up and down the old brass wagon,
Lead her up and down the old brass wagon,
Lead her up and down the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling.

Swing and turn the old brass wagon,
Swing and turn the old brass wagon,
Swing and turn the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling.

Hands all around the old brass wagon,
Hands all around the old brass wagon,
Hands all around the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling.

Right and left around the old brass wagon,
Right and left around the old brass wagon,
Right and left around the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling.

Promenade around the old brass wagon,
Promenade around the old brass wagon,
Promenade around the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling.

OLD DAN TUCKER

"Old Dan Tucker," spoken of by Gardner as "really a dance which passes for a game,"[1] is like so many of the other old songs in that there is no limit to the additional stanzas that can be sung. Originally, it was a Negro song, written by Dan Emmett who also wrote "Dixie" and many other popular songs, but often not a single stanza of the original song is included in versions as they are sung today.[2]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 140; Fuson, p. 163; Gardner, p. 236; JAFL, XXVIII, 131, 284 (directions for playing); XXXI, 152; XXXII, 488; XXXIII, 116 (directions for playing); XL, 96; XLIV, 16, 427; Scarborough, p. 199; White, p. 446.

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXIV, 309; XXV, 272 (directions for playing); XLII, 209 (directions for playing); Lomax, p. 258.

A

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 13, 1939.

Old Dan Tucker came from town,
Sporting the ladies all around;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Chorus:
Out the way for old Dan Tucker,
Out the way for old Dan Tucker,
Out the way for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

Supper's over and dinner's cooking,
Old Dan Tucker is standing and looking;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

---

1 Evelyn Elizabeth Gardner, Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, New York, p. 236.

2 John A. and Alan Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs, p. 261.

Sheep and goats, going to the pasture,
Sheep says, "Goats, can't you go a little faster?"
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Pig did squeal and the sow did squall,
Swallowed the hog, O tail and all;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Whipped his wife with a frying pan;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Combed his head with a wagon wheel,
Died with the toothache in his heel;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Hot fire coal got in his boot,
Oh, Lord a mercy, how it made him toot;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Another little Tucker came from town,
Sporting the ladies all around;
First to the right, and then to the left,
Then to the one that you love best.

Formation:

Form a circle alternating boys and girls with one extra boy (Dan Tucker) in the center.

Action:

Skip while singing to third line. Circle stands still while Dan Tucker takes a girl by the hand and swings one to the right and the next to the left till he takes the one he loves best, leaving that girl's partner as Dan Tucker.

Chorus:

Boys take the girl on the left and promenade.

All verses are played alike, adding chorus as promenade at the end of each one.

B

Obtained from Mr. Joel Rogers, Sale Creek, Tennessee. Mr. Rogers says he has known the song for years, but that he never knew it as a game.

A little major man came riding by
And he said, "Old man, your horse will die,"
"Well, if he dies, I'll tan his skin
And if he lives I'll ride him again."
Get out of the way, you old unlucky,
Clear the track, here's old Dan Tucker.

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
He fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk;
A coal of fire got in his shoe,
And you ought to have seen the ashes flew.
Get out of the way, you old unlucky,
Clear the track, here's old Dan Tucker.

I went to the river and couldn't get across,
Gave five dollars for an old gray horse;
Plunged him in and he couldn't swim,
Tried to get my money back again.
Get out of the way, you old unlucky
Clear the track, here's old Dan Tucker.

OLD JOE CLARK

It would be difficult to find any one in Sale Creek who could not sing at least a few stanzas of "Old Joe Clark," and there seems to be no end to the number of stanzas that can be added, depending upon the originality of the singer. It is generally given as play-party dance song, but so far as I know it is not played as a game in Hamilton County.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 259; JAFL, XXV, 152; XLII, 221 (directions for playing); Lomax, p. 277.

The text I am including is made up of stanzas contributed by Mavis Aslinger, Kathleen Ingle, and E. C. Morgan.

OLD JOE CLARK

I went down to Old Joe's house
And he was sick in bed,
Run my finger down his throat
And pulled out a chicken head.

Chorus:
Fare you well, Old Joe Clark,
Fare you well, I say,
Fare you well, Old Joe Clark,
Goin' away to stay.

Old Joe Clark is mighty sick
And I know what ails him,
Drank a pint of 'possum grease
And his old belly fails him.

I went down to old Joe Clark's
I'd never been there before;
He slept on a feather bed,
And I slept on the floor.

I went down to old Joe's house,
Old Joe wasn't at home,
Eat up all Old Joe's meat,
Left Old Joe the bone.

I went down to Old Joe's house
Found Old Joe in bed;
Stuck my finger in Old Joe's eye
Killed Old Joe stone dead.

I went down to Arkansas,
Went all over town;
They put me in the coffee pot,
And rolled me out of town.

Old Joe Clark's dead and gone,
I hope he's gone to H---
He made me wear a ball and chain
Until my ankles swelled.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

This is one of the favorite games of the high school boys and girls at their school parties. I found an interesting comment on the significance of the title: "American purses in early days were made of weasel skins; naturally when

one of them was opened to take money out the purse went pop."[3]

For texts without tunes, see: Gardner, p. 237; JAFL, XXXI, 151; Notes and Queries, CLXXI, 318.

For texts with tunes, see JAFL, XXXIII, 119; XLIV, 23.

Learned from playing the game at school parties.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Round and round the market place,
The monkey chased the weasel;
The weasel thought it was a joke,
Pop goes the weasel.

A penny for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle;
That's where my money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

Johnnie had the whooping cough,
Sallie had the measles;
That's where my money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

Formation:

Players form a large circle which is made up of small circles of two couples each, the boy being on the left of his partner.

Action:

The four players in each small circle hold hands. Swing to the left on the first line of the song; swing to the right on the second line. At the third line the four people go together with their hands held high. On the word "pop" in the fourth line stamp with heel and one couple goes under the arch made by the arms of the other two. Each couple is thus facing a new couple and the song begins all over again. This continues as long as desired, going round and round the circle constantly changing position.

Couples going clockwise go under, the other couple keeps its position, simply meeting each new couple as they come.

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3 Allan L. Strout, "Pop Goes the Weasel," Notes and Queries, CLXXI, 318.

PRETTY LITTLE SHOAT IN THE PARLOR

This song goes by the title, "Pig in the Parlor" or "My Mother and Father Were Irish."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Gardner, p. 237; JAFL, VIII, 298; XXVIII, 283; XXXI, 152; XL, 22; Pound, p. 237.

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXXIII, 117; XLII, 211 (directions for playing); XLIV, 12.

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, April 24, 1939.

Pretty little shoat in the parlor,
Pretty little shoat in the parlor,
Pretty little shoat in the parlor,
We'll all promenade (and he's a fine one too)

Chorus
We'll all promenade, we'll all promenade,
Join your hands together and we'll all promenade,
Right hand to your partner, left hand to your corner,
Right hand to your partner and we'll all promenade.

Another little shoat in the parlor,
Another little shoat in the parlor,
Another little shoat in the parlor,
We'll all promenade (and he's a fine one too).

Same little shoat in the parlor,
Same little shoat in the parlor,
Same little shoat in the parlor,
We'll all promenade (and he's a fine one too).

Formation:

Select partners. Form a double circle with girl at the right. There is one odd boy in the center of the circle.

Action:

Sing first stanza and first two lines of the second stanza. At the third line the boy swings his partner with his right hand and his left-hand neighbor with his left, and back to his partner for the next if the odd boy in the center has not beaten him to it. If so, then he must be the little shoat in the parlor. Sing either "same little shoat" or "another little shoat," depending on whether the first one gets a partner.

SANDY LAND

This game, though not as widespread as others, is popular in Sale Creek with all ages.

For a text with tune, see Lomax, p. 236.

Obtained from Mildred Hinkle, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Make my living on Sandy Land,
Make my living on Sandy Land,
Make my living on Sandy Land,
Ladies, fare you well.

Chorus:
Hi, come along, my pretty little miss,
Hi, come along, my honey,
Hi, come along, my pretty little miss,
I won't be home till Sunday.

Grow big 'taters on Sandy Land,
Grow big 'taters on Sandy Land,
If you can't dig 'em, I guess I can,
Ladies, fare you well.

Hump back mule I'm bound to ride,
Hump back mule I'm bound to ride,
Hump back mule I'm bound to ride,
Ladies, fare you well.

Formation:

Players form a circle, alternating boys and girls.

Action:

Four steps in toward center of circle; four steps out. Do this twice while singing the first stanza. Grand right and left around circle twice while singing the chorus.

On second stanza go through the same procedure as for the first but on the chorus swing partner with arms locked, turning completely around. Boy then catches next girl and swings her. Go around circle once. Girls go to the left, boys to the right.

SHOOT THE BUFFALO

The two texts I have of this old dance song are practically the same, except that one uses the expression, "shoot the buffalo" while the other has "chase the buffalo." In other texts I examined I found both expressions. Another difference I found was in the line, "We'll rally through the cane brake." Variations of this are "We'll rally through the corn brake" and "We'll rally in the cambric."

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 143; Fuson, p. 165; Hudson, Songs, p. 297; JAFL, XXVI, 137; XLIV, 16.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 372; JAFL, XXIV, 301; XLII, 212 (directions for playing); Lomax, p. 296.

A

SHOOT THE BUFFALO

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

Bow to your partner, present to her your hand
Promise that you'll meet her in a fair and distant land,
Where the hawk caught the crow, and the buzzard stumped
his toe;
Ramble through the cane brake and shoot the buffalo.

Chorus:
Shoot the buffalo, shoot the buffalo
Ramble through the cane brake, and shoot the buffalo.

Formation:

Players form in two circles, girls outside and boys inside, facing each other.

Action:

Each boy bows to his partner, then takes her by the right hand. He then goes to the left taking the next girl by the left hand and so on around the circle until he meets his first partner. Each couple turns back to the right in a swing. Then at the chorus all couples promenade. Repeat as long as desired to play.

B

CHASE THE BUFFALO

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

Yes, we'll chase the buffalo,
Yes, we'll chase the buffalo,
And we'll rally through the cane brake,
And chase the buffalo.

Bow to your partner,
Go hand in hand,
And I hope to meet my lover
In a fair and happy land.

Where the girls churn butter,
And the boys eat snow;
We will rally through the cane brake,
And chase the buffalo.

SKIP TO MY LOU

Perrow says Lou is a common name for sweetheart in East Tennessee. He adds the further idea that because of the ease with which stanzas are added as the game is being played this song is an excellent example of communal composition.[4]

It is one of the oldest of our dance songs, having come down to us from the games our English ancestors played on the village green.[5]

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 131; Fuson, p. 166; Hudson, Songs, p. 300; JAFL, XXVI, 136 (directions for playing); XXVIII, 276; XXXII, 493; XXXIII, 123; XL, 98.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Hudson, Tunes, p. 38; JAFL, XXIV, 304 (directions for playing); XXV, 270 (directions for playing); XLII, 203 (directions for playing

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4 E. C. Perrow, "Songs and Rhymes from the South," JAFL, XXVI, 136.

5 Kathryn Blair, "Swing Your Partner!" JAFL, XL, 98.

different from the usual way); XLIV, 20; XLIX, 245; Lomax, p. 294; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 82.

A

SKIP TO MY LOU

Obtained from Beryl Stultz, school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 12, 1938.

Little red wagon painted blue,
Little red wagon painted blue,
Little red wagon painted blue,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Can't get a red bird, a blue bird will do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird will do,
Can't get a red bird, a blue bird will do,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Rats on the hillside, kicking like a mule,
Rats on the hillside, kicking like a mule,
Rats on the hillside, kicking like a mule,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Rats in the buttermilk big as a mule,
Rats in the buttermilk big as a mule,
Rats in the buttermilk big as a mule,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

I've got money in my old shoes,
I've got money in my old shoes,
I've got money in my old shoes,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

I'll get another as good as you,
I'll get another as good as you,
I'll get another as good as you,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Chorus:
Gone again, skip to my Lou,
Gone again, skip to my Lou,
Gone again, skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

B

SKIP COME A LOO

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 6, 1938.

My partner skipped and I skipped too,
My partner skipped and I skipped too,
My partner skipped and I skipped too,
Skip come a Loo, my Darling.

Gone again, skip come a Loo,
Gone again, skip come a Loo,
Gone again, skip come a Loo,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

Fly in the sugar bowl, kicking up the lid,
Fly in the sugar bowl, kicking up the lid,
Fly in the sugar bowl, kicking up the lid,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

Fly in the buttermilk, kicking up the whey,
Fly in the buttermilk, kicking up the whey,
Fly in the buttermilk, kicking up the whey,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

I'll have her back, or I'll stay all night,
I'll have her back, or I'll stay all night,
I'll have her back, or I'll stay all night,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

The old cow died in the forks of the branch,
The old cow died in the forks of the branch,
The old cow died in the forks of the branch,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

Buzzards came and had a dance,
Buzzards came and had a dance,
Buzzards came and had a dance,
Skip come a Loo, my darling.

Formation:

Players form a circle alternating boys and girls. There is one extra boy in the center.

Action:

As the players sing, the extra boy sings too and skips around the circle. He chooses some other boy's partner and together they skip around in the circle. The boy who is thus left without a partner starts out after them and soon takes someone's partner. Again the boy without a partner must take one from someone else. This continues until all are skipping within the circle and the boy who is finally left without a partner must be in the center at the beginning of the next game.

WEEVILY WHEAT

> Indications are that the Charley of this song may be the Prince Charlie of Jacobite ballads; he figures in songs of the Scotch Highlanders who were harassed during Prince Charlie's time, left their homes to take up life in the Alleghanies and to spread westward. [6]

This may account for the fact that however many changes take place in the wording of the stanzas, the young man's name is always Charlie.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 140; Fuson, p. 164; JAFL, XXVII, 290; XXXII, 488; XXXIX, 193; XL, 98; XLIV, 16.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 375; Chase, p. 45; JAFL, XXIV, 302; XXVIII, 278; XLII, 207 (directions for playing); XLIX, 246; Lomax, p. 290; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 86; Sandburg, p. 161.

A

Obtained from Miss Myrtle Boyd, high school teacher, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Weevily wheat ain't fit to eat,
Neither is your barley;
I'll have some flour in half an hour
To bake a cake for Charlie.

Charlie, he's a nice young man,
Charlie, he's a dandy;
Charlie, he's the very lad
That stole his sweetheart's candy.

Away over yonder in a maple swamp,
The water's deep and muddy;
I cast my eye on the other side,
And there I spied my honey.

How old are you, my pretty little miss?
How old are you, my honey?
She answered me with a smile and kiss,
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday."

---

6 Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, p. 161.

B

Obtained from Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee.

Your weevily wheat ain't fit to eat,
Nor neither is your barley;
All I want's some good old rye
To make some bread for Charlie.

Charlie, he's a nice young man,
Charlie, he's a dandy;
Charlie, he's the very boy
To buy those girls some candy.

Way down yonder in the black jack swamp,
The water's deep and muddy;
I cast my eye on the other side,
And there I spied my honey.

How old are you, my pretty little miss?
How old are you, my honey?
She answered me with a hug and a kiss,
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday."

Formation:

Players form two lines, facing each other, boys in one line and girls in the other.

Action:

This game is played with steps similar to those of the Virginia Reel.

CHILDREN'S SONGS AND SINGING GAMES

Almost all the children's songs included in this group were obtained from the singing of the children at Sale Creek. "Billy Boy"and "Froggie Went A-Courtin'" were favorites of the fourth grade last year, and not many mornings went by that I did not hear their voices ringing joyfully with at least one of these songs while my own class was at work on its more prosaic task of a history assignment. A group of first and second grade girls made several valuable contributions. From them I received "Mama Buy Me a Baby Doll" and "When Molly Was a Baby." The old songs will never die as long as they are thus kept alive in the minds and hearts of the children.

With a few exceptions, the children's singing games in this group are those remembered from my own childhood rather than games children play today. When I was a child in a small rural school in Hamilton County, the noon recess was all too short for us to finish playing "London Bridge," "The Mulberry Bush," and other singing games, as well as the more boisterous games of "I Spy," "King's Base," and "Red Light." Today, our schools have modern playground equipment, and the play period is under constant teacher supervision, thus making the child's play life a very vital part of his school life. Yet, I sometimes wonder whether he enjoys his modern playground, with its well-planned and supervised activities, more than we did the old lot behind the schoolhouse!

The singing games, however, are being given a more prominent place in the music classes of the grade children. As folk dances, many of the old songs are being taught to the children.

BILLY BOY

This song is sometimes given as a game, but usually simply as a song. Whether as song or game, it is one of the most popular songs the children sing.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 234; Cambiaire, p. 45; Fuson, p. 105; Gardner, pp. 208, 236; Hudson, Songs, p. 278; JAFL, XXVI, 356; XXXIX, 151; Pound, p. 231.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 38; Cox, pp. 484, 532; Flanders and Brown, p. 162; Henry, 383; JAFL, XXXI, 78, 161; XXXIII, 92 (directions for playing); Lomax, p. 320; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 296, 435; Stout, p. 24; TFSB, III, No. 4, 94.

Obtained from Mrs. Mattie Irvin, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 17, 1938.

Oh where have you been Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh where have you been charming Billy?
Been to choose me a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing
And cannot leave her mamma.

Did she ask you in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you in, charming Billy?
Yes, she asked me in,
With a dimple in her chin,
She's a young thing
And cannot leave her mamma.

Did she set you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she set you a chair, charming Billy?
Yes, she set me a chair,
She's a precious little dear,
She's a young thing
And cannot leave her mamma.

Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can bake a cherry pie,
Quick as a cat can wink its eye,
She's a young thing
And cannot leave her mamma.

CHEWIN' CHAWIN' GUM

For one stanza similar to this in another song, see JAFL, XLV, 169.

For a text with tune, see JAFL, XLIX, 222.

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School.

My mama sent me to the spring
She told me not to stay;
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And couldn't get away.

Chorus:
Chawin' chewin' gum,
Chewin' chawin' gum,
Chawin' chewin' gum,
Chewin' chawin' gum.

First she gave me peaches,
Next she gave me pears;
Next she gave me fifteen cents,
To kiss me on the stairs.

Gave her back her peaches;
Gave her back her pears;
Gave her back her fifteen cents,
And kicked her down the stairs.

Mama don't want me to whistle,
Papa don't want me to sing,
They don't want me to marry,
I'll marry just the same.

I took my girl to church last night,
And what do you reckon she done?
She walked right up in the preacher's face
And chawed her chewin' gum.

FIVE TIMES FIVE

Since this song includes a part of "Weevily Wheat," I wondered whether it had not been played as a game, but the lady who gave it to her granddaughter to bring to me says they never played it. Stout lists it from Iowa as being sung there as far back as 1882 to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and used for the multiplication tables.

For the Iowa text, see Stout, p. 131.

Obtained from Mary Helen Crawley, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 14, 1938. Mary Helen got the song from her grandmother, who says they sang it when she was a child.

Five times five is twenty-five,
Five times six is thirty;
Five times seven is thirty-five,
And five times eight is forty.

Five times nine is forty-five,
Five times ten is fifty;
Five times eleven is fifty-five,
And five times twelve is sixty.

I want no more of your weevily wheat,
I want no more of your barley;
But I want some of your good old wheat
To make a cake for Charley.

Charley, he's a nice young man,
Charley, he's a dandy;
Charley, he's a nice young man,
To buy young ladies candy.

FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'

This is another song of which children never tire, and have never tired during the four hundred years in which the song has been sung by each succeeding generation.

> The oldest record of "The Frog and the Mouse" is the mention of "The frog came to the myl dur" in "The Complaint of Scotland," 1549. On November 21, 1580, a "ballad" entitled "A Moste Strange Weddinge of the ffrogge and the mowse" was entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Register. . . . The oldest extant version "The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouse" is printed in "Melismata," 1611. 7

For references and texts without tunes, see: Barnes, p. 195; Flanders and Brown, p. 122; JAFL, XXVI, 134; XXXIII, 98 (directions for playing as a ring game); XXXIX, 166; XLV, 175; Hudson, Songs, p. 282; Stout, p. 30.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 313; Chase, p. 7; Cox, pp. 470, 531; Davison and Surette, p. 108; Henry, p. 392; JAFL, XXXV, 392; XLII, 297; Lomax, p. 310; Mackenzie, pp. 373, 407; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 78; Sandburg, p. 143; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 244, 420; Scarborough, p. 46; Wyman and Brockway, p. 86.

A

Obtained from the singing of the fourth grade children of the Sale Creek school.

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
M'h'm, m'h'm,
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
Sword and a pistol by his side,
M'h'm, m'h'm.

He rode up to Miss Mouse's hall,
M'h'm, m'h'm,
He rode up to Miss Mouse's hall,
He gave a loud whistle and he gave a loud call,
M'h'm, m'h'm.

---

7 A. H. Tolman, "Traditional Texts and Tunes," JAFL, XXXV, 394.

He said, "Miss Mousie won't you marry me?"
M'h'm, m'h'm,
He said, "Miss Mousie won't you marry me?
I will take good care of thee.
M'h'm, m'h'm."

"If my Uncle Rat will agree
M'h'm, m'h'm,
If my Uncle Rat will agree
I will surely marry thee
M'h'm, m'h'm."

Uncle Rat laughed and shook his sides,
M'h'm, m'h'm,
Uncle Rat laughed and shook his sides,
'Cause Mr. Froggie was to take his niece,
M'h'm, m'h'm.

Oh, where shall the wedding supper be?
M'h'm, m'h'm,
Oh, where shall the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
M'h'm, m'h'm.

Oh, what shall the wedding supper be?
M'h'm, m'h'm,
Oh, what shall the wedding supper be?
A few green beans and a black-eyed pea.
M'h'm, m'h'm.

B

Obtained from Ormon Ragon, Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Frog went a-courtin' and he did ride,
Rig-dum-bottle-and-a-ky-o,
Sword and a pistol by his side,
Rig-dum-bottle-and-a-ky-o.

I-am-a-ne-ro-captain-ge-ro,
I-am-a-ne-ro-ge-ro,
Shim-shim-sham-shalla-balla-rang-dang,
Rig-dum-bottle-and-a-ky-o.

Wonder where the wedding'll be?
Way over yonder in a hollow tree.

Wonder what the wedding supper will be?
Two blue beans and a black-eyed pea.

GO TELL AUNT RHODIE

There is no doubt about it - the old gray goose must be dead. Regardless of what the aunt's name may be, she is always sent the same sad message that the old gray goose is dead. Evidently it was a special goose, for the extra information is given that it is "the one she's been saving to make a feather bed." The aunt is known as Aunt Rhodie, Aunt Nancy, Aunt Tabbie, Aunt Patsy, and Aunt Betsy.

For texts without tunes, see JAFL, XXVI, 130; XLVII, 336.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 345; Chase, p. 3; Lomax, p. 305; Scarborough, pp. 8, 195.

Obtained from Geraldine Hoffman, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 21, 1938. Geraldine learned the song from the singing of her grandmother, Mrs. West.

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
The old gray goose is dead.

The one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving,
To make a feather bed.

The old gander's mourning,
The old gander's mourning,
The old gander's mourning,
Because his wife is dead.

She'll come back tomorrow,
She'll come back tomorrow,
She'll come back tomorrow,
The old gray goose that's dead.

KEYS OF HEAVEN

This is a very old song, appearing in British collections as "The Keys of Heaven," and in American collections sometimes by that same title and sometimes as "A Paper of Pins." Dorothy Scarborough brings out the idea that the initial gift of the lover is evidence of the age of the song. Before the days of quantity production, pins were very valuable and to give a paper of pins would be equal to giving a pearl necklace today.[8]

There are two distinct endings to this song. In one, she refuses all his advances until he offers the key to his chest so that she may have all his money. She accepts him then, but he, seeing how mercenary she is, refuses to have her. In the other ending, when he offers her the key to his heart she accepts it and the inference is that they live happily ever after.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Fuson, pp. 82, 152; Henry, p. 291; Hudson, Songs, p. 276; JAFL, XXIX, 198; XXXIX, 180; XLIV, 103; XLV, 118; XLIX, 260; Pound, p. 226; Stout, p. 42; Whitney and Bullock, p. 150.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 45; Flanders and Brown, p. 160; Lomax, p. 323; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 52; Scarborough, Song Catcher, pp. 299, 435.

A

Obtained from Miss Myrtle Boyd, Sale Creek, Tennessee, September 2, 1938.

---

8 Dorothy Scarborough, A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains, p. 304.

I'll give to you a paper of pins
To show you how our love begins,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept your paper of pins
To show you how our love begins,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a dress of red
Stitched all around with golden thread,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept your dress of red
Stitched all around with golden thread,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you a dress of blue
To show you that my love is true,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept your dress of blue
To show me that your love is true,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you the key to my chest
So you may spend money as you think best,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept the key to your chest
Nor spend your money as I think best,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I'll give to you the key to my heart,
To show that we'll never part,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll accept the key to your heart
To show you that we'll never part,
And I will marry you, you, you,
And I will marry you.

B

Obtained from Beryl Stultz, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 10, 1938.

I will buy you a dress of red
Trimmed all around with a golden thread,
If you'll marry, marry me,
If you'll marry me.

I don't want your dress of red
Trimmed all around with a golden thread,
And I won't marry, marry you,
And I won't marry you.

I will give you the keys to my chest,
Spend my money at your own request,
If you'll marry, marry me,
If you'll marry me.

I'll accept the keys to your chest,
I'll spend your money at my own request,
And I will marry, marry you,
And I will marry you.

You like coffee, you like tea,
You like my money, but you don't like me,
And you can't marry, marry me,
And you can't marry me.

I LOVE LITTLE WILLIE

For texts without tunes, see: Henry, p. 281; JAFL, XLV, 113.

For texts with tunes, see: Lomax, p. 327; Niles, p. 10; TFSB, III, No. 4, 96.

Obtained from the singing of school children in Sale Creek.

I love little Willie, I do, mama,
I love little Willie, I do, ha ha,
I love little Willie, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it, you know, ha ha.

He asked me to marry him, he did, mama,
He asked me to marry him, he did, ha ha,
He asked me to marry him, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know, ha ha.

He has gone for the license, he has, mama,
He has gone for the license, he has, ha ha,
He has gone for the license, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know, ha ha.

He has gone for the preacher, he has, mama,
He has gone for the preacher, he has, ha ha,
He has gone for the preacher, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know, ha ha.

And now we are married, we are, mama,
And now we are married, we are, ha ha,
And now we are married, and you can tell pa,
For he can't help it you know, ha ha.

MAMA, BUY ME A BABY DOLL

This song is evidently a variant of the old English game of "Milking Pails." Our children, however, know it simply as a song and not as a game.

For texts without tunes, see JAFL, XII, 293; XXXI, 275; XL, 31.

Obtained from the singing of first and second grade children in Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Mama, buy me a baby doll,
Mama, buy me a baby doll,
Mama, buy me a baby doll,
Do, Mama, do.

What shall I buy it with?
What shall I buy it with?
What shall I buy it with?
Do, Mama, do.

Sell Father's feather bed,
Sell Father's feather bed,
Sell Father's feather bed,
Do, Mama, do.

Where shall Father sleep?
Where shall Father sleep?
Where shall Father sleep?
Do, Mama, do.

Sleep in the horse's pen,
Sleep in the horse's pen,
Sleep in the horse's pen,
Do, Mama, do.

Where shall the horses sleep?
Where shall the horses sleep?
Where shall the horses sleep?
Do, Mama, do.

Sleep in the cow's pen,
Sleep in the cow's pen,
Sleep in the cow's pen,
Do, Mama, do.

Where shall the cows sleep?
Where shall the cows sleep?
Where shall the cows sleep?
Do, Mama, do.

Sleep in the pig's pen,
Sleep in the pig's pen,
Sleep in the pig's pen,
Do, Mama, do.

Where shall the pigs sleep?
Where shall the pigs sleep?
Where shall the pigs sleep?
Do, Mama, do.

Sleep on the hillside,
Sleep on the hillside,
Sleep on the hillside,
Do, Mama, do.

Where shall the children play?
Where shall the children play?
Where shall the children play?
Do, Mama, do.

Play on the garden gate,
Play on the garden gate,
Play on the garden gate,
Do, Mama, do.

There's where you catch your whipping at,
There's where you catch your whipping at,
There's where you catch your whipping at,
Do, Mama, do.

THE OLD FOX

For references and texts without tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, p. 119; Fuson, p. 181; JAFL, XXXVI, 377; Stout, p. 42; White, p. 177.

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 332; Cox, pp. 474, 531.

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Walker, Soddy, Tennessee, October 25, 1938. Mrs. Walker, eighty years of age, learned the song when she was a small child.

The old fox started out one night,
She prayed for the moon to afford her light,
She had so many miles to travel that night
Before she reached the town o, town o, town o,
She had so many miles to travel that night,
Before she reached the town.

But when she got to the farmer's yard,
The ducks and geese were all afraid;
But the best of you shall grease my beard,
Before I leave the town o, town o, town o,
But the best of you shall grease my beard,
Before I leave the town.

She picked the old black duck up by the neck,
And slung her over across her back;
The old black duck went quack, quack, quack,
With her legs a dangling down o, down o, down o,
The old black duck went quack, quack, quack,
With her legs a dangling down.

Old Granny Widley Wadley jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she stuck her old head,
"John, John, John, our black duck's gone,
She's safely through the town o, town o, town o,
John, John, John, our black duck's gone,
She's safely through the town."

John he ran to the top of the hill,
And blew withal both loud and shrill;
But the fox got the best of the music still
For she's safely through the town o, town o, town o,
But the fox got the best of the music still,
She's safely through the town.

THE OLD WOMAN ALL SKIN AND BONES

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 482; JAFL, XXVI, 142.

For texts with tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, p. 180; Hudson, Tunes, p. 43.

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Walker, Soddy, Tennessee, October 25, 1938. Mrs. Walker says the song has been traditional in her family for over a hundred years.

There was an old woman all skin and bones,
M-M-M
And all the flesh from her had flown.
M-M-M

She thought she'd go to church one day,
M-M-M
To hear the minister preach and pray.
M-M-M

And when she got to the church yard stile,
M-M-M
She thought she'd stop and rest awhile.
M-M-M

And when she got to the church house door,
M-M-M
She thought she'd stop and rest some more.
M-M-M

And when she got to the church within,
M-M-M
She thought she'd stop and rest again.
M-M-M

And then to the minister she said,
M-M-M
"Will I look so when I'm dead?"
M-M-M

"You'll look just so when you are dead."
BOOH!

THE QUAKER'S WOOING

I have the two texts, "No, No Sir, No" and "A Comely Flower," both of which are evidently variants of the old song, "The Quaker's Wooing." This is sometimes given as a game song. Both of my texts are used simply as songs, however, and I have never heard of either of them being played as a game in Sale Creek.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Cox, p. 465; Flanders and Brown, p. 154; Fuson, p. 81; Mackenzie, p. 380; JAFL, XXXI, 48; XLVI, 36; XLIX, 249; Stout, p. 44.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 279; JAFL, XVIII, 55; XXIV, 341; XXXV, 405; Wyman and Brockway, p. 98.

A

A COMELY FLOWER

Obtained from the singing of Mrs. Rosa Hughes, Flat Top, Tennessee, March 18, 1939.

Yonder stands a comely flower
   Who she be I do not know,
Go and court her for her favor,
   Perhaps she'll answer yes or no.

"Madam, I have come a-sparking
   Of your favor and renown;
Treat me kindly, treat me clever,
   Politely I will come again.

"Madam, I have gold and silver,
   Madam, I have house and land;
Madam, I have a world of pleasure,
   All I want is your command."

"Don't want none of your gold and silver;
   Don't want none of your house and land;
Don't want none of your world of pleasure;
   All I want is a handsome man."

B

NO, NO SIR, NO

Obtained from Viola Gann, a high school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938. The song has been traditional in her mother's family for many years.

My father, he is a merchant,
Where he is I do not know;
I promised him the day I left him
I'd answer the young men, "No."

Chorus:
Oh no, no sir, no,
I'll always answer the young men, "No."

"Maiden, I have gold and silver,
Maiden, I have houses and land;
And I have a world of treasure
That will stand at your command."

"What do I care for your gold and silver?
What do I care for your houses and land?
And what do I care for your world of treasure
That will stand at my command?"

"Maiden, it is getting late
Chilly winds begin to blow,
So it's time that we were parting,
Now,dear maiden, I must go."

WHAT'LL I DO WITH THE BABY-OH

For a text with tune, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 336.

Obtained from Sylvia Aslinger, a high school girl, Sale Creek, Tennessee, August 15, 1938.

Up in the holler where the cow bells ring
The bull dog barks and the jay bird sings;
The jaybird sung till his throat got dry,
And you ought to have heard that jaybird cry,

Chorus:
"What'll I do with the baby-oh?
What'll I do with the baby-oh?
Take him to his mammy-oh."

How in the world did the old folks know
That I like sugar in my coffee-oh?
The wind blowed high and the wind blew low,
The wind blowed sugar in my coffee-oh.

I had a girl named Ida Red,
She fell in love with a boy named Ned;
I took my gun from the peggy-oh,
And shot him through the tummy-oh.

I had a little girl named Mary Lee
I asked her if she'd marry me;
She said, "I like your manners, Joe,
But I have to stay with Grannie-oh."

WHEN MOLLY WAS A BABY

The children enjoy this action song, carrying out the gestures for the various stanzas.

For references and texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXIX, 189; XXXI, 151; XL, 15.

For a text with tune, see SFQ, II, No. 3, 151.

Obtained from the singing of a group of first and second grade children in the Sale Creek school.

When Molly was a baby, a baby, a baby,
When Molly was a baby, a baby was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Cries and rubs her eyes)
When Molly was a baby, a baby was she.

When Molly was a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl,
When Molly was a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Acts as if writing)
When Molly was a schoolgirl, a schoolgirl was she.

When Molly was a big girl, a big girl, a big girl,
When Molly was a big girl, a big girl was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Powders face and fixes hair, looking in imaginary mirror)
When Molly was a big girl, a big girl was she.

When Molly was a mother, a mother, a mother,
When Molly was a mother, a mother was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Pretends to be rocking a baby)
When Molly was a mother, a mother was she.

When Molly was a grandma, a grandma, a grandma,
When Molly was a grandma, a grandma was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Holds hands to ears as if deaf)
When Molly was a grandma, a grandma was she.

When Molly was an angel, an angel, an angel,
When Molly was an angel, an angel was she;
She was this way and that way, and this way and that way,
(Waves arms in air for wings)
When Molly was an angel, an angel was she.

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF

It is interesting to find sometimes that our so-called new songs are not so new after all. Last year, during the nation-wide search for a certain brown and yellow basket, an old lady near Sale Creek remembered that she had played "Drop the Handkerchief" to a similar song fifty years ago. We notice the color of the basket in the modern song has changed. One version reads,

A tisket, a tasket,
A green and yellow basket,
I wrote a letter to my love
And on the way I dropped it.
A little doggie picked it up
And put it in his pocket,
His pocket, his pocket,
A little doggie picked it up,
And put it in his pocket. 9

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9 Evelyn E. Gardner, "Some Play-Party Games in Michigan," JAFL, XXXIII, 97.

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXXI, 57 (directions for playing), 107; XXXIII, 96; XL, 33.

Obtained from Mrs. Barnes, Bakewell, Tennessee, who, now eighty years of age, remembers playing this game as a child.

Itisket, Itasket, a green and yellow basket,
I wrote a letter to my love,
And on the way I dropped it,
I dropped it, I dropped it,
And on my way I dropped it.

Formation:

The children form one big circle with one child on the outside who has the handkerchief.

Action:

The handkerchief is dropped behind another child on the final "I dropped it." That child grabs the handkerchief and chases the child who dropped it. If he can touch the first child before he reaches the place left vacant in the circle, then he must be "It" again, but if the first child outruns him, they exchange places.

FROGGIE IN THE MILL POND

I found two interesting variants of this song which we always played as "Froggie in the Mill Pond." It is given in other collections as "Froggie in the Middle Pond," and sometimes "Froggie in the Meadow."

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXVI, 140 (directions for playing); XLVII, 337 (directions for playing); Scarborough, p. 130.

Obtained from Mildred Hinkle, a school girl at Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Froggie in the mill pond, can't get out,
Take a little stick and stir him all about.

Formation:

Children form a circle with one player in the middle who is the froggie.

Action:

Dance around and sing with eyes closed. While the others are singing, the froggie slips out of the circle and hides. The players hunt him, calling, "Froggie, froggie." The froggie comes from his hiding place and tries to catch them. They may stoop down and froggie can't bother them. As soon as he catches one, that one becomes the froggie in the mill pond, and the game begins all over again.

GO IN AND OUT THE WINDOW

The real name of this song seems to be "We're Marching Round the Levee," but that stanza has completely disappeared from the song as it is played in Sale Creek. Many of the variants have in the final stanza "I'll take a sweet kiss and leave you." Our Sale Creek variant has compromised with "Goodby, I hate to leave you," substituting a handshake for the kiss.

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 138; Fuson, p. 175; Hudson, Songs, p. 287 (directions for playing); JAFL, XXXI, 132; XXXIII, 120 (directions for playing); XL, 26; XLVII, 338.

For references and texts with tunes, see: Hudson, Tunes, p. 35; JAFL, XXIV, 306 (directions for playing); XXVI, 138; XLIV, 12, 18; XLIX, 243.

Obtained from Thyra Downey, fourth grade teacher at Sale Creek, Tennessee.

Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
For we have gained this day.

Go forth and face your lover,
Go forth and face your lover,
Go forth and face your lover,
For we have gained this day.

I kneel because I love you,
I kneel because I love you,
I kneel because I love you,
For we have gained this day.

I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
For we have gained this day.

Goodby, I hate to leave you,
Goodby, I hate to leave you,
Goodby, I hate to leave you,
For we have gained this day.

Formation:

The children form in a circle with one child in the center.

Action:

They hold hands and sing the first stanza while the child in the center goes in and out between the other players. On the second stanza he stops in front of one player, preferably a little girl. He kneels while singing the third stanza, then measures his love on the fourth. It may be an inch or as far as his arms will reach. Then on the last stanza these two children change places, and the new player must go to some one else and go through the actions of the song.

GREEN GRAVEL

This old song, usually thought of as a game for very small children, is given by Randolph as an Irish song. His text reads,

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
Free meshin, free meshin, ashamed to be seen.
Oh Lizzie, dear Lizzie, your true love is dead,
I send you a letter to turn back your head.

It seems that originally this song was connected with the Irish Catholics' hatred of the Masonic fraternity. "Free Mason" has become "free meshin," and even the children who sing it have no idea what it means.[10]

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10 Vance Randolph, "The Ozark Play-Party," JAFL, XLII, 220.

For references and texts without tunes, see: Flanders and Brown, p. 188 (directions for playing); JAFL, VIII, 254; XXVI, 139; XXXIII, 100; XL, 13 (directions for playing); Whitney and Bullock, p. 147.

For references and a text with tune, see JAFL, XLII, 220 (directions for playing).

Obtained from Thyra Downey, a teacher in the Sale Creek school. She learned the game from playing it when she was a child.

Green gravel, green gravel,
The grass is so green,
All over creation
I'm ashamed to be seen.

Oh, Betty, oh, Betty,
Your true lover's dead,
He sent you a message
To turn back your head.

Formation:

The children form a circle. It is not necessary to have partners.

Action:

The players skip to the right as they sing. When they call a player's name, she or he turns his back to the center of the circle and continues skipping. This continues until all the players' names have been called.

HANSOM, SANSOM, CINNAMON TEA

This interesting old song is sometimes regarded as a survival of tribal marriage, the last line representing an old tribal war cry.[11] The last line is an interesting study in itself. Besides the "Hansom, Sansom, Cinnamon Tea" of my text, I found "Th'raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee," "Tra-ransi-tansi-te," "With

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11 Ibid., p. 229.

an ansy, tansy, tisivio," "My tipsy, topsy officer," and many others. The directions for playing the game change very little. In some instances the bride who is chosen flees and must be chased by her lord and lover, but usually she goes willingly.

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, VIII, 253; XXXI, 52, 130; XXXII, 486; XL, 8 (directions for playing); XLVII, 339; Whitney and Bullock, p. 148 (directions for playing).

For references and texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXXIII, 129 (directions for playing); XLII, 229 (directions for playing); XLIX, 257 (directions for playing).

Obtained from Beryl Stultz, a pupil in the Sale Creek High School. This used to be a very popular game with the smaller children.

Here comes one king riding, a-riding, a-riding
Here comes one king riding, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea.

What are you riding here for, here for, here for?
What are you riding here for, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea?

I'm riding here to get married, get married, get married,
I'm riding here to get married, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea.

Which one of us will you choose, will you choose, will you choose?
Which one of us will you choose, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea?

You're all too ragged and dirty, and dirty, and dirty,
You're all too ragged and dirty, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea.

We're just as good as you are, as you are, as you are,
We're just as good as you are, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea.

I choose one the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,
I choose one the fairest, hansom, sansom, cinnamon tea.

Formation:

All the children except one form a line at one end of the room. This one stands alone at the other end of the room.

Action:

As the one child skips to the row of players, they sing the first and second stanza. He then sings the third, they the fourth, he the fifth, they the sixth, pointing their fingers impudently at him as they sing. He then repents and chooses one from their number. The song is now started from the first again, the players this time singing, "Here come two kings riding." When they reach the place where he is to choose, the new king does the choosing. This continues until all but one are on the side with the king. The one left alone then becomes the "one king" and the game starts all over again.

I SPY

For a text without tune, see JAFL, XXVI, 140.

Learned from playing the game as a small child.

A bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye,
All 'tain't ready holler "I."

A bushel of wheat and a bushel of clover,
All 'tain't ready can't hide over.

Action:

One child is chosen to be "It." While he hides his eyes, the other children seek a hiding place. The first call is a warning that he will open his eyes if someone doesn't answer. The last call is the signal that hiding time is over. The first one caught must be "It" next time.

LAZY MARY

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XL, 18; Pound, p. 225; Whitney and Bullock, p. 143 (directions for playing).

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXVIII, 273 (directions for playing); XLIX, 254.

Obtained from Thyra Downey, Sale Creek, Tennessee, October 26, 1938.

Lazy Mary, will you get up, will you get up, will you get up?
Lazy Mary, will you get up
So early in the morning?

No, Mother, I won't get up, I won't get up, I won't get up,
No, Mother, I won't get up,
So early in the morning.

A cup of coffee and a slice of cake, a slice of cake, a slice of cake,
A cup of coffee and a slice of cake,
So early in the morning.

No, Mother, I won't get up, I won't get up, I won't get up,
No, Mother, I won't get up,
So early in the morning.

A nice young man with rosy cheeks, with rosy cheeks, with rosy cheeks,
A nice young man with rosy cheeks
So early in the morning.

Yes, Mother, I will get up, I will get up, I will get up,
Yes, Mother, I will get up,
So early in the morning.

Formation:

All the children except one are in a group. This one sits alone a little distance from the others.

Action:

The group sings the first stanza, the one child the second, the group the third, and so on, alternately, until finally on the last stanza the lazy Mary arises on the promise of the nice young man and joins the others.

LONDON BRIDGE

This popular children's game is found in many collections. Usually it is played according to the directions given with my text, but once I found directions for playing with a Virginia reel formation.

For texts without tunes, see: Cambiaire, p. 135 (directions for playing); Flanders and Brown, p. 45; JAFL, XXVI, 356; XXVII, 303; XXXI, 146; XXXIV, 38 (directions for playing); XL, 38 (directions for playing); XLVII, 388.

For texts with tunes, see: JAFL, XXXIII, 110; XXXIV, 111 (directions for playing as a Virginia Reel).

Learned from playing the game as a child in school.

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down, My Fair Lady.

Build it up with silver and gold, silver and gold, silver and gold,
Build it up with silver and gold, My Fair Lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away, stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away, My Fair Lady.

Get a dog to bark at night, bark at night, bark at night,
Get a dog to bark at night, My Fair Lady.

Suppose the dog should need a bone, need a bone, need a bone,
Suppose the dog should need a bone, My Fair Lady.

Build it up with iron bars, iron bars, iron bars,
Build it up with iron bars, My Fair Lady.

Iron bars will bend and break, bend and break, bend and break,
Iron bars will bend and break, My Fair Lady.

Build it up with rocks and stones, rocks and stones, rocks and stones,
Build it up with rocks and stones, My Fair Lady.

Then it'll last for ages long, ages long, ages long,
Then it'll last for ages long, My Fair Lady.

Formation:

Two players are chosen to be leaders. These two decide what they shall be, as silver and gold. They stand facing each other, holding hands. The others form in a line to pass under the arch formed by the hands of the leaders.

Action:

The children pass under the arch, singing as they go. When they reach the word, "My Fair Lady," the arch lowers to catch the child who happens to be under it at the time. That child must then say which he prefers to be, silver or gold. He then gets behind the leader of his choice. The singing continues until all the children have been caught under the arch. The two sides then pull against each other and the side which breaks the other's line is the winner.

THE MULBERRY BUSH

For texts without tunes, see: JAFL, XXXI, 54 (directions for playing); XL, 15; Whitney and Bullock, p. 145 (directions for playing).

For texts with tunes, see: Campbell and Sharp, II, 373; JAFL, XXXI, 178; XXXIII, 113.

Obtained from Roselyn Fuller, Sale Creek High School girl. She learned the song from playing and singing it at school.

Here we go round the mulberry bush, mulberry bush, mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush so early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes so early in the morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes, iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes so early in the morning.

This is the way we go to church, go to church, go to church,
This is the way we go to church so early in the morning.

This is the way we brush our hair, brush our hair, brush our hair,
This is the way we brush our hair so early in the morning.

This is the way we shine our shoes, shine our shoes, shine our shoes,
This is the way we shine our shoes so early in the morning.

Formation:

The children catch hands in a circle around a tree or bush.

Action:

They skip around the bush, singing the first stanza. Then they act out the next stanzas according to the words as they sing them.

OATS, PEAS, BEANS AND BARLEY GROW

> It has the honor of being played in every civilized nation of the globe. Miss Gomme gives eighteen settings played in the English islands alone. The words have scarcely suffered change in the five centuries through which it can be traced. Newell suggests the game as traced to classic times, when it was supposed to have formed part of rustic festivities designed to promote the fertility of the fields which also in turn was supposed to be the original purpose of the May festival. 12

For texts without tunes, see: Gardner, p. 235 (directions for playing); JAFL, XXVIII, 273; XXXII, 494; Whitney and Bullock, p. 148.

For a text with tune, see Chase, p. 37 (directions for playing).

Obtained from Miss Bertha Wall, second grade teacher in the Sale Creek school.

Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow,
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow,
Can you or I or anyone know
How oats, peas, beans, and barley grow?

Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands
And turns around and views the land.

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
Open the ring and choose one in
While we all gaily dance and sing.

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12 Marie Ruef Hofer, Kindergarten Magazine, 1901.

Formation:

The children form in a circle with one child in the center as the farmer.

Action:

The children dance about in the circle, imitating the action of the song, sowing the seed, standing at ease, and viewing the land. The child inside the circle chooses a partner as they sing "Choose one in." These two dance around inside the circle while the others sing to the tune of the chorus,

Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la.

The child last chosen remains in the circle, and the game begins again.

I have not found the last two songs in this group in any collection of folk games, but I am including them because I have not seen a printed copy of either of them, and I know they are both very old singing games.

ANNIE GOES TO THE CABBAGE FIELD

Obtained from Cecile Downey, who learned the game as a small child in the Sale Creek school.

Annie goes to the cabbage field,
Cabbage field, cabbage field,
Seeking there some fresh green leaves
To feed her rabbits fine.

Johnny sees her, ha, ha, ha,
Now I'll catch you, tra, la, la,
Nay, nay, nay, go away,
I'll not dance with you today.

Gaily dancing round the ring,
Round the ring, round the ring,
While we all together sing
And clasp our hands in time.

Bow to partner, take a stand,
Tap with feet, then clap with hand,
Heel and toe, away we go,
Up and down the merry row.

Formation:

Children form in two rows.

Action:

The children dance alone down the outside and meet at the foot of row. Here they clap, stamp, and turn, then take hands and dance together.

SNAIL GAME

Obtained from Mrs. Earl McDonald, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mrs. McDonald learned this old game when she was in the first grade at Bakewell, Tennessee.

Hand in hand, you see us well,
Creep like a snail into its shell.
Ever nearer, ever nearer,
Ever closer, ever closer,
Who'd have thought this little shell
Would have held us all so well?

Hand in hand, you see us well,
Creep like a snail out of its shell.
Ever farther, ever farther,
Ever wider, ever wider,
Who'd have thought this little shell
Would have held us all so well?

Formation:

Children form in one line, holding hands.

Action:

As they sing, the children march in a long winding line. The leader (the snail) stands still while the line forms about him to form a shell. When the shell is formed, they begin unwinding on the second stanza.

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