The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads

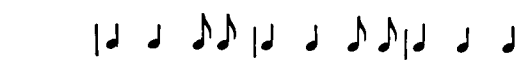
VOLUME II

The Cherry-Tree Carol

CHILD NO. 54

THE musical tradition of this charming and deservedly popular carol, or religious ballad, does not begin to appear in the record until about the beginning of the nineteenth century. From then on, it has been continuous, and, apart from a few anomalies, fairly consistent.

The core of the musical tradition appears to be a rhythmical pattern basically as follows:



It seems altogether probable that all the variants in the central tradition originally belonged to this type, and that those in duple rhythm are alterations of it. To the same metrical (and melodic) pattern belongs the old favorite, "Love will find out the way," a tune still current, as Chappell informs us, in mid-nineteenth century tradition. (Cf. Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, [1855], p. 304.) The textual tradition allies the song with a small number of ballads which normally take the form of dactylic or hypersyllabic tetrameter couplets. These may be broken into quatrains, but the general absence of caesural pauses makes this a very arbitrary proceeding, and the violence is underlined by the music's failure to indicate any natural division until the mid-pause. Among the ballads in this group it is not unusual to find melodic parallels. (Cf. "Lamkin" [No. 93], "Death of Queen Jane" [No. 170].)

Among the members of this central melodic tradition there are no very significant subdivisions. The range is nearly always plagal. We should therefore expect the mid-pause to be ordinarily on the second degree; but, probably because the active range of many variants is narrow, mid-pauses on the fifth are the commonest. There is an overwhelming preference for the Ionian or the Mixolydian tonality, or hexatonic and pentatonic varieties which do not controvert those systems. A half-dozen variants make a refrain by repeating the second half of the stanza, to either a literal or an altered musical repetition. Half as many variants have a second strain, either for chorus or to carry new lines of text; and two add to this increment a burden as well.

Apart from the main stream is a small number of tunes in duple rhythm which are probably impossible to relate either to one another or to the rest. These have been grouped together merely for the sake of convenience.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Joseph was an old man." Davies Gilbert Carol MS., Pt. I, 1767-68, opp. p. 22, Harvard College Library.
a. "Joseph was an old man." William Sandys, *Christmas Carols; Ancient and Modern*, 1833, App'x., No. 10.
b. "Joseph was an old man." Sir Richard R. Terry, *Gilbert und Sandys' Christmas Carols*, [1931], p. 38.
c. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." William Husk, *Songs of the Nativity*, [1868], pp. 194 and 59.
2. "Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2744/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Miners)
3. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2821/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 11. (Thomas)
4. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Alice E. Gillington, *Old Christmas Carols of the Southern Counties*, 1910, No. 9, p. 14.
5. "Joseph was an old man." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 14.
6. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Maud Karpeles, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 34 (1930), p. 229.
7. "Joseph was an old Man." Sharp MSS., 2545/. (Phillips)
8. "Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 4891/. (Hughes)
d. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Henry Ramsden Bramley and John Stainer, *Christmas Carols, New & Old*, [1871], p. 60.
e. "Joseph and Mary." Jean Thomas, *Ballad Makin' in the Mountains of Kentucky*, 1939, p. 223.
9. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Helen Hartness Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 6 (1933), p. 6.
f. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Helen Hartness Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 48.
10. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2069/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Carols*, 1911, p. 7. (Clayton)

GROUP Ab

11. "Cherry Tree Carol." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 35(B).
12. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2151/2018. (Roberts)
13. "Joseph was an old man." R. Vaughan Williams and Charles Gamblin, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 260.

GROUP Ac

14. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 565 and 174(B).

GROUP Ad

15. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 3658/2717. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 94(E). (Sloan)
16. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 4081/2918. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 92(C). (Wooton)
17. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 3312/2419. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 91(B). (Gentry)
18. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Mrs. Maud Long, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 14, recording No. 66(B).
19. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 4024/2899. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 93(D). (Dunagan)
20. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Josephine McGill, *JAF*, XXIX (1916), pp. 417 and 293. Also in McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 59.
21. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 3627/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 94(F). (Townsley)
22. "Cherry Tree Carol." Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 35.
23. "Sweet Mary and Sweet Joseph." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 262.

GROUP Ae

24. "Joseph was an old man." Gillington, *Old Christmas Carols of the Southern Counties*, 1910, No. 16, p. 24.

25. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2586/. Also in Sharp, *English Folk-Carols*, 1911, p. 9. (Plumb)

GROUP B

26. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 2612/. (Beechy)

GROUP C

27. "The Cherry Tree Carol." T. Miners and J. E. Thomas, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 33 (1929), p. 111.

GROUP D

g. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Mary Wheeler and Clara Gregory Bridge, *Kentucky Mountain Folk-Songs*, 1937, p. 3.

28. "The Cherry-Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 3284/2391. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 90(A). (Rice)

GROUP E

29. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Sharp MSS., 4914/. (Cooknell)

GROUP F

30. "The Cherry Tree Carol." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 88.

APPENDIX

31. "Mary's Question." Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols*, [1931], p. 40.

32. "Joseph and the Angel." William Wallace Fyfe, *Christmas: Its Customs and Carols*, 1860, p. 130. Also in Terry, [1931], p. 39; Martin F. Shaw and Percy Dearmer, *English Carol Book*, 1913, p. 14; and Anne G. Gilchrist, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 13(2).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Joseph was an old man"

D. Gilbert MS. Pt. I, 1767-68, opp. p. 22.

p I

CONJECTURAL READING

On the proper timing of this tune, cf. especially Sir Richard R. Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols*, London, [1931], pp. xiv, 38; and Anne G. Gilchrist, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 13(1). Terry adds an initial half-note and reduces to 3/2, keeping the time-values of the original as given by Sandys, 1833 (nearly identical with the copy above). Husk's copy is in duple time with values altered. The traditional course of the melody might justify the 3/4 reading suggested above. Cf. especially the Cornish copy that follows.

1. Joseph was an old man and an old man was he
   Joseph was etc.
   When he wedded mary in the Land of Gallilie

2. Joseph and mary walked through the orchards Good
   Joseph and etc.
   Where was Cherrys and berrys as Red as the blood

3. Joseph and mary walk'd through the orchards Green
   Joseph and etc.
   Where was Cherrys and berrys as good as might be Seen

4. O then bespake mary so meek and so mild
   O then etc.
   Pluck me a Cherry for I am with Child

5. O then bespake Joseph with words most reveild [p. 23]
   O then etc.
   Let him pluck thee a Cherry that brought thee with Child

6. O then bespake the babe in his mothers womb
   O then etc.
   Bow Down he [*sic*] tall trees to my mothers hand

7. Then Did bow down the highest branch to her hand
   Then did etc.
   O then bespake Joseph I have Done thee much wrong

8. Then mary pluck't a Cherry as red as the blood
   Then mary etc.
   And then She went home with her heavy Load

9. Mary took the babe upon her knee
   Mary took etc.
   Saying tell me my Dear Son what this world will be

10. I Shall be as Dead mother as the Stones in the wall
    I Shall etc.
    O the Stones in the Streets mother Shall morn [*sic*] for me all

11. Upon Easter Day mother my uprising Shall be
    Upon Easter etc.
    O the Sun and the moon mother Shall both rise with me.

2. [Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2744/. Sent by Mrs. Tom Miners, Camborne, Cornwall, January 1912.

p I

When Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
He wedded fair Mary
The Queen of Galilee

3. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2821/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 11. Sung by Mr. J. Thomas, Camborne, Cornwall, May 9, 1913.

p I

1. When Joseph was an old man,
   An old man was he,
   He wedded our Mary,
   The Queen of Galilee

2. And when he had a wedded her
   And at home had her brought
   Mary proved to be with child
   But Joseph knew her not.

3. Then Joseph and Mary
   Was a walking in the grove
   They saw cherries and berries
   As red as any rose

4. When Joseph and Mary
   Was in the garden green
   They saw cherries and berries
   That was fit to be seen.

5. And Mary said to Joseph
   In words meek and mild
   Pick me some cherries Joseph
   For I am with child

6. Then Joseph spoke to Mary
   In words so unkind
   Let him pick thee cherries Mary
   Who brought thee with child.

7. Then Jesus spoke unto the tree
   From within his mothers womb
   Bow down sweet cherry tree
   For my mother to have some

8. Then the highest branches bent as low
   As mother Mary's knee
   And she picked of the cherries
   By one two & three.

9. Then Mary had a young son
   Which she dandled on her knee
   And she said to her fair child
   What will this world be

10. This world he said is no other
    Than the stones in the street
    But the sun moon and stars
    Shall sail under thy feet.

11. And I must not be rocked
    In silver nor gold
    But in a wood cradle
    That rock on the ground

12. And I must not be clothed
    In purple nor poll
    But be clothed in fine linen
    The child is your own.

4. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Gillington, 1910, No. 9, p. 14. Sung by Surrey gypsies.

p I

1. O, Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he!
   And he courted sweet Mary, In the town of Galilee.

2. As Mary was a-walking in the gardens so green,
   Where apples and cherries was plenty to be seen.

3. Then up spake sweet Mary, so meek and mild spake she,
   "Gather me cherries, Joseph, gather me cherries three."

4. Then up and spake Joseph, these words answered he;
   "Gather you cherries for yourself, for you will have none of me."

5. Then up spake our Saviour, "Bow down to the ground;
   Bow down, thou lofty cherry tree, that my mother may gather some."

6. Then the cherry tree it bended, and the cherry tree it broke,
   And Joseph regretted the words that he had spoke.

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5. "Joseph was an old man"

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 14. Sung by Mr. Davies, Stourport, September 1913.

p I

(O) Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
He married sweet Mary,
by the Queen of [Glory?]

6. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Karpeles, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 34 (1930), p. 229. Sung by Mrs. James L. Vrooman, Regina, Saskatchewan, 1929; learned in Ireland.

p π^1 (sometimes within compass of a sixth)

Miss Karpeles remarks that the second half was sometimes repeated.

1. Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he,
When he and his wife Mary
Came to the land of Galilee.

2. And as they were going
Along by the wood,
They saw a red cherry-tree,
As red as any blood.

3. Out bespoke Mary
With words that was kind,
Saying: "Give me cherries, Joseph,
For I am with child."

4. Then out bespoke Joseph
With words that was unkind:
"I won't give you cherries,
If you are with child."

5. Then out bespoke our Saviour,
Out of his mother's womb,
Saying: "Bow down, gentle cherry-tree,
Till my mother get some."

6. The tree it bowed down,
Down low to the ground,
And Mary picked up cherries
What her apron would hold.

7. Then as they were going
Along by the road,
They heard an angel saying:
"Our Saviour's to be born.

8. Not in a kitchen
Not in a hall,
Oh no, nor in a parlour,
But in an ox's stall."

9. This babe was not dress-ed
In silk nor in twine,
But a piece of fine linen
Was his mother's design.

10. This babe was not christened
With milk nor with wine,
But a drop of clear water,
And his name was divine.

7. "Joseph was an old Man"

Sharp MSS., 2545/. Sung by Mrs. Gentie Phillips, September 20, 1910.

p I/Ly

8. [Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 4891/. Sung by Robert Hughes (63), Buckingham Union, September 9, 1922.

p I

The copy given by Bramley and Stainer, *Christmas Carols, New and Old*, [1871], p. 60, from tradition is virtually identical with the above as to notes. The same is true of the Appalachian copy sung by Jilson Setters for Jean Thomas, *Ballad Makin'*, 1939, p. 223.

Joseph was an old man
An old man was he
And he married Sweet Mary
The Queen of Galilee.

9. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 6 (1933), p. 6. Sung by Mrs. E. M. Sullivan, Springfield, Vt., February 1933; learned in Ireland in childhood, in a convent. Collected and transcribed by Helen Hartness Flanders and Elizabeth Flanders. From *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 6 (1933), edited by Phillips Barry; copyright 1933 by the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast.

p I (—VI), ending on *V* (tonic G)

This copy is repeated, with a fuller text, incorporating the present as stanzas 3-7, in Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 48 (14 stanzas in all). Compare "Lamkin," *post*, No. 93.

1. As Mary and Joseph was walking through a meadow so fair,
   Where cherries and blossoms was to be seen there,

2. Then out spoke blessed Mary, so keen and so mild,
   "Pick me a cherry, Joseph, for I am with child."

3. Then out spoke St. Joseph, so keen and so mild,
   "Let the father of your baby pick cherries for thee."

4. Then out spoke our Saviour, out of his mother's womb,
   Saying, "Bend down, dear cherries, let my mama pick thee."

5. The highest branch bended, the lowest branch bowed,
   Blessed Mary picked cherries, while her apron could hold.

10. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2069/. Also in Sharp, 1911, p. 7. Sung by Mrs. Mary Anne Clayton, Chipping Camden, January 13, 1909.

p I/M

Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
And Joseph married Mary the Queen of Galilee
And Joseph married Mary the Queen of Galilee

GROUP Ab

11. [Cherry Tree Carol]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 35(B). Sung by Mrs. Annie C. Wallace, Halifax, N.S.

p I

Joseph was a young man and a young man was he
When he courted fair Mary in the land of Gallilee.

12. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2151/2018. Sung by Mary Anne Roberts (81), at Winchcombe Union, April 8, 1909.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. Mary and Joseph together did go
   Down in the garden together did go
   And there they saw a cherry tree
   Both red white and green

2. Then up spake Mary so meek and so mild
   Gather me cherries Joseph for I am with child.

3. Then up speaks Joseph with his words so unkind
   Let them gather the cherries that brought thee with child.

4. Then up speaks the little child in his own mother's womb
   Bow down you sweet cherry tree and give my mother some.

5. Then the top spray in the cherry tree bowed down to her knee
   And now you see Joseph there are cherries for me.

13. "Joseph was an old man"

Vaughan Williams and Gamblin, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 260. Sung by Mrs. Davey (c. 60), Alresford, Hants, November 1907.

a I/M

Joseph was an old man and an old man was he,
He married his cousin the Queen of Galilee.

GROUP AC

14. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Davis, 1929, p. 565; text, p. 174(B). Sung by a Negro woman, Culpepper County, Va., November 15, 1916. Collected by John Stone.

a π^1 (compass of a sixth)

This variant is easily reducible to triple time like the rest: the wish for a quicker beat could have prompted the change.
Compare the nursery tune, "I had a little nut-tree."

Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he;
And he married Mary,
The queen of Galilee.

GROUP Ad

15. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 3658/2717. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 94(E). Sung by Mrs. Alice and Sudie Sloan, Barbourville, Ky., May 8, 1917.

p π^1

"Really thus, but accurately as above." [*Sharp's MS.* note.]

1. Joseph was a young man,
How young he may be,
When he courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Galilee,
When he courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

2. Joseph and Mary
Was a-walking one day,
There was apples and cherries
A-plenty to behold.

3. Mary spoke to Joseph
So meek and so mild:
Go gather me cherries, Joseph,
For I am with child.

4. Joseph spoke to Mary
So angry were he:
Let the father of your baby
Gather cherries for thee.

5. Up spoke our Blessed Saviour
All in his mother's ease:
Bow low, low down, cherry tree,
And let my mother eat.

6. It stopped and it bended,
It bent like a bow,
Till Mary gathered cherries
From the uppermost bough.

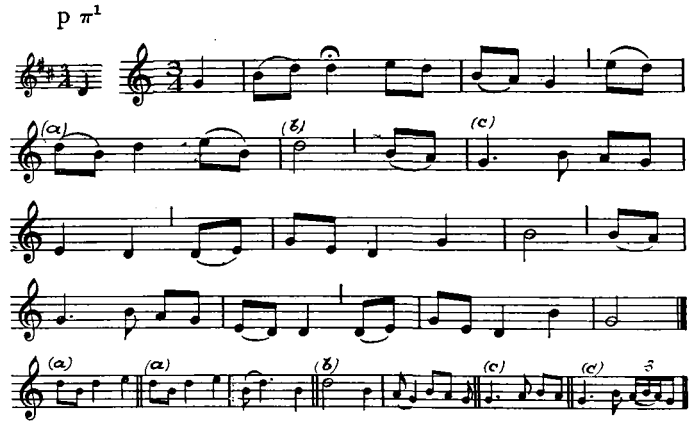
7. Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee:
Now tell to me, my pretty babe,
When your birthday shall be.

8. The very first Sunday
On old Christmas Day
When the rocks and the mountains
Are bending down to me,
When the stars in the elements
Are shining so free.

16. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 4081/2918. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 92(C). Sung by William Wooton, Hindman, Knott County, Ky., September 21, 1917.

p π^1



Cf. another variant from the same singer (?) collected by Josephine McGill, farther on (variant 20).

1. When Joseph was a young man,
A young man was he,
He courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Galilee,
He courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

2. As Joseph and Mary
Were walking one day,
Here is apples and cherries
Enough to behold.

3. Then Mary spoke to Joseph
So neat (meek?) and so mild:
Joseph, gather me some cherries,
For I am with child.

4. Then Joseph flew in angry,
In angry he flew:
Let the father of the baby
Gather cherries for you.

5. Lord Jesus spoke a few words
All down unto them:
Bow low down, low down, cherry tree,
Let the mother have some.

6. The cherry tree bowed low down
Low down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

7. Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee.
He cried: O Lord, have mercy
For what have I done.

8. And Joseph took Mary
All on his left knee.
Pray tell me, little baby,
When your birthday will be?

9. On the fifth day of January
My birthday will be,
When the stars and the elements
Doth tremble with fear.

17. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 3312/2419. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 91(B). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

p I (VII in variant reading only)

1. Joseph were a young man,
A young man were he,
And he courted Virgin Mary,
The Queen of Gallilee.

2. Mary and Joseph
Were a-walking one day.
Here is apples and cherries
A-plenty to behold.

3. Mary spoke to Joseph
So meek and so mild:
Joseph, gather me some cherries,
For I am with child.

4. Joseph flew in angry,
In angry he flew,
Saying: Let the father of your baby
Gather cherries for you.

5. The Lord spoke down from Heaven,
These words he did say:
Bow you low down, you cherry tree,
While Mary gathers some.

6. The cherry tree bowed down.
It was low on the ground;
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

7. Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee:
Pray tell me, little baby,
When your birthday shall be.

8. On the fifth day of January
My birthday shall be,
When the stars and the elements
Shall tremble with fear.

9. Then Joseph took Mary
All on his left knee,
Saying: Lord have mercy upon me
For what I have done.

18. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sung by Mrs. Maud Long, Hot Springs, N.C., 1946. LC/AAFS, Album 14, rec. No. 66(B). Collected by Artus M. Moser.

p π^1

N.B. that Mrs. Long learned this from her mother, Mrs. Gentry; yet shifts from Ionian to π^1, and adds a refrain by repeating the second half. The words, however, are unchanged, and therefore need not be repeated here.

19. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 4024/2899. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 93(D). Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, at St. Helen's, Lee County, Ky., September 12, 1917.

p π^1

1. Joseph was a young man,
   A young man were he;
   He courted Virgin Mary,
   Was the queen of Galilee.
   He courted Virgin Mary,
   Was the queen of Galilee.

2. Joseph and Mary
   Was a-walking one day.
   Here is apples, here is cherries,
   Is enough to behold.

3. Mary spoke to Joseph
   So heal and so mild:
   Joseph, gather me some cherries,
   For I am a child.

4. Joseph flew in angry,
   And angry he flew.
   Let the father of the baby
   Gather cherries for you.

5. The cherry tree bowed low down
   And Christ he spoken,
   Those words he did say:
   Bow low, lowly down, cherry tree,
   Bow low down to the ground.
   Let the mother of the baby
   Gather cherries for thee.

6. Cherry tree bowed low down,
   Low, low down to the ground;
   Mary gathered cherries
   While Joseph stood around.

7. Joseph took Mary
   All on his right knee,
   A-crying: O Lord have mercy
   On what have I done.

8. Joseph took Mary
   All on his left knee.
   Pray tell me, little baby,
   When your birthday will be.

9. At the sixteenth of January
   My birthday will be,
   When the stars that's in the elements
   Were a-trembling with fear.

20. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

McGill, *JAF*, XXIX (1916), p. 417; text, p. 293. Also in McGill, 1917, p. 59. Sung by Will Wooten, Knott County, Ky. Learned from his grandmother, North Carolina, from England.

p π^1

The alternative readings are from Josephine McGill's *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 60.

1. When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
   He married Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

2. As Joseph and Mary were walking one day
   Here are apples, here are cherries, enough to behold.

3. Then Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild,
   "Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am with child."

4. Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,
   "Let the father of the baby gather cherries for thee."

5. Then Jesus spoke a few words, a few words spoke He,
   "Let my mother have some cherries, bow low down Cherry Tree."

6. The cherry tree bowed low down, bowed low down to the ground,
   And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood around.

7. Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee:
   "What have I done—Lord have mercy on me!"

8. Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee:
   "O tell me little baby, when Thy birthday will be?"

9. "The sixth day of January my birthday will be,
   When the stars in the elements shall tremble with glee."

21. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 3627/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 94(F). Sung by Mrs. Townsley, at Pineville, Ky., May 4, 1917.

p π^1

Joseph took Mary all on his right knee:
Tell me my pretty baby, when your birthday shall be.

22. [Cherry Tree Carol]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 35. Sung by William Riley, Cherry Brook, N.S. Noted by Nina Bartley Finn.

p π^1

1. Then Joseph took Mary upon his right knee
   Saying, "Mary won't you tell me when the birth day shall be,"
   Saying, "Mary won't you tell me when the birth day shall be."

2. "The birthday shall be on that old Christmas night
   When the angels in the glory rejoice at the sight,
   When the angels in the glory rejoice at the sight."

3. Oh Mary walked in the garden just like a little child,
   Saying, "Give me some cherries for I am beguiled,"
   Saying, "Give me some cherries for I am beguiled."

4. Joseph said to Mary, "I give thee no cherries,
   Let the man give you cherries who did you beguile,
   Let the man give you cherries who did you beguile."

5. Then the tree spoke unto her and it began to bow,*
   Saying, "Mary gather cherries from the uttermost limb,"
   Saying, "Mary gather cherries from the uttermost limb."

* In another singing:
The tree hearkened to him and it began to bow.

23. "Sweet Mary and Sweet Joseph"

Morris, 1950, p. 262. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla., 1937(?).

p π^1

1. Sweet Mary and sweet Joseph walked out on the green,
   Where apples and cherries aplenty to be seen,
   Where apples and cherries aplenty to be seen.

2. Sweet Mary spoke to Joseph so meekly and so kind,
   "Come gather me some cherries for I am with child;
   Come gather me some cherries for I am with child."

3. Sweet Joseph spoke to sweet Mary so crabby and so crime,
   "Let the father of the baby gather the cherries for thine;
   Let the father of the baby gather the cherries for thine."

4. Sweet Jesus broke the limbs down so low into Mary's hands,
   Sweet Mary gathered cherries off the endmost bows;
   Sweet Mary gathered cherries off the endmost bows.

5. Sweet Joseph taken sweet Mary all on his right knee.
   "Pray tell me sweet Mary when his birthday will be;
   Pray tell me sweet Mary when his birthday will be."

6. Sweet Joseph taken sweet Mary all on his left knee.
   "Pray tell me sweet Mary when his death day will be;
   Pray tell me sweet Mary when his death day will be."

7. "All on that same Friday when all things are clear,
   The earth it shall be darkened and the sun disappear;
   The earth it shall be darkened and the sun disappear.

8. . . . . .
   Then the righteous of the body shall rise from the tomb;
   Then the righteous of the body shall rise from the tomb."

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GROUP Ae

24. "Joseph was an old man"

Gillington, 1910, No. 16, p. 24. Sung by Hampshire gypsies.

p I

1. O, Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,
   And he courted Mary, the Queen of Gallilee.

2. Now as Joseph and Mary was walking in the gardens green
   There hung cherries black and white, all sorts to be seen.

3. Then up spakèd Mary, so meek and mild was she,
   Gather me one cherry, Joseph, from yon high cherry tree.

4. Then up spakèd Joseph—their words were unkind:—
   "Let those gather you cherries, Mary, who thereto hath a mind."

5. Then up spake our Saviour:—Bow down to the ground
   Bow down thou lawful cherry tree, that my mother may gather some!

6. Then the highest limb in the cherry tree bowed down to her knee,
   That she might gather cherries by one, two, or three.

7. Now Mary went to Bethlehem to a place she was not known,
   The shepherds there did find her with our Saviour son.

8. Now He was not brought forth in parlour nor in hall;
   But He was brought forth in an old oxen stall.

9. He was not wrappèd neither in purple nor pall,
   But He was wrapped in linen fine, as we was once all.

10. And He was not christened in white wine nor in red;
    But in a well of clear spring, as we was once led.

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25. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2586/. Also in Sharp, 1911, p. 9. Sung by Ellen Plumb (85), at Armscote, April 13, 1911.

m M

1. Joseph was an old man an old man was he
   He married with Mary the Queen of Glo-ry.

2. Joseph took Mary in the orchard so wood
   Where there was apples plums cherries as red as any blood.

3. Then bespoke Mary so meek & so mild
   Get me some cherries Joseph
   For my body's bound with child.

4. Joseph betaken these words so unkind
   Let them get you cherries Mary that did your body bind

5. Then bespoke Jesus all in his mother's womb
   The highest bough of the cherry tree shall bow down to Mary's knee
   And she shall have cherries for her young son & she

6. Mary got cherries by one two & three
   Mary got cherries for her young son & she.

"Singing as happy as a cuckoo and working like a horse, and if only she had had a farding for every song she sang, she would be up to her neck in money." [*Sharp's MS. note, quoting Ellen Plumb's observations.*]

GROUP B

26. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 2612/. Sung by Mrs. Beechy, Shipton, August 22, 1911.

a I/M

Cf. "A Virgin most pure" (Sandys, 1833; R. R. Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols*, [1931], p. 10) and "A Virgin unspotted" G. P. Jackson, *Down-East Spirituals*, [1943], No. 10, with other references there cited.)

GROUP C

27. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Miners and Thomas, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 33 (1929), p. 111. Sung by S. Landry, Cornwall, 1924.

m I/M

Cf. the full and interesting notes on this tune by Miss Broadwood and Miss Gilchrist, *loc.cit.*

Joseph and Mary
In the garden did walk,
Where were cherries and berries
And all kinds of fruit.

Then up bespoke Mary
So meek and so mild,
Pluck me some cherries, Joseph,
For I am with child.

Then sing O, the holly, holly O,
And sing O, the holly,
But of all the trees that's in the wood,
It is the holly.

The following set of words from the same singer was noted by Mr. Miners in January 1916 and printed in *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 321.

1. Joseph and Mary
   In the garden did walk,
   Where there was cherries and berries
   And all kinds of fruit.

2. Then up bespoke Mary,
   So meek and so mild,
   "Pluck me some cherries, Joseph,
   For I am with child."

3. Then up bespoke Joseph,
   With words so unkind,

"Let them pick thee cherries, Mary,
That brought thee with child."

4. Then whispered Jesus,
So meek in the womb,
"Bow down, gentle cherry bush,
That my mother may have some."

Chorus: {Then / And} sing O the holy, holy {O / E}
And sing O the holly,
And of all the trees that are in the wood
It is the holly.

5. The holly bears a prickle
So sharp as a thorn,
And before the next morning
Our Sweet Saviour was born.

Chorus: Then sing O the holy, holy {O / E}
And sing O the holly, etc.

6. The holly bears a blossom,
So white as the snow,
And Mary bore our Saviour
Who died for us all.

7. The holly [? Ivy] bears a berry
So black as the coal, [? a pall]
And Mary bore our Saviour,
Who died for us all.

8. The Holly bears a berry
So red as the blood,
And Mary bore our sweet Saviour
To do sinners good.

9. We shall all be as dead
As a stone in the lane,
And in the next world
We shall all live again.

Chorus: And sing O the holy, holy {O / E}
And sing O the holly, etc.

GROUP D

28. [The Cherry-Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 3284/2391. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 90(A). Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice, Big Laurel, N.C., August 17, 1916.

p I/M, ending on *V*

1. As Joseph and Mary were a-walking the green,
They was apples and cherries plenty there to be seen.
They was apples and cherries plenty there to be seen.

2. And then Mary said to Joseph so meek and so mild:
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, for I am with child.

3. Then Joseph said to Mary so rough and unkind:
Let the daddy of the baby get the cherries for thine.

4. Then the baby spoke out of its mother's womb:
Bow down you lofty cherry trees, let my mammy have some.

5. Then the cherry tree bent and it bowed like a bow,
So that Mary picked cherries from the uppermost bough.

6. Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee,
Saying: Lord have mercy on me and what I have done.

7. Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee,
Saying: O my little Saviour, when your birthday shall be,
The hills and high mountains shall bow unto thee.

8. Then the baby spoke out of its mother's womb:
On old Christmas morning my birthday shall be
(*or*, it'll be just before day),
When the hills and high mountains shall bow unto me.

GROUP E

29. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Sharp MSS., 4914/. Sung by Mrs. George Cooknell, at Upper Wardington, September 17, 1922.

p I

When Joseph was old and righteous was he,
He married young Mary the maid of Galilee.
And when he was married and made her his bride
Mary she proved she proved with child.

The rising of the sun
The running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir.

GROUP F

30. [The Cherry Tree Carol]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 88. Sung by Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Mo., May 14, 1930. From her mother's people, from Tennessee.

p I

The tension in bars 3 and 4 is resolved only by violence to the record.
Cf. "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Joseph was an old man,
An' a very old man was he,
Th' time he married Mary,
Th' queen of Gallilee.

Jesus spoke a few words,
An' a very few words spoke he,
My mother wants some cherries,
Bend over, cherry-tree!

1. Then Mary took her young Son
And set Him on her knee:
'I pray Thee now my dearest Child
Tell how this world shall be.'

2. 'O I shall be dead mother
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, mother,
Shall sorrow for Me all.

3. And O upon a Wednesday
My vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday
My death I will take;

4. On Easter Day My mother
My rising will be,
O the sun and the moon, mother,
They shall uprise with Me.

5. The people shall rejoice
And the birds they shall sing
To see the uprising
Of the heavenly King.'

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APPENDIX

31. [Mary's Question]

Terry, [1931], p. 40. Tune from tradition; words adapted from various collections.

a I/Ly

32. [Joseph and the Angel]

Fyfe, 1860, p. 130. Also in Terry, [1931], p. 39; Shaw and Dearmer, 1913, p. 14; and Gilchrist, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 13(2).

p Harmonic minor

The words have little or no relation to the "Cherry Tree Carol" proper, but are incorporated in some versions, e.g., in Child's B, from Husk *et al.*

The Carnal and the Crane

CHILD NO. 55

THE record for the singing tradition of this religious carol is meager. Only three tunes seem to have been collected, two of one type and one of another, all three between the years 1892 and 1912. The tunes from the West of England are plagal Æ/D; Miss Broadwood's gypsy tune is quite distinct, and I/M.

Carol-tunes have been handed about and borrowed indiscriminately for different texts as freely as almost any others. Or it might be better to say that carols can scarcely be claimed to possess any proper tunes of their own. Nothing is clearer than the fact that, as they have been sung in the last century and a half, they do not form a separate and distinct category in folk-song. Even the formal distinction which has been drawn between the carol and ballad, of stanza plus burden for the carol, internal refrain for the ballad, is not necessarily a differentiation from the musical point of view. In general, the rule has been that a good traditional tune is good enough to put to spiritual uses. In fact, folk-music, morally speaking, is virtually incorruptible. Folk-tunes have within them as their inalienable birthright such a gift of purity that they are a standing contradiction of the axiom, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." They associate unhesitatingly with the dirtiest companions, and come away unsoiled. In spite of Falstaff's allusion to "filthy tunes," there never has been such a phenomenon in folk-music, apart from momentary nonce-associations. This truth has been recognized by the pious and devout since time immemorial, and the continual give-and-take between sacred and secular ever since the record began is one of the reasons why the history of medieval music is so difficult to trace. Official edicts might force an artificial segregation from time to time, but in the long run they have had to yield before the stainless freshness of the traditional tunes, whether Ionian (*modus lascivus*) or not. For indeed, these do not have to become as little children: born "on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean," they are always fit for translation to the realms of light.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Carnal and the Crane." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 14 (1910), p. 22. Also in Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 188.
2. "King Herod and the Cock." Sharp MSS., 2585/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Carols*, 1911, p. 2; and in Sharp, *Folk-Song Carols*, [1913], p. 3 (Novello's School Songs, Book 245, No. 1175). (Plumb)

GROUP B

3. "King Pharim." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 183. Also in Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 74; and in L. E. Walter and Lucy E. Broadwood, *Christmas Carols*, 1922, pp. 34, 37.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Carnal and the Crane"

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 14 (1910), p. 22. Also in Leather, 1912, p. 188. Sung by Mr. Hirons (60), at Haven, Herefordshire, July 1909.

p Æ/D

This is a member of the "Lazarus" or "How should I your true-love know" family. The tune was also sung to the carol, "The man that lives" (cf. Leather, 1912, p. 195, tune 1).

1. As I walked out one morning.
   A little before it was day,
   I heard a conversation
   Between a carnal and a crane.

2. The carnal said unto the crane
   "If all the world should turn,
   But once we had a Father,
   But now we have a Son."

3. There was a star in all the East
   Shone out a shining throng,
   And shone into King Pharaoh's chamber,
   And where King Pharaoh lay.

4. The wise men they soon spied it,
   And soon King Pharaoh told
   That an earthly babe was born that night
   As no man on earth could destroy.

5. King Pharaoh sent for his armèd men.
   And ready then they be,
   For all children under two years old
   Shall be slainèd, they shall be.

6. Joseph and Mary
   Was weary of their rest,
   They travelled into Egypt
   Into the Holy Land.

7. "Go speed thy work," said Jesus,
"Go fetch thy oxen-wain,
And carry home thy corn again
As which this day hath sown.

8. "If anyone should ask you
Whether Jesus He has passed by,
You can tell them Jesus He did pass by
Just as your seeds were sown."

9. Then up came King Pharaoh
With his armèd men so bold,
Enquiring of the husbandman
Whether Jesus He has passed by.

10. "The truth it must be spoken,
The truth it must be told,
I saw Jesus passing by
Just as my seeds were sown."

11. King Pharaoh said to his armèd men
"Your labour and mine's in vain,
It's full three quarters of a year
Since these seeds were sown!"

2. "King Herod and the Cock"

Sharp MSS., 2585/. Also, harmonized, in Sharp, 1911, p. 2; and in Sharp, [1913], p. 3. Sung by Ellen Plumb (85), Armscote, April 13, 1911.

p Æ/D

There was a star in David's land
In David's land appear.
And in King Herod's chamber so high it did shine there.

The Wise Men soon spied it
And told the King anigh
That a Prince's Babe was born that night
No King shall e'er destroy.

If this be the truth King Herod said
That thou hast told to me
The roasted cock that lies in the list
Shall crow full senses three.

Oh, the cock soon thrustened and feathered well
By the works of God's own hand
And he did crow full senses three
In the dish where he did stand.

GROUP B

3. "King Pharim"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 183. Sung by three gypsies named Goby, Surrey, 1893.

a I/M

This copy also appears in Broadwood, 1908, p. 74; and in L. E. Walter and Lucy E. Broadwood, *Christmas Carols*, 1922, p. 37 ("The Miraculous Harvest") and ditto, p. 34 ("The Miracle of the Cock"). The copy was first printed in the key of C Major; later in E Major. In 1922, the words were divided, the first five stanzas being given to "The Miracle of the Cock," the last four to "The Miraculous Harvest."

1. King Pharim sat amusing,
Amusing all alone,
There came a blessèd Saviour,
And all to him unknown.

2. "Say, where did you come from, good man,
Oh, where did you then pass?"
"It is out of the land of Egypt,
Between an ox and an ass."

3. "Oh, if you come out of Egypt, man,
One thing I fain I known
Whether a blessed Virgin Mary
Sprung from an Holy Ghost?

4. For if this is true, good man,
That you've been telling to me,
[Make] That the roasted cock do crow three time
In the place where they [we] did stand."

5. Oh, it's straight away the cock did [shall] fetch
And feathered to your own hand,
Three times a roasted cock did crow
On the place where they did stand.

6. Joseph, Jesus, and Mary,
Were travelling for the West,
When Mary grew a-tired,
She might sit down and rest.

7. They travelled further and further,
The weather being so warm,
Till they came unto some husbandman
A-sowing of his corn.

8. "Come, husbandman," cried Jesus,
"From over speed and pride,
And carry home your ripened corn,
That you've been sowing this day.

9. For to keep your wife and family
From sorrow, grief, and pain,
And keep Christ in your remembrance
Till the time comes round again."

Dives and Lazarus

CHILD NO. 56

As CHILD's note informs us, something on the order of this ballad was in print in early Elizabethan times, and seventy-five years later was still matter for common allusion as "the merry ballad of Diverus and Lazarus." No early text survived, however, and Child had to resort to nineteenth-century reprintings of eighteenth-century broadsides for his copy. Unfortunately, the ballad also failed to give its name to a tune persisting with other texts.

Nevertheless, the melodies traditionally associated with the ballad in recent times belong to a family which is very widespread indeed, and demonstrably ancient. The members of it are both sacred and secular, and include among their number "The Miller of the Dee," "Gilderoy," "The Three Ravens," "Come all you worthy Christian Men" (*JFSS*, I, p. 74), "Jack Pudding" (Playford, *The English Dancing Master*, 1650, p. 56, [repr. 1933]), "The Thresher" (Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 68), "Cold blows the wind" (*ibid.*, p. 34; cf. Child No. 78), "We are poor frozen-out Gardeners" (Chappell, *Popular Music*, II [1859], p. 748), "By chance it was" (Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 2), "The Marigold" (*ibid.*, No. 111), "The Lowlands of Holland" (Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 54), "Erin's Lovely Home" (*ibid.*, p. 124), "The Ship in Distress" (*ibid.*, p. 208), "Herod and the Cock" (cf. the preceding ballad, No. 55). Broadwood has a note on the tunes in *JFSS*, II, p. 119, anticipating a good many of the above references. The list is in no sense complete, and could easily be augmented by reference to the collections of Joyce, Greig, and Sharp. Cf. also *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, III (1950), pp. 120-34.

The central tradition appears to lie with a group of authentic variants in major tonalities (I, I/M, M), most of them noted in Herefordshire about the beginning of the present century. Another, smaller, group was collected by Sharp in the West of England; Dorian or leaning toward it, also authentic. This second group is affiliated with other carol-texts as well: "The Twelve Apostles," "The Moon shines bright," "God made a trance," "The Seven Virgins." The first group has echoes of "The Bailiff's Daughter" (Child No. 105), "O Ponder Well," and "Lowlands of Holland."

Apart from these is another Lazarus ballad, or carol, or popular hymn, more didactic and less narrative, but not unknown to tradition on both sides of the Atlantic. Its words usually begin, "There was a man in ancient times," etc. The tunes are usually of the "Babe of Bethlehem" type, preferring some form of triple rhythm, and frequently having two strains. They can be read either as plagal tunes with dropped closes, or as authentic. Preferring the latter, we find a modal range from D/M to π^4. If, as appears, the Westminster "Lazarus" tune is of this family, we may add Æolian. Examples of the "Babe of Bethlehem" may be seen in Jackson, *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America*, 1937, p. 82; Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 566; Sharp and Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 29; Kirkland, *SFQ*, II, p. 67.

The tunes associated with this secondary text are included here, partly because they are sufficiently involved with the ballad proper to have been confused therewith, and partly for their impressive spread, interest, and associations.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Dives and Lazarus." E. Andrews, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 125. Also in Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 190 (1st tune).
2. "Dives and Lazarus." Henry Ramsden Bramley and John Stainer, *Christmas Carols New & Old*, [1871], p. 84. Also in L. E. Walter and Lucy E. Broadwood, *Christmas Carols*, 1922, p. 24.
3. "Dives and Lazarus." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 14 (1910), p. 47. Also in Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordhire*, 1912, p. 190 (2nd tune).
4. "The Moon Shines Bright." Annie M. Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 131.
5. "Diverus and Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 4867/3339, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Taylor)

GROUP B

6. "Diverus and Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 2728/2224. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 16. (Bates)
7. "Diverus and Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 2733/. (Bould)
8. "Dives and Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 2715/. (A Lilleshall singer)

APPENDIX

9. "Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 4450/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 30(B). (Beckett)
10. "Lazarus." Sharp MSS., 3366/2464. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 29(A). (Coates)
11. "Lazarus and Dives," or "The Rich Man Dives." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 566 and 175.
12. "The Rich Man and Lazarus." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 67.
13. "Lazarus." Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 102; text in *Notes and Queries*, Series 4, III, p. 76.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [Dives and Lazarus]

Andrews, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 125. Also in Leather, 1912, p. 190 (1st tune). Sung by Mrs. Harris (80), a mole-catcher's widow, Eardisley, Herefordshire, 1905; learned from her father, a noted singer.

a I

1. As it fell out on a light dully day,*
   high holiday,
   When Diverus made a feast;
   And he invited all his friends,
   And grand gentry of the best.

2. Then Lazarus laid himself down and down
   Under Dives' wall:
   "Some meat! some drink! brother Diverus?
   For hunger, starve I shall!"

3. "Thou wert none of my brethren as I tell thee,
   Lie begging at my wall;
   No meat nor drink will I give thee,
   For hunger, starve thou shall!"

4. Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs
   To worry poor Lazarus away.
   They hadn't the power to bite one bite,
   But they licked his sores away.

5. Then Lazarus, he laid himself down and down,
   And down at Diverus' gate:
   "Some meat! some drink! brother Diverus,
   For Jesus Christ His sake."

6. Then Diverus sent to his merry men
   To worry poor Lazarus away.
   They'd not the power to strike one stroke,
   But they flung their whips† away.

7. As it fell out, on a light dully day,*
   When Lazarus sickened and died;
   There came two Angels out of heaven,
   His soul for to guide.

8. "Arise! arise! brother Lazarus,
   And come along with we;
   There's a place provided in heaven,
   (For) To sit on an Angel's knee."

9. As it fell on a dark dully day,§
   When Dives sickened and died;
   There came two serpents out of hell,
   His soul for to guide.

10. "Arise! arise! brother Diverus,
    And come along with we;
    There is a place provided in hell,
    For to sit on a serpent's knee!

11. There is a place provided in hell
    For wicked men, like thee;
    . . . . . ."
    . . . . . .

12. "Who had they as many days to live
    As there is blades of grass,
    I would be good unto the poor
    As long as life would last!"

* (?) Bright holiday
† Pronounced "weeps"
§ (?) Dark holiday

2. [Dives and Lazarus]

Bramley and Stainer, [1871], p. 84. Also in Walter and Broadwood, 1922, p. 24. From tradition.

a I (inflected IV)

The text does not have independent standing. (Child, II, p. 10)

3. [Dives and Lazarus]

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV No. 14 (1910), p. 47. Also in Leather, 1912, p. 190 (2nd tune). Sung by J. Evans, Dilwyn, Herefordshire, January 1907.

a I/M

Cf. "The Bailiff's Daughter" (No. 105).

1. [As it] fell out upon one day
   Rich Div'rus made a feast,

And he invited all his friends
And gentry of the best.

[etc., as in variant 1 above, according to *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 125, and after the "serpent's knee" verse, as follows:]

11. Then Divus lifted up his eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest,
"A drop of water, brother Lazarus!
For to quench my flaming thirst.

12. If I had as many years to live
As there is blades of grass,
I would make it in my will secure
That the Devils should have no power!"

13. Oh, hell is dark, oh, hell is deep,
Oh, hell is full of mice,
It is a pity that any poor sinful soul
Should depart from our Saviour Christ.

14. And now my carol's ended,
No longer can I stay,
God bless you all, both great and small,
And God send you a happy New Year.

4. "The Moon Shines Bright"

Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 131. Sung by Thomas Colcombe, Herefordshire, 1905.

a I/M

According to the note in *JFSS*, IV, No. 14 (1910), p. 48, this is the tune used by this singer for "Dives and Lazarus." Cf. also "O Ponder Well" or "Chevy Chase" or "The Children in the Wood" (Bruce and Stokoe, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, 1882, p. 3).

5. "Diverus and Lazarus"

Sharp MSS., 4867/3339. Sung by Thomas Taylor, Ross Workhouse, September 7, 1921.

a M

1. As it fell out upon one day
Rich Diverus made a feast
And he invited all his men
And gentlemen of the best.

2. And Lazarus laid him down,
Down at Diverus' gate.
Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

3. And Lazrus laid him a-down,
Down at Diverus door.
No meat, no drink will I give to thee
Nor bestow upon the poor.

4. And he sent out his hungry dogs
To bite him as he lay.
They had no power to bite at all,
But they licked his sores away.

5. Then he sent out his merry men all
To whip poor Lazarus away.
They had no power to strike one stroke,
But throw their whips away.

6. And it fell out upon one day
Poor Lazarus sickened and died.
There came two angels out of Heaven
Therein his soul to guide.

7. Saying: Rise up, rise up, brother Lazrus,
And come along with me;
For there's a place prepared in heaven
For to sit on an angel's knee.

8. And it fell out upon one day
Diverus sickened and died,
And there came two angels out of hell
Therein his soul to guide.

9. Saying: Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me,
For there's a place prepared in hell
From which thou canst not flee.

GROUP B

6. "Diverus and Lazarus"

Sharp MSS., 2728/2224. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 16. Sung by Samson Bates, at The Trench, Salop, December 19, 1911.

a D

Relationships with other carols, "The Twelve Apostles," "The Seven Virgins," "The Moon shines bright," "God made a Trance," are noted by Sharp and Broadwood, *loc.cit.*

1. As it fell out upon one day
Rich Diverus made a feast
And he invited all his friends
To the gentry of the best.

2. Then Lazarus laid him down
And down at Diverus' door
Some meat, some drink, brother Lazarus,
And bestow it upon the poor.

3. Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
Lies begging at my door
No meat nor drink will I give thee
Nor bestow it upon the poor.

4. Then Lazarus laid him down
And down by Diverus wall.
Some meat, some drink, brother Lazarus,
Or with hunger starve I shall.

5. Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
Lies begging at my wall,
No meat nor drink will I give thee
For hunger starve thou shall.

6. Then Lazarus laid him down
And down by Diverus gate.
Some meat, some drink, brother,
For Jesus Christ His sake.

7. Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs
To bite him as he lay
And they had no power to bite one bite
And they licked his sores away.

8. Then Diverus sent out his merry men all
To whip poor Lazarus away
And they had no power to strike one stroke
But they flung their whips away.

9. As it fell out upon one day
Poor Lazarus sickened and died
And there came two angels out of heaven
His soul there for to guide.

10. Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in heaven
To sit on an angel's knee.

11. As it fell out upon one day
Rich Diverus sickened and died
And there come t[w]o serpints out of hell
His soul there for to guide.

12. Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in hell
From which thou cans't not flee.

13. Then Diverus lifted up his heavy, heavy eyes
And saw poor Lazarus blest.
One drop of water wilt thou, Lazarus,
To squench my flaming thirst.

14. If I'd as many years to live
As there is blades of grass,
Then there would be an end in time
But Hell's pains will never be passed.

15. If I had got my time again
The space of one half hour
I'd make myself so perfect cure
As the Devil should have no power.

7. "Diverus and Lazarus"

Sharp MSS., 2733/. Sung by Henry Bould, Donnington Wood, December 14, 1911.

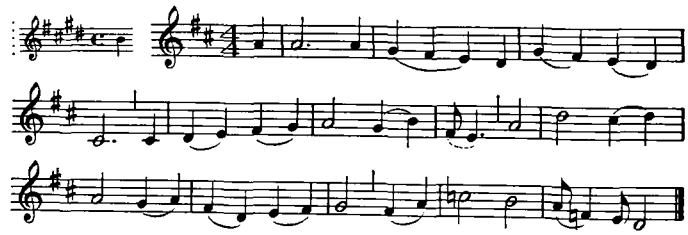
a D

Sharp notes that the seventh in the third phrase was sometimes nearly a leading-note.

8. [Dives and Lazarus]

Sharp MSS., 2715/. Noted from a Lilleshall singer by Walter Perry, October 1911.

a I (inflected III and VII)



As it fell out upon a day
Did Dives make a feast
And he invited all his friends and gentry
of the best

"15 stanzas in A Good Xmas Box." [*MS. note referring to a carol collection of 1847.*]

APPENDIX

9. "Lazarus"

Sharp MSS., 4450/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 30(B). Sung by Mrs. Laura Beckett, Callaway, Va., August 16, 1918.

a D/M

This is a variant of the full and old "Lady Cassilis" tune found in the Skene MS. (cf. *post*, No. 200). Cf. also G. P. Jackson, *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America*, 1937, p. 57; and No. 4, *ante*, Vol. I, p. 39.

10. "Lazarus"

Sharp MSS., 3366/2464. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 29(A). Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Coates, at Flag Pond, Tenn., September 1, 1916.

a D/M (nearly π^2)

1. There was a man in ancient times,
   The Scriptures doth inform us,
   Whose pomp and grandeur and whose crimes
   Was great and very numerous (enumerous).

2. This rich man fared some sly (sumptuously) each day
   And was dressed in purple fine linen.
   He eat and drink, but scorned to pray
   And spent his day in sinning.

3. This poor man lay at the rich man's gate
   To help himself unable,
   And there he lay to humbly wait
   For the crumbs from his rich table.

4. But not one crumb would this happy cure (epicure)
   Ever aye pretend to send him.
   The dogs took pity and licked his sores,
   More ready to befriend him.

5. This poor man died at the rich man's gate,
   Where angel bands attended,
   Straightway to Abraham's bosom flown
   Where all his sorrows ended.

6. This rich man died and was buri-ed too.
   But O his dreadful station,
   With Abraham and Lazarus both in view,
   He landed in damnation.

7. He cried: O father Abraham,
   Send Lazarus with cold water,
   For I'm tormented in these flames
   With these tormenting tortures.

8. Says Abraham: Son, remember well
   You once did God inherit,
   But now at last your doom's in hell
   Because you would not cherish.

9. Go where you cannot now enjoy,
   Which augments your damnation;
   Besides there is a gulf between
   Prevents communication.

11. "Lazarus and Dives," or "The Rich Man Dives"

Davis, 1929, p. 566; text, p. 175. Sung by Sam Pritt, Barber, Va., November 28, 1924. Collected by B. C. Moomaw, Jr.

p π^8

Cf. G. P. Jackson, *Down-East Spirituals*, [1943], p. 27, where this is reprinted with other references and a note suggesting a Celtic background.

1. There was a man in ancient times,
   Dressed in purple and fine linen;
   He ate, he drank, but scorned to pray,
   Spent all of his days in sinning.

2. Poor Lazarus lying at his gate,
   All helpless in his condition,
   He asked the crumbs fell to the floor,
   That fell from his rich table.

3. But not one thing would he bestow
   To help him in his condition.
   The dogs took pity and licked his sores,
   More ready to relieve him.

4. At length it came the poor man died,
   And angel bands surrounding,
   Away to Abraham's bosom flies,
   Where all his troubles ended.

5. At length it came the rich man died
   In his horrible condition;
   In hell he lifted up his eyes,
   In hell in his damnation.

6. Seeing Lazarus lying afar off
   All safe in Abraham's bosom,

"Father Abraham, have compassion on me,
Send Lazarus with cold water.
For I am tortured in these flames,
Oh, in an endless torture."

7. "Oh, don't you remember when on earth,
And at your gate a-lying,
He asked the crumbs fell to your floor,
That fell from your rich table?

8. "But not one thing would you bestow
To help him in his condition.
Besides there is an endless gulf
Cuts off all communication."

9. "Father Abraham, one more request
And I'll confine myself to torture;
Send Lazarus to earth my five brethren to warn,
They're going fast to ruin."

10. "There's Moses and the prophets too,
By them to be persuaded;
If one were risen from the dead
They would not be persuaded."

12. "The Rich Man and Lazarus"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 67. Sung by J. C. Jarnigan, Knoxville, Tenn., July 5, 1937.

p π^4

1. There was a man in ancient time,
Our Savior does inform us;
Pomp and grandeur was his crime;
He was very numerous.

2. He fared sumptous lie each day,
Both purple and fine linen;
He eat and drink but scorned to pray;
He spent his life in sinning.

3. Poor begging Lazarus at his gate
To help himself unable;
Not one crumb would he give him
That fell from his rich table.

4. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The dogs took pity and licked his sores,
More ready to defend him.

5. At last death came; the poor man died
By angel band attended;
Straightway fled to Abraham's bosom
Where all his sorrow ended.

6. The rich man died and was buried too;
But oh his dreadful station;
With Heaven and Lazarus both in view
He landed in damnation.

13. "Lazarus"

Broadwood and Maitland, 1893, p. 102; text in *N & Q*, Series 4, III, p. 76. From A. J. Hipkins, Westminster.

a Æ

Cf. the references given by Miss Broadwood, *loc.cit.*, and on p. 35 of the same work.

1. As it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus he made a feast;
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he was so poor,
He came and laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door.

2. So Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Do bestow upon the poor."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my door,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor."

3. Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' wall;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Or surely starve I shall."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my wall;
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
And therefore starve thou shall."

4. Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' gate;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
For Jesus Christ his sake."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake."

5. Then Diverus sent his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away;
They had not power to whip one whip,
But threw their whips away.
Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite poor Lazarus away;
They had not power to bite one bite,
But licked his sores away.

6. And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he sickened and died;
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul thereto to guide.
"Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in heaven,
For to sit upon an angel's knee."

7. And it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus sickened and died;
There came two serpents out of hell
His soul thereto to guide.
"Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me;
There is a place prepared in hell,
For to sit upon a serpent's knee."

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[Brown Robyn's Confession]

CHILD NO. 57, APPENDIX

BUCHAN is the only authority for "Brown Robyn's Confession," and no tune has been preserved. More than one ballad, however, has been in oral circulation during the last century on the theme of a supernatural storm at sea visiting retribution on a wicked man. In their present shape, these are all palpably late, and there is no need for surprise that Child preferred "Brown Robyn," which bears upon it the marks of a far higher antiquity, or a "deeper lore."

Nevertheless, as in the case of "Earl Brand" (Child No. 7) and its broadside counterpart, at least one of the secondary ballads has a respectable age of its own. "The Downfall of William Grisman" is extant on a broadside of 1650; and it has been continued in oral tradition as "William Guiseman" and "Captain Glen" or "Sir William Gower," and latterly also as "The New York Trader," down to our day. There is justification, therefore, for giving place to exemplars of these ballads as modern representatives of an ancient theme.

That there is a family relationship between the tunes associated with the successive recastings of this ballad, I cannot confidently assert. Each at least has its own recognizable musical tradition, in comparison with which other affinities are more distant.

Other ballads which involve retribution overtaking a criminal at sea, but which differ in emphasis and in the agency of vengeance, are "The Gosport Tragedy" and "The Sailor's Tragedy," both of which exist under a variety of names. These have little analogy with "Brown Robyn," in that the matter of chief importance is a circumstantial account of the murder of a deserted girl, and the apparition of her ghost to claim revenge. There is no storm to disclose the presence of the guilty thing aboard. Instead, the ghost points him out; and he is usually put off into a skiff which promptly sinks. Another ballad, in some respects a counterpart of these, will be recalled as "The Daemon Lover" (No. 243).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "William Guiseman." Kinloch MSS., VII, p. 319, Harvard College Library. Also in George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 156, and p. 156.
2. "William Guiseman." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 172.

GROUP B

3. "Captain Glen." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 61.
4. "Captain Glen." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 31 and p. xxiii.
5. "William Glen." Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 240.
6. "Captain Glen." Anne G. Gilchrist, *JEFDSS*, III, No. 3 (1938), p. 191.
7. "Captain Glen." Phillips Barry MSS., IV, No. 126, Harvard College Library. (Conner)

GROUP C

8. "Sir William Gower." Sharp MSS., 702/789, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 264. (Prince)
9. "Sir William Gower." Sharp MSS., 593/673. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 263. (Williams)

GROUP D

10. "The New York Trader." E. J. Moeran, *JFSS*, VII, No. 26 (1922), p. 2.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "William Guiseman"

Kinloch MSS., VII, p. 319, in hand of J. N. Beattie. Also in Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 156; text, p. 156.
m Bi-modal
1st half —VI, VII, but minor III; 2nd half (tonic constant)
a I

So clear a case of bi-modality is very surprising, and unfolklike for Britain. This variant should be closely compared with Christie's, immediately following.

Cf. "O Rare Turpin, Hero" (e.g., Chappell, *Popular Music*, II, [1859], p. 661.)

1. My name is William Guiseman,
   In London I do dwell;
   I have committed murder,
   And that is known right well;
   I have committed murder,
   And that is known right well,
   And it's for mine offence I must die.

2. I lov'd a neighbour's dochter,
   And with her I did lie;
   I did dissemble with her
   Myself to satisfy;
   I did dissemble with her
   Myself to satisfy,
   And it's for mine offence I must die.

3. Sae cunningly's I kept her,
Until the fields war toom;*
Sae cunningly's I trysted† her
Unto yon shade o' broom;
And syne I took my wills o' her,
And then I flang her doun,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

4. Sae cunningly's I kill'd her
Who should have been my wife;
Sae cursedly's I kill'd her,
And with my cursed knife:
Sae cursedly's I kill'd her,
Who should have been my wife,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

5. Six days she lay in murder
Before that she was found;
Six days she lay in murder
Upon the cursed ground;
Six days she lay in murder,
Before that she was found;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

6. O all the neighbours round about,
They said it had been I:—
I put my foot on gude shipboard,
The country to defy;
The ship she wadna sail again,
But hoisted to and fro;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

7. O up bespak the skipper boy,
I wat he spak too high;
"There's sinful men amongst us,
The seas will not obey:"
O up bespak the skipper boy,
I wat he spak too high;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

8. O we cuist cavels§ us amang,
The cavel fell on me;
O we cuist cavels us amang,
The cavel fell on me;
O we cuist cavels us amang,
The cavel fell on me:
And it's for mine offence I must die.

9. I had a loving mother,
Who of me took gret care,
She wad hae gien the gold sae red
T' have bought me from that snare;
But the gold could not be granted—
The gallows pays a share—
And it's for mine offence I must die.

* empty
† enticed
§ cast lots

2. "William Guiseman"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 172. Sung by Christie's children's nurse, 1865.

a I/M

Christie thinks this tune English. It will suggest to some readers the widespread "A-Nutting we will go," known also in America. Christie took the tune down "note for note," but the words are "epitomized," with emendations, from Kinloch (for which see *ante*, variant 1).

My name is William Guiseman,
In London I do dwell;
I did commit a great offence,
Which now is known full well;
I did commit a great offence,
Which now is known full well,
And for that great offence I must die!
[*Etc.*]

GROUP B

3. "Captain Glen"

Chappell, 1939, p. 61. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C.; text, 1924; tune, 1935.

p π^1 (—VI)

With this rather vestigial tune cf. "Three Old Crows" (No. 26, in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 63).

1. O Captain Glen's our skipper's name;
He was a brisk and lively man,
As bold a sailor as ever crossed the sea,
For he was bound to New Barbaree.

2. It being at the third watch of the night
Our captain called in the most horrible fright;
Unto the boatswain he did call
And told to him his secrets all.

3. It was in fair England I did remain,
The holy Sabbath I did infame,
And in drunkenness I took delight,
Which does my trembling soul afright.

4. A squire I slew in Sanford's chair,
It was all for the sake of a lady fair;
Although the king he has pardoned me,
Though I fear it's his ghost I now do see.

5. O captain, if this you tell me be so
No mortal on earth shall ever know,
So keep the secret within your breast
And pray to God to give you rest.

6. The sea overwhelmed us both fore and aft
Till not many men on deck was left;
Our sails were spread, our rigging tore,
The like had never been before.

7. And then our boatswain did declare:
Our captain is a murderer.
And then our whole ship's jolly crew
Our captain overboard did threw.

8. Our honorable captain being gone
Immediately the sea was calm;
The wind becalm and the raging sea
And we sailed to New Barbaree.

4. "Captain Glen"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 31; text, App'x., p. xxiii.

m π^1

We had not sailed a league but two
Till all our whole ship's jovial crew
They all fell sick but sixty-three,
As we went to New Barbarie.

5. "William Glen"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 240. Traditional in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire; text from a native of the Enzie, Banffshire.

a M

Christie refers to "a set of the first strain" in Petrie, *Ancient Music of Ireland*, I, p. 166: "There was a lady all skin and bone."

The tune is a variant of one sung to "The Waters of Tyne" (with words from John Bell, *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, 1812, p. 241) by Isla Cameron on Riverside RLP 12-656, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

1. There was a ship, and a ship of fame,
Launch'd off the stocks, bound to the main,
With a hundred bold and brisk young men,
Well pick'd and chosen every one.
And William Glen was our captain's name,
He was a tall and a brisk young man;
As bold a sailor as went to sea,
And we were bound for High Barbary.

2. On the first of April we did set sail,
Blest with a sweet and a prosperous gale;
They all fell sick but sixty-three,
As we did sail to High Barbary.
One night our captain lay in his sleep,
And there came a voice, as if from the deep:—
"Prepare you and your brave company;
To-morrow night you must lodge with me."

3. This waken'd the captain in a fright,
It was the third watch of the night,
And for the boatswain he did call,
And told him of his secrets all:—
"I slew a lord in Staffordshire,
All for the love of a lady fair;
And though the king has pardon'd me,
He's daily in my company."

4. "Oh! worthy captain, since it is so,
I pray you let no body know;
Keep you the secret in your breast,
And pray that you may get some rest."
But soon the sea did rage and roar,
We never thought to see the shore;
Our ship was wash'd both fore and aft,
Till only a few on board were left.

5. Our foremost man at the helm stood,
And was swept off by the raging flood,
Crying for mercy on us all,
As to the bottom he did fall.
Our boatswain, then, he did declare,
That our captain was a murderer,
Which so enraged our whole ship's crew,
That overboard they the captain threw.

6. Our treacherous captain being gone,
Immediately there was a calm;
The wind was calm'd, so was the sea,
And we arriv'd at High Barbary.
When to High Barbary we did come,
Our dismal state we to them made known:
Then all young sailors I pray beware,
And never sail with a murderer!

6. "Captain Glen"

Gilchrist, *JEFDSS*, III, No. 3 (1938), p. 191. Sung in Orkney Islands.

m D (inflected VII)

Miss Gilchrist compares "Tak your auld cloak about ye."

(There was a ship and a ship of fame,
Launch'd off the stocks, bound to the main,
With a hundred and fifty brisk young men,
Was pick'd and chosen ev'ry one.)

7. "Captain Glen"

Barry MSS., IV, No. 126. Sung by O.F.A. Conner, Harrisburg, Pa.

a D

Barry probably transcribed this from Conner's very erratic notation. Phrase two looks highly dubious.

GROUP C

8. "Sir William Gower"

Sharp MSS., 702/789. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 264. Sung by Mrs. Betsy Prince, Haselbury-Plucknett, Somerset, December 27, 1905.

a M (inflected VII)

Miss Broadwood, *loc.cit.*, gives a number of references to other songs of girls deserted by sailors: "A Sailor bold he courted me" ("Died for Love"), "I wish, I wish, but I wish in vain," "A Sailor's Life is a merry one," "I am a Rover" ("The Sailing Trade"). Cf. also *JEFDSS*, III, No. 3 (1938), pp. 192-93.

1. I'm a gay young sailor stout and strong,
To a bow like vessel I do belong,
All carved in anchors so fine and rare;
Our gallant seamen aloaded were.

2. Our Captain's name was William Gower,
His crew did amount to just four score;
Our seamen's brave as ever crossed the sea,
Bound for New York in Amerikee.

3. Our Captain in his cabin lay,
And a dreadful voice to him did say
"Prepare yourself and ship's company,
For tomorrow night in the deep might lay."

4. "O boatsman, boatsman, don't let none know
What we poor sailors do undergo,
But keep your secrets in your breast
And pray to God to give you rest.

5. O boatsman, boatsman, it grieve my heart
To think I've acted a villain's part
By keeping that which was not my due,
Starved my passengers and ship's crew.

6. I killed my wife and children three,
'Twas all for the sake of a jealousy.
. . . . . .

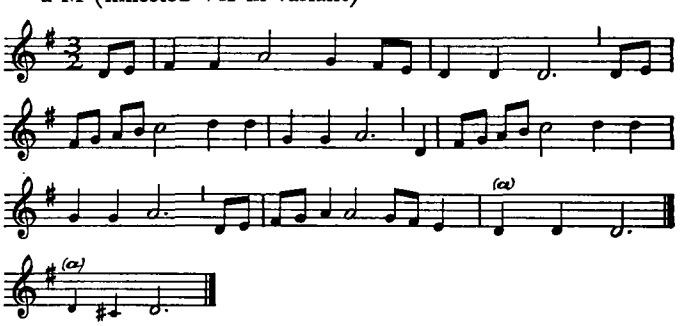
7. And a gay young sailor he beared the blame,
He was hanged and quartered for the same.
It is his ghost, I am afraid,
This very night my heart betrayed."

8. The sea emerged all the ship's crew
And overboard the Captain threw;
The wind did cease and calm the sea
And we sailed safe to Amerikee.

9. "Sir William Gower"

Sharp MSS., 593/673. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 263. Sung by Mrs. Susan Williams, Haselbury-Plucknett, Somerset, August 23, 1905.

a M (inflected VII in variant)



1. I'm a gay young sailor both stout and strong;
To a goodly vessel I do belong,
Well carved and anchored, so fine and rare,
And gallant sailors are loaded there.

2. Our Captain's name was Sir William Gower,
And his crew amounted to just four score,
All seamen brave to cross the sea,
Bound for New York in Amerikee.

3. Our Captain in his cabin lay,
When a dreadful voice to him did say
"Prepare thyself and ship's company,
For to-morrow night in the deep might lay."

4. Our Captain woke in a dreadful fright,
Being in the third watch of the night;
And to the Bo'sun aloud did call,
Between the secret enclosed them all.

5. Saying "Bo'sun, Bo'sun, let no one know
What we poor sailors do undergo,
But keep the secret but in thy breast
And pray to God to give you rest.

6. I killed my merchant a neighbour there,
'Twas all for the sake of a lady fair;
I killed my wife and children three,
'Twas all for the sake of jealousy.

7. The gay young sailor he beared the blame;
He was hung and quartered for the same.
It is his ghost, I am afraid,
This very night my heart betrayed."

8. The sea run over us both fore and aft
Till a very few men a-deck was left;
And then our boatsman did declare
Our Captain was a murderer.

9. The sea enraged all our ship's crew
And overboard our Captain threw;
And the wind did cease and calm the sea
And we sailed safe to Amerikee.

GROUP D

10. "The New York Trader"

Moeran, *JFSS*, VII, No. 26 (1922), p. 2. Sung by Ted Goffin, Catfield, Norfolk, October 1921.

a Æ/D

The outlines of the "Henry Martin" (No. 250) pattern may be discerned behind this tune.

1. To a New York trader I did belong,
She was built for sea both stout and strong,
Well rigged, well manned, well fit for sea;
She was bound for New York in Ameriky.

2. On the first of March we did set sail,
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
With hearts undaunted we put to sea,
Bound for New York in Ameriky.

3. Our cruel captain, as we did find,
Left half of our provisions behind;
Our cruel captain, as we understand,
Meant to starve us all before we made the land.

4. At length our hunger grew very great,
We had but little on board to eat,
And being in necessity
All through our captain's cruelty.

5. Our captain in his cabin lay—
A voice came to him and thus did say:
"Prepare yourself and ship's company,
For to-morrow night you shall lay with me."

6. Our captain woke in a terrible fright,
It being the first watch of the night;
Aloud for his boatswain he did call,
And to him related the secret all.

7. "Boatswain," said he, "it grieves my heart
To think I have acted a villain's part,
To take what was not my lawful due—
To starve the passengers and the ship's crew.

8. "There is one thing more I have to tell:
When I in Waterford town did dwell
I killed my master, a merchant there,
All for the sake of his lady fair.

9. "I killed my wife and children three,
All through that cursed jealousy,
And on my servant laid the blame,
And hanged he was all for the same."

10. "Captain," he said, "if that be so,
Pray let none of your ship's crew know,
But keep your secret within your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest."

11. Early next morning a storm did rise,
Which our seamen did much surprise;
The sea was over, both fore and aft,
That scarce a man on deck was left.

12. Then the boatswain he did declare
That our captain was a murderer;
It so enraged the whole ship's crew
They overboard their captain threw.

13. When this was done a calm was there,
Our good little ship homeward did steer,
The wind abated and calmed the sea;
And we sailed safe to Ameriky.

14. When we came to anchor there
Our good little ship for to repair,
The people wondered much to see
What a poor, distressed, shipwrecked crew were we.

Sir Patrick Spens

CHILD NO. 58

CHILD failed to find sufficient evidence to convince him of the "historicity" of this very celebrated ballad, and none has since been produced to tip the scales decisively in either direction. Its own recorded history begins with Percy's preparations for the *Reliques*. It was one of the group of admirable ballads transmitted to him from Scotland, presumably by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, clearly a man with a remarkable nose for excellence. (See *The Percy Letters*, Vol. IV, edited by A. F. Falconer, 1954, pp. 48, 50.) The ballad belongs to the Scots alone, and has come to America without English or Irish assistance. There is (I think) no record of its being sung traditionally in either England or Ireland. It was known widely in Scots tradition by the beginning of the nineteenth century, whenever it commenced its traditional career.

Child scouts Chambers' theory of Lady Wardlaw's authorship of this and other ballads, and points out that Chambers' arguments were demolished by Norval Clyne and J. H. Watkins. He neglects to mention, however, that even so well-informed a judge as David Laing, writing additional notes to Stenhouse's *Illustrations*, had previously remarked of "Sir Patrick Spens": "Very little evidence would be required to persuade me that we were not also [i.e. as well as for "Hardyknute"] indebted for it to Lady Wardlaw." (Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, Stenhouse's notes, 1839, repr. 1853, IV, p. *320.) With this conjecture Rimbault, in 1850, registers hearty accord, declaring there was "every reason to believe" that Lady Wardlaw was the author (Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 5). But, on the contrary, the "very little evidence" that Laing desiderates will in all likelihood never be forthcoming.

The musical tradition commences at about the opening of the last century. The record is hardly homogeneous or consistent enough to suggest a strong and continuous oral tradition. It appears probable that Johnson, who first printed a tune for the ballad, was ignorant of any traditionally associated with it, and his setting is arbitrary and inappropriate. It has been perpetuated in a series of reprintings, but never, apparently, in oral tradition. Nevertheless, it has other numerous and ancient connections, and is of a type that has found favor in the North—chiefly, we may believe, for instrumental uses, fiddle or pipe. "Put on your shirt on Monday," "Put up thy dagger, Jamie [or Jenny]," "Battle of Harlaw" (No. 163), "Gray Steel," "My love she's but a lassie yet,"—all except the last two known around 1600—are tunes of a similar order.

The central tradition appears to lie with a group of tunes of modal cast, predominantly Dorian in authentic forms, Mixolydian in plagal, and found during the last century and a half all the way from Moray to Tennessee. The Tennessee copy is so close to Mrs. Harris's that one's suspicions of direct influence are aroused. A Virginia copy shows how easily airs revert to the commonest patterns; in this case "Peascod Time," "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," "Chevy Chase." But resemblances to the earlier members of the Spens family are still discernible.

A tune preserved by Campbell in 1818, from a Lanarkshire man, seems to stand by itself, unless one in the recent family tradition of Ewan MacColl be given a place by its side.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Sir Patrick Spens." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 6.
2. "Sir Patrick Spens." Alexander Campbell, *Albyn's Anthology*, II, [1818], p. 63(2). Also in George Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scotish Airs*, IV, 1805, p. 193.
3. "Sir Patrick Spens." Greig MSS., III, p. 164, and Bk. 766, LVI, p. 20, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, pp. 47 and 46(B). (Robb)
4. "Sir Patrick Spens." Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 8.
5. "Sir Patrick Spens." Harris MS., No. 3, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 415, and II, p. 28(J).
6. "Sir Patrick Spence." E. C. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, I, No. 4 (1937), p. 1.
7. "Sir Patrick Spens." John Powell, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, I, No. 1 (1937), p. 10.
8. "Sir Patrick Spence." Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 348, p. 174. Also in Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, II, p. 349.
9. "The Patrick Song," or "Captain Patrick Song." Joe Hubbard, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 2825 (B2).

GROUP B

10. "Sir Patrick Spens." Campbell, *Albyn's Anthology*, II, [1818], p. 63(1).
11. "Sir Patrick Spens." Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP recording, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, RLP12-624(B1), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP C

12. "Sir Patrick Spence." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, V, [1796], No. 482, p. 496 (repr. 1853). Also in Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], IV, p. 58.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [Sir Patrick Spens]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 6. Sent to Christie's father from a gentleman in Morayshire, c. 1815.

a D

Christie refers to a copy of this air which I have not seen, published about 1846 in Davie's *Caledonian Repository*, I, p. 6.

In this case, the second strain gets some sanction on intrinsic grounds, and is further corroborated by the Campbell copy which follows.

Note that the first strain lacks the 7th, the second strain the 3rd.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine, O;
"Oh, whare will I get a skeely skipper,
That will sail the saut seas fine, O?"
Then up and spake an eldren knight,
Sat at the king's right knee, O,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best skipper,
That ever sail'd the sea, O."
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is "epitomized" from Scott and Buchan, with editorial alterations from tradition.

2. [Sir Patrick Spens]

Campbell, II, [1818], p. 63(2). Also in Thomson, IV, 1805, p. 193.

p M

Note that the first strain lacks the 4th, and the second strain the 7th.

The King sat in Dunfermline town,
Drinkin' the blude reid wine;
O quher sall I get a sailor bold,
To sail this schip o' mine?

Up ther spak an eldern knight,
Was sittin' at the King's right knee;
Sir Patrick Spence is the best Sailor,
That sails upon the Sea.

3. [Sir Patrick Spens]

Greig MSS., III, p. 164; text, Bk. 766, LVI, p. 20. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 47; text, p. 46(B). Sung by A. Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

a D

. . . .
Oot then spak' an auld sailor

. . . .
I saw the auld moon in the new moon's airms
I fear we'll have weather soon.

Even owre by Aberdour
Where the sea lies wide and deep,
And there there lies young Prince Patrick
And the King's son at his feet.

. . . .
Hold, oh hold, my captain, he said,
And let your anchor doon.

4. [Sir Patrick Spens]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 8; Christie mates the tune to "Young Bekie," but identifies it as "Spens." From Buchanshire.

a D

This variant is much like Greig's "Fair Annie," 1925, p. 50, tunes 1a and 1b, without the second strain.

5. [Sir Patrick Spens]

Harris MS., No. 3 [corrected]. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 415; text, II, p. 28(J).

p I/M

The printed copy does not accord with the MS. Cf. also *CFQ*, I, 195.

1. Hie sits oor king in Dumfermline,
   Sits birlin at the wine;
   Says, Whare will I get a bonnie boy
   That will sail the saut seas fine?
   That will hie owre to Norraway,
   To bring my dear dochter hame?

2. Up it spak a bonnie boy,
   Sat by the king's ain knie:
   "Sir Patrick Spens is as gude a skipper
   As ever sailed the sea."

3. The king has wrote a broad letter,
   And signed it wi his hand,
   And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
   To read it gif he can.

4. The firsten line he luikit on,
   A licht lauchter gae he;
   But ere he read it to the end,
   The tear blindit his ee.

5. "O wha is this, or wha is that,
   Has tauld oor king o me?
   I wad hae gien him twice as muckle thank
   To latten that abee!

6. "But eat an drink, my merrie young men,
   Eat, an be weel forn;
   For blaw it wind, or blaw it weet,
   Oor gude ship sails the morn."

7. Up it spak his youngest son,
   Sat by Sir Patrick's knie:
   "I beg you bide at hame, father,
   An I pray be ruled by me.

8. "For I saw the new mune late yestreen,
   Wi the auld mune in her arms;
   An ever an alake, my father dear,
   It's a token o diedly storms."

9. "It's eat an drink, my merrie young men,
   Eat, an be weel forn;
   For blaw it wind, or blaw it weet,
   Oor gude ship sails the morn."

10. They hadna sailed a league, a league,
    A league but only three,
    When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
    Cam drivin to their knie.

11. They hadna sailed a league, a league,
    A league but only five,
    When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
    Their gude ship began to rive.

12. They hadna sailed a league, a league,
    A league but only nine,
    When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
    Cam drivin to their chin.

13. "O whaur will I get a bonnie boy
    Will tak the steer in hand,
    Till I mount up to oor tapmast,
    To luik oot for dry land?"

14. "O here am I, a bonnie boy,
    Will tak the steer in hand,
    Till you mount up to oor tapmast,
    To luik oot for dry land."

15. He's gaen up to the tapmast,
    To the tapmast sae hie;
    He luikit around on every side,
    But dry land he couldna see.

16. He luikit on his youngest son,
    An the tear blindit his ee;
    Says, I wish you had been in your mother's bowr,
    But there you'll never be.

17. "Pray for yoursels, my merrie young men,
    Pray for yoursels an me,
    For the first landen that we will land
    Will be in the boddam o the sea."

18. Then up it raise the mermaiden,
    Wi the comb an glass in her hand:
    "Here's a health to you, my merrie young men,
    For you never will see dry land."

19. O laith, laith waur oor gude Scots lords
    To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
    But lang, lang ere the play was played,
    Their yellow locks soomed aboun.

20. There was Saturday, an Sabbath day,
    An Monnonday at morn,
    That feather-beds an silken sheets
    Cam floatin to Kinghorn.

21. It's och, och owre to Aberdour,
    It's fifty faddoms deep;
    An there lie a' oor gude Scots lords,
    Wi Sir Patrick Spens at their feet.

22. O lang, lang will his lady sit,
    Wi the fan into her hand,

Until she see her ain dear lord
Come sailin to dry land.

23. O lang, lang will his lady sit,
Wi the tear into her ee,
Afore she see her ain dear lord
Come hieing to Dundee.

24. O lang, lang will his lady sit,
Wi the black shoon on her feet,
Afore she see Sir Patrick Spens
Come drivin up the street.

6. "Sir Patrick Spence"

Kirkland, *SFQ*, I, No. 4 (1937), p. 1. Sung by Miss Clara McCauley, Knoxville, Tenn., August 5, 1937. From her father, of Chapel Hill, N.C.

p I/M

1. The king he sits in Dumferling town,
Adrinking his blood red wine,
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That ever sailed the brine."

2. The king still sits in Dumferling town,
And asipping his red, red wine,
"Now where can I get a good sailor
To man this ship o' mine?"

3. Oh up then said a yellow haired lad
Just by the king's left knee,
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best skipper
That ever sailed the sea."

4. Oh up then spoke an old, old knight
Right nigh the king's right knee,
"Sir, you are the very, very best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

5. The king he wrote a good letter
And asealed it with his hand;
And when Sir Patrick Spence got it
He was strolling on the sand.

6. Sir Patrick read the orders from the king
That made him laugh at first,
But as he read another sad line,
Sir Patrick feared the worst.

7. He took his ship to far Norway,
Asailing o'er the sea,
To get a lovely maiden fair
And to fetch her back, said he.

8. They sailed and sailed for many a day
Upon the wild, wild sea,
But our good sailor Sir Patrick Spence
Was drowned in the deep.

9. So the king sits on in Dumferling town
Adrinking his blood red wine,
"Oh, where can I get a good sailor
To sail this ship of mine?"

7. "Sir Patrick Spens"

Powell, *SFQ*, I, No. 1 (1937), p. 10. Sung by George H. Tucker, Norfolk, Va., June 4, 1936. From his grandmother, of Queen Anne's County, Md.

p I/M

It can be seen that this variant could have been coaxed away from the series preceding by recollections of old things like the "Peascod Time," "Chevy Chase," "Valentine's Day" types; or by some atavistic impulse to revert to a simpler condition.

1. The king sat in Dumfermline town
Drinking the blood-red wine,
"Oh, where'll I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship of mine?"

2. Then up and spoke an eldern knight
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens's the best skipper
That ever did sail the sea."

3. The king has penned a braid letter
And sealed it with his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

4. "To Noraway, Sir Patrick,
To Noraway o'er the foam,
Queen Margaret's lass of Noraway
'Tis thou must bring her home."

5. The first word that Sir Patrick read
He laughéd loud and high;
The next word that Sir Patrick read
A tear blinded his eye.

6. "Oh, who has done this cruel thing,
To tell the king of me,
To send me out this time o' the year
To sail upon the sea?

7. "But be it wind, or be it sleet
My ship must sail the foam,
To seek the King of Noraway
And bring his daughter home.

8. "So hoist the sails, my bonny boys all,
With all the speed ye may,
For we must clear the channel bar
Before the cock crows day."

9. They hoist the sails, they cleared the bar
For ice-bound Noraway;
But had not anchored scarce a week
Before the lords did say:

10. "Ye Scotchmen spend our good king's gold,
And all our white money."
"Ye lie, ye lie," Sir Patrick cried,
"Ye bawdy dogs, ye lie.

11. "Make ready, make ready, my good men all,
For I will sail ere morn."
"O prythee, sire," his pretty page cried,
"I fear a sudden storm.

12. "For yestreen I saw the new moon
With the old moon in her arms;
And I am faint and sore afraid
That our ship will come to harm."

13. They had not sailed a league, a league—
A league but scarcely three,
When the north grew black and the winds blew wild,
And the waves champed angrily.

14. The anchors broke, the topmast fell
It was such a deadly storm;
And then the waves came over the ship
Till all her sides were torn.

15. "Go fetch me a bolt of the silken cloth
And another of flaxen twine,
And wrap them into my good ship's sides
To let not the sea come in."

16. They fetched up a bolt of silken cloth,
And another of flaxen twine,
And wrapped them into the good ship's sides
But still the sea came in.

17. Oh, very loath were the good Scotch lords
To wet their cork heeled shoon,
But long ere the doleful day was done
They wet their hats aboon.

18. Oh, long, long may the ladies sit
With their feathers in their hands;
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

19. And long, long may the ladies sit
With their gold combs in their hair,
A-waiting for their own true loves
For them they'll see no more.

20. For forty miles off Aberdeen,
It's fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scotch lords at his feet.

8. "Sir Patrick Spence"

Maver, 1866, No. 348, p. 174. ("First time published.") Also in Ritson, ed. of 1869, II, p. 349, with change noted.

a M

This copy should be compared with the Ritchie copy of "Annie of Lochroyan" (No. 76).

9. "The Patrick Song," or "Captain Patrick Song"

Sung by Joe Hubbard, Hamiltontown, near Wise, Va., 1939. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 2825 (B2). Collected by Herbert Halpert.

a π^2

The singer was too confused to recall without prompting the words of more than the first stanza, and even these were altered on repetition.

GROUP B

10. "Sir Patrick Spens"

Campbell, II, [1818], p. 63(1). Sung by Robert Hamilton of Lanarkshire.

If on D, p Æ/D, ending on V; or a Æ/P

1. The king sits in Dumfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine, O;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship of mine, O?"

2. O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea."

3. Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

4. "To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

5. The first word, that sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word, that sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

6. "O wha is this has done this deed,
And taud the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

7. "Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

8. They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

9. They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,

10. "Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee!"
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear you lie.

11. "For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

12. "Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

13. "I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

14. They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

15. The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sick a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

16. "O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

17. "O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

18. He hadna' gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

19. "Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

20. They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

21. O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

22. And mony was the feather-bed,
That fluttered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

23. The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

24. O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see sir Patrick Spens,
Come sailing to the strand!

25. And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

26. O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Campbell prints Scott's text from the *Minstrelsy*, ed. 1803, III, pp. 64ff; but that derives at some points from Hamilton's singing.

11. "Sir Patrick Spens"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-624(B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. From singing of MacColl's father.

a D

1. The king sits in Dunfermline toon,
   A drinkin' at the wine,
   And he has ca'd for the finest skipper
   In Fife and a' the land.

2. Then oot it spak an auld carle,
   Stuid by the king's ain knee;
   Said, "Patrick Spens is the strangest sailor
   That ever sailed the sea."

3. The king has screivit a breid letter
   And signed it wi's ain hand;
   And sent it to young Patrick Spens,
   Was walking on Leith sands.

4. "To Norrowa', to Norrowa',
   To Norrowa' ower the faem;
   The King's dochter o' Norrowa',
   'Tis ye maun bring her hame."

5. When he leukit the letter on,
   A muckle laugh gaed he,
   But ere he done the readin' o't,
   The tears blinded his e'e.

6. "O, wha' is it's done this fell deed
   I pray ye tell to me;
   Although it were my ain faither,
   An ill death may he dee."

7. They hadna been in Norrowa'
   A week but barely three,
   When a' the lords o' Norrowa'
   Did up and spak' so free.

8. "These ootland Scots waste our King's gowd
   And swallow oor Queen's fee."
   "Weary fa' the tongue that spak
   Sic a muckle lee."

9. "How can this be?" said Patrick Spens,
   "I pray ye tell to me.
   The bows o' my ship are wrocht wi' gowd
   And there's twal kists* o' white money.

10. "Tak tent, tak tent, my gweed men a',
    And mind ye be weel forn,
    For come it wind or come it hail,
    Oor gweed ship sails the morn."

11. Then oot it spak the weatherman,
    "I fear we'll a' be drooned,
    For I saw the new mune late yestreen
    Wi' the auld mune in her airms."

12. They hadna sailed abune an hour,
    An hour but and a half,
    When the lift grew laicht† and the wind blew haich,
    And the ship it was a wrack.

13. "O, where will I get a bonnie lad
    To tak' my steer in hand?
    While I climb up the high topmast
    To see if I can spy land."

14. He hadna gane a step, a step,
    A step but barely ane,
    When the bows o' our gweedly ship did brak'
    And the saut-sea it cam in.

15. O, laith, laith, were our gweed Scots lords
    To wat their cork-heeled shoon,
    But lang ere a' the play was done,
    They wat their hats abune.

16. O, lang, lang, will our ladies sit
    Wi' their fans intil their hands,
    Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
    Come sailing to the land.

17. Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
    Where the sea's sae wide and deep,
    It's there it lies Sir Patrick Spens
    Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

* twelve chests
† the sky grew low

GROUP C

12. "Sir Patrick Spence"

Johnson, V, [1796], No. 482, p. 496 (repr. 1853); text, Smith, [1820-24], IV, p. 58.

m I/Ly

As noted earlier, this is the tune ordinarily reprinted in the collections, e.g. R. A. Smith, G. Eyre-Todd, etc. Yet in its present state it does not ask to be sung, but rather to be played on pipe or fiddle. Cf. further the headnote above.

58. SIR PATRICK SPENS

1. The king sits in Dunfermline town,
   Drinking the blude red wine;
   O quhair will I get a guid sailor,
   To sail this schip of mine?

2. Up and spak an eldern knicht,
   Sat at the king's richt knee,
   Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
   That sails upon the sea.

3. The king has written a braid letter,
   And sign'd it wi' his hand,
   And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
   Was walking on the sand.

4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
   A loud lauch lauched he;
   The next line that Sir Patrick red,
   The tear blinded his ee.

5. O quha is this has done this deid,
   This ill deid done to me?
   To send me out this time o' the zeir,
   To sail upon the sea.

6. Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',
   Our guid schip sails the morne.
   O say na sae, my master dear,
   For I feir a deadlie storme.

7. Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
   Wi' the auld moon in her arme,
   And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
   That we wull come to harme.

8. O our Scotch nobles were richt laith,
   To weet thair cork heel'd shoone;
   Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,
   They wat thair heads aboone.

9. O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
   Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
   Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
   Cum sailing to the land.

10. O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
    Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
    Waiting for thair ain dear lordes,
    For they'll see thame na mair.

11. Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
    It's fiftie fadom deip;
    And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
    Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

Sir Cawline

CHILD NO. 61

This ballad, based on materials common to medieval romance, and preserved in a fairly full but yet fragmentary form in the Percy Folio, has been demonstrably current in Scottish oral tradition within the past two centuries. The two Scottish copies were not regarded as of equal authenticity, either with each other, or with the Folio copy: Child thought Buchan's an obvious manufacture ("We may doubt whether [it] was ever sung or said"), and thought Mrs. Harris's "most likely . . . put together by some one who was imperfectly acquainted with the copy in the Reliques" (Child, II, p. 61)—the last being a literary remaking by Percy out of hints in the Folio ballad. Child's relegation of the Harris and Buchan copies to an appendix deserves to be examined for its latent implications.

Child admits that the Harris copy "undoubtedly has passed through a succession of mouths" (II, p. 60). We know that Mrs. Harris not only said it, but sang it, having learned it traditionally in her childhood, in Perthshire, about 1790, from her old nurse. For further evidence of life in tradition we have Christie's tune, sung to some form of text not preserved by him, but close enough to Buchan's to be recognizable as the same ballad. As usual, Christie merely prints an "epitomized" version of Buchan for text. We may grant, after the arguments of William Walker and Alexander Keith, that Buchan's inventions differed not in kind but only in degree and taste, from the textual revisions of other, more esteemed, preservers of traditional balladry: that is, the presence of a ballad in his collection corroborates its existence in contemporary tradition in his time and region.

If Child be correct in the hypothesis that the ballad was in its latter days a rifacimento of Percy's spurious version, we would seem to have in this a noteworthy case of a very late commencement (or recommencement) of a traditional career. It would appear hence that the era of creative ballad-making had not by any means expired by the end of the sixteenth century, but was still vigorous in Percy's own day. For the Harris version is not in the least a mere abridged and imperfect recollection of the *Reliques* text. On the contrary, Percy's pathetic ending has been repudiated for a happy conclusion; and the ballad has been simplified to a single episode, the combat with the eldritch knight, just as we have seen the complexities of "Sir Lionel" (No. 18) reduced to the central incident of the boar-fight. It is nothing to the point that the stylistic quality of this recreation is inferior and cheap. What is significant is that, granting Child's surmise, between 1765 and 1790 an anonymous ballad-maker, half-acquainted with a piece in a printed book, could without the aid of the broadside press (apparently) fashion a fresh ballad, fit it to a traditional tune (or make, or make over, such a tune) and then by singing give his piece such a lease on life that it would be learned by nurses through the usual channels of oral delivery and handed on by their charges for the next hundred years.

If Child was wrong in his hypothesis, as he may have been, and if the Harris and Buchan variants are the descendants of an older and more deeply-rooted tradition, then of course they should be promoted from the appendix and placed at least on a level with the Folio version. And in fact their right to that promotion is good on any showing. We have the historical evidence of their traditional circulation; we have none for the Folio text; and on intrinsic grounds no case could be made out that the style of the Folio text is even passable for oral tradition. It may be in a tolerable minstrel style; but what is minstrel style other than an earlier fashion of the broadside style?

> And he hath a ladye to his daughter,
> Of ffashyon shee hath noe peere;
> K*nights* and lordes they woed her both,
> Trusted to haue beene her feere.
>
> *Sir* Cawline loues her best of onë,
> But nothing durst hee say
> To discreeue his councell to noe man,
> But deerlye loued this may. &c. &c.

Here is none of the ring of the traditional music, but the mark of the humble maker, perhaps one day to be abraded into true traditional song. And as for origins, the miscellaneous character of Child's collection cries out on every other page that beginnings formed no very essential part of his definition of popular balladry: "This ballad and the two which follow it are clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as those which go before," he wrote of some of his minstrel pieces (No. 29. Cf. also his headnote to No. 111).

If there were, as Keith declares there were, and as Greig's collection proves there were, a multitude of poetasters at work in the northern parts of Scotland in the eighteenth century, apart from the world of print, and on the general level of stylistic excellence exhibited in Bell Robertson's and Buchan's texts, should we not assume that the sort of making and remaking here exhibited was going on constantly in that time and that region? And again, since nothing is clearer than that from the time of Allan Ramsay to the time of Buchan there was a lively general interest in ballads, why should not all degrees of excellence or the lack of it be visible in the creative product? We know that the literate as well as the semiliterate or even illiterate shared in this interest. Ramsay, Lord Hailes, Mrs. Brown, Scott, and Jamieson were all persons of moderate or unusual culture. Mrs. Brown, for one, actually sang the ballads she knew, and was a genuine link in the traditional chain. No one who sings ballads for love of them is likely to rest content to pass on downright gibberish if he or she can help it. The general level of artistic merit of popular ballads goes *pari passu* with the cultural level of those who transmit them traditionally. This is not basically a question of literate knowledge but of sympathetic awareness. In general, the interest of persons with such qualities has since the days of easy access to books gone elsewhere. But in Scotland money was scarce and books were dear; and so it happened that the average level of traditional balladry remained comparatively high in Scotland for a longer time than it did in England. It is no accident that for nearly a third of the ballads in Child's collection, the north of Scotland, particularly Aberdeenshire, provided the best texts. And these texts, for the most part, date from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the period of most general interest in this form. It is likewise no accident that things like "Sir Patrick Spens," "Edward," "Clerk Saunders," "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," "Mary Hamilton," "The Wife of Usher's Well," either make their first appearance there and then, or reach the apex of their artistic merit in that time and place. Apart from that earlier renaissance of the Robin Hood ballads, when similar conditions

held good farther South, the golden age of the ballad as we know it in the English language (or lowland Scots) was the eighteenth century. We can follow the origins of the ballad-*form*, if we will, into the dusk of antiquity; but the time of the ballad's finest British flowering is without doubt, as Louise Pound recognized, far later than is ordinarily supposed. And its excellence has clearly no dependency on its beginnings or on the dance.

There is at any rate no great problem of decision here for the musical editor. The two tunes which have been recovered are indubitably traditional, whatever reservations one may have as to the accuracy of their notation. One tune was learned in the late eighteenth century; the other probably considerably later. They appear to have nothing in common. The Harris tune is M/D, and there are interesting parallels to it in an Appalachian tune for "Young Beichan" (No. 53) (Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 86[*H*]; and *ante*, Vol. I, p. 439), as well as Greig's tune for "Hughie Graham" (No. 191). The other tune is I/M, the second strain being doubtless Christie's invention.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Sir Colin." Harris MS., No. 12, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 415, and II, p. 61.
2. "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 18.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Sir Colin"

Harris MS., No. 12 [corrected]. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 415; text, II, p. 61. Sung by Mrs. Harris, as learned in Perthshire, c. 1790-1800.

a M/D

The MS. is unskillfully written, but only the last two bars require adjustment in timing.

This variant is close to one collected by Greig for "Hughie Graham" (No. 191), q.v. Basically, the tune is allied to the type of "Boyne Water."

1. The king luikit owre his castle wa,
   To his nobles ane an a';
   Says, Whare it is him Sir Colin,
   I dinna see him amang you a'?

2. Up it spak an eldern knicht,
   Aye an even up spak he:
   "Sir Colin's sick for your dochter Janet,
   He's very sick, an like to dee."

3. "Win up, win up, my dochter Janet,
   I wat ye are a match most fine;
   Tak the baken bread an wine sae ried,
   An to Sir Colin ye maun gieng."

4. Up she rase, that fair Janet,
   An I wat weel she was na sweer,
   An up they rase, her merrie maries,
   An they said a' they wad gae wi her.

5. "No, no," said fair Janet,
   "No, no such thing can be;
   For a thrang to gae to a sick man's bour,
   I think it wald be great folie.

6. "How is my knicht, all last nicht?"
   "Very sick an like to dee;
   But if I had a kiss o your sweet lips,
   I wald lie nae langer here."

7. She leant her doon on his bed-side,
   I wat she gae him kisses three;
   But wi sighen said that fair Janet,
   "As for your bride, I daurna be.

8. "Unless you watch the Orlange hill,
   An at that hill there grows a thorn;
   There neer cam a liven man frae it,
   Sin the first nicht that I was born."

9. "Oh I will watch the Orlange hill,
   Though I waur thinkin to be slain;
   But I will gie you some love tokens,
   In case we never meet again."

10. He gae her rings to her fingers,
    Sae did he ribbons to her hair;
    He gae her a broach to her briest-bane,
    For fear that they sud neer meet mair.

11. She put her hand in her pocket,
    An she took out a lang, lang wand;
    "As lang's ony man this wand sall keep,
    There sall not a drap o his blude be drawn."

12. Whan een was come, an een-bells rung,
    An a' man boun for bed,
    There beheld him Sir Colin,
    Fast to the Orlange hill he rade.

13. The wind blew trees oot at the rutes,
    Sae did it auld castles doon;
    'Twas eneuch to fricht ony Christian knicht,
    To be sae far frae ony toon.

14. He rade up, sae did he doon,
    He rade even through the loan,
    Till he spied a knicht, wi a ladie bricht,
    Wi a bent bow intil his han.

15. She cried afar, ere she cam naur,
    I warn ye, kind sir, I rede ye flee;
    That for the love you bear to me,
    I warn ye, kind sir, that ye flee.

16. They faucht up, sae did they doon,
    They faucht even through the loan,

Till he cut aff the king's richt han,
Was set aboot wi chains a' goud.

17. "Haud your hand now, Sir Colin,
I wat you've dung my love richt sair;
Noo for the love ye bear to me,
See that ye ding my love nae mair."

18. He wooed, he wooed that fair Janet,
He wooed her and he brocht her hame;
He wooed, he wooed that fair Janet,
An ca'd her Dear-Coft till her name.

2. "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 18.

p I/M

It may be assumed that the second strain here is Christie.

There ance liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm called by name;
Whom ancient history gives record,
For valour, worth, and fame.
And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat down to dine;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is "epitomized" from Buchan, 1828, II, p. 6, but nearly identical.

Fair Annie

CHILD NO. 62

THIS ballad, running back into the mists through Scandinavian and German analogues, does not appear in the Scottish record until the second half of the eighteenth century. As Child points out, the story—a story is not a ballad, though where there is a story there may be a ballad—is told by Marie de France before the year 1200, in the *Lai del Freisne*. From Scotland the ballad appears not to have traveled South, but it has been brought West and is found both in New England and in the Southern mountains.

All the tunes which we have are very late. It is interesting that one of the earliest in the record (learned c. 1885) exhibits the rhythm balanced precariously between triple and duple, whereas most of the rest present a straightforward duple rhythm. There is no evidence, however, to show that a triple rhythm was the original.

To show the main cleavage in pattern, the tunes have been separated into three groups; but there may be some relationship between these. All are in a major tonality, π^1, I/M, or I; the first two and the last appear to end not on the tonic, but on the dominant and the hyper-tonic. Several echo the tunes of other ballads. A third type seems represented in a copy without words, collected by Barry in New England, and in one from Utah.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Fair Annie." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. From Duncan MS., No. 11. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 50(1a). (Gillespie)
2. "Fair Annie." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker); from Duncan MS., No. 351. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 50(1b). (Duncan)

GROUP B

3. "Fair Annie." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 566 and 177.
4. "Fair Annie." Sharp MSS., 3300/2406, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 95. (Gentry)
5. "Fair Annie." Greig MSS., I, p. 151, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 50(2). (Robb)

GROUP C

6. "Fair Annie." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 148, cutting 1, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard. (Henry)
7. "Rosanna." Lester A. Hubbard and Leroy J. Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 45.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Fair Annie"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), from Duncan MS., No. 11. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 50(1a). Sung by Mrs. Gillespie in Glasgow, 1905; learned in Buchan fifty years earlier.

a I, ending on V

This tune seems clearly related to Christie's tune for "Sir Patrick Spens" (No. 58), which he gives arbitrarily to "Young Bekie" (Christie, I, p. 8). Technically, this copy is Mixolydian, but it lacks the feeling of that mode, and I prefer to call it Ionian, with a dominant ending.

O learn, learn, fair Annie,
O learn to lie your leen,
For I am gaun owre the sea
To woo an' to bring hame.

2. "Fair Annie"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), from Duncan MS., No. 351. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 50(1b). Sung by George F. Duncan, Buchan; learned from his mother, c. 1885.

a I, ending on V

GROUP B

3. "Fair Annie"

Davis, 1929, p. 566; text, p. 177. Sung by Mrs. Martha E. Lethcoe, Damascus, Va., September 2, 1921. Collected by John Stone.

p π^1

This copy has had to be drastically re-barred. The poignant tune seems related to the type appearing with "The False Lover" (No. 218) and elsewhere. Cf. Christie's "The Place where my love Johnny dwells" (I, p. 144).

1. "Comb back your hair, Fair Annie," he said,
"Comb it back into your crown,
For you shall look a fair maid's life
When I bring my bridal home."

2. "How can I look a fair maid's life,
A maid all in her bloom,
When six fair sons I've had for you
And another yet to come?"

3. On the back door he hung a silk towel,
Hanging on a silver pin,
For Fair Annie to wipe her eyes
As she passed out and in.

4. Six months being gone and nine coming on,
Fair Annie thought the time long;
She took her spy glass in her hand
And up her bower she ran.

5. She looked east, she looked west,
She looked all under the sun,
And she saw Lord Thomas
Bringing his bridal home.

6. "You are welcome, Lord Thomas," she said,
"You are welcomed home by me;
You and your men, your merry men
Are all as welcome as one."

7. She waited on them all day long
With strong brew ale and wine;
She taken herself of cold well water
To keep her spirits mild.

8. She waited on them all day long,
Fair Annie thought the time long;
She takened her flute in her hand
And up her bower she run.

9. She fluted east, she fluted west,
She fluted loud and shrill;
She wished her seven sons were seven grey hounds,
And her a wolf on the hill.

10. "Come down stairs, Fair Annie," she says,
"Come down stairs," says she.
"Tell me the name of your father dear
And I'll tell mine to thee."

11. "Prince Douglas was my father's name,
Queen Chatten was my mother,
King Henry was my brother dear,
Queen Mary was my sister."

12. "If Prince Douglas was your father dear,
Queen Chatten was your mother,
King Henry was your brother dear,
I'm sure I am your sister.

13. "I have seven ships sailing on the sea,
All loaded to the brim;
Six of them I'll give to you,
If you'll have Lord Thomas hung;
Six of them I'll give to you,
And one will carry me home."

4. "Fair Annie"

Sharp MSS., 3300/2406. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 95. Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

a π^1, ending on I

With this copy cf. "Lizie Wan" (No. 51), Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 89; and *ante*, Vol. I, p. 403.

1. Adieu, adieu, fair Annie, he did say,
For twelve months and one day.
It's twelve months be rolling round,
Fair Annie thought the time being long.

2. She took her spy glass in her hands
And out of doors she went;
She looked to the East, she looked to the West,
She looked both (to the) North and South,
And looked all under the sun.*

3. She thought she saw Lord Thomas a-coming,
All bringing his new briden home.
She called her own seven sons:
I think I see your father a-coming
And bringing your step-mother home.

4. Come down, come down, dear mother they did say,
Some clothing to put on.
Saying: All of his merry, merry, merry maids
Might as well to come as one.

5. Fair Annie she had a silken towel
Hanging on a silver pin,
And she wiped out her watery eyes
As she walked out and in.

6. The rest of them drunk ale, beer and wine,
But fair Annie she drunk cold well water
To keep her spirits alive.

7. There is a fair lady in our house,
Before tomorrow morning she'll be dead,
We will call to our waiting-maids
And have her taken out of town.

8. A word or two, Lord Thomas, she did say,
Before I go away.
I wish my sons was seven greyhounds
And I was a fox on the hill,
And they might have longer (*or* more) breath than I
That they might worry me down.

9. It's who is your father dear,
And who is your mother,
And who is your brother dear
And who is your sister?

10. It's King Henry he's my father dear,
Queen Chatry's my own mother,
Prince (Quince) Dudley he's my brother dear†
And fair Annie she's my own sister.

11. If King Henry he's your own father dear,
Queen Chatry your own mother,§
Quince Dudley your brother dear,
I'll ensure I'm your own sister.

12. We have seven ships all on the sea,
They're loaded to the brim,
And five of them I'll give to you
And two will carry me home,
And we'll have Lord Thomas burned.

* 1932: She looked to the East, West, both North and South,
And looked all under the sun.
† 1932: Quince Dudley he's my own brother dear
§ 1932: Queen Chatry she's your own mother

5. "Fair Annie"

Greig MSS., I, p. 151. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 50(2). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire, March 1906.

m I/M

Keith notes that this is also used for "The Laird o' Drum" (No. 236). It will be observed that the stanza here given occurs also in that ballad.

Fa will bake her bridal breid,
An' fa will brew her ale,
An' fa will welcome my lassie in,
It's mair than I can tell.

GROUP C

5. "Fair Annie"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 148, ctg. 1. From C. E. Henry. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard.

p π^1 (but IV, VII in decorations, to make M)

This has some resmblance to Sharp's copies A, E, and J of "The Two Brothers" (No. 49).

7. "Rosanna"

L. A. Hubbard and L. J. Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 45. Sung by Mrs. Salley A. Hubbard, February 6, 1946, and July 10, 1947. Learned by her father in Leeds, c. 1865.

On C: a I/Ly, ending on II

IN 1951 PRINTING:

1. My Rosanna, Rosanna, says he,
What makes you look as you do?
Why don't you look so merry maiden like
As when I first married you?

2. "How can I look merry maidenlike
When a maiden I am none?
Seven sons I've borne unto thee
And all my fresh colors gone."

3. "Who'll bake my bread," he says,
"And who'll brew my ale?
And who will welcome the gay lady home
That I bring across the main?"

4. "I'll bake your bread," she says,
"And I'll brew your ale,
But I'll not welcome the gay lady home
That you bring across the main."

5. She took the spyglass in her hand
And wandered up and down.
Who could she see but her own husband dear
With his young bride bringing home?

6. She called to her seven sons
By one, two and three,
And she said unto the eldest one,
"I can see what you can see."

7. He took the spyglass in his hand
And wandered up and down,
And who could he see but his own father dear
With his young bride coming home?

8. "Shall I dress in green," she says,
"Or shall I dress in black?
Or shall I go down to the raging main
And send my soul to wrack?"

9. "You needn't dress in green," he says.
"You needn't dress in black,
But open all of your doors wide
And welcome my father back."

10. "You are welcome home, King Henry," she says,
"You're welcome to what's your own,
Likewise all your weary servant men
That along with you have come."

11. "Rosanna, Rosanna, Rosanna," says he,
"Now welcome the gay lady home,
. . . . . .
And rewarded you shall be."

12. "You're welcome home, gay lady," she says,
"You're welcome to what's your own,
Likewise all your weary servant maids
That along with you have come."

13. She treated them round with the best of wine;
She treated them round and round,
But she drank herself of the cold well water
To keep her courage down.

14. And supper being made ready
And all things over with
Rosanna went down to the lower cellar room
All alone in silence to weep.

15. "Rosanna, Rosanna, Rosanna," says she,
"What makes you weep so loud?
Your hogshead hoops are all a-bursting off
And your wine is a-running out.

16. "I will get up and you shall lie down,
For this bed it is your own;
For a maid I've come and a maid I'll stay
And a maid I will go home.

17. "Have you any father dear,
Or have you any mother?
Or have you any sister dear,
Or have you any brother?"

18. "King Henry is my own father dear,
Queen Esther she's my mother,
Liddie Margaret is my own sister dear
And Lord Arnold he's my brother."

19. "If King Henry is your own father dear
And queen Esther is your mother,
I'm sure I'm your sister Margaret,
For Lord Arnold he's my brother.

20. "Seven ships I have at sea,
These seven they are my own.
Five of them I'll give unto thee
And two shall carry me home."

Child Waters

CHILD NO. 63

This beautiful and moving ballad, which Child was willing to give preeminence over all other ballads in any language, appears to have maintained its popular favor, at least in Scotland, well into the nineteenth century, and has been lately found in North Carolina and Arkansas. There is a gap of over a century between the oldest text and the next. Mrs. Brown's tune, unfortunately, was not recorded, although her text was taken down more than once. The two Scottish tunes, nearly a hundred years apart, seem to have but the most tenuous relationship, if any; and the Arkansas tune is again quite distinct.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Harris was a little girl when she learned her ballads from her nurse, through whom they are said to go back orally to the manse of the Reverend P. Duncan, about the year 1745. Mrs. Harris herself was born in Blairgowrie, Perthshire, in 1782; but the songs she taught her children were perhaps not set down until after the middle of the next century. There is, however, no reason to suppose that they are not in the main as she had learned them, due allowance being made for lack of skill in notation. The present tune has two obvious errors in the MS., quarters being written for the eighths in the sixth bar; but the extra beat in the ninth bar appears genuine, and may be left uncorrected. The irregularity in the next to last bar might be unintentional, but it too may stand. In both these cases the extra beat is given in the MS. to the bar following.

Greig's pentatonic tune, also in the Dorian area, has already appeared in a Dorian form in connection with "Young Akin" (Child No. 41), where it was given by the same singer. It may have a distant connection with the "Boyne Water" family.

The Ozark tune is a π^1 authentic tune, and repeats both third and fourth phrases, with variations, for refrain. No close affiliations are apparent.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Fair Margaret." Harris MS., No. 7, and No. 8, fol. 12b, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 415, and II, p. 91.
2. "Lord William and Lady Margaret." Greig MSS., III, p. 166, and Bk. 742, XXXII, p. 97, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 52. (Robb)
3. "The Little Page Boy." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 89.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Fair Margaret"

Harris MS., No. 7 (emended by Editor); text, No. 8, fol. 12b. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 415; text, II, p. 91. Originally from Jannie Scott, an old nurse in Perthshire, c. 1790.

a D

In the tune as printed in Child's Appendix (V, p. 415), the verbal emphases are wrenched into conformity with a four-square barring throughout. The above reading follows the time-values of the MS.

1. "I beg you bide at hame, Margaret,
   An sew your silken seam;
   If ye waur in the wide Hielands,
   Ye wald be owre far frae hame."

2. "I winna bide at hame," she said,
   "Nor sew my silken seam;
   For if I waur in the wide Hielands,
   I wald no be owre far frae hame."

3. "My steed sall drink the blude-red wine,
   An you the water wan;
   I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,
   That ever I loed a man!"

4. "Though your steed does drink the blude-red wine,
   An me the water wan,
   Yet will I sing, an merry be,
   That ever I loed a man."

5. "My hounds shall eat the bread o wheat,
   An you the bread o bran;
   I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,
   That ever you loed Lord John!"

6. "Though your hounds do eat the bread o wheat,
   An me the bread o bran,
   Yet will I sing, an merrie be,
   That ever I loed Lord John."

7. He turned aboot his high horse head,
   An awa he was boun to ride;
   She kilted up her green clieden,
   An after him she gaed.

8. Whan they cam to that water
   Whilk a' man ca the Clyde,
   He turned aboot his high horse head,
   Said, Ladie, will you ride?

9. "I learnt it in my mother's bour,
I wish I had learnt it weel,
That I could swim this wan water
As weel as fish or eel."

10. Whan at the middle o that water,
She sat doon on a stone;
He turned aboot his high horse head,
Says, Ladie, will ye loup on?

11. "I learnt in my mother's bour,
I wish I had learnt it better,
That I culd swim this wan water
As weel as eel or otter."

12. He has taen the narrow ford,
An she has taen the wide;
Lang, lang ere he was at the middle,
She was sittin at the ither side.

13. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,
Alace, I'm far frae hame!

14. "Hoo mony miles is't to your castle?
Noo Lord John, tell to me;"
"Hoo mony miles is't to my castle?
It's thirty miles an three:"
Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,
It'll never be gane by me!

15. But up it spak the wily bird,
As it sat on the tree,
"Rin on, rin on noo, Fair Margaret,
It scarcely miles is three."

16. Whan they cam to the wide Hielands,
An lichted on the green,
Every an spak Erse to anither,
But Margaret she spak nane.

17. Whan they waur at table set,
An birlin at the best,
Margaret set at a bye-table,
An fain she wald hain rest.

18. "Oh mither, mither, mak my bed
Wi clean blankets an sheets,
An lay my futeboy at my feet,
The sounder I may sleep."

19. She has made Lord John his bed,
Wi clean blankets an sheets,
An laid his futeboy at his feet,
But neer a wink culd he sleep.

20. "Win up, win up noo, Fair Margaret,
An see that my steed has meat;
See that his corn is in his travisse,
Nor lyin amang his feet."

21. Slowly, slowly rase she up,
An slowly put she on,
An slowly gaed she doon the stair,
Aye makin a heavy moan.

. . . .

22. "An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,
I pray you grant it me;
For the warst bed in a' your hoose,
To your young son an me."

23. "Your asken is but sma, Margaret,
Sune grantet it shall be;
For the best bed in a' my hoose
Is owre little for thee."

24. "An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,
I pray you grant it me;
For the warst ale in a' your hoose,
That ye wald gie to me."

25. "Your asken is but sma, Margaret,
Sune grantet it sall be;
For the best wine in a' my hoose
Is owre little for thee.

26. "But cheer up your heart noo, Fair Margaret,
For, be it as it may,
Your kirken an your fair weddin
Sall baith be on one day."

2. "Lord William and Lady Margaret"

Greig MSS., III, p. 166; text, Bk. 742, XXXII, p. 97. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 52. Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

a π^3

The same singer used a variant of this tune for "Young Akin" (No. 41). The underlying pattern is that of "Boyne Water."

1. Lord William stood in his stable door,
Says, I'll awa & ride;
Lady Marit stood in her bower door,
Says, I'll go by your side.

2. . . . . .
. . . . . .
It's if ye go with me, he said,
My horse-boy ye maun be.

3. He rade on & she gaed on,
And she gaed by his side,
Till they cam' till a wan water
And a' man ca'd it Clyde.

4. He rade in & she wade in,
Till it cam' till her knee,
And sichin' said this fair ladie,
This widin's nae for me.

5. But he rade in & she wade in,
Till it cam' till her han',
And the bairnie atween her sidies twa,
For caul' was like to [tyne].

6. But in the middle o' Clyde's water
There stan's a steadfast stone,
And he turned his broon horse' heid aboot,
And he's ta'en his lady on.

7. When he arrived at his father's ha',
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

8. There was 4 & 20 bonnie ladies
Stood a' upon the green,
But the bonniest lady amon' them a'
Took Willie's horse frae him.

9. There was 4 & 20 braw ladies
Sat a' thegither at meat, (*met*)
But the bonniest lady amo' them a'
At a by-table was set.
But the bonniest lady amo' them a'
A bit she couldna eat. (*et*)

10. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Go groom my horse, gae sup my horse,
And rub him down sae fine[.]

11. He's nowise like a man, Willie,
He's nowise like a man,
Your horse-boy's like a woman wi' bairn,
Or else she's borne a son.

12. . . . . .
She thocht she heard a bairn's greet
Likewise a lady's moan,
. . . . . .

13. He gae the door wi' his fit,
And keppit it wi' his knee,
Till iron bolts & steel staples
On the fleer he gart them flee.

3. "The Little Page Boy"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 89. Sung by Mrs. Irene Carlisle, Fayetteville, Ark., April 25, 1942; learned from her grandmother in Mississippi, c. 1912.

a π^1

Oh stop and pull me on before,
Or pull me on behind,
Or let me hold to the pommel horn
To cross the river's tide,
Or let me hold to the pommel horn
To cross the river's tide.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
He looks to me not a little page boy,
But a woman great with child.
He looks to me not a little page boy,
But a woman great with child.

Oh robe my lady in satin so fine,
Oh robe my lady in silk,
And wash my son in the . . .
And in the morning's milk.
And wash my son in the . . .
And in the morning's milk.

Fair Janet

CHILD NO. 64

THE tune of Child's A was preserved, along with the text, from the singing of an old woman in Perthshire. It appears to have been printed for the first time by G. F. Graham, in his *Songs of Scotland* (1848-49, I, p. 92), and has been reprinted thence a number of times. The leading-note at the opening of the fourth phrase may be editorial, in which case the tune, although lacking its fourth, would show strong Mixolydian inclinations. The triple time seems to have been heard by the earlier collectors far more frequently than of late.

The variant given second emerged with the sixth volume of *The Scots Musical Museum*, in 1803, and was reproduced in a revised edition of Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1869. Although of unknown provenience, it has an appearance of independent authenticity. Its true tonic is probably D: it would then be π^1, ending on the sixth. It suggests a distant kinship with "The Campbells are coming."

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Fair Janet." G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland*, 1848-49, I, p. 92. Also in Lady John Scott's Sharpe MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 843, fol. 10; and in George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 74. Text from C. K. Sharpe, *A Ballad Book*, 1823, p. 1; also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, II, p. 103.

2. "Liv'd ance twa luvers in yon dale." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, VI, [1803], No. 596, p. 616. Text from David Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, I, p. 162; also in Child, 1882-98, II, p. 106. Tune and text also in Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, II, p. 529.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. [Fair Janet]

Graham, 1848-49, I, p. 92. Also in Lady John Scott's Sharpe MS., NL Scotland MS. 843, fol. 10, in hand of Thomas Logorwood Hateby; and Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—], p. 74. Tune from C. K. Sharpe, as sung by an old woman in Perthshire. Text from Sharpe, 1823, p. 1; also in Child, 1882-98, II, p. 103.

a I/Ly (inflected VII)

1. "Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
Ye maun gang to him soon;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are dune."

2. Janet's awa to her father,
As fast as she could hie:
"O what's your will wi me, father?
O what's your will wi me?"

3. "My will wi you, Fair Janet," he said,
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye loe Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French lord."

4. "A French lord maun I wed, father?
A French lord maun I wed?
Then, by my sooth," quo Fair Janet,
"He's neer enter my bed."

5. Janet's awa to her chamber,
As fast as she could go;
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie her jo?

6. "O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between;
There's a French lord coming oer the sea,
To wed me wi a ring;
There's a French lord coming oer the sea,
To wed and tak me hame."

7. "If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

8. "But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune."

9. Willie's awa to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean:
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune."

10. Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on,
And they're awa to Fair Janet,
By the hie light o the moon.

* * * * * *

11. "O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi mickle toil and pain;
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane."

12. He's tane his young son in his arms,
And kisst him cheek and chin,
And he's awa to his mother's bower,
By the hie light o the moon.

13. "O open, open, mother," he says,
"O open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops oer my chin,
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

14. With her fingers lang and sma
She lifted up the pin,
And with her arms lang and sma
Received the baby in.

15. "Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three."

16. Willie he was scarce awa,
And the lady put to bed,
Whan in and came her father dear:
"Make haste, and busk the bride."

17. "There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

18. "O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French lord,
Gin she should die the morn."

19. Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost throw the town.

20. And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost throw the town.

21. "O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?"
"O wha but Willie, my true-love?
He kens I loe him best."

22. And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
To tye the haly ban,
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed an cam.

23. When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin,
"O we'll go take the bride's maidens,
And we'll go fill the ring."

24. O ben than cam the auld French lord,
Saying, Bride, will ye dance with me?
"Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,
Your face I downa see."

25. O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
He cam with ane advance:
"O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll go tak a dance."

26. "I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,
And so has mony mae,
Ye would hae danced wi me mysel,
Let a' my maidens gae."

27. O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?
"Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three."

28. She had nae turned her throw the dance,
Throw the dance but thrice,
Whan she fell doun at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise.

29. Willie's taen the key of his coffer,
And gien it to his man:
"Gae hame, and tell my mother dear
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

30. The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire;
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier.

2. "Liv'd ance twa luvers in yon dale"

Johnson, VI, [1803], No. 596, p. 616. Also in Ritson, ed. of 1869, II, p. 529. Text from Herd, 1776, I, p. 162; also in Child, 1882-98, II, p. 106.

a π^1, ending on VI

This tune, clearly a variant of the preceding, also carries opening reminders of the second strain of "The Campbells are coming." According to Glen, 1900, p. 240, "The tune united to the song in the Museum is taken from Sibbald's Vocal Magazine, and, it is said, was furnished for that work by a lady in Orkney."

1. Livd ance twa luvers in yon dale,
And they luvd ither weel;
Frae evning late to morning aire
Of luving luvd their fill.

2. "Now, Willie, gif you luve me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
Gar build it speedilie.

3. "And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonie isle,
Stands lanely midst the sea."

4. But lang or ere the schip was built,
Or deckd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back
That down she coud na lout.

5. "Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bowr,
And my bowr-maidens three."

6. He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kissd her, cheik and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bowr,
But nae bowr-maid was in.

7. "Now leave my bower, Willie," she said,
"Now leave me to my lane;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When she was travelling."

8. He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane;
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

9. "Now come, now come, Willie," she said,
"Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower,
With speed and privacie."

10. He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kissd him, cheik and chin;
He's hied him to his mother's bower,
By th' ae light of the moon.

11. And with him came the bold barone,
And he spake up wi pride:
"Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bryde."

12. "My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side;
O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bryde."

13. When she came to the burrow-town,
They gied her a broch and ring,
And when she came to . . . ,
They had a fair wedding.

14. O up then spake the norland lord,
And blinkit wi his ee:
"I trow this lady's born a bairn,"
Then laucht loud lauchters three.

15. And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
And he spake up wi pryde:
"Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi the bryde."

16. "Now had your tongue, my lord," she said,
"Wi dancing let me be;
I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
Sma dancing will serve me."

17. But she's taen Willie be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee:
"But I wad dance wi my true-luve,
But bursts my heart in three."

18. She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee:
"Gie that, gie that to my young son,
He'll neer his mother see."

* * * * * * *

19. "Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;
This day hath seen my true-love's death,
This nicht shall witness myne."

Lady Maisry

CHILD NO. 65

THE English records of the last fifty years present the most consistent picture of a melodic tradition for "Lady Maisry." Nevertheless, they cover a wide modal ambit (from major to Æolian), and carry echoes of familiar songs—"The Sprig of Thyme," "The Bailiff's Daughter," "The Wife of Usher's Well"—and carol-tunes. They prefer the authentic range, with a favorite mid-cadence on the dominant, and first-phrase cadence on the tonic. All are in duple time.

In contrast, the two earliest records, which are Scottish, are unrelated to each other and to the English or American tunes, but agree in a somewhat uncomfortable choice of triple time. Motherwell's version has borrowed the stanza-pattern, and shares one of the tunes, of "The Twa Sisters" (No. 10); and in this it departs from all other exemplars, as it does in verbal text also. Mrs. Brown's tune is a surprise after the mid-cadence; and it is just possible that an inexpert copyist, her nephew or another, when writing the tune over fair, started on a new stave a note above the true one at the beginning of the fourth—or perhaps even the third—phrase, and kept it up consistently to the end. If so, the tune was Dorian. As it stands in the MS., the first half is Æ/P, but the second half has an inflected second and sixth, and the last two phrases seem to modulate to a new anchorage—unless we think of it as a timid Phrygian, with the second inflected. On the other hand, it may be that all that is wrong is an omission of a sharp on the second note in the fifth bar—in which case the tune is Æolian, with an unimportant accidental on lower *VI*.

The American tunes, both from Kentucky, belong to the "Gypsy Laddie" and "Boyne Water" clans, respectively. The first is I/M, with a fallen close on *V*; the second D/Æ.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Lady Maisery." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 91, Harvard College Library.

GROUP B

2. "Susie Cleland." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 14, and p. 221.
3. "Bonnie Susie Cleland." R. Vaughan Williams, *JEFDSS*, IV, No. 2 (1941), p. 79.

GROUP C

4. "Come, Mother." E. T. Wedmore, *JFSS*, I, No. 2 (1900), p. 43.
5. "Come, Mother, Mother, Make my Bed." H. E. D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 74. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, ed., *Folk Songs of England*, 1908-12, I (*Folk Songs from Dorset*, ed. Cecil J. Sharp and H.E.D. Hammond), p. 36.
6. "Lady Maisry." Sharp MSS., 1369/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Hitchman)
7. "Oh, Mother, Go and Make my Bed." Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 304.
8. "Lady Maisry." Sharp MSS., 912/986. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 3rd series, 1906, p. 56; and Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 26. (Barnett)
9. "Wealthy Squire of Islington." Sharp MSS., 265/899. (Hooper)
10. "Oh, Mother, Go and Make my Bed." Charles Gamblin and R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 306.
11. "Lord George." Sharp MSS., 4920/3367. (Alcock)

GROUP D

12. "Lady Maisry." Sharp MSS., 3898/2835. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 99(B). (Bishop)
13. "Lady Maisry." Sharp MSS., 3685/2739. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 97(A). (Knuckles)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Lady Maisery"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 91. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94.

a Bimodal? (Æ—Ph)

1st half lacks II (Æ/Ph); 2nd half inflected II and VI and lacks IV, V

Cf. the headnote, above, on the modality of this tune.

The young lords o' the north country
  Have all a wooing gane,
To win the love o' lady Maisery,
  But of them she would ha' nane.
O they have courted lady Maisery
  Wi' broaches and wi' rings,
An' they ha' courted her lady Maisery
  Wi' a' kin' kind o' things.
An' they ha' sought her lady Maisery
  Frae father and frae mother,
An' they have sought her lady Maisery
  Frae sister and frae brother.
And they ha' follow'd her lady Maisery
  Through cha'mer and through ha'
But a' that they could say to her,
  Her answer still was na'.
["]O had your tongues, young men, she says,
  An' think nae mair o' me,

For i've gi'n my love to an English lord,
An' i have nae mair to gi."
Her fathers kitchy boy hard that,
Ane ill deid may he dee!
An' he has on to her brother
As fast as gang could he.
"O is my father and mother well,
But and my brothers three?
Gin my sister lady Mais'ry be well,
There's naething can ail me."
"Your father and your mother is well,
Likewise your brothers three;
Your sister lady Maisery is well,
So big wi' bairn gangs she."
"Gin this be true you tell to me,
My malison light on thee!
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You shall be hanged hi'."
He's done him to his sisters bow'r
Wi' meikle deil and care,
An' there he saw her lady Maisery
Keming her yallow hair.
["]O wha is aught that bairn, he says,
That ye sae big are wi'?
An' gin you winna own the truth,
This moment you shall die.["]
She turn'd her right and round about,
An' the kem fell frae her hand,
A trembling seiz'd her fair body,
An' her rosy cheek grew wan.
"O, pardon me, my brother dear,
An' the truth i'll own to thee;
My bairn it is to lord William,
And now he is betrothed to me."
"O, could na ye gotten dukes or lords
Into your own country,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog,
To bring this shame on me?
But ye man gie up the English blood,
The moment your babe is born,
For gin you keep by'm an hour longer
Your life shall be forborn."
"I will gie up this English blood
Till my young babe be born,
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forborn."
"O, whare is a' my merry young men,
Whom i gie meat and fee,
To pu' the thistle and the thorn,
To burn this vile whore wi'?"
"O, whare will i get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need?
To run with haste to lord William,
An' bid him come wi' speed?"
O, out it spake a bonny boy,
Stood by her brothers side,
"O, i would run your errand, lady,
O'er all the world wide.
Aft have i run your errands, lady,
Wi' sa't tears on my cheek;
Aft have i run your errands, lady,
Whan blawn baith win' and weet."
O, whan he came to broken brigs,
He bent his bow and swam,
An' whan he came to green grass growing,
He took off his sheen and ran.
And (whan) he came to lord Williams yates,
He bade na to chap or ca',
But set his bent bow till his breast,
An' lightly lap the wa';
And or the porter was at the gate,
The boy was in the ha'.
"O is my biggins broken, boy?
Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
Of a dear daughter or son?"
["]Your biggins is no brunt, my lord,
Nor is your towers won,
But the fairest lady in a' the land
For you this day man burn."
"O, saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown,
O, saddle to me the swiftest steed
That e'er rode frae a town."
Or he was near a mile awa'
She hear'd his wild horse sneeze:
"Mend up the fire, my false brother,
It's nae come to my knees."
And whan he lighted at the yate,
She hard his bridle ring:
"Mend up the fire, my false brother,
It's far yet frae my chin.
Mend up the fire to me, she says,
Mend up the fire to me,
For i see him coming hard and fast
Will soon men' 't up to thee.
O, gin my hands had been loose, Willie,
So hard as they are bound,
I would have turn'd me frae the gleed,
An' casten out your young son."
"O i'll gar burn for thee, Mais'ry,
Your sister and your brother;
An' i'll gar burn for thee, Mais'ry,
Your father and your mother;
And i'll gar burn for thee, Mais'ry,
The chief of all your kin;
An' the last bonfire that i come to,
Mysel' i will cast in."

GROUP B

2. "Susie Cleland"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 14; text, p. 221. ("Never Before Published.")

m I

With this, cf. "The Twa Sisters" (No. 10), as recorded by C. K. Sharpe from his mother's singing (*ante*, Vol. I, p. 178).

1. There lived a lady in Scotland,
   Hey my love and ho my joy;
   There lived a lady in Scotland,
   Who dearly loved me;
   There lived a lady in Scotland,
   An' she's fa'n in love wi' an Englishman,
   And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee.

2. The father unto the daughter came,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   The father unto the daughter came,
   Who dearly, &c.
   The father unto the daughter came,
   Saying, will you forsake that Englishman,
   And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee!

3. If you will not that Englishman forsake,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   If you will not that Englishman forsake,
   Who dearly loved, &c.
   If you will not that Englishman forsake,
   O I will burn you at a stake,
   And bonnie, &c.

4. I will not that Englishman forsake,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   I will not that Englishman forsake,
   Who dearly, &c.
   I will not that Englishman forsake,
   Though you should burn me at a stake,
   And bonnie, &c.

5. O where will I get a pretty little boy,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   O where will I get a pretty little boy,
   Who dearly loves me,
   O where will I get a pretty little boy;
   Who will carry tidings to my joy,
   And bonnie, &c.

6. Here am I a pretty little boy,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   Here am I a pretty little boy,
   Who dearly loves thee;
   Here am I a pretty little boy,
   Who will carry tidings to thy joy,
   And bonnie, &c.

7. Give to him this right hand glove,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   Give to him this right hand glove,
   Who dearly loved me;
   Give to him this right hand glove,
   Tell him to get another love,
   For bonnie, &c.

8. Give to him this little pen-knife,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   Give to him this little pen-knife,
   Who dearly, &c.
   Give to him this little pen-knife,
   Tell him to get another wife,
   For bonny, &c.

9. Give to him this gay gold ring,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   Give to him this gay gold ring,
   Who dearly, &c.
   Give to him this gay gold ring,
   Tell him I'm going to my burning,
   And bonnie, &c.

10. Her father he ca'd up the stake,
   Hey my love, &c.;
   Her father he ca'd up the stake,
   Who dearly, &c.
   Her father he ca'd up the stake,
   Her brother he the fire did make,
   And bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

3. "Bonnie Susie Cleland"

Williams, *JEFDSS*, IV, No. 2 (1941), p. 79. Sung by Mr. Wetherill, a tailor, in Bourne End, Buckinghamshire, April 1904. (Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.)

a I

Her father dragged her to the stake,
O my love, O my love,
Her father dragged her to the stake,
O my love so early,
Her father dragged her to the stake,
Her mother then a fire did make,
For she was to be burnt in Nottingham,
not far from Nottinghamshire.

GROUP C

4. "Come, Mother"

Wedmore, *JFSS*, I, No. 2 (1900), p. 43. Sung by Joseph Spillers, North Petherton near Bridgwater, in June 1899.

a π^4

1. Come, mother, come, mother, come make up my bed,
And spread that milk-white sheet,
That I may lie down on a soft bed of down,
For to try whether I could sleep or no.

2. The first that she spied was the little boy who went by,
And that was her own dear sister's son,
'Go and tell my true love that I'm going to die,
And I shall die long before he come.'

3. The first two miles O he walk'd,
The second two miles O he ran,
He ran till he came to some fair water side;
He falled in on his breast and he swam.

4. He swam till he came to my lord's Highland park,
Where they was all sitting at tea.
'If you did but know the news that I have brought
You'd eat nor another bit.'

5. Up spoke the noble lord, 'What can this matter be?
Is my iron gates up or down?'
'Oh, no,' says the little boy, 'your true love's going to die,
She'll die alone before you can come.'

6. 'Come saddle me up my white milky steed
And put the saddle on the iron grey,
That I may go and kiss her rosy cheeks
Before they are turned to clay.'

7. My lady she died on Saturday night,
Just before the sun went down;
And my lord O he died on the Sunday following,
Just before the morning prayer did go in.

8. My lady was buried in my lord's chancery (chancel),
And my lord was buried in the choir;
And out of my lady's breast there sprung a diamond rose,
And out of my lord's there grew a sweetbriar.

9. He grows so very high
Till he could not grow any higher,
And up all on the top grows the true lover's knot
And the red rose wrapped round the sweetbriar.

5. "Come, Mother, Mother, Make my Bed"

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 74. Also (in E Minor) in Sharp, 1908-12, I, p. 36. Sung by Mrs. Sartin, at Corscombe Hill, Dorset, July 1906.

a Æ

This may suggest "The Bailiff's Daughter" (No. 105), more particularly in the second and third phrases.

1. Now I pray you go fetch me my little foot-boy,
That is my sister's son,
That he may go and tell to my own true love
I shall die before he can come.

2. Now the first two miles this little boy did walk,
And the second two miles he did run,
Until that he came to a broad riverside;
Then he lay on his breast and swum.

3. He swum, till he came to the Lord's high gate
Where he saw the Lord in at meat:
"Oh! if you did know what tidings I've a-brought,
Not another bite would you eat."

4. "Oh! what's the matter, is the high castle wall falling down,
Or the new park gates overthrown?

* * * * * *

5. "It's not your high wall or your castle falling down,
Nor it's not your gates overthrown.
Your true love is sick, and is going for to die,
And will die before you can come."

6. "Go saddle, then, and bridle my milk-white horse,
That I may ride away;
That I may kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,
Before they are turned to clay."

7. Now the Lady she died all on Saturday
At twelve o'clock in the noon;
And the Lord then he died all on Sunday,
Oh! before evening prayer was done.

8. Now the Lady she was buried all in the old chancèl,
The Lord all in the new choir;
Out of the Lady's breast there springs a damask rose,
And out of the Lord's a sweet briar.

9. They growed so stout, they growed so tall,
They could not grow any higher.
They tied themselves in a true lovers' knot,
And the rose wrappèd round the sweet-briar.

6. [Lady Maisry]

Sharp MSS., 1369/. Sung by William Hitchman, Farringdon, August 1, 1907.

a Æ

On the same day on which Hitchman sang this, he began another song, "A Woman's Work is never done," in almost identical fashion (Sharp MSS., 1370/).

7. "Oh, Mother, Go and Make my Bed"

Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 304. Sung by David Clements (80), Basingstoke, Hampshire, January 1909.

a D

Laver's version of "Lady Isabel" (No. 4), as given by Sharp, 1916, p. 29, is typically related to this tune. (Cf. *ante*, Vol. I, p. 51.)

1. Oh, mother, go and make my bed,
   Spread me the milk-white sheets,
   That I may go and lay down on the clothes
   For to see whether I could sleep.

2. Oh, sister, go and tell your brother's son
   That his own true Love she's going for to die.
   . . . . . .
   She will die and before you can come.

3. The first two miles the little boy walked,
   And the next two miles he run.
   He run till he came to the broad water's side,
   And he laid on his breast and swum.

4. He swum till he came to the high park gates,
   Where they all sat down at meat.
   "And if you could but hear the bad news brought you,
   Not a bit more could you eat.

5. Your high park gates are not fallen down
   Nor your high castle wall overthrown;
   But your own true love is going for to die,
   She will die and before you can come."

6. He callèd for his stable groom;
   "Go, saddle me my milk-white steed,
   That I may go and kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,
   That once they were so sweet."

7. The lady she died on a Saturday,
   And the lord he died on the following Sunday.
   . . . . . .
   And before the prayers at noon.

8. The lady was buried in the large chancel,
   And the lord he was buried in the choir;
   And out of the lady sprang a red rosy bud,
   And out of the lord a sweet-briar.

9. This rose and this briar they grew up together,
   Until they could not get no higher;
   They grew and tied a true lovyer's knot,
   And the rose he wropped round the sweet-briar.

8. [Lady Maisry]

Sharp MSS., 912/986. Also in Sharp and Marson, 3rd series, 1906, p. 56; and Sharp, 1916, p. 26. Sung by John Barnett, Bridgwater, April 18, 1906.

p Æ

1. She called to her little page boy
   Who was her brother's son,
   She told him as quick as he could go
   To bring the lord safe home.

2. Now the first mile he would walk,
   And the second he would run,
   And when he came to a broken bridge
   He would bend his breast and swim.

3. When he came to the new castle,
   The lord was sot to meat.
   If you knew as much as me
   How little would you eat.

4. Is my bower falling, falling down,
   Or is my tower down,
   Or is my gay lady put to bed
   With a daughter or a son?

5. O no, your bower is not a-falling down
   Neither your tower down,
   Neither is your gay lady put to bed
   With a daughter or a son.

6. O no your bower is not falling down,
   Neither my tower down,
   But we are afraid before you return
   Your lady will be dead and gone.

7. Now when he came to the new castle
   He heard a big bell toll,
   And there he saw eight noble noble men
   A-bearing of a pall.

8. Lay down, lay down that gentle, gentle corpse
   As it lay fast asleep,
   Lay down, lay down that gentle, gentle corpse
   That I wish to kiss so sweet.

9. Six times he kissed her red ruby lips,
   Nine times he kissed her chin,
   Ten times he kissed her snowy white breast
   Which love did enter in.

10. The lady was buried on that Sunday
Before the prayer was end,
And the lord he died on Sunday next
Before the prayer begun.

Sharp makes numerous verbal alterations in the printed copy to render the text more acceptable, and introduces the following stanza between nos. 6 and 7:

Come saddle, saddle my milk white steed,
Come saddle my pony too,
That I may neither eat nor drink
Till I come to the old castell.

9. "Wealthy Squire of Islington"

Sharp MSS., 265/899. Sung by Mrs. Louie Hooper, Hambridge, August 5, 1904; and again, March 1906.

p I

Go saddle me my milk-white steed
That I might ride away,
That I might see my own true love
Before she is turned to clay.

They saddled him his milk-white steed
And he hastily ride away,
And before he reached his own true love
She was turned into icy clay.

This lady she died on Saturday
At 12 o'clock in the morn
And this lord he died on Sunday following
Just when evening prayer was done.

10. "Oh, Mother, Go and Make my Bed"

Gamblin and Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 306. Sung by David Marlow (84), Basingstoke, Hampshire, October 1906, and January 1909.

p I

Miss Gilchrist and Frank Kidson both cite the common tune of "The Sprig of Thyme" as analogous to this tune.

1. Oh, mother, go and make my bed,
And spread me that milk-white sheet,
That I might go and lay myself down
To see whether I could sleep.

2. Then she sent for her little posty,
And as fast as he could run,
That he might go and tell her lord from her
That his Love will die ere he come.

3. Then the first three miles, oh, the little boy walked,
And the next three miles he run;
He run till he came to some broad water side,
Where he fell on his breast and swum.

4. He swum till he came to the high park gate,
When my lord he was there standing by.
"What news, oh, what news hast thou broughten unto me?"
"Oh, your true Love is sick and will die."

5. "Go, bridle and saddle my milk-white steed,
. . . . . .
That I may go and kiss her red, ruby lips,
And before that she turn to cold clay."

6. Then my lady was buried in the high chancel,
And my lord he was buried in the choir;
And out of my lady there grew a damask rose,
And out of my lord a sweet-briar.

7. Then they grew up so high and so tall,
Till they could not grow up any higher;
Then they turned and they tied a true lovyer's knot,
And the rose wropped round the sweet-briar.

11. "Lord George"

Sharp MSS., 4920/3367. Sung by Joseph Alcock (78), at Sibford Gower, Warwickshire, September 18, 1922.

a M

Go fetch to me my little nephew
That is my sister's son,
That he may go and tell my Lord George
I shall be dead and before he can come.

This messenger walked full seven long miles
And the other six he ran,
He ran till he came to the clear water's side
Then he bent on his breast and he swum.

He swum till he came to the high castle hall
Where my Lord George sat at meat.
He said: If you knew what I'm come to tell you
Not a morsel more would you eat.

Your high castle walls are all fallen down,
And your high castle gates are overthrown,
And your lady she lies on a soft bed of down,
She'll be dead and before you can come.

GROUP D

12. [Lady Maisry]

Sharp MSS., 3898/2835 (in no signature). Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 99(B). Sung by Mrs. Dan Bishop, Teges, Clay County, Ky., August 21, 1917.

a D/M

This belongs to the "Gypsy Laddy" tribe. Cf. No. 200.

1. Down stepped her old father dear,
He stepped over the floor.
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said he,
Since you became a whore?

2. O dear father, I am no whore,
Nor never expect to be;
But I have a child by an English lord,
And I hope he'll marry me.

3. Down stepped her old mother dear,
She stepped over the floor.
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said she,
Since you became a whore?

4. O dear mother, I am no whore,
Nor never expect to be;
But I have a child by an English lord,
And I hope he'll* marry me.

5. Down stepped her oldest brother dear,
He stepped over the floor.
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said he,
Since you became a whore? (*or*, How do you do to-day?)

6. Very bad, very bad, dear brother,
As you can plainly see,
For my father and mother is both gathering wood
To burn my poor body.

7. I wish I had some pretty little one,
One errand for to run.
I'd run to my young lord's house
And tell him I said to come,
And to come quickly,
For my father and mother are both gathering wood
To burn my poor body.

8. Down stepped her brother's eldest son,
And stepped down over the floor,
And says: Many a mile that I have run,
And one for you I'll go.

9. I wish him well, for ever well,
And here send him a ring,
In hopes that he may mourn after me
But come to my burying.

10. I wish him well, for ever well,
And here I send him a glove,
In hopes that he might mourn after me,
But seek him another true love.

11. He run and he run till he came to the broad water,
He pitched in and swum;
He swum to the other side
And took to his heels and run.

12. He run to the young lord's gate,
And tingled on the bell;
And no one was so ready to rise and let him in
As the young lord himself.

13. What news, what news, my pretty little page,
What news have you brought to me?
. . . . . .

14. Go saddle unto me the make-speed horse,
Go saddle unto me the brown,
Go saddle unto me the fastest horse
That ever run on ground.

15. . . . . .
He got his pistols and sword and bugle,
And threw his bugle around his neck.

16. As he was going round them lone fields
And a-going in full speed,
The ring bursted off his finger
And his nose broke out for to bleed.

17. O dear mother, I value not† one straw,
For my young lord is coming,
I hear his bugle blow.
. . . . . .

* 1932: he will
† 1932: value you not

13. [Lady Maisry]

Sharp MSS., 3685/2739. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 97(A). Sung by Mrs. Delie Knuckles, Barbourville, Knox County, Ky., May 16, 1917.

a Æ/D

This is of the "Boyne Water" family.

65. LADY MAISRY

1. My Lady Margaret sitting in her own chamber a-weeping,
Her father and mother's a-gathering wood
To burn her poor body.

2. I wish I had some pretty little boy,
Some one to go an errand for me.
Downstairs came her oldest brother's son,
He stepped across the floor,
Saying: A many an errand have I went,
Lady Margaret, one for you I'll run.

3. Go down, go down to my young lord
And tell him my mother and father's gathering wood
To burn my poor body.

4. And here I'll send him my ring,
In hopes that he might mourn after me,
But come to my burial.

5. And here I send my glove,
In hopes that he might mourn after me,
But seek him another true love.

6. He run, he run, he run and he walked,
He run till he came to the broad water's side,
Then he caught his breath and he swum.

7. He swum till he came to the other shore,
Then he took to the banks and he run;
And he run till he came to the young lord's gate,
And dingled on the ring.
No one so ready as the young lord himself
For to rise and let him in.

8. What news, what news, my pretty little boy?
Is any of my fiery furnace burned down?
Or is my still over-run?
Or has my pretty, fair Miss brought to me
A daughter or a son?

9. Your fiery furnace is not burned down,
Your stills are neither over-run;
Your pretty, fair Miss's father and mother's gathering wood
To burn her poor body.

10. And here she sends you her ring,
In hopes that you might mourn after her,
But come to her burial.

11. And here she sends you her glove,
In hopes that you might mourn after her,
But seek you another true love.

12. Go saddle to me the next speed-horse,
Go saddle to me the brown,
Go saddle to me the finest horse
That ever trod the ground.

13. He hung his horn bugle round his neck,
His sword went dragging the ground;
As he rode round them all open fields,
He made his bugle sound.

14. O mother, O mother, I fear you not,
I fear you not one straw,
For I hear my young lord,
I heard his bugle sound.

15. They tied her high and fast to the stake,
And rushed the fire around.
As he rode nigh to the place
He mounted on the ground.

16. He tore her body from the stake
And clasped it in his arms.
Says: I'll first kiss her red, rosy cheeks,
Then kiss her cherry chin;
I'll kiss your ruby lips
That'll never kiss mine again.

17. He called for a chair he may sit down,
A pen to write his will.
He willed her oldest brother's son
Of all his house and still.

Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet

CHILD NO. 66

THE tunes here given from the Blaikie MS. may have no genuine right to this association. The sole connecting link, in the absence of words, is the title of the first tune, "Lord Ingram." But the tune suits ill with the metre of any known text of the present ballad, and rather implies LM than CM. To my ear, it suggests also a refrain on the second and fourth phrases, not a straight narrative quatrain. The other tune, though acknowledged as a variant, is called in the MS. "Earl Laudale," a title to which I do not recall a text. C. K. Sharpe, in his *Ballad Book*, has preserved two songs on Lauderdale, unrelated to this ballad.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Lord Ingram." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 62(b), p. 21.
2. "Earl Laudale." Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 62(a), p. 21.

TUNES WITHOUT TEXTS

1. "Lord Ingram"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 62(b), p. 21.

a π^1

2. "Earl Laudale"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 62(a), p. 21.

a π^1, ending on the octave.

Glenkindie

CHILD NO. 67

It seems odd that this ballad, with a subject perennially interesting, should have all but disappeared from tradition. It may be more commonly sung than has been admitted; but, if so, one may wonder that no collector has reported it in America, where songs like "Little Musgrave" (No. 81) have flourished unabashed. So far as I have discovered, it has never before, if we except Percy's Folio copy, been recorded outside Scotland; and there, until recently, by no one since the time of Jamieson and Kinloch. We may be allowed to observe, for what the reflection is worth, that "Little Musgrave" flatters the common man, while "Glenkindie" disgraces and debases him. Elsewhere, this theme is matter for mirth, as in the Scandinavian versions mentioned by Child, and the current song of a sailor who overhears an assignation being arranged and forestalls it in person (for which see *JFSS*, II, No. 6 [1905], p. 38; W. B. Whall, *Sea Songs and Shanties*, 1927, p. 13; and *BFSSNE*, No. 3 [1931], p. 10). The witty prose analogue that Manningham recounts of Shakespeare may be set beside that in the *Decameron*, since it, too, involves royalty—as indeed does the present ballad in all full texts. But the "folk," as a rule, would rather see the beggar-maid exalted than King Cophetua brought low; and when he is so, it does not usually seem funny to inveterate lovers of romance, gentle or simple.

In any case, it is very gratifying to find a recent avatar of a line that goes back through Chaucer to the exalted harper, the Bret Glascurion, and thence by association to his fabled archetypes, Arion and Orpheus.

This appears to be the first printing of a tune for "Glenkindie." One is said to be preserved in the collection of Mr. James M. Carpenter, recorded in Scotland many years ago; but it has not been made public. The present tune comes from melodic stuff familiar in the North, and may be related to tunes of "Earl Richard" (Motherwell's second set of "Young Hunting," No. 68), "Lord Thomas" (Greig's first tune, No. 73), "Child Maurice" (No. 83), "Fause Foodrage" (No. 89), "Sir James the Rose" (No. 213), and "Hardyknute." The lines of text that remain appear to derive from Jamieson.

LIST OF VARIANTS

"Glenkindie." Francis M. Collinson MS.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Glenkindie"

Collinson MS. Sung by Miss M. Douglas Gordon, near Matlock, Derbyshire, 1953; but from Aberdeenshire tradition.

p D/Æ (? inflected VII)

Glenkindie was a harper guid;
He harpèd and he sang:

Glenkindie was the best harper
That ever harped on string.

He's harpèd in the castle hall,
He's harped a' mostly asleep,
Except it was the young countess
That love did waukin' keep.

"At morn at dawin' the cocks aye croon [crawin']
And waftit their wings sae wide;
It's ye may come to my bower door
And streek ye bv my side.

[In Jamieson's text (1806, I, p. 95), the countess completes her speech thus:

"But look that ye tell na Gib your man,
For naething that ye dee;
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."]

Young Hunting

CHILD NO. 68

THIS Scottish ballad, if it ever had any currency in England, seems to have left no trace there, but to have passed directly to this country, where it has enjoyed a great vogue in our own century—at least in the Appalachians.

The musical tradition, for which evidence remains from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as well as from recent dates, is perplexed and hard to make out. The records tend to fall into small groups of obviously related tunes, individual members of which strongly suggest, in one way or another, a connection with other groups. Thus it is possible, if we had a fuller body of evidence, that a continuous tradition uniting the whole mass could be deduced. It is noteworthy that three out of the four early records are in triple rhythm, whereas the modern records show a fairly strong tendency toward some kind of duple rhythm. If we choose to treat the recent 3/4 (sc. 6/4) and 6/8 examples as duple, and those of mixed 3/2 2/2 time as actually duple with holds, the statement can be made absolute.

An interesting point arises in connection with the small group of variants the texts of which commence with the sound of a distant horn, and the mixed feelings of the girl when she hears it. The tunes associated with these texts are members of the "Lady Isabel" family in its English branch. (Cf. *ante*, Vol. I, No. 4.) Now in the later variants of "Lady Isabel," there is no mention of a horn. But in earlier texts, as Child A, and in some continental analogues, the horn plays a very important part: in fact, its music has such supernatural force that the heroine is won by it alone to run away with the knight who blows it. No other British ballad, I believe, makes such use of a horn, except "The Elfin Knight." The present occurrence, therefore, may be an intrusion from the other ballad, and may have drawn the characteristic tune over with it; or the tune may have brought the horn into "Young Hunting," from versions of "Lady Isabel" no longer sung. It is also worth notice that both ballads, besides sharing the theme of a sweetheart's killing her lover (though for very different reasons), make particular use of a talking bird. In "Young Hunting" this bird is taken by Wimberly to be a relic of belief in metempsychosis, the bird being the soul of the dead lover. It plays a significant role in the narrative. In "Lady Isabel," its function is quite superfluous to the plot, and appears to be an importation. There may be here a borrowing in the other direction, underlined by the usual promise in both ballads of a cage of beaten gold as a reward for silence. At any rate, there is sufficient evidence of a crossing of the two ballads in tradition.* It is a fact of less significance that the characteristic American tune of "Lady Isabel" is also found in some variants of "Young Hunting," because that tune appears in so many other connections as well. Cf. "The Gypsy Laddie" (No. 200).

The variants assembled run predominantly to the Ionian and Mixolydian modes, or to corresponding hexatonic forms. The middle cadences of the B group fall often on the 2nd; of the C group on the 5th; and of the D groups on the 4th and 5th.

* This point is discussed in *CFQ*, III (1944), p. 199; and mentioned in a table of mutual borrowings among the Child ballads, compiled by T. P. Coffin, *JAF*, LXII (1949), p. 158.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Young Redin." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 1, and p. 3.
2. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3108/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 107(F). (Hall)
3. "Loving Henry." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 44.
4. "Earl Richard." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 11 (2nd set). Also in Robert Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1844, p. 9.
5. "Young Hunting." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 36(A).

GROUP B

6. "Earl Richard." Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 8 and p. xvii.
7. "Young Hunting." Phillips Barry MSS., II, No. 68A, Harvard College Library; also IV, No. 212. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 295. (Parker)

a. "Loving Henry." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 115(BB).

8. "Love Henry," "Young Henry," or "The Well Water." George Vinton Graham, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 3816(A1).
9. "Lord Bonnie." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 29, and II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 67.
10. "Loving Henry." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 398 and 136.
11. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3976/2860. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 110(H); and in Sharp, *American-English Folk-Ballads*, 1918, p. 16. (Dunagan)
12. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3994/2876. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 108(G). (Carter)
13. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4470/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 112(K). (Richards)
14. "Loving Henry." George Lyman Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 298.
15. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3789/2793. (Howard)
16. "Lord Henry." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 567(E) and 189.

GROUP C

17. "Love Henry." Grant McDonald, "A Study of Selected Folk Songs of Southern Missouri" (Iowa State University, M. A. thesis in music), 1939, p. 20.
18. "Lord Henry and Lady Margaret." Vance Randolph, *Ozark*

Folksongs, I, 1946, p. 90(A). Also in Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, 1932, p. 203.

19. "Love Henry." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 60.

GROUP Da

20. "Sir Henry and Lady Margaret." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 566(B) and 184.
b. "Sir Henry." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 118(DD).
21. "Oh Henery." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 30 (18[1])
c. "Lord Henry." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 120(EE).
22. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3537/2510. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 104(D); and in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 567. (Keeton)
d. "Lady Margaret." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 116(CC).
23. "Young Hunting." Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Lamar Stringfield, *30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains*, 1929, p. 22.
24. "Lord Land." Asher E. Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 30.
25. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4192/3021. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 111(I). (C. Fitzgerald)
26. "Young Hunting." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 47, University of Virginia. (L. Fitzgerald)
27. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4265/3065. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 112(J). (Small)
28. "Young Hunting." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 568(F) and 190.

GROUP Db

29. "Pretty Polly or the Scotland Man." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 263.
30. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4639/3232. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 113(N). (Deeton)
31. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4625/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 113(M). (Jones)
32. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3337/2441. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 102(B). (Chandler)
33. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3405/2499. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 103(C). (Landers)
34. "The ladie stude in her bour-door." Harris MS., No. 5, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 416, and II, p. 147(C).
35. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3313/2423. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 101(A). (Gentry)
36. "The Faulse Ladye." Phillips Barry, Fanny H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 122. (Nelson)
37. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4600/3219. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 113(L). (Bennett)
38. "The Old Scotch Well," or "Little Scotchee." Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 107. Also in Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 64.

GROUP E

39. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 4096/. (Hindman School girls)
40. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3107/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 106(E). (Sotherland)
41. "Young Hunting." Sharp MSS., 3595/2655. (Ray)
e. "Love Henry." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 113(AA).

GROUP F

42. "Young Hunting." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 21.
43. "Lowe Bonnie." Jimmie Tarlton, Columbia recording, No. 15763-D (151002).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Young Redin"

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 1 (emended); text, p. 3. Sung by Miss E. Beattie, a native of Mearns-shire, in Edinburgh.

p I

ORIGINAL READING

The brevity of the original third phrase must mean faulty notation, and has been rectified above.

1. Young Redin's til the huntin gane,
Wi' therty lords and three;
And he has til his true-love gane,
As fast as he could hie.

2. "Ye're welcome here, my young Redin,
For coal and candle licht;
And sae are ye, my young Redin,
To bide wi' me the nicht."

3. "I thank ye for your licht, ladie,
Sae do I for your coal;
But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee
Meets me at Brandie's well."

4. Whan they were at their supper set,
And merrily drinking wine,
This ladie has tane a sair sickness,
And til her bed has gane.

5. Young Redin he has followed her,
And a dowie man was he;
He fund his true-love in her bouer,
And the tear was in her ee.

6. Whan he was in her arms laid,
And gieing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's tane a little penknife,
And wounded him sae deep.

7. "O! lang, lang, is the winter nicht,
And slawly daws the day;
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,
And I wish he war away."

8. Then up bespak her bouer-woman,
And she spak ae wi' spite:—
"An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,
It's yoursel that has the wyte."

9. "O heal this deed on me, Meggy,
O heal this deed on me,
The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche,
They sall be sewed for thee."

10. "O I hae heal'd on my mistress
A twalmonth and a day,
And I hae heal'd on my mistress,
Mair than I can say."

11. They've booted him, and they've spurred him,
As he was wont to ride:—
A huntin horn round his neck,
And a sharp sword by his side;
In the deepest place o' Clyde's water,
It's there they've made his bed.

12. Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,
As he sat on the tree,—
"And hae ye kill'd him young Redin,
Wha ne'er had love but thee!"

13. "Come doun, come doun, ye wylie parrot,
Come doun into my hand;
Your cage sall be o' the beaten gowd,
When now it's but the wand."

14. "I winna come doun, I canna come doun,
I winna come doun to thee;
For as ye've dune to young Redin,
Ye'll do the like to me;
Ye'll thraw my head aff my hause-bane,
And throw me in the sea."

15. O there cam seekin young Redin,
Monie a lord and knicht;
And there cam seekin young Redin,
Monie a ladie bricht.

16. And they hae til his true-love gane,
Thinkin he was wi' her;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

17. "I hae na seen him, young Redin,
Sin yesterday at noon;
He turn'd his stately steed about,
And hied him through the toun.

18. "But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and doun,
Ye'll seek it out and in—
I hae na seen him, young Redin,
Sin yesterday at noon."

19. Then up bespak young Redin's mither,
And a dowie woman was scho;—
"There's na a place in a' Clyde's water,
But my son wad gae through."

20. They've sought Clyde's water up and doun,
They've sought it out and in,
And the deepest place o' Clyde's water
They fund young Redin in.

21. O white, white, war his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout;
But as the traitor she cam near,
His wounds they gushed out!

22. "It's surely been my bouer-woman,
O ill may her betide;
I ne'er wad slain him young Redin,
And thrown him in the Clyde."

23. Then they've made a big bane-fire,
The bouer-woman to brin;
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the cruel hands
That put young Redin in.

24. Then they've tane out the bouer-woman,
And put the ladie in:
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the fause, fause arms,
That young Redin lay in.

2. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3108/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 107(F). Sharp originally heard it from Mrs. Campbell, who learned it from Mrs. Hall. It was sung by Mrs. Hall, Kensington, Walker County, Ga., in April 1914.

Probably on C, a I (—II, ending on I)
If on A, p Æ (—IV, ending on *VII*)

1. Come in, come in, loving Henry, said she,
And stay all night with me;
For it's been almost one quarter of a year
Since I spake one word unto thee.

2. I can't come in, Lady Margaret, said he,
Nor stay all night with thee,
For the girl that I left in the Arkansas land
Will think long of my return.

3. Then stooping over the great high fence
And kissing all so sweet,
She had a penknife in her hand
And she plunged it into the deep.

4. Some taken him by his lily-white hands,
Some taken him by his feet,
And they carried him to the broad water side
And plunged him into the deep.

5. Lay there, lay there, loving Henry, said she,
Till the meat drops off your bones,
And the girl you left in the Arkansas land
Will think long of your return.

6. Come in, come in, pretty parrot, said she,
And sing all on my knee;
Your cage shall be made of ivory beaten gold
And the doors of ivory.

7. I can't come in, Lady Margaret, said he,
Nor sing all on your knee,
For you are the girl that killed loving Henry,
And surely you might kill me.

8. I wish I had a bow and arrow,
And it all in its prime,
I'd shoot yon yonders pretty little bird
That sits on that tall pine.

9. Who cares I for your bow and arrow,
And it all in its prime,
I fly away to some lonesome valley
And 'light on some high pine.

The text is missing in the Sharp MSS.

3. "Loving Henry"

Owens, 1950, p. 44. Learned from his Arkansas grandmother.

a I (—II), ending on V

1. "Come in, come in, loving Henry," she said,
"And stay all night with me,
For it's been about three lonesome months
Since I spoke one word with thee."

2. "I can't come in, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And stay all night with thee,
For the girl that I've left on the Arkansas line
Thinks I'm a long time coming home."

3. As they stood out by the fence
A-taking kisses so sweet,
Lady Margaret had open knife within her hand
And she pierced him keen and deep.

4. "Go live, go live, loving Henry," she said,
"Go live for ever more,
For it's all those doctors we have within our town
Shall be brought here for your cure."

5. "How can I live, Lady Margaret," he said,
"How can I live any more
When my own heart's blood comes dribbling down
And my breath is growing slow?"

6. Some took him by his lily-white hand,
Some took him by his feet,
And they carried him down to the broad water's edge
And plunged him into the deep.

7. "Lie there, lie there, loving Henry," she said,
"Lie there for ever more,
For the girl that you left on the Arkansas line
Thinks you're a long time coming home."

4. "Earl Richard"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 11 (2nd set). Also in Chambers, 1844, p. 9.

p Æ/D

5. [Young Hunting]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 36(A). Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, N.S. Noted by Nina Bartley Finn.

p D/Æ

Cf. with this the Motherwell copy of "Lady Jean" (No. 52, *ante*, Vol. I, p. 407, with further references).

1. The lady stood in her bower door,
In her bower door stood she,
She thought she heard a bridle ring
Which filled her heart with glee, glee,
Which filled her heart with glee.

2. "Will you alight, will you alight fair lord?" she said,
"And stay with me this night?
I'll give you bed, I'll give you board,
Charcoal and candle light, light,
Charcoal and candle light."

3. "I will not alight fair lady," he said,
"And stay with you alone,
For I have a far better bride than you
To enjoy when I go home, home,
To enjoy when I go home."

4. Leaning over his saddle girth
To kiss her ruby lips,
She had a penknife in her hand
She wounded him full deep, deep,
She wounded him full deep.

5. "Why wound'st me fair lady?" he said,
"Why wound'st me full sore?
There's not a lord in fair Scotland
Loves thee false lady more, more,
Loves thee false lady more."

6. "Can you ride, can you ride, fair lord," she said,
"Can you ride under the moon?
For there's a doctor in yonder town
Can cure your mortal wound, wound,
Can cure your mortal wound."

7. "I cannot ride false lady," he said,
"I cannot ride under the moon,
And there's not a doctor in all the world
Can cure but God alone, alone,
Can cure but God alone."

8. She called up her waiting maids
Three hours before it was day,
Saying, "There's a dead man in my rooms
I wish he was away, away,
I wish he was away."

9. Some took him by the golden hair,
Some took him by the feet,
They threw him in a deep deep well
Full thirty fathoms deep, deep,
Full thirty fathoms deep.

10. Then up flew a little bird
And sat upon a tree,
Saying, "Go home, go home you false lady
And pay your maids their fee, fee,
And pay your maids their fee."

11. "Come down, come down you pretty bird
And sit upon my knee,
For I have a golden cage at home
I will bestow on thee, thee,
I will bestow on thee."

12. "I will not come down," said the little bird
"Or sit upon your knee,
For you'll take my sweet life away
Like the Lord that lovèd thee, thee,
Like the Lord that lovèd thee."

13. "If I had a bow all in my hand
And an arrow to a string,
I'd shoot you through the very heart
Among the leaves so green, green,
Among the leaves so green."

14. "If you had a bow all in your hand
And arrow to a string,
I would take to flight, away I'd fly
And never more be seen, seen,
And never more be seen."

GROUP B

6. "Earl Richard"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 8; text, App'x., p. xvii.

a I, ending on VIII.

Earl Richard is a hunting gone
As hard as he could ride,
His hunting horn about his neck
And his broad sword by his side.

7. [Young Hunting]

Barry MSS., II, No. 68A; also IV, No. 212. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 295. Sung by Mrs. R. Jean Parker, Bury P.O., Vt.; learned from her father.

p I(—VI)

8. "Love Henry," "Young Henry," or "The Well Water"

Sung by George Vinton Graham, San Jose, Calif., 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3816 (A1). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p π^1

68. YOUNG HUNTING

This sounds like a worn-down version of "St. Valentine's Day."

1. In Yorkshire lived a noble knight
   Young Henry so gallant and bold
   His true heart was light and his armor bright
   With a helmet of silver and gold.

2. His steed he did rein over mountain plain
   But alas he did ne'er come again
   For he rode away by a well they say
   To see his little Lee, his love.

3. When at evenin' tide young Henry she spied
   As she got on his milk white steed
   To urge Henry's strength and his gold armor vain
   With outstretched arms she did plead.

4. "Come in, lie down, Young Henry," she said
   "And stay all night with me
   For there never was a lord in Yorkshire land
   That I loved as well as thee."

5. "No, I can't tarry and I won't lie down
   And stay all night with thee
   For there is a girl in Yorkshire land
   That I love far better than thee."

6. Neath her mantle cloak in her hand she did hold
   Concealed there an old Spanish dart
   Jealous and rash she struck like a flash
   As she stabbed him to the heart.

7. "What have you done, my pretty fair maid?
   What have you done," said he.
   "For don't you see my own heart's blood
   Comes trickling down to my knee?"

8. Then he tried to unbuckle his armor
   And he fell on the cold, cold ground
   Then her heart it did relent as o'er him she bent
   Trying vainly to stop his wound.

9. "Oh live, oh live, Young Henry," she cried
   "One half an hour for me
   And all the doctors in Yorkshire land
   Shall be at the cure of thee."

10. "No, I can't live one hour for you
    Your jealousy has cost my life
    But I loved you better than any girl
    And I soon would have made you my wife."

11. Then she called to her maid in waiting
    "My secret I wish you'd keep
    And I'll make of you a lady then
    On a downy couch you shall sleep."

12. Then one took him by the long yellow hair
    And the other one by the feet
    And they carried him away to the well water
    Where it rained so cold and deep.

13. "Lie there, lie there, Young Henry," she said
    "Till the flesh runs off your bones
    And that pretty girl in Yorkshire land
    Looks long for your coming home."

14. Then up spoke his pretty polly
    Sitting on yon green willow tree
    "There never was a girl in Yorkshire land
    That he loved as well as thee."

15. "Oh, come to me pretty polly
    And sit along my knee
    And your cage shall be lined with a yellow beaten gold
    And hung on the green willow tree."

16. "No, I won't come and I can't come
    And sit along your knee
    For you have murdered your own true love
    And you might murder me."

17. "If I have my bow arrow
    My bow and arrow string
    I would send a dart to your proud heart
    So you could no more sing."

18. "If you had your bow arrow
    Your bow arrow and string
    I'd fly away to yonder green
    And tell what I have seen."

19. With her heart like a stone
    She stood there alone
    Then she walked to the side of the well
    Soon she fainted and fell over sideways
    And down she fell, fell, fell.

The singer concluded with a wild burst of laughter. One is also unstrung by the text; but Graham's sources are usually unimpeachably traditional.

9. "Lord Bonnie"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 29; text, Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 67. Sung by James York, Olin, Iredell County, N.C., in 1939.

p π^1

1. Lord Bonnie he was a hunting man
   And a-hunting he did ride
   With a hunting horn all around his neck
   And his sword by his side.

2. He rode till he came to his friend Jesse's* hall;
He knocked and loudly called.
No one so fair as his own true love
For to rise and bid him come in.

3. 'Come in, come in, Lord Bonnie,' she cried,
'And stay the night with me.
A rounding† fire you shall have
And a cup of white chalk tea.'

4. 'I will come in and I will come in,
But I have but a moment to stay;
For the girl I love much better than thee
I shall see ere the break of day.'

5. While setting there all alone on her lap
A-kissing her so sweet,
With a little pen-knife that was sharp at the point
She wounded him most deep.

6. 'Lord Bonnie, Lord Bonnie, Lord Bonnie,' she cried,
'What makes you look so pale?'
'I think I feel my own heart's blood
A-falling at my feet.'

7. 'Don't die, don't die, Lord Bonnie,' she cried,
'Don't die so soon!
You shall have all the doctors in the whole round town
For to heal and cure your wounds.'

8. 'I must die, I must die,' Lord Bonnie he cried,
'You have wounded me so deep.
There was not another lady in the whole round town
That I loved as well as thee.'

9. Just three long hours till the break of day
She called her housemaids three,
Saying 'Lord Bonnie he has died in my lap;
I think it's time he was taken away.'

10. Some took him by the yellow gold locks,
Some took him by the feet,
And they threw him in the cold water well
Where it was wide and deep.

11. 'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Till the water covers over your chin.
There's not another lady in the whole wide town
That will bid Lord Bonnie come in.'

This text is surprisingly like that of variant 43 to follow.
* "So the manuscript; one supposes that it should be 'Jessie's.' " [*Belden*]
† "One supposes that this should be 'rousing.' But what is white chalk tea?" [*Belden*]

10. "Loving Henry"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 398; text, p. 136. Sung by Ora Keene Bowerman, Russell Fork, Council, Va., in 1930.

a π^1, ending on III

The first and second phrases in the second half of the tune seem to have been telescoped by the singer.

Come in, come in, loving Henry, come in,
And stay all night with me.
Your bed shall be made of the finest silk,
Or gold or silvery.

I can't come in, I can't come in,
Or stay all night with you,
For the prettiest girl in some foreign land
Will say my heart's untrue.

11. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3976/2860. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 110(H); and in Sharp, 1918, p. 16, with piano accompaniment. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Lee County, Ky., September 5, 1917.

p I/M

Cf., with this and the following, the tunes of "Lizie Wan," No. 51, *ante*, Vol. I, pp. 403ff.

1. She sharpened her knife both sharp and keen,
She hung it by her side,
As she rode up to the barroom hall,
And passed it by and by.

2. Her true love a-being standing there,
He looked well and pleased;
As she stepped on up by his side,
She pierced it through his heart.

3. All of my friends come to me now
And see me what I've done.
Now don't you see my own heart's blood
Come sprinkling down my knee?

4. Must I ride East, or must I ride West,
Or must I ride under the shining sun,

To find that doctor for to come here
And cure those wounded wounds?

5. You needn't ride East, you needn't ride West,
You needn't ride under the shining sun;
There hain't a doctor but God alone
Can cure those wounded wounds.

6. This young lady walked out on the street
For to hear the small birds sing.
Go home, go home, you mourny little girl,
And weep and mourn for me.

7. Come to me, my pretty little bird,
Come and go along with me.
I've got a cage beside the willow tree
For you to sit in and sing.

8. I won't come there, and I won't go there,
For I'll tell you the reason why.
You've just now killed your own true love,
Just what might happen with* me.

9. I wish I had my bowing little spain,
And it was bow-end on the string,
Then surely I'd shoot that pretty little bird
That sits on the briars and sings.

10. I wish you had your bowing little spain,
And it was bow-end on the string,
Then surely I would fly from briar to briar,
And I'd sing on as I fly.

* 1932: to

12. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3994/2876. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 108(G). Sung by Mrs. Francis Carter, Proctor, Beattyville, Ky., September 8, 1917.

p I/M

1. Light you down, light you down, love Henry, she said,
And stay all night with me;
For I have a bed and a fireside too,
And a candle a-burning bright.

2. I can't get down, nor I won't get down
And stay all night with thee,
For that little girl in the old Declarn
Would think so hard of me.

3. But he slided down from his saddle skirts
For to kiss her snowy white cheek.
She had a sharp knife in her hand,
And she plunged it in him deep.

4. I will get down and I can get down
And stay all night with thee,
For there's no little girl in the old Declarn
That I love any better than thee.

5. Must I ride to the East, must I ride to the West,
Or anywhere under the sun,
To get some good and clever doctor
For to cure this wounded man?

6. Neither ride to the East, neither ride to the West,
Nor nowhere under the sun,
For there's no man but God's own hand
Can cure this wounded man.

7. She took him by the long, yellow locks
And also round the feet;
She plunged him in that doleful well,
Some sixty fathoms deep.

8. And as she turned round to go home,
She heard some pretty bird sing:
Go home, go home, you cruel girl,
Lament and mourn for him.

9. Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot, she said,
Fly down and go home with me.
Your cage shall be decked with beads of gold
And hung in the willow tree.

10. I won't fly down, nor I can't fly down,
And I won't go home with thee,
For you have murdered your own true love,
And you might murder me.

11. I wish I had my little bow-ben
And had it with a string;
I'd surely shoot that cruel bird
That sits on the briars and sings.

12. I wish you had your little bow-ben
And had it with a string;
I'd surely fly from vine to vine;
You could always hear me sing.

13. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4470/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 112(K). Sung by Mrs. Frances Richards, at St. Peter's School, Callaway, Va., August 17, 1918.

p π^1

You needn't ride East, you needn't ride West,
You needn't ride under the sun,

For there's ne'er a doctor in old Scotland
Can cure what I have done.

14. "Loving Henry"

Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 298. Sung by Landa Whitt, McGoffin County, Ky., in 1916. Collected by Miss Loraine Wyman.

a I/M

This copy suggests familiar things like "Annie Laurie," some variants of "Streets of Laredo," Kelly Harrell's version of "Giles Collins" (cf. No. 85), "William and Mary" (="Sailor's Return").

1. "Get down, get down, loving Henry," she cried,
"And stay all night with me;
This costly cord around my waist
I'll make sublime to thee."

2. "O I can't get down, O I can't get down,
And stay all night with you;
For there's another girl in the Eden land
That I love far better than you."

3. As he reared in his saddle stirrups,
To kiss her lily white cheeks,
All in her hand she held a sharp knife,
And in him she stabbed it deep.

4. "Live hours, live hours, loving Henry," she cried,
"Live hours some two or three;
For there's no girl in the Eden land
That will wait the coming of thee."

5. "I can't live hours, I can't live hours,
I can't live hours two or three;
For don't you see my own heart's blood
Come flowing out of me?"

6. "Must I go east, must I go west,
Or any way under the sun,
To get a doctor so good and kind
As to heal the wounded one?"

7. "You need not go east, you need not go west,
Nor no way under the sun;
For there's no doctor but God alone
Can heal this wounded one."

8. She took him by the yellow hair,
She took him by the feet,
She threw him over the downward wall,
Where the water was cold and deep.

9. "Lie there, lie there, loving Henry," she cried,
"With water up to your chin;
For there's no girl in the Eden land
To await your long coming in."

10. "O don't you see that sweet little bird
A-flying from vine to vine?
It's searching for its own true love,
Just like I search for mine.

11. "Fly down, fly down, you sweet little bird,
And sit upon my knee;
For I have a golden cage at home
Hanging in the green willow tree."

12. "I won't fly down, I won't fly down,
And sit upon your knee;
A girl who would murder her own true love
I'm sure would murder me."

13. "O if I had my cedar bow,
And arrow tied with string,
I'd plunge a diamond through your heart;
No longer you'd sit and sing."

14. "But if you had your little elder bow,
An arrow tied with string,
Away to some tall tree I'd fly,
And there I'd sit and sing."

15. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3789/2793. Sung by Miss Carrie Howard, at Pineville, Ky., June 3, 1917.

a I/M

1. Come in, come in, loving Henry
And stay all night with me.
Your bed shall be made of bright yellow gold
And the doors shall be locked on thee.

2. I can't come in, pretty Molly, said he,
Nor stay all night with you,
For the girl which I left in the Arksand land
Shall think I'm coming home.

3. She leaned her breast up against a fence
And took one sweet or two,
And the little penknife which she held in her hand,
She pierced it through and through.

4. She took him by one lily-white hand
The other by the feet,
She carried him off to some broad river-side
And cast him in the deep.

5. Lay there, lay there, loving Henry, said she,
Till the flesh washed from the bone,
And the girl which you left in Arksand land
Shall think you're long coming home.

6. Fly down, fly down, little dove, said she,
And rest upon my knee.
Your cage shall be made of bright yellow gold
And hung in the willow tree.

7. I can't a-fly down, pretty Molly, said he,
Nor sit upon your knee,
For you have killed your own true love,
I'm afraid you might kill me.

16. "Lord Henry"

Davis, 1929, p. 567(E); text, p. 189. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel, in Giles County, Va., April 23, 1922.

a I

Cf. "Mary Hamilton" (No. 173), and for the second half, "The Wearing o' the Green." The barring of the third phrase has been altered here: the second note after the mid-cadence is in the original given three full beats, so that the next three bars are askew.

1. "Come in, come in, Lord Henry," said she,
"And stay this night with me."
"I won't come in, nor I won't sit down,
I have not a moment's time."

2. "Away, away to the wild match woods,
Is where you stayed last night."

3. He reached down over to kiss her white cheek.
. . . . . .
She had a pen-knife in her hand.
She wounded Lord Henry for lee.

4. "You'll neither ride east, you'll neither ride west,
You'll neither ride under the sun.
There's never a doctor that has lungs,
Can cure what I have done."

5. She picked him up by his coal-black hair,
And also by his feet;
She pitched him into a deep draw-well,
Sixteen fathoms deep.

6. "Lie there, lie there, Lord Henry," said she,
"And let your blood run cold;
You've rode your last to the wild match woods
To see that fairly dame."

7. She hung her love on a green willow
Three hours before it was day.

8. "Turn your back, turn your back, turn your back," says she,
"You might as well be there as me.
Your clothes are not a bit too fine
To rot in the salt, salt sea."

GROUP C

17. "Love Henry"

McDonald, 1939, p. 20. Sung by John Hilton, Spokane, Mo., from fifty years of Missouri recollection.

a I/M

1. Stop, oh stop, Love Henry she said, and stay all night with me
Oh I can't stop and stay all night with thee;
For that pretty little girl in Gospel Land
Is looking for me this night.

2. He stooped o'er to give her kisses three,
With a little pen knife in her lily white hand
She wounded him so free, with a little pen knife
She wounded him so free.

3. "Live, oh live, Love Henry," she said.
"I can't live nor I won't live, for don't you see
My own heart's blood flowing down so free,
My own heart's blood flowing down so free?"

4. One taken him by the yellow hair and the other by the feet,
They plunged him into the well water,
Into the water both cold and deep,
Into the water both cold and deep.

5. "Lay there, lay there, Love Henry," she said,
"Till the flesh rots off your bones.
That pretty little girl in Gospel Land may mourn for you tonight,
That pretty little girl in Gospel Land may mourn for you tonight."

6. "Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot," she said,
"And light on my right knee."
"I can't fly down and I shan't fly down and light on your knee,
For you've just murdered your Love Henry
And soon would murder me."

7. "I wish I had a cedar bow, likewise a silken string,
I would shoot a dart right through your heart
So that you would no longer sing,
So that you would no longer sing."

18. "Lord Henry and Lady Margaret"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 90(A). Also in Randolph, 1932, p. 203. Sung by Mrs. Judy Jane Whittaker, Anderson, Mo., May 12, 1928.

a I

The copy in Randolph, 1932, p. 203 (from "Zeke Langley") is nearly identical.

1. Lay down, lay down, lovin' Henry, she said,
   An' stay all night with me,
   There's a cheer for you, an' a cheer for me,
   An' a candle burnin' free.

2. I caint lay down, Lady Margaret, he said,
   An' stay all night with thee,
   For my old parents in Scotland
   Thinks long of my comin' home.

3. He stood leanin' over his saddle side
   A-kissin' of her so sweet,
   She took a pen-knife in her hand
   An' pierced him short an' deep.

4. Ride on, ride on, lovin' Henry, she said,
   Ride on beneath the sun,
   Till you find some physician
   Can cure your deadly wounds.

5. I caint ride on, Lady Margaret, he said,
   Nor ride beneath the sun,
   There's no physician beneath the sky
   Can cure my deadly wounds.

6. Here lays a dead man in my room,
   Somebody come take him away,
   Some took him by the long yaller hair,
   An' some took him by the feet.

7. Some took him by the long yaller hair,
   Some took him by the feet,
   An' throwed him in the deep dry well
   A fifteen fathers deep.

8. Lay there, lay there, lovin' Henry, she said,
   Till the flesh rots off your bones,
   For your old parents in Scotland
   Thinks long of your comin' home.

9. She turned unto her pretty parrot,
   An' keep all secret for me.
   Your cage shall be made of the costliest gold
   An' swung on a green willow tree.

10. I caint keep secret an' I won't keep secret,
    An' keep all secret for thee.
    I seen you murder your own true love,
    An' soon might murder me.

11. I wisht I had my bow an' arrer,
    My bow an' arrer an' string,
    I'd shoot me a hole through your pretty breast
    That shines so bright an' green!

12. Oh if you had your bow an' arrer,
    Your bow an' arrer an' string,
    I'd fly so high up in the air
    You'd never see me again.

19. "Love Henry"

Arnold, 1950, p. 60. Sung by Lena Hill, Lexington, Ala., in 1945. Text written when a girl.

a I/Ly, ending on III

1. Get down, get down, love Henry, she cried
   And stay all night with me.
   I have gold chairs and the finest I have
   I'll apply them all to thee.

2. I cant get down nor I shant get down
   Nor stay all night with you
   Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
   I love true better than thee.

3. He laid his head on a pillow of down
   The kisses she gave him three
   With the penny knife that she held in her hand
   She murdered mortal he.

4. Get well get well love henry she cried
   Get well, get well said she
   Oh dont you see my own hearts blood
   A flowing down so free.

5. She took him by his long yellow hair
   And also by his feet
   She plunged him in well water
   Where it runs both cold and deep.

6. Lie there, lie there, Love henry she cried
   Till the flesh rots off your bones
   Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
   Will mourn for your return.

7. Hush up, hush up parrot she cried
Dont tell no news on me
All these costly beads around my neck
I'll apply them all to thee.

8. Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot she cried
And lite on my right knee
The doors of your cage shall be decked with gold
And hung on a willow tree.

GROUP Da

20. "Sir Henry and Lady Margaret"

Davis, 1929, p. 566(B); text, p. 184. Tune sung by Mrs. Witt, Salem, Va., November 30, 1923; text obtained February 9, 1919. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

m I/Ly

Cf. particularly Kidson's copy of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" (1891, p. 27; *ante*, Vol. I, p. 66).

1. Late last Friday night,
When Margaret was going to bed
She heard the sound of a bugle horn,
Which made her heart full glad.

2. She thought it was Sir Henry
Returning from his wild hunting,
With a sword and pistol by his side,
And a bugle horn 'round his neck.

3. "Get down, get down, Sir Henry,
And stay all night with me;
I'll give to you my silver and gold
To spend at your command."

4. "I won't get down, I won't get down,
Nor stay all night with thee;
There is a bonny lass in a merry green land
That's longing for my return."

5. Bending over his precious beast,
He gave her kisses three;
And holding a knife in her right hand
She pierced him to his heart.

Here two stanzas have been forgotten.

6. Some took him by his feet and hands,
Some by his long yellow hair,
And throwed him in the wild waters
Which run both wide and deep.

7. "Lay there, lay there, Sir Henry,
Till the flesh rots off your bones.
And the bonny lass in the merry green land
Shall long for your return."

8. Then sitting over her head
Her parrot sang in a tree,
"How could you murder your own true love,
When you then I did see?"

9. "Come down, come down, my pretty parrot,
And sit in my right hand.
I'll give to you a cage of gold
To hang in a willow tree."

10. "I won't come down, I won't come down,
Nor sit in your right hand;
For if you would murder your own true love,
The sooner you'd murder me."

11. "I wish I had my bow to bend,
My arrow and my string;
I would pierce you to your heart so deep
That you would no more sing."

12. "I wish you had your bow to bend,
Your arrow and your string;
I would fly from tree to tree,
You'd always hear me sing."

21. "Oh Henery"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 30(18[1]). Sung by Mrs. J. Trivette, Heaton, Avery County, N.C., August 10, 1939.

a π^1

Come down, come down, my pretty little bird,
And sit all night on my knee,
I'll line your cage with silver and gold,
Your door with liberty.

22. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3537/2510. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 104(D); and in Davis, 1929, p. 567. Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton, Mount Fair, Va., September 26, 1916.

a M (inflected VII)

In his MS. Sharp says Mrs. Keeton sang only the first stanza and said the rest. He says the regular tune is *probably* what he sets down as the variant.

1. As Lady Marg'ret was a-going to bed,
   She heard a* sound of a musical horn,
   Which made her heart feel glad and sad
   To think that it was her brother John, brother John,
   Coming in from his wild hunt.
   But who should it be but her true love Henery,
   Returning from his king.†

2. O light, O light, love Henery,
   And stay all night with me,
   And you shall have the cheers (*or* chairs) of the cheer (*or* cheery) cold (*or* gold) girl,
   The best I can give you.

3. I will not light and I shall not light
   To stay all night with thee,
   For there's a pretty girl in Merry Green Lea
   I love far better than thee.

4. He bended over her soft pillow
   And gave her a kiss so sweet,
   But with a penknife in her right hand,
   She wounded him in full deep.

5. Woe be, woe be, Lady Marg'ret, he cried,
   Woe be, woe be to thee,
   For don't you see my own heart's blood
   Come twinkling down my knee?

6. She called unto a maid of hers:
   Keep a secret, keep a secret on me.
   All these fine robes on my body
   Shall always be to thee.

7. One taken§ him by his long yellow hair
   And the other one by his feet,
   And they threw him into the well waters
   Which was so cool and deep.

8. Lie there, lie there, love Henery,
   Till the flesh rots off your bones,
   And that pretty girl in Merry Green Lea
   Thinks long of your coming home.

9. Up spoke, up spoke a pretty little parrot
   Exceeding on a willow tree:
   There never was a girl in Merry Green Lea
   He loved so well as thee.

10. Come down, come down, my pretty little parrot,
    And sit upon my knee,
    And you shall have a cage of a pure, pure gold
    Instead of the willow tree.

11. I won't come down, nor I shan't come down
    To sit upon your knee,
    For you have murdered your true love Henery,
    More sooner you would kill me.

12. If I had my arrow in my hand,
    My bow and# tuneful string,
    I'd shoot a dart that would win your heart,
    So you could no longer sing.

13. If you had your arrow in your hand,
    Your bow and# tuneful string,
    I'd take a flight and fly, fly away
    And tune my voice to sing.

* 1932: the
† 1932 adds: his King,
Returning from his King.
§ 1932: takened
# 1932: on

23. [Young Hunting]

Lunsford and Stringfield, 1929, p. 22.

a I/M

1. As I walked out one mornin' this spring,
   Fer to hear the little birds sing sweet,
   I leaned my head on an old oak tree,
   Fer to see two lovers meet.

2. For to see two lovers meet, my dear
   And hear what they had to say,
   That I might learn a little more of their mind
   Before I went away.

3. Come in, come in, my own true love
And sit you down by me,
It's been three quarters of a year or more
Since together we have been.

4. I cant come in and I wont come in,
I havn't a moment of time:
I've heard you had another true love
And your heart was no longer mine.

5. When your heart was mine, it was, O, my dear,
And your head upon my breast,
You could a made me believe the moon in the South,
And the sun rose in the West.

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24. "Lord Land"

Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 30. Sung by Mrs. Pearl Jacobs Borusky, Bryant, Wis., July 13, 1938; learned in Carter County, Ky.

a M

"O, little bird on the bough so high,
Fly down upon my knee
And I will put you in the cage
That hangs in the willow tree."

"O, I'll not fly down from this bough
And set upon your knee;
For if you would kill your own true love,
I know that you would kill me."

She threw him in the dew drop well
(About forty-thousand feet deep.)
"Lie there, lie there, Lord Land!" she cried,
"Till the flesh drops off your bones!"

25. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4192/3021. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 111(I). Sung by Clinton Fitzgerald at Afton, Va., April 28, 1918.

m I/Ly

1. Last night, last night Lady Margaret lay asleep,
A-sleeping all* so sound,
She heard the sound of a bugle horn,
Which made her whole heart bound.

2. She thought it was her brother Willie
Returning home from town,
But no, it was Sir Henry
Returning from his wild hunting.

3. Light off, light off, Sir Henry, she said,
And stay all night with me,
And the very best lodging that I have here
I'll give it unto thee.

4. I can't get off, nor I won't get off
And stay all night with thee.
Now the pretty gay lady in the merry green land
I love far better than thee.

5. And stooping over his left shoulder,
Kisses she gave him three,
Then holding a knife in her right hand,
She wounded him fully.

6. Some took him by his curly hair,
Some took him by his hands and feet,
And they threw him into the deep sea,
Which was so cold and deep.

7. Lie there, lie there, Sir Henry, she said,
Till the flesh rots off of your bones,
Till the pretty gay lady in the merry green lands
Shall mourn for your return.

8. Then calling up her servant maid,
Saying: Tell no tales on me
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. Then calling up her pretty parrot,
Saying: Tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be lined with yellow gold
And hung in the willow tree.

10. I won't shut up and I can't shut up
And tell no tales on you.
O now you have murdered your own true love
And want to murder me.

* 1932: O

26. [Young Hunting]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 47. Sung by Lloyd Fitzgerald, Waynesboro, Va., January 9, 1936.

a π^1

Get down, get down, my Heneree,
And stay all night with me;
For the best of lodgings that I can give,
I'll give it all to thee.

I won't get down, nor I shan't get down,
And stay all night with thee;
For I've seen you murder your own true-lover,
Perhaps you would murder me.

27. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4265/3065. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 112(J). Sung by Mrs. Dol Small, at Nellysford, Va., May 22, 1918.

m I

This belongs to the English type of "Lady Isabel" (No. 4).

1. Last Friday night Lady Margaret she lie
A-sleeping very sad.
She heard a sound of a bugle horn,
Which made her heart very glad.

2. She thought it were her brother John
Returning from his king,
Although it were her Henery
Returning from his wild hunting.

3. Get down, get down, O Henery,
And stay all night with me,
And the very best of lodging I have here,
I'll give it all to thee.

4. I shan't get down, I won't get down
And stay all night with thee,
For I've a lady in the merry green land
I love far better than thee.

5. I wish I had my string and bow,
And my arrow too.
I'd pierce it to your heart so free
That you'd be seen no more.

Then up spoke a little par-ri-ot
That sits on yonder tree:
How can you murder your own true love
That you and I have seen.

7. Come down, come down, little par-ri-ot,
And set on my right knee.
I'll buy you a cage of yellow gold
And hang it on yonders tree.

8. I shan't come down, I won't come down
And set on your right knee,
For the sooner you'd murder your own true love,
The sooner you'd murder me.

28. [Young Hunting]

Davis, 1929, p. 568(F); text, p. 190. Sung by Mrs. Brice Walton, Mount Fair, Va., November 10, 1919. Collected by John Stone.

a I

As Lady Margaret was going to bed,
She heard the sound of a musical horn,
Which made her heart feel glad and sad
To think that it was her Brother John, Brother John,
Coming in from his wild hunt.
But who should it be but her true love Henery,
Returning from his king?

GROUP Db

29. "Pretty Polly or the Scotland Man"

Morris, 1950, p. 263. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla.

m M

1. "Come in, come in, my pretty little bird,
And stay this night with me,
For I have a cage of the very, very best,

And I'll give it up to thee,
And I'll give it up to thee."

2. "I won't come in and I shan't come in,
Nor stay this night with thee,
For you might rob me of my life
Like you did the Scotland man,
Like you did the Scotland man."

3. "Come in, come in, my pretty little bird,
And stay the night with me,
For I have a ring of the very, very best,
And I'll give it up to thee,
And I'll give it up to thee."

4. "If I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string,
I would shoot you through the very, very heart,
All among the leaves so green,
All among the leaves so green."

5. "Oh, if you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string,
I'd fly away to the heavens above
Where I'd never more be seen,
Where I'd never more be seen."

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30. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4639/3232. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 113(N). Sung by Mrs. Clercy Deeton, Burnsville, N.C., September 19, 1918.

m M (—VI)

1. Come in, come in, my old true love,
And stay all night with me,
For I have a bed and a very fine bed,
And I'll give it up to thee.*

2. I can't come in, nor I won't come in
And stay all night with thee,
For I have a wife in the old Scotland
This night a-looking for me.

3. She took her knife all in her hand,
She pierced him near his heart,
She cried out all over this town;
There's a dead man in my house.

4. She was sitting in her parlour door,
Lamenting what she'd done,
She saw a bird and a very pretty bird
All among the leaves so green.

5. I'll go and get my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string;
I'll shoot through your tender little heart
All among the leaves so green.

6. While you're gone for your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string,
I'll fly away to the heavens above
Where I'll never no more be seen.

* 1932 repeats fourth line without *And*.

31. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4625/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 113(M). Sung by Mrs. Laurel Jones, Burnsville, N.C., September 17, 1918.

m M (inflected VII)

As she was sitting in her parlour door,
Lamenting what she had done,
She saw a bird and a mighty fine bird,
All among the leaves so green,
All among the leaves so green.

32. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3337/2441. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 102(B). Sung by Floyd Chandler (14), Alleghany, N.C., August 29, 1916.

m M (—VI, inflected VII)

Sharp notes that at (c) the singer often omitted the last word, ignoring the whole or half bar.

1. Come in, come in, my own true love,
And stay all night with me.
For I have a bed, and a very fine bed,
And I'll give it up to thee.*

2. It's I ain't coming in, nor I can't come in
To stay all night with thee,
For I have a wife in old Scotland
And this night she weeps over me.

3. It's out she drew her little penknife
And stabbed him through his heart.
She cried out with a very loud cry:
There's a dead man in my house.

4. It's she picked him up by the middle so small,
She picked him up by his feet,
She plunged him over in a deep, wide well
Just about eighteen feet, feet,
Just about eighteen feet.

5. And as she was sitting in her parlour door
Thinking of what she'd† done,
She saw a bird and a very pretty bird
All among the leaves so green, green.

6. Come here, come here, my pretty little bird
And perch§ all on my thumb,
For I have a cage and a very fine cage
And I'll give it up to thee.

7. It's I ain't a-coming there and I won't come there
To perch§ all on your thumb,
For I'm afraid you'll rob me of my tender little heart
Just like a Scotland man, man.

8. It's if I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my bow,
I'd shoot you right through the tender little heart
Just like the Scotland man, man.

9. It's if you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your bow,
I'd fly away to the heavens above
And ne'er be seen any more.

* 1932: Repeats fourth line
† 1932: she had
§ *Sic* 1932. The MS. doubtfully gives *parcel* (*pause all?*) and marginally, *perch? parley?*

33. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3405/2499. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 103(C). Sung by Miss Linnie Landers, Carmen, N.C., September 5, 1916.

m M (inflected VII)

1. Come in, come in, my old true love,
And stay all night with me,
For I have a bed and a very fine bed,
I'll give it up to thee.[1]

2. I can't come in, nor I'm not coming in,
To stay all night with thee.
For I have a wife in the old Scotland,
This night she waits for me.

3. Out[2] she drew her little pen-knife
And stabbed him in the breast.
She cried out with a very loud voice:
There's a dead man in my house.

4. She[3] picked him up by the middle so small,
She picked him up by the[4] feet,
She threw[5] him over into the deep wide well
Just about eighteen feet.

5. As[6] she was sitting in her parlour door
Studying[7] on what she had done,
She saw a pretty little red bird[8]
All among the leaves so green.

6. Come here, come here, my pretty little bird
And perch all on my thumb,
For I have a cage and a very fine cage,
I'll[9] give it up to thee.

7. I can't come[10] there, nor I'm not coming[11] there
To perch all on your thumb,
For I'm afraid you'll rob me of my tender little heart
Just like the[12] Scotland man.

8. If[13] I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string,[14]
I would shoot you through your[15] tender little heart
Just like the Scotland man.

9. If you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string,[16]
I would[17] fly away to the heavens so high,[18]
Where I'd never[19] be seen any more.

[1] 1932 adds: thee,
I'll give it up to thee.
[2] 1932: It's out
[3] 1932: It's she
[4] 1932: his
[5] 1932: plunged
[6] 1932: And as
[7] 1932: Thinking
[8] 1932: She saw a bird and a very pretty bird
[9] 1932: And I'll
[10] 1932: It's I ain't a-coming
[11] 1932: and I won't come
[12] 1932: a
[13] 1932: It's if
[14] 1932: bow
[15] 1932: right through the
[16] 1932: bow
[17] 1932: I'd
[18] 1932: above
[19] 1932: And ne'er

34. "The ladie stude in her bour-door"

Harris MS., No. 5. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 416; text, II, p. 147(C). From Mrs. Harris, Perthshire.

If tonic G, p M; if tonic C, a I, ending on V

Although technically Mixolydian, this has no feeling of that mode, and is probably authentic Ionian, with a dominant ending.

1. The ladie stude in her bour-door,
   In her bour-door as she stude,
   She thocht she heard a bridle ring,
   That did her bodie gude.

2. She thocht it had been her father dear,
   Come ridin owre the sand;
   But it was her true-love Riedan,
   Come hiean to her hand.

3. "You're welcome, you're welcome, Young Riedan," she said,
   "To coal an cannel-licht;
   You're welcome, you're welcome, Young Riedan,
   To sleep in my bour this nicht."

4. "I thank you for your coal, madame,
   An for your cannel tae;
   There's a fairer maid at Clyde's Water,
   I love better than you."

5. "A fairer maid than me, Riedan?
   A fairer maid than me?
   A fairer maid than ten o me
   You shurely neer did see."

6. He leant him owre his saddle-bow,
   To gie her a kiss sae sweet;
   She keppit him on a little penknife,
   An gae him a wound sae deep.

7. "Oh hide! oh hide! my bourswoman,
   Oh hide this deed on me!
   An the silks that waur shappit for me at Yule
   At Pasch sall be sewed for thee."

8. They saidled Young Riedan, they bridled Young Riedan,
   The way he was wont to ride;
   Wi a huntin-horn aboot his neck,
   An a sharp sword by his side.

9. An they are on to Clyde's Water
   An they rade it up an doon,
   An the deepest linn in a' Clyde's Water
   They flang him Young Riedan [in].

10. "Lie you there, you Young Riedan,
    Your bed it is fu wan;
    The [maid] you hae at Clyde's Water,
    For you she will think lang."

11. Up it spak the wily bird,
    As it sat on the tree:
    "Oh wae betide you, ill woman,
    An an ill death may you dee!
    For he had neer anither love,
    Anither love but thee."

12. "Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,
    An pickle wheat aff my glue;
    An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,
    Whan it's of the willow tree."

13. "I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,
    To siccan a traitor as thee:
    For as you did to Young Riedan,
    Sae wald you do to mee."

14. Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,
    An pickle wheat aff my hand;
    An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,
    Whan it's o the willow wand."

15. "I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,
    To siccan a traitor as thee;
    You wald thraw my head aff my hase-bane,
    An fling it in the sea."

16. It fell upon a Lammas-tide
    The king's court cam ridin bye:
    "Oh whare is it him Young Riedan?
    It's fain I wald him see."

17. "Oh I hae no seen Young Riedan
    Sin three lang weeks the morn;
    It bodes me sair, and drieds me mair,
    Clyde's Water's him forlorn."

18. Up it spak the wily bird,
    As it sat on the tree;
    . . . . . .
    . . . . . .

19. "Leave aff, leave aff your day-seekin,
    An ye maun seek by nicht;
    Aboon the place Young Riedan lies,
    The cannels burn bricht."

20. They gae up their day-seekin,
    An they did seek by nicht;
    An owre the place Young Riedan lay,
    The cannels burnt bricht.

21. The firsten grip his mother got
    Was o his yellow hair;
    An was na that a dowie grip,
    To get her ae son there!

22. The nexten grip his mother got
    Was o his milk-white hand;

An wasna that a dowie grip,
To bring sae far to land!

23. White, white waur his wounds washen,
As white as ony lawn;
But sune's the traitor stude afore,
Then oot the red blude sprang.

. . . . . .

24. Fire wadna tak on her bourswoman,
Niether on cheek nor chin;
But it took fast on thae twa hands
That flang young Riedan in.

25. "Come oot, come oot, my bourswoman,
Come oot, lat me win in;
For as I did the deed mysell,
Sae man I drie the pine."

35. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3313/2423. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 101(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 25, 1916.

p Æ/D

It should have been indicated that the MS. copy begins on A, with a signature of one flat.

Cf. "The True Lover's Farewell" (Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 115[E]).

1. Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,
And stay this night with me;
For I have got of the very best
And I will give it up to thee.*

2. I can't come in, I won't come in
And stay this night with thee,
For I have a wife in old Scotchee
This night a-looking for me.

3. She did have a little penknife,
It was both keen and sharp.
She gave him a deathlike blow
And pierced him through the heart.

4. She picked him up all in her arms,
Being very active and strong,
And she throwed him into an old dry well
About sixty feet.

5. One day she was sitting in her father's parlour door,
Thinking of no harm.
She saw a bird and a pretty little bird
All among the leaves so green.

6. Come down, come down, my pretty little bird
And parley on my knee.
I'm afeard you'd rob me of my life
Like you did the poor Scotchee.

7. I wish I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string;
I'd shoot you through your tender little heart,
For you never no more could sing.

8. I wish you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string;
I'd fly away to the heavens so high,
Where I could for evermore sing.

* 1932: Repeats fourth line, without *And*

36. [The Faulse Ladye]

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 122. Sung by Thomas Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick, February 18, 1929; learned from his mother, who was born in Ireland. Melody recorded by D. A. Nesbitt.

p Æ/D (inflected VII)

Cf. "Dives and Lazarus" (No. 56, Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 101 [A]) and "The Two Brothers" (No. 49, Linscott, 1939, p. 278; *ante*, Vol. I, p. 390).

1. "Abide, abide, true love," she said,
"And beg and stay all night;
You shall have your pleasure in my room
With a coal and candle light, light,
With a coal and candle light."

2. "I won't abide, faulse ladye,
And beg and stay all night,
For I have a far better love to enjoy,
When I go home than you, you,
When I go home than you."

3. As he stooped over saddle
To kiss her lips so sweet,
And with a penknife in her hand
She wounded him full deep, deep,
She wounded him full deep.

4. "Why woundest me, faulse ladye,
Why woundest me so sore?
There's not a doctor in all Scotland
Can heal my mortal wound, wound,
Can heal my mortal wound."

5. She awoke her maids in the morning,
Just by the break of day,
Saying, "There is a dead man in my bed chamber,
I wish he was away, way,
I wish he was away."

6. Some took him by the lily-white hands
And others by the feet,
And they threw him into a very deep well,
Full fifty fathoms deep, deep,
Full fifty fathoms deep.

7. "Sleep there, sleep there, you faulse young love,
Sleep there, sleep there alone,
And let the one that you love best
Think you long a-coming home, home,
Think you long a-coming home."

8. Then up spoke a pretty little bird,
Sitting on a tree:
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. "Come down, come down, my pretty little bird,
And sit upon my knee;
For I have a golden cage at home
I will bestow to thee, thee,
I will bestow to thee."

10. "I won't go down, faulse ladye,
And sit upon your knee,
For you have slain your own true love,
And I'm sure you would slay me, me
And I am sure you would slay me."

11. "O, if I had my bow and arrow,
Shuttle and my string,
I would shoot you through the very heart
Among the leaves so green, green,
Among the leaves so green."

12. "O, if you had your bow and arrow,
Shuttle and your string,
I would take my wings and away I would fly
And you never would see me again, gain,
And you never would see me again."

37. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4600/3219. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 113(L). Sung by Mrs. Virginia Bennett, Burnsville, N.C., September 13, 1918.

m M (—VI)

1. Get down, get down, loving Henry, said she,
And stay all night with me;
And your bed shall be made of the purest yellow
gold,
And the pillows of ivory.

2. I can't get down, Lady Margaret, said he,
Or stay all night with thee,
For the girl that I left in the Arkansas land
Will longingly look for me.

3. She leaned her hand against the fence,
Just to speak a word or two,
And with a little knife that she held in her hand,
She pierced him through and through.

4. O live, O live, loving Henry, said she,
One hour and a half or three,
And all the doctors that live in this land
Shall come to attend thee.

5. How can I live, Lady Margaret, said he,
One hour and a half or three,
When don't you see my own heart's blood
Is trinkling to my knees?

6. She called the young maids of the town,
Saying: Keep this a secret for me,
And these gold rings that you see on my hands
Shall all belong to thee.

7. Some took him up by the head
And others by the feet;
They carried him away to the broad water side
And plunged him into the deep.

8. Lie there, lie there, loving Henry, said she,
Till the flesh all rots from the bones,
And the girl that you left in the Arkansas land
Will think you're long coming home.

9. Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot, said she,
And rest upon my knee,
And your cage shall be made of the purest yellow
gold
And the doors of ivory.

10. I can't fly down, Lady Margaret, said he,
Or rest upon your knee,
For you've just murdered your own true love,
And I fear that you might murder me.

38. "The Old Scotch Well," or "Little Scotchee"

Smith, 1928, p. 107. Also in Sandburg, 1927, p. 64, with accompaniment and some alteration. Sung by Miss Tressie Pierce, Columbia, S.C., who learned it in Alexander County, N.C.

a M/D; or p I/M, ending on *V*

1. "Light, light, light, my little Scotch-ee,
And stay all night with me;
I have a bed of the very, very best,
I'll give it up to thee,
I'll give it up to thee."

2. "I cannot light, and I will not light,
And stay all night with thee;
For there's a girl in the old Scotch Yard,
This night a-waiting for me,
This night a-waiting for me."

3. "You cannot light, and you will not light,
But from me you'll never part;"
She took a pen-knife from her side,
And pierced him in the heart,
And pierced him in the heart.

4. She called unto her little lady miss,
"Come unto me I say;
For there's a dead man in my bed,
Come carry him away,
Come carry him away."

5. She called unto her little lady miss,
"Count the hours, one, two, three;
Are the chickens a-crowing for the middle of the night,
Or are they a-crowing for day,
Or are they a-crowing for day?"

6. Some took him by the lily-white hand,
Some took him by the feet,
And threw him into a new-dug well,
Some forty feet deep,
Some forty feet deep.

7. "Light, light, light, my little birdie,
And settle on my knee;
I have a cage of the very, very best,
I'll give it up to thee,
I'll give it up to thee."

8. "I cannot light, and I will not light,
And settle on your knee;
For I'm afraid you will sarve me like you sarved,
Your little Scotch-ee,
Your little Scotch-ee."

GROUP E

39. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 4096/. Sung by some girls at Hindman School, Ky., September 23, 1917.

a π^2

This copy, like the two next following, belongs to the "Lady Cassilis," or "Gypsy Laddie," clan. Cf. No. 200.

Get down, get down, loving Henry she cried
And stay all night with me
The golden cards around my bed
Will be supplied to thee.

40. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3107/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 106(E). Tune from Mrs. Campbell, who learned it from Mrs. Sotherland in Asheville, N.C., 1916; text from Mrs. Sotherland, Carmen, N.C., 1914.

a π^2

1. Come in, come in, my own true love,
And stay all night with me;
And all those costly cards that I wear around
my waist
I'll freely give them unto thee, thee, thee,
I'll freely give them unto thee.

2. I won't come in, or I won't sit down,
Or stay all night with thee,
For there is another pretty girl in old Scotland
That I love more better than thee.

3. She had a sharp knife within her right hand,
She pierced him heartilee.

4. I will come down and I must come down
And stay all night with thee.
There is nary nother pretty girl in old Scotland
That I love more better than thee.

5. O live, Lord Henry, she cried,
One hour, or two, or three,
And all these costly cards I wear around my waist
I'll freely give them unto thee.

6. I can't live, nor I won't live,
One hour, nor two, nor three,
And all the costly cards you wear around your waist
Will do no good for me.

7. She tuk him by his lily-white hand,
She drug him to the well,
Which you know was cold and deep.
She says . . . . . .

8. Lie there, love Henry, she cried,
Till the flesh all rots off your poor bones
And all your pretty girls in old Scotland
Will mourn for your return.

9. Come down, come down, my pretty parrot bird,
And sit at my right knee,
And your cage shall be decked of the yellow beaten gold
And hung on the ivory.

10. I won't come down, nor I won't come down,
Nor sit at your right knee,
For you just now murdered your own true love,
And soon you'd murder me.

11. I wish I had my bow in flight,
My arrow keen and sharp,
I'd pierce a lightning all through your breast
That you never should sing again.

12. If you had your bow in flight,
Your arrow keen and sharp,
My two little wings would carry me away,
Where you never would see me again.

41. [Young Hunting]

Sharp MSS., 3595/2655. Sung by Miss May Ray, at Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn., April 25, 1917.

a M/D

1. Come in, come in, loving Henry, she said,
Come and stay hours one, two, three,
For it has been most three long years
Since I spent one hour with thee.

2. I can't come in and I won't come in
And stay hours one, two, three,
For there's a little girl in the old eastern land
That I love much better than thee.

3. Then bending over her pillow side
To take the kisses one, two, three,
She held in her hand a little white knife
Which wasn't any more to be.

4. She clasped one hand in his yellow hair,
The other by the feet,
And she plunged him into cold well water
Which was both cold and deep.

5. Help me out, help me out, my own true love,
Help me out, help me out, cried he,
For there's not a girl in the old eastern land,
That I love any better than thee.

6. Lie there, lie there, loving Henry, she cried,
Lie there till the flesh rots from your bones
And there's a little girl in the old eastern land
Will long for your return.

7. Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot bird,
Fly down and light on my right knee;
I'll make you a cage of yellow beaten gold
And doors of an oak tree.

8. I can't fly down and I won't fly down
And light on your right knee,
For you have murdered your own true love,
And I'm sure you would murder me.

9. O if I had a bow and arrow
And it all fixed on springs,
I would let it slip at your cold red breast
As you sit on yonders limb.

10. O if you had a bow and arrow
And it all fixed on springs,
As you would let it slip at my cold red breast
I would light on another limb.

GROUP F

42. [Young Hunting]

Chappell, 1939, p. 21. Learned from Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C.; words 1924, tune 1935.

p I/M (inflected II)

O won't you come in, my pretty little bird,
And sit a while with me?
O won't you come in, my pretty little bird,
And sit all on my knee, my knee,
And sit all on my knee?

I can't come in and I won't come in
And sit all on your knee;
I fear you'll deprive me of my sweet life
Like you did the Scotch laddie, laddie,
Like you did the Scotch laddie.

O if I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string,
I'd shoot you through the tender heart,
Among the leaves so green, so green,
Among the leaves so green.

O if you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string,
I'd take my wings and fly home to heaven,
Where I fear you'll never be seen, be seen,
Where I fear you'll never be seen.

43. "Lowe Bonnie"

Sung by Jimmie Tarlton, Columbia rec., No. 15763-D (151002).

I/M (inflected II)

1. Lowe Bonnie, Lowe Bonnie was a hunting young man
   An' a-hunting he did ride
   With his hunting horn slung around his neck
   An' his broadsword by his side.

2. He hunted till he came to his own true love
   An' a-lightly he tingled at his ring
   No one was so ready but his old true love
   To rise and say, Call in.

3. Call in, call in, Lowe Bonnie, she cried
   An' stay all night with me
   A burning (?) forfeit [bowl of porridge?] you shall receive
   An' a drink o' white chocolate(?) tea.

4. Yes I will come in, and I will sit down
   But I haven't got a moment to stay
   There's one more girl in this whole round town
   That I love better than thee.

5. O it's while he was sitting all on her lap
   He was kissing her so sweet
   A little penknife was so keen and sharp
   She wounded him so deep.

6. Don't die, don't die, Lowe Bonnie, she cried
   Don't die, don't die so soon
   I'll send for the doctors in the whole round town
   Some one can heal your wound.

7. How can I live, how can I live
   You've wounded me so deep
   I think I feel my own heart's blood
   A-dropping o'er my feet.

Cf. variant 9, above.

Clerk Saunders

CHILD NO. 69

THE few tunes that have been saved for this admirable ballad are Scottish, and seem all to have been recorded while it still had a fairly vigorous currency; and although they have marked differences, are clearly all of the same rise. The rhythmic pattern is characteristically

and the melodic contour tends to the A B B A type, with the A's concave and the B's convex; that is, down-up and up-down. No two agree in the middle cadence; none agree in modality. The Motherwell tune is most artfully contrived in the way it handles the second and fourth phrases. The Christie second strain is doubtless untraditional, and may be disregarded. The ballad seems not to have left Scotland under its own momentum.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Clerk Saunders." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 233, and p. 233.
2. "Clerk Saunders." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 16 and p. xix.
3. "Clerk Sandy." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 112.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Clerk Saunders"

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 233; text, p. 233.

p Æ (inflected VII)

1. It was a sad and a rainy nicht,
   As ever rain'd frae toun to toun,
   Clerk Saunders and his lady gay,
   They were in the fields sae broun.

2. "A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders cried,
   "A bed, a bed, let me lie doun;
   For I am sae weet, and sae wearie,
   That I canna gae, nor ride frae toun."

3. "A bed, a bed," his lady cried,
   "A bed, a bed, ye'll ne'er get nane;
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

4. For I hae seven bauld brethren,
   Bauld are they, and very rude,
   And if they find ye in bouer wi' me,
   They winna care to spill your blude."

5. "Ye'll tak a lang claith in your hand,
   Ye'll haud it up afore your een;
   That ye may swear, and save your aith,
   That ye saw na Sandy sin yestreen.

6. And ye'll tak me in your arms twa,
   Ye'll carry me into your bed,
   That ye may swear, and save your aith,
   That in your bou'r floor I never gaed."

7. She's tane a lang claith in her hand,
   She's hauden't up afore her een,
   That she might swear, and save her aith,
   That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.

8. She has tane him in her arms twa,
   And carried him into her bed,
   That she might swear, and save her aith,
   That on her bou'r floor he never gaed.

9. Then in there cam her firsten brother,
   Bauldly he cam steppin in:—
   "Come here, come here, see what I see,
   We hae only but ae sister alive,
   And a knave is in bou'r her wi'!"

10. Then in and cam her second brother—
    Says, "Twa lovers are ill to twin:"
    And in and cam her thirden brother.—
    "O brother, dear, I say the same."

11. Then in and cam her fourthen brother,—
    "It's a sin to kill a sleepin man:"
    And in and cam her fifthen brother,—
    "O brother, dear, I say the same."

12. Then in and cam her sixthen brother,—
    "I wat he's ne'er be steer'd by me:"
    But in and cam her seventhen brother,—
    "I bear the hand that sall gar him dee."

13. Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,
    I wat he stript it to the stroe,
    And thro' and thro' Clerk Saunder's body,
    I wat he garr'd cauld iron go.

14. Then they lay there in ither's arms
    Until the day began to daw;
    Then kindly to him she did say,—
    "It's time, my dear, ye were awa.

15. "Ye are the sleepiest young man," she said,
"That ever my twa een did see,
Ye've lain a' nicht into my arms,
I'm sure it is a shame to be."

16. She turn'd the blankets to the foot,
And turn'd the sheets unto the wa',
And there she saw his bluidy wound,
. . . . . .

17. "O wae be to my seventhen brother!
I wat an ill death mot he dee,
He's kill'd Clerk Saunders, an earl's son,
I wat he's kill'd him unto me."

18. Then in and cam her father dear,
Cannie cam he steppin in,—
Says, "Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
What need you mak sic heavy meane.

19. We'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,
And syne come back and comfort thee:"—
"O comfort weel your seven sons, father,
For man sall never comfort me;
Ye'll marrie me wi' the Queen o' Heaven,
For man sall never enjoy me!"

2. [Clerk Saunders]

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 16; text, App'x., p. xix.

a π^3

And they lay still and sleeped sound
Until the day began to daw,
And kindly to him she did say,
It is time true love ye were awa'.

3. "Clerk Sandy"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 112. Learned from some singers of Buchan.

a π^1

Christie's text is "epitomized" from the latter part of Buchan's, 1828, I, p. 160.

Willie and Lady Maisry

CHILD NO. 70

It is just possible that the tune for this ballad, which in Motherwell's text has Lady Margerie for a heroine, is extant in the Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 58, p. 20 ("Lady Margerie"); but in the absence of other connecting evidence, it seems unjustifiable to put it forward here.

The Bent Sae Brown

CHILD NO. 71

ACCORDING to the Gray-Muir MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 2254, there is a tune for this ballad in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 2. This MS. has not been discovered.

The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford

CHILD NO. 72

THE two tunes which have survived in connection with this ballad-text are Scottish, and may both be followed back into the eighteenth century, although not recorded until the mid-nineteenth. The first is the more commonplace sounding, but goes to Child's A text. Since that text combined with part of "The Wife of Usher's Well" (No. 79)—cf. Child No. 79B—the tune might almost as properly be given with that ballad as this. It may be that Christie's tune, though much more attractive, is related to the other. Both have faint suggestions of Christie's "The Place where my love Johnnie dwells" (cf. Child No. 218); but only the first shows its family relationship to the "Lord Lovel" (No. 75) pattern.

Christie's tune is probably a π^1 tune, ending on the major third. This puts it into the same (major) system as Chambers' tune, which is m I.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "The Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford." Robert Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1844, p. 7.
2. "The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 212.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. [The Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford]

Chambers, 1844, p. 7; learned from his grandmother, who learned it from Anne Gray, Neidpath Castle, Peeblesshire, c. 1760.

m I

Chambers' text is an amalgam of Kinloch, Buchan, and "The Wife of Usher's Well," whatever hand his grandmother may have taken in the weft.

2. [The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 212. Learned from his grandmother.

C tonic, a π^1, ending on III

Christie's text is a pastiche made out of Scott, Buchan, and Chambers, mostly belonging to "The Wife of Usher's Well" (No. 79).

Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor

CHILD NO. 73

THE recent popularity of this ballad is attested by the very large number of variants that have been recorded—probably, after "Barbara Allen," the largest number for any ballad in the canon. It is regrettable that the evidence is almost entirely modern, for we might otherwise have found in this abundance a most useful opportunity to study modal and rhythmic change. But very few of the tunes were set down even as early as the first part of the last century, and they are shared in common by other songs than our ballad. The music confirms the impression gained from the texts that the Scottish and English traditions were distinct before the records began. The Scottish was regarded by Child as the more truly popular of the two: it is unquestionably more artistic. The English textual record is more than a hundred years older than the Scottish, and it is clear that its traditional descent is in a direct line from seventeenth-century broadsides. These broadsides, of which there are alternative forms, were directed to be sung, some to "Chevy Chase" (but to which tune of that name is not determined), some to the tune of "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." The latter tune is indicated for the copies with this same title; the former for those copies named "The Unfortunate Forrester, or Fair Elener's Tragedy." No copy of the proper tune has come down from the seventeenth, the eighteenth, or even the first half of the nineteenth, century with its own text, though the one printed by Sandys in 1833, and reprinted with modification by Chappell and Rimbault, is entitled "Lord Thomas." The next in date are two variants collected by Petrie from County Mayo, about the mid-century, without words. It will hardly be doubted, however, with a tradition so solidly established and so widespread as the later variants prove it to be, that this tune has been long associated with the English form of the ballad. Whether it is actually the same as that sung to the early broadsides there is nothing to show.

The tune first associated with the Scottish ballad in the *Scots Musical Museum* at the end of the eighteenth century, reappearing in various nineteenth-century publications, had already been printed, without words, in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, under the title "The Old Bard." Christie gives this tune as from Aberdeen and Banffshire tradition, but in a form suspiciously close to Johnson's; and the fact that he also records a different tune from the same region might suggest that the first derived from the book. It may therefore be argued that the tune of "The Old Bard" was arbitrarily mated with the Scottish text soon after that text first emerged to public view in the *Reliques*, and has no early traditional association with the ballad. Christie's other tune, recorded from an identified singer, has already appeared with "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," with the spirit of which it is undeniably more in keeping; and in the absence of any further evidence of its continuance in the Scottish tradition for the present ballad, we may guess that it was borrowed for the nonce from the other. There is, therefore, no firm anchorage for any musical tradition for "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie" among Scottish folk-singers.

The English tradition is very close to the musical tradition of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" (Child No. 4). There is, in fact, no positive evidence for assigning the common tune originally to one ballad rather than to the other: it is doubtless accidental that the nineteenth-century variants with the "Lady Isabel" text are of more frequent record than those with "Lord Thomas." The proportion of pentatonic variants is somewhat higher for the present ballad; and of modal variants other than Mixolydian and Ionian the number is higher for the "Lady Isabel" branch. The hexatonic variants for "Lord Thomas," of which the proportion is about a third of the total, lack the 7th in the majority of cases, and are usually of I/M tonality. Of the pentatonic tunes, which together constitute more than a third of the sum, about three-fifths are π^2, one-fifth π^1, and the remaining fifth π^4. There may be some relation between these modal varieties and the incidence of the middle cadence: all the π^4 tunes have a middle cadence on the tonic, or final, note; almost all the π^2 tunes have their middle pause on the dominant. But range may be the chief influence here. The dominant is, as usual, the most favored note for the mid-pause, in a proportion of considerably more than half the total number of variants.

To carry the analysis a step further, a connection appears between the mid-pause and the final of the first phrase: for example, the tunes with mid-cadence on the tonic favor the tonic and dominant about equally in cadencing the first phrase; those with mid-cadence on the second degree drop to the lower dominant in overwhelming proportion for the cadence of their first phrase. Nearly half the variants with mid-pause on the dominant cadence the first phrase on the tonic. It ought to be mentioned that these calculations are based on a policy of regarding the final as the true tonic, in which I depart from the Sharp-Karpeles designation of the fourth above the final as the tonic of a good many variants. That is, I have treated these tunes as genuinely Mixolydian, rather than major with Mixolydian endings. My reasons are simply that the mid-pause in English tunes is on the fifth much more frequently than on the second degree of the scale, and that these endings are so common in this tune-family as to be almost normal. But, admittedly, such reasons are not conclusive for any particular case.

The "Lord Thomas" tunes are normally four-phrase tunes, and perhaps predominantly of the non-reverting type, although those that do not revert make frequent use of parts of the previous phrasal material, so that personal feeling will largely determine our typing. Those variants that have five phrases usually repeat the fourth phrase as a refrain; and those with six similarly repeat the last two phrases. There are few double-strain variants. The normal metre is 6/8, exceptions being fewer than one-twelfth of the total. The exceptions are all in common time, or can be so regarded, allowing for occasional irregularities.

Group A, though open to partial challenge for the reasons given above, is allowed first place on account of age and the fact that Child has given precedence to the Scottish form of the ballad.

The factors of range and mode and mid-cadence have been given a controlling influence in determining the order of the variants in Group B. The largest subgroup, Ba, is comprised of tunes almost entirely in the authentic range, cadencing at the mid-point mainly on V. Mode has been interpreted liberally, and oscillates between Ionian and M/D, including I/Ly, I/M and pentatonics 1 and 2. Subgroup Bb is composed mostly of plagal majors, including pentatonics and hexatonics in the major field. Mid-cadences occur on V, II, I, and III. Subgroup Bc consists of

tunes in the field of the minor, from M/D to Æ, including Æ/D and pentatonic 4, of which some are plagal, some mixed, and some authentic. Mid-cadences are about equally divided between I and V.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, VI, [1803], No. 535, p. 553 (repr. 1853). Also in *Caledonian Musical Repository*, 1809, p. 202; Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], VI, p. 58; Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 112; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 392, p. 196; Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, II, p. 524; and in George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 122.
2. "Fair Annet." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 26.

GROUP Ba

3. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sharp MSS., 3849/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 125(P). (Jones)
4. "The Brown Girl." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 100(G).
5. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Sharp MSS., 3299/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 119(E). (Gentry)

a. "Lord Thomas." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 129(CC).

b. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinger." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 31(A1).

6. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4595/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 131(Dd). (Bennett)
7. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 51(B), University of Virginia.
8. "Lord Thomas' Wedding." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 130.
9. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Sharp MSS., 3584/2646. (Campbell)
10. "Fair Ellender." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 39.
11. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen." Jean Thomas, *Devil's Ditties*, 1931, p. 88.

c. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 36(K).

12. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 48(A).
13. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Sharp MSS., 91/155. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 107. (Cockram)
14. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 391(B) and 107.
15. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3604/2666. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 122(L). (Parsons)
16. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour." Sharp MSS., 1458/. (Holland)
17. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Frank Luther, *Americans and Their Songs*, 1942, p. 23.
18. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 7.
19. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 37(M).
20. "The Brown Girl." Phillips Barry MSS., IV, No. 283, Harvard College Library. Also in Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 71.
21. "The Brown Girl." Horton Barker, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 7, recording No. 33(B).

d. "Lord Thomas." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 127(BB).

22. "Lord Thomas." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 34(H).
23. "Lord Thomas." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9476(A1).
24. "Lord Thomas." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 32(D).
25. "Lord Thomas." Maurice Matteson and Mellinger Edward Henry, *Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads*, 1936, p. 16.
26. "Lord Thomas." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 106(J).
27. "Lord Thomas and Linda." Sharp MSS., 631/. (Williams)
28. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour." Sharp MSS., 529/603. (Small)
29. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sharp MSS., 4032/. (Messer)
30. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4443/. (Beckett)
31. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elenor." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 568(A) and 192.
32. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4740/3303. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 130 (Cc). (Chrisóm)
33. "The Brown Girl." Paul G. Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 314.
34. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, [1933], p. 8.
35. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4562/3205. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 129(Bb). (Snipes)
36. "Lord Thomas and the Brown Girl." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 569(D, 11).
37. "The Brown Girl," or "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Davis, 1929, pp. 569(L) and 212.
38. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4390/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 129 (Aa). (M. Agee)
39. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Annie Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 107(3). Also in Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 200.
40. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Earl J. Stout, *Folklore from Iowa*, 1936, p. 5.
41. "Lord Robert and fair Ellen." George Petrie, *The Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music*, ed. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902-05, No. 795.
42. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3636/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 125(Q). (Sloan)

43. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3353/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 119(F). (Crane)
44. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor." Sharp MSS., 3389/. (Stockton)
45. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3758/. (Vaughan)
46. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4209/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(T). (Maddox)
47. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4286/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(U). (Dodd)
48. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4616/. (Banks)
49. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4679/. (Robertson)
50. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4707/. (Boone)
51. "The Brown Girl." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 94(A).
e. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 33(E 1).
f. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 34(G).
g. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 38(O).
52. "The Brown Girl." Mabel Major, *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society*, X (1932), p. 144.
53. "The Brown Girl." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 21.
54. "Lord Thomas." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 37.
55. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4672/. (Mitchell)
56. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor." Sharp MSS., 3571/. (S. Williams)
57. "Fair Ellen." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 393(E) and 112.
58. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sharp MSS., 3978/. (Dunagan)
59. "Lord Thomas." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 268.
60. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3511/2593. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 120(H); and Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 570 and 220. (Campbell)
61. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4605/. (J. Bennett)
62. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4440/. (Guillams)
63. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4421/. (Wimmer)
h. "Fair Ellen." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 133(EE).
64. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sharp MSS., 4045/. (Smith)
65. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor." Sharp MSS., 4169/. (Mayo)
66. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4222/. (Coffey)
67. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4304/. (J. Agee)
68. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4496/3162. (Cannady)
i. "Lord Thomas." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 125(AA).
69. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4556/. (Godfrey)
70. "The Brown Girl." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 35(J), rearranged as to phrases.
71. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4757/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 131(Ee). (Blankenshipp)
72. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4335/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(V). (Donald)
73. "Lord Thomas." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 392(C) and 109.
j. "The Brown Girl." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 131(DD).
74. "The Brown Girl." Scarborough, 1937, pp. 391(A) and 106.
75. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3813/. (J. Williams)
76. "Lord Thomas and Brown Maid." Sharp MSS., 391/522. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 109(5). (Pond)
77. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 60.
78. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 39(Q).
79. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 69.
80. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 112(B).
81. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 568(B) and 194.
82. "The Brown Girl." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 108.
83. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 30(A).
84. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor." Sharp MSS., 3958/. (Creech)
85. "The Brown Girl," or "Fair Eleanor." Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 115(C). Also in Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 156 (revised).

GROUP Bb

86. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour." Sharp MSS., 1336/. (Marchant)
87. (No title). Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 260(11) and 256.
88. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4252/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 128(W). (Berry)
89. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4310/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(X). (Dooley)
90. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4324/. (Gray and Smelts)
91. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4382/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(Z). (Bowyer)
92. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4364/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(Y). (R. Gray)
93. "The Brown Girl." Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 13.
94. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 112, Harvard College Library; tran-

scribed by Samuel P. Bayard (Barry-Bayard MSS., p. 56). (Buzzell). Also on Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 138, cutting 3. (Merry)

95. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor." William Sandys, *Christmas Carols: Ancient and Modern*, 1833, App'x., No. 18. Repr. Sir Richard R. Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols*, 1931, pp. xviii and 48. Also in Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations*, 1850, p. 94; and W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, [1855], p. 145 (from Sandys, revised).
96. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3219/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 121(I). (Sands)
97. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 209. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *A Garland of Green Mountain Song*, 1934, p. 68.
98. "Little Eleanor." Barry MSS., II, No. 73A; also IV, No. 16. Also in Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 128. (Percival)
99. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 1930/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 65. (Barling)
100. "Lord Thomas." Gardner and Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 39.
101. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3171/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 120(G). (N. Shelton)
102. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinder." Sharp MSS., 3245/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 119(D). (M. Shelton)
103. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3440/2533. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 115(A). (House)
104. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3225/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 118(C). (Hensley)
105. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour." Sharp MSS., 1355/. (Betty)
106. "Lord Thomas and Elinda." Sharp MSS., 624/. Also in Sabine Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, [1906], p. 28. (Lacey)
107. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., VI(3), Plymouth Public Library.
108. "Lord Thomas." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 35(I).
109. "The Brown Girl." H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 45.
110. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Phillips Barry, Fanny H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 128. (Young)
111. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 105.
112. "Lord Thomas." Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 265.
113. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Morris, 1950, p. 270.
114. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 32(E).
115. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p. 40.

k. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 106(2).

116. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Sharp MSS., 2080/1934. (Sister Emma)
117. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3128/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 121(J). (Moore)
118. "The Brown Girl." Barry MSS., IV, No. 211. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 295. (Parker)
119. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3129/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 121(K). (Dame)
120. "Fair Ellen." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 569(D, 1) and 198.
121. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 38(P).
122. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3127/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 116(B). (Mrs. Moore)
123. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4111/. (Melton)
124. "The Brown Girl." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 101(H).

GROUP BC

125. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4068/. (Hindman School girls)
126. "Fair Ellender." Jean Ritchie, *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, p. 18.
127. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 3615/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 125(R). (Pope)
128. "Lord Thomas." W. Roy Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1928, pp. 392 and 22.
129. "The Nut-brown Maid." Greig MSS., II, p. 99, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 56(1). (Rettie)
130. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4116/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 126(S). (Walker)
131. "Lord Thomas." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 26.
132. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellend[o]r," or "The Brown Bride." Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs*, [1920], pp. 14 and 21.
133. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elender." Sharp MSS., 3721/. Also in James W. Raine, *The Land of Saddle-Bags*, 1924, p. 112; and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 124(O). (Mosely)
134. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sharp MSS., 4036/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 124(N). (Stamper)
135. (No title). Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 86, cutting 5 (Bayard transcription). (Cooley)
136. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 40.
137. "Lord Thomas." Charlotte S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, [1886], pp. 651 and 545. Also in Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 42.
138. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor." Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 110(A).
139. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 37(M1), without repeat.
140. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 29.
141. "The Brown Girl." Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 260(9) and 254.

142. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4683/3260. (Boone)
143. "Sweet William and Fair Annie." Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 57(2). From Duncan MS., No. 251. (Mackay)
144. "Fair Ellender." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 570(S).
145. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." Sharp MSS., 4273/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 124(M). (Roberts)

APPENDIX

146. "The Nut-brown Bride." Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 196.
147. "The Brown Girl." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 99(F).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [Lord Thomas and Fair Annet]

Johnson, VI, [1803], No. 535, p. 553 (repr. 1853). Also in *Caledonian Musical Repository*, 1809, p. 202; Smith, [1820-24], VI, p. 58; Rimbault, 1850, p. 112; Maver, 1866, No. 392, p. 196; Ritson, ed. of 1869, II, p. 524; Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 122.

p I (inflected VII)

John Glen, 1900, p. 224, traces Johnson's tune, after Stenhouse, to "The Old Bard," in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. XII, p. 10. He doubts that it is Scottish.

1. Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sat a' day on a hill.
Whan night was come and the sun was set,
They had not talk'd their fill.

2. Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill;
A! I will never wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

3. Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knel'd upon his knee:

4. O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to me.
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

5. The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she's gat nane,
And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
O it will soon be gane.

6. And he has to his brither gane,
Now, brither, rede ye me,
A! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

7. The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye,
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet by.

8. Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae naething to mysell
But a fat fadge by the fyre.

9. And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye me,
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

10. I'se rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane,
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alas
What is this we brought hame?

11. No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me out o' hand,
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land.

12. Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

13. Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene,
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,
And see that rich wedden.

14. My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair,
Whair-ere ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

15. My maids, gae to my dressing-room
And dress to me my smock,
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

16. The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

17. Four-and-twenty siller bells
Were a' tied till his mane,
Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

18. Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

19. And whan she cam to Marie's kirke,
She sat on Marie's stean,
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

20. And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun,
The belt that was aboute her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

21. She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

22. He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

23. Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak yee sae white?

24. O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.

25. The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak never mair.

26. Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood wroth wexed hee.

27. He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

28. Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by hir side.

29. Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

30. And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvers deare.

Johnson's text follows Percy's in *Reliques*, Vol. III, Bk. III, No. 4, with slight change, mainly in spelling.

2. [Fair Annet]

Christie, II, 1881, p. 26. From Aberdeen and Banff tradition.

p I (inflected VII)

The text is abridged from that in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Cf. the preceding variant.

GROUP Ba

3. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Sharp MSS., 3849/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 125(P). Sung by Mrs. Cis Jones, Goose Creek, Ky., August 14, 1917.

a π^2

The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none;
Go and marry the brown girl
And let fair Ellender tarry at home,
Fair Ellender tarry at home.

4. "The Brown Girl"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 100(G). Sung by Misses Reba and Wilma McDonald, Farmington, Ark., October 6, 1941.

a I/M

1. Come riddle to me, dear mother,
Come say to me your mind,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
If I were at the all of my blessings
I'd bring the brown girl home.

3. She dressed herself in satin and silk,
And her waiting cap all of green,
And every city that she passed through
She was taken to be a queen.

4. She rode till she come to Lord Thomas's hall,
Stood proudly at the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To arise and let her in.

5. The brown girl had a little pen knife,
It being both keen and sharp,
And there before the ladies all
She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

6. What's the matter? What's the matter? Lord Thomas he cried,
You're looking wonderful pale.
I think I feel my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down my knee.

7. Lord Thomas having a glittering sword,
It being both long and tall,
And he cut off his own bride's head
And slammed it against the wall.

8. He placed the handle against the floor
And the point against his breast,
Saying here are three loves going to death,
Lord send their souls to rest.

9. Oh father, father, dig my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep,
And bury fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

5. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Sharp MSS., 3299/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 119(E). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry (54), at Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

a π^2

Come well to me dear mother he says
Come well me your design
Whether I marry fair Elleanour dear
Or bring you the brown girl home home home
Or bring you the brown girl home

6. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4595/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 131(Dd). Sung by Mrs. Virginia Bennett, at Burnsville, N.C., September 13, 1918.

a π^2

O Mother dear come rede your riddle,
Come rede your riddle as one;
Shall I go marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home?

7. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 51(B). Sung by H. B. Shiflett, Dyke, Va., April 16, 1936.

a π^2

1. Fair Ellen, fair Ellen is a beautiful damsel,
She's the captain of the hall.
Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas,
Lord Thomas, he loved them all.

2. O mother, O mother, which must I take,
Fair Ellen or the brown skin girl?
If I got to advise you with all my heart,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He mounted upon his milk-white steed,
Called for his saddle and bridle to ride.
I'm going to invite Fair Ellinor
Unto my wedding day.

4. He rode till he came to Fair Ellen's hall,
He jingled on the ring.
There's none so ready as Fair Ellen herself,
To rise and welcome him in.

5. Bad news, bad news, bad news to you,
And ain't it bad news to you?
I have come to invite you unto my wedding,
Unto my wedding day.

6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Called for her milk-white steed to ride.
I am going to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Unto his wedding day.

4. "This is your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"I think she looks wonderful brown,
When you might have had as fair a young woman
That } ever trod England's ground."
As }

5. The brown girl, having penknife in her hand
And keeping it clean and sharp,
She put the handle in her hand
And pricked Fair Ellinor's heart.

6. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he said,
"What! can't you plainly see?
What! can't you see my own heart's blood
Comes trinkling down my knee?"

7. Lord Thomas, he keeping a sword by his side,
He keeping it long and small,
He cut his bride's head right off her shoulders
And dashed it against the wall.

8. "Oh, dig me a grave, dear mother," he said,
"And dig it both deep and wide,
And lay Fair Ellen at my right side
And the brown girl at my feet."

9. Lord Thomas he put the sword in the ground,
The point at his own heart;
There was never three lovers that met together
That ever so quickly [did] part.

8. "Lord Thomas' Wedding"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 130. Sung by Mrs. Joiner, at Chiswell Green, Hertfordshire, September 7, 1914.

a M

1. She dressed herself all in her best,
And merry men all in green,
And ev'ry town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

2. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas his bower,
And jingling at the ring,
Who was more ready than Lord Thomas
To let Fair Ellinor in?

3. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her across the hall,
There were four and twenty gay ladies,
But she was the {fairest} of all.
{gayest}

9. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Sharp MSS., 3584/2646. Sung by Luther Campbell, Mt. Smokeyhead[?], Sevier County, Tenn., April 20, 1917.

a π^2

1. Come near, come near me now, dear mother,
And tell me what to do.
It's must I marry fair Ellender dear,
Or bring the brown girl home,
Or bring the brown girl home?

2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
And for your own dear sake, my boy,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He mounted on his milk-white beast,
He rode through valley in speed,
He rode till he come to fair Ellender's dwelling,
He called her his own true love.

4. He threw his arms around her neck
And kissed her a farewell kiss,
Saying: I have come to ask you
To dine at my wedding.

5. Come near, come near me now, dear mother,
And tell me what to do.
It's must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or stay and tarry at home?

6. It's some may be your friends, dear daughter,
And some may be your foes,
But if it's tarry life or death,
I'd rather you'd stay at home.

7. It's some may be my friends, dear mother,
And some may be my foe,
But if it's tarry life or death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

8. She dressed herself in lily-white,
Around her waist in green,
And every town that she rode through
They taken her to be some queen.

9. She rode till she come to Lord Thomas's dwelling,
She wrung the bell for in;
No one was there but Lord Thomas himself
To rise and lead her in.

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

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

12. The brown girl she had a little penknife,
The blade both keen and sharp,
She pierced it through fair Ellender's side
And quickly touched her heart.

13. Lord Thomas he had a big butcher knife,
The blade was keen and long,
He cut the brown girl's head off on the floor
And kicked it against the wall.

14. Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
And paint my coffin black,
And place fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my back.

15. They dug his grave both wide and deep
And painted his coffin black,
And placed fair Ellender in his arms
And the brown girl at his back.

10. "Fair Ellender"

Owens, 1950, p. 39. Learned from his mother; traditional in family, and probably from Tennessee or Indiana.

a π^2

1. Lord Thomas he was a gay gentleman,
The lord of many a belle;
Fair Ellender was a fair young girl,
Lord Thomas he loved her well,
Lord Thomas he loved her well.

2. "Oh, father, oh, mother, come riddle to me,
I ask you both as one,
Oh, must I marry Fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home?
Or bring the brown girl home?"

3. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Ellender she has none,
Oh, son, we advise you as a great blessing
To bring the brown girl home,
To bring the brown girl home."

4. He dressed himself in satin white,
His waiters all dressed in green,
And every town he rode through
They took him to be some king,
They took him to be some king.

5. He rode till he came to Fair Ellender's door,
He tingled at the ring,
And none so ready as she herself
To rise and bid him come in,
To rise and bid him come in.

6. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"What news do you bring to me?"
"I've come to bid you to my wedding,
The brown girl my bride to be,
The brown girl my bride to be."

7. "Sad news, sad news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"Sad news do you bring to me,
For I had hoped to be your bride
And you bridegroom to me,
And you bridegroom to me."

8. "Oh, father, oh, mother, come riddle to me,
I ask you both as one,
Oh, must I go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or tarry with you at home?
Or tarry with you at home?

9. "For many there be who be my friends,
And many who be my foes,
But I will risk my fortune and life
And to Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go,
And to Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go."

10. She dressed herself in satin white,
Her ladies all dressed in green,

And every town that they rode through
They took her to be some queen,
They took her to be some queen.

11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas' hall,
She tingled at the ring,
And none so ready as he himself
To rise and bid her come in,
To rise and bid her come in.

12. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her down the hall,
And seated her at the table's head
Among the ladies all,
Among the ladies all.

13. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"She is a most wonderful brown,
When you could have had the fairest lady
That ever the sun shone on,
That ever the sun shone on."

14. "Throw none of your slurs," Lord Thomas he cried,
"Throw none of your slurs at me,
For I love the tip of your finger more
Than the brown girl's whole body,
Than the brown girl's whole body."

15. The brown girl had a little penknife
With blade both keen and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the long
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart,
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart.

16. "Oh, what is the matter, Fair Ellen?" he cried,
"What makes you look so pale?
You used to have as rosy cheeks
As anyone in our dale,
As anyone in our dale."

17. "Oh, are you blind, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"Or is it you cannot see
That I can feel my whole heart's blood
Come trickling to my knee?
Come trickling to my knee?"

18. He took the brown girl by the hand,
He led her down the hall,
And with his sword cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall,
And kicked it against the wall.

19. He pointed the handle to the sun,
The blade unto his breast,
Saying, "Here's the death of two fond lovers,
God send our souls to rest,
God send our souls to rest.

20. "Go dig my grave 'neath yonder green tree,
Go dig it both wide and deep,
And place Fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet,
And the brown girl at my feet."

11. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen"

Thomas, 1931, p. 88.

a π^2

1. Lord Thomas he was a gay gentleman,
The lord of many a town,
Fair Ellen was a fair young girl,
Lord Thomas he loved her well.

2. "Come, mother, come, father, come tell me now,
I ask you both as one,
Whether I must marry pretty fair Ellen
Or bring the brown girl home?"

3. "The brown girl she has houses and land,
Fair Ellen she has none;
I would advise you as a great blessing
To bring the brown girl home."

4. He dressed himself in scarlet red
His waiters all in green
And in every town that he rode through
They took him to be some king.

5. Lord Thomas, he rode unto fair Ellen's gate,
So loudly tingled and called;
No one more readier than pretty fair Ellen
To arise and bid him walk in.

6. "Oh, what is the news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news do you bring to me?"
"I have come to ask you to my wedding,
The brown girl my bride to be."

7. "Oh, this is very bad news to me,
It is very bad news to me,
For I intended your bride to be
And you bride-groom to me."

8. "Come, mother, come, father, come tell me now,
I ask you both in one
Whether I must go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry with thee at home."

9. "Oh many there may be your friends,
And many may be your foes,
And I would advise you as a great blessing
To tarry with me at home."

10. "Oh many there may be my friends
And many may be my foes
But I will venture life and fortune," she says,
"And to Lord Thomas's wedding I will go."

11. She dressed herself in satin so white,
Her waiters all in green;
And every city that she rode through
She was taken to be some queen.

12. She rode unto Lord Thomas's gate,
So loudly tingled and called;
No one more ready than Lord Thomas himself
To rise and bid her walk in.

13. He took her by the lily white hand,
He led her into the hall,
He led her up at the table's head
Among the ladies all.

14. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said.
"I think she is most wonderful brown,
When once you could have married as fair a lady
As ever come into this town."

15. "Throw none of your slurs," Lord Thomas, he says,
"Throw none of your slurs on me.
For I love the tip end of your little finger
Better than the brown girl's whole body."

16. The brown girl had a little pen knife,
Blades both keen and sharp,
And between the long ribs and the short one
She pierced fair Ellen's heart.

17. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he says.
"What makes you look so pale?
When once you were as bright and fair color
As any one in your dale."

18. "Are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says,
"Or cannot you very well see,
When I can feel my own heart's blood
Come trinkling by my knees."

19. "I am not blind," Lord Thomas he says,
"I can very well see
And I can see your own heart's blood
Come trinkling by your knee."

20. He took the brown girl by the hand,
He led her into the hall,
And with the sword chopped off her head
And throwed it against the wall.

21. He put the point towards his breast,
The butt against the wall
Saying, "Here goes the life of three long lovers.
God send their souls to rest."

22. "Go dig my grave," Lord Thomas he says,
"Go dig it both wide and deep
And bury fair Ellen at my side,
The brown girl at my feet.

23. "Go bury fair Ellen at my side,
The brown girl at my feet,
And bury my sword under my head
So sound that I may sleep."

12. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 48(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Morris, Harriston, Va., October 16, 1935.

a π^2 (or p π^1, ending on *V*)

1. Come riddle me, riddle me, my dear mother,
Come riddle me if I'm one:
Whether I must marry Fair Ellen or no,
Or bring the brown girl home?

2. The brown skin girl has house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none.
I'll advise you child with my blessing,
To bring the brown girl home.

3. He called on down his merry maids all,
He dressed them all in white.
And every town that they rode through,
They were taken to be some knights.

4. He rode, he rode to Fair Ellen's hall,
He knocked so loud at the ring.
And who was so ready as Fair Ellen herself,
For to rise and let him in.

5. What news, what news, Lord Thomas: says she,
What news, you've brought to me?
I've come to ask you to my wedding
And that's bad news to thee.

6. She called them down her merry maids all,
She dressed them all in green.
And every town that they rode by
She was taken to be some queen.

7. She rode, she rode to Lord Thomas's hall,
She knocked so loud at the ring.
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

8. He taken her by her lily-white hand,
He led through the hall.
And sat her at the head of his table
Amongst the gentlemen all.

9. Is this your bride you invited me to see?
I think she is wondrous brown.
You once could have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

10. The brown skin girl had a pen knife,
It was both keen and sharp.
She pierced it through Fair Ellen's short ribs,
She pierced it through her heart.

11. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas: she cried,
Are you blinded or cannot see,
Don't you see my own heart's blood
Come twinkling to my knee?

13. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Sharp MSS., 91/155. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 107. Sung by Mrs. Emily Cockram, at Meshaw, North Devon, January 9, 1904.

a I

1. Lord Thomas he was a forester bold
And keeper of our King's deer;
Fair Eleanor she was the fairest young lady;
Lord Thomas loved her dear.

2. Come riddle, my mother, come riddle, he said,
Come riddle it unto me,
Whether I with fair Eleanor shall wed
Or whether I shall stay with thee.

3. The brown girl she's got house and land,
Fair Eleanor she's got none.
So I bety thee with my blessing
To take the brown girl safe home.

4. So away he flew to fair Eleanor's bower
And tingled so loud at the ring,
No one so ready as fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in.

5. What news, what news, what news, she cried,
What news hast thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding
Beneath the sycamore tree.

6. O God forbid that any such thing
Should ever pass by my side.
I thought that thou wouldst have been my bride-
groom
And I should have been thy bride.

7. She went to her mother and cried aloud:
O mother, what shall I do?
Daughter dear, you must
And think no more of him now.

8. Come riddle, my mother, come riddle, she said,
Come riddle it unto me,
Whether I to Lord Thomas's wedding shall go
Or whether I shall stay with thee.

9. It's hundreds are your friends, daughter,
And thousands are your foes,
Which betys your life and betys your death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

10. It's thousands are my friends, mother,
And hundreds are my foes,
Which betys my life and betys my death
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

11. So fair Eleanor dressed in her rich array,
Her merry men all in green,
And every town that she passed through
They took her to be some queen.

12. And when she arrived at Lord Thomas's bower
She tingled so loud at the ring.
No one as ready as Lord Thomas himself
To let fair Eleanor in.

13. He took* her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall,
And set† her in the noblest chair
Amongst the ladies all.

14. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she cried§,
Methinks she looks wonderfully brown
When you used to have the fairest young lady
That ever the sun shone on.

15. Despise her not, Lord Thomas then said,
Despise her not unto me,
For more do I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body.

16. The brown girl had a little pen-knife
Which was both long and sharp,
'Twixt the small ribs and the short she pricked
Fair Eleanor to the heart.

17. O what is the matter? Lord Thomas then said.
O can you not very well see?
O can you not see my# heart's blood
Come trinkling down my knee?

18. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side
As he walked through the hall.
He cut his own bride's head off her shoulders
And threw it against the wall.

19. He put the handle to the ground,
The sword unto his heart.
No sooner did three lovers meet
No sooner did they part.

(*Spoken*)

20. Make me a grave both long and wide
And lay fair Eleanor by my side
And the brown girl at my feet.

(*Sung*)

21. Lord Thomas was buried in the church
Fair Eleanor in the choir;
And out from her bosom there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Thomas a briar.

22. It grew till it reached the church tip top
When it could grow no higher.
And there it entwined like a true love's knot
For all true loves to admire.

* *JFSS*: taketh
† *JFSS*: sat
§ *JFSS*: said
# *JFSS*: my own

14. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 391(B); text, p. 107. Sung by Mrs. Addie Gibson, Roach's Run, Pirkey, Va., c. 1932. From written copy of H. B. Shiflett.

a I/M basically (inflected III)

1. Fair Ellen, Fair Ellen was a beautiful damsel,
   She was the captain of the hall.
   Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas
   Lord Thomas he loves them all.

2. Mother, oh, mother, which must I take,
   Fair Ellen or the brown-skin girl?
   If I have to advise you with all my heart,
   Go bring the brown girl home.

3. The brown-skin girl has house and lands
   Fair Ellen she has none.
   If I has got to advise you with all my heart
   Go bring the brown girl home.

4. Lord Thomas he mounted his milk-white steed
   Called for his saddle and bridle to ride,
   I am going to invite Fair Ellen
   unto my wedding, unto my wedding day.

5. He rode till he came to fair Ellen's hall
   He gingle on the ring.
   There was none so ready but fair Ellen herself
   To rise and welcome him in.

6. Bad news, bad news, bad news to you,
   And is it bad news to you.
   I have come to invite you unto my wedding
   Unto my wedding day.

7. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
   Called for her milk-white steed to ride,
   I am going to Lord Thomas wedding,
   unto his wedding day.

8. She rode until she came to Lord Thomas hall,
   She gingle on the ring.
   There was none so ready as lord Thomas himself
   To rise and welcome her in.

9. He took her by her lilly white hand
   He led her through the hall.
   He set her down at the head of the table
   Amongst the gentlewomen and all.

10. Lord Thomas, lord Thomas, is this your bride?
    She is wonderful brown.
    You once could marry this fine lady
    As ever the sun shine on.

11. The brown skin girl had a little pen knife
    It being both long and kene,
    Pierce it through fair Ellen's heart
    until the blood it flew.

12. Lord Thomas he having a sword in his hand
    It being both long and broad,
    He clip off his own bride's head
    and kicked it against the wall.

13. Lord Thomas he putting the sword to the
    bottom of the floor
    The point towards his breast,
    Did you ever see three lovers meet
    As quick as we three did part?

15. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3604/2666. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 122(L). Sung by Miss Alice Parsons, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn., April 27, 1917.

a π^1

1. Mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
   Come riddle us both in one.
   Must I go marry fair Ellender,
   Or bring the brown girl home?

2. The brown girl has both houses and lands,
   Fair Ellender has none,
   And my advice would be for you
   To bring the brown girl home.

3. Mother, O mother, go saddle my steed,
   Go catch him up for me,
   For I must invite fair Ellender
   Unto my wedding day.

4. He dressed himself in scarlet red,
   And wore a robe of green,
   And every town that he passed through
   They took him to be some king.

5. He rode up to fair Ellender's gate,
   He jingled, he jingled the ring,

And none were so ready as fair Ellender
To rise and let him in.

6. What news, what news, Lord Thomas? she cried,
What news you bring to me?
O I have come to invite you
Unto my wedding day.

7. Mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle us both in one.
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or stay at home and mourn.

8. There may be many of your friends,
And many more of your foes,
But my advice would be for you
To tarry this day at home.

9. There may be many of foes,
And many more of my friends,
But I'll go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
If I never return again.

10. She dressed herself in scarlet so fine
And wore a belt of green,
And every town that she passed* through
They took her to be some queen.

11. She rode up to Lord Thomas's gate,
She jingled, she jingled the ring;
None were so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

12. He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her across the hall,
And sat her down in a golden chair
Which leaned against the wall.

13. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? she cried,
I see she is quite brown.
Once you could have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone round.

14. The brown girl had a little penknife
Which was both keen and sharp;
She placed it on poor Ellender's fair body
And pierced it to the heart.

15. What's the matter, what's the matter? Lord Thomas
he cried.
What's the matter? again cried he.
O now you see my own heart's blood
Come tinkling down so free.

16. He took the brown girl by the hand,
And led her across the hall,
And drew his sword and cut her head off
And threw it against the wall.

17. He placed the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast.
Here ends the life of three true lovers.
Lord, take them home to rest.

18. Mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide and deep,
And place fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

* 1932: rode

16. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour]

Sharp MSS., 1458/. Sung by Rebecca Holland (82), Stafford Common, September 2, 1907.

a M

17. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Luther, 1942, p. 23.

a I/M

1. Lord Thomas, he was a bold young man,
A keeper of our king's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a fair lady;
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. He went unto his mother dear,
"Mother dear, mother" says he,
"Must I marry the brown-skin girl
Or bring Fair Eleanor home?"

3. "The brown-skin girl has house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none;
Therefore I charge you with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home."

4. He dressed himself in attire of red,
His man he trimmed in green;
And every village as he passed by
He was taken to be some king.

5. He rode up to Fair Ellen's door,
He knocked and so loudly did ring;
There was none more ready than Ellen herself
To arise and let him in.

6. "What news, what news have you brought unto me?
What news, what news?" says she.

"I've come to ask you to my wedding today."
"O that's sad news to me."

7. She went unto her mother dear.
"Mother, dear mother," says she:
"O shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or stay at home with thee?"

8. "There'll be ten of your friends and ten of your foes,
And that you plainly see;
Therefore I charge you with all my blessing
To tarry at home with me."

9. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maid she dressed in green;
In every village that she passed by
She was taken to be some queen.

10. She rode up to Lord Thomas' door
And knocked, and so loudly did ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To arise and let her in.

11. He took her by her fair lily hand
And led her through the hall.
He seated her in a gold leaf chair
Among the quality all.

12. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"Methinks she's wondrous brown;
You might have married the fairest woman
That ever trod English ground."

13. "Nay, blame her not, fair Ellen," he cried,
"Nay, blame her not to me;
For better I love thy little finger
Than the brown girl's whole body."

14. The brown girl took her little pen-knife,
Which was both long and sharp,
And 'twixt the short ribs and the long
She pierced fair Eleanor's heart.

15. "Now how is this, fair Ellen?" he cried
"Methinks you look wondrous wan;
You used to be the fairest woman
That ever the sun shone on."

16. Oh, are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says,
"Or can't you plainly see?
The beautiful color that was once in my cheek
Goes twinkling down my knee."

17. He had his sword all by his side;
He walked across the hall,
Lord Thomas cut off his own bride's head
And threw it against the wall.

18. He placed his sword all on the floor,
The point all towards his heart.
(Was ever the like of this ever known,
Three lovers so soon to part?)

19. "Oh, mother, mother, dig my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep,
And place fair Ellen by my side,
The brown girl at my feet."

By permission of Frank Luther.

18. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 7. Sung by W. G. Hall, Buena Vista, Va., May 9, 1937.

a I/M

1. O mother, dear mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle it all as one:
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home.
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. Go saddle me up my milky-white beast,
Go saddle him up in haste;
I'm going to invite fair Ellender
To my wedding, wedding.
I'm going, &c.

3. He rode and he rode till he came to the hall;
He tingled on the ring.
There was none so ready as fair Ellender
To rise and let him in.
There was, &c.

4. What news, what news, Lord Thomas? she cries,
What news you bring to me?
I've come to invite you to my wedding.
Isn't that good news to thee?
I've come, &c.

5. Sad news, sad news, Lord Thomas, she cried,
Sad news you bring to me;
I thought that I was to be the bride,
And you the bridegroom be.
I thought, &c.

6. O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle me all as one:
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or tarry with you at home.
Whether I, &c.

7. She rode and she rode till she came to the hall,
She tingled on the ring.

There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in, &c.

8. He taken her by the lily-white hand,
And led her across the hall.
He seated her down at the head of the ring,
Amongst the ladies all.
He seated, &c.

9. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? they cried,
She looks most wondrous brown!
You once could have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.
You once, &c.

10. The brown girl having a little penknife,
The point being keen and sharp,
She pierced it into fair Ellender's side,
Which entered near her heart.
She pierced, &c.

11. He taken the brown girl by the hand,
And led her across the hall;
He drew a bright sword and cut off her head,
And stove it against the wall.
He drew, &c.

12. [*Recited*]
Then he drew his own bright sword;
He placed the handle against the wall,
The point towards his breast,
Saying, this is the death of three fair lovers,
God send them home to rest.

19. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Singer unspecified. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 37(M).

a I

O Mother O Mother come riddle to me
Come riddle us both as one:
Whether I shall have fair Eleanor Green
Or bring the brown girl home.

20. "The Brown Girl"

Barry MSS., IV, No. 283. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 71. From Miss Harriet L. Wedgwood, Cambridge, Mass., June 2, 1912. Acquired from Mrs. Cora A. Graber, Des Moines, Iowa.

D/M

21. "The Brown Girl"

Sung by Horton Barker, Chilhowie, Va., 1939. LC/AAFS, Album 7, rec. No. 33B. Collected by Herbert Halpert.

a π^2

1. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, take my advice,
Go bring the brown girl home,
For she has land and a house of her own;
Fair Ellender she has none."

2. He called it to his waiting maids,
By one, by two, by three.
"Go bridle, go saddle my milky white steed;
Fair Ellender I must see."

3. He rode and he rode till he came to her gate,
So loudly he tingled the rein.*
And none was so ready as fair Ellender herself
As she rose to let him in.

4. "I've come to ask you to my wedding to-day."
"Bad news, Lord Thomas," says she,
"For I your bride I thought I would be.
Bad news, Lord Thomas," says she.

5. She called it to her father and mother
To make them both as one.
"Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry at home alone?"

6. She dressed herself so fine in silk,
Her very maids in green;
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

7. She rode and she rode till she came to his gate.
So loudly she tingled the rein.
And none was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
As he rose to let her in.

8. He took her by the lily-white hand;
He led her through the hall;

He sot her down at the head of the table
Among the quality all.

9. "Lord Thomas," says she, "is this your bride?
I'm sure she looks very brown.
You might have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on."

10. The brown girl had a penknife in her hand,
It keen and very sharp.
Between the long ribs and the short,
She pierced Fair Ellender to the heart.

11. He took the brown girl by the hand;
He led her through the hall;
And with his sword he cut her head off,
And kicked it against the wall.

12. He placed the handle against the ground,
The point against his breast,
Saying, "Here's the death of three true lovers.
God send their souls to rest.

13. "I want my grave dug long and wide,
And dig it very deep.
I want Fair Ellender in my arms,
The brown girl at my feet."

* ring

22. "Lord Thomas"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 34(H). Sung by Miss Fanny Grogan, Silverstone, Watauga County, N.C., 1919. Cf. also Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 75(H).

a π^2 basically, but III present in upper octave

Come mother come mother come tell us all,
Come tell us all as one
Whether I must marry fair El'ner dear,
Or bring the brown girl home.

23. "Lord Thomas"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford; learned from Mrs. Wacaster, originally from north Georgia, later resident in the Great Smoky Mountains, in Ravensford, Swaine County, N.C. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9476 (A1). Recorded by Duncan M. B. Emrich, Washington, D.C., 1949.

m π^1

1. Lord Thomas was a very young gentleman,
Lord of many a town;
Fair Ellender she was a very pretty girl;
Lord Thomas, he loved her well, well, well,
Lord Thomas, he loved her well.

2. "Come father and mother, unriddle my riddle,
Unriddle them both as one,
Shall I marry Fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home, home, home,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

3. "The brown girl she has houses and land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
I invite you to with all our blessing
To bring the brown girl home, home, home,
To bring the brown girl home."

4. He dressed himself in bretcham [rich and?] gay
To make both white and green,
And every station that he rode through
They took him to be some king, some king,
They took him to be some king.

5. He rode till he came to fair Ellender's house,
He knocked so loud at the ring
And none other than Ellender herself
Should rise to let him come in, come in,
Should rise to let him come in.

6. "What is it that's new," fair Ellender she cried,
"What news have you brought me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,
It's a very sad thing to me, to me,
It's a very sad thing to me."

7. "I know there's many that'll be your friend,
And many will be your foe.
I invite you to your own good blessing,
To tarry this night at home, at home,
To tarry this night at home."

8. "I know there's many that'll be your friend,
Many will be your foe.
But little as I do care for that night,
Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go, I'll go,
Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

9. She dressed herself in rich and gay,
To make both white and green,

And every station she rode through town,
They took her to be some queen, some queen,
They took her to be some queen.

10. She rode until she came to Lord Thomas's house,
She knocked so loud at the ring,
None was so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and let her come in, come in,
To rise and let her come in.

11. He took her by the little white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He sat her down at the head of the table,
Among the bride and all, and all,
Among the bride and all.

12. "Is that your bride," fair Ellender she cried,
"She looks most wonderful brown.
It was once you could married a fair-skinned girl
As ever the sun shone on, shone on,
As ever the sun shone on."

13. "Despise her not," Lord Thomas he cried,
"Despise her not for me;
Why, I love the end of your finger
As well as her whole body, body,
As well as her whole body."

14. The brown girl she had a little thin knife,
Both long and keen and sharp,
Between the long ribs and the short ones,
She speared fair Ellender's heart, her heart,
She speared fair Ellender's heart.

15. "What is the matter, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"Are you blind or can't you see,
I believe I feel my own heart's blood
Come twankeling [?twangling] down my knee,
my knee,
Come twankeling down my knee."

16. He took the brown girl by the hand,
And a led her through the hall,
And with his sword he cut off her head,
And he kicked it against the wall, the wall,
And he kicked it against the wall.

17. "Come father and mother and dig my grave,
Dig my grave both wide and deep;
[*Fair*] lay Fair Ellender in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet, my feet,
And the brown girl at my feet."

18. He placed the sword-handle on the floor,
The point toward his heart.
And here is the end of three long lovers,
Lord send their souls to rest, to rest,
Lord send their souls to rest.

24. "Lord Thomas"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 32(D). Sung by Sam Flannery; contributed by Thomas Smith. Cf. also Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 71(D).

a I/Ly

Lord Thomas he rode until he came to fair Ellinder's door
He tinkled at the ring
There was none so ready as fair Ellinder herself
To rise and let him in.

25. "Lord Thomas"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 16. Sung by Mrs. J. E. Schell, Banner Elk, N.C., July 21, 1933. Text from Miss Edith Robbins.

a I

1. Lord Thomas rose up one merry morning
And dressed himself in blue;
Says, "Mother, I'm going to get married today,
And I want advice from you."

2. "I will advise you a blessing, my son,
To bring the brown girl home,
For the brown girl has both money and land;
Fair Eleanor, she has none."

3. He called all his merry men down
And dressed them all in white;
And every city that he rode through
They took him to be some knight.

4. He rode up to Fair Eleanor's hall
And knocked all at the ring,
And none was more willing than Fair Eleanor herself
To arise and let him in.

5. "Sad news, sad news, Fair Eleanor,
Sad news I bring unto you.
I've come to ask you to my wedding;
Sad news it is for you."

6. She turned 'round, her tears fell down,
And to her mother she said:
"Mother, must I go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or must I leave it alone?"

7. "I will advise you a blessing, my daughter,
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go;

For if you stay, you'll have many a friend,
Where you would have many a foe."

8. She called all her merry maids down,
And dressed them all in green,
And every city that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

9. She rode up to Lord Thomas' hall
And knocked all at the ring;
And none was more willing than Lord Thomas himself
To arise and let her in.

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

11. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"Indeed, she's exceedingly brown,
Once you could have married the fairest lady
That ever the sun shone on."

12. "Hold your tongue, Fair Eleanor!
Don't throw her up to me.
I have more love for your little finger
Than the brown girl's whole body."

13. The brown girl having a sword in her hand,
It being both keen and sharp,
She thrust it into Fair Eleanor's side,
Which entered into her heart.

14. "What is wrong, Fair Eleanor?
What makes you look so pale?
When once I thought you the fairest lady
That ever the sun shone on."

15. "Are you blind, or can't you see?"
To Lord Thomas she cried,
"Can't you see my own heart's blood
Come trickling down my side?"

16. He took the sword from the brown girl's hand,
And led her from the hall.
He cut her head right off from the shoulders,
And kicked it against the wall.

17. Then Lord Thomas said "Go, dig my grave,
Go, dig it both wide and deep.
And place Fair Eleanor in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet."

26. "Lord Thomas"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 106(J). Sung by Mrs. Dorothy Freeman, Natural Dam, Ark., December 14, 1941.

a I/Ly

1. Oh mother, oh mother, go riddle this course,
Go riddle it all in one,
That I may go and marry fair Ellen
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. I've already riddled this course, she said,
I've riddled it all to one,
But I'll be secret with every blessing,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. Go saddle me up my little gray steed
And bring it unto me,
That I may go and marry fair Ellen
Or bring the brown girl home.

4. He rode and he rode to the head of the hall,
He knocked most clatters could ring,
But none was so willing as fair Ellen
To arise and let him in.

5. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she said,
What news have you brought to me?
I've come to invite, to invite you,
To invite you to my wedding.

6. Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle this course,
Come riddle it all in one,
That I may go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Ruther'n to tarry at home.

7. I've already riddled this course, she said,
I've riddled it all in one,
My daughter shall not go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
But she shall tarry at home.

8. I'll venture my life, I'll venture my death,
I'll venture anything may come,
But I am going to Lord Thomas's wedding
Ruther'n to tarry at home.

9. She dressed herself in roses red
And the wedding girl all in green,
And every city that they passed through
They was taken to be some queen.

10. They rode and they rode to the head of the hall,
They knocked most clatters could ring,
But none was so willing as Lord Thomas
To arise and let them in.

11. He took her by her little white hand
And led her across the hall,
And seated her down at the end of the table
Among the ladies all.

12. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she said,
Your bride looks wonderful brown,
When you could have married the fairest skin lady
That ever the sun shined on.

13. The brown girl had a little white knife,
The point it was wonderful sharp,
When she saw no one was enviewing her
She pierced fair Ellen's heart.

14. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she said,
Are you blind? Why caint you see,
Why caint you see my own heart's blood
Is a-flowing away from me?

15. He took the brown girl by the hand
And led her across the hall,
And with a sword he cut her head off
And dashed it against the wall.

16. He swung the sword down toward the earth
And then back toward his breast,
And said here is the end of three lovers,
Lord send our souls to rest.

17. Oh father, oh father, go dig our grave,
Go dig it wide and deep,
And place fair Ellen all in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

27. "Lord Thomas and Linda"

Sharp MSS., 631/. Sung by Susan Williams, Haselbury-Plucknett, September 2, 1905.

a M

This brown lady walked to and fro
With her pen knife long white and sharp
She fixed it at fair Linda's breast
And pierced her thro the heart

28. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour]

Sharp MSS., 529/603. Sung by Mrs. Eliza Small, Langport, August 8, 1905.

a M

One was buried in the chancel top
And the other was buried entire
The one sprang up a gallant rose
And the other a gilly flower.

And there they growed and turned and twined
Till they gained the chancel top
And then they turned and growed and twined
And tied in a true lover's knot.

29. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Sharp MSS., 4032/. Sung by Mrs. Nancy Messer, Hazard, Ky., September 14, 1917.

a π^1

The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none
O dear child of my consent
You'll bring the brown girl home.

30. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4443/. Sung by Mrs. Laura Beckett, St. Peter's School, Callaway, Va., August 16, 1918.

a π^2

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maid was dressed in green,
And ev'ry city that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

31. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elenor"

Davis, 1929, p. 568(A); text, p. 192. Sung by Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Miss Mary Mitchell, and Mrs. H. Hoffman, in Madison County, Va., November 3, 1920. Collected by John Stone and Mr. Carpenter.

a M

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold young man,
A keeper of our king's deer;
Fair Elenor was a fair lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. He went unto his mother dear,
"Mother dear, mother dear," says he,
"Must I marry the brown-skin girl
Or bring Fair Elenor home?"

3. "The brown-skin girl has house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none;

Therefore I charge you with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home."

4. He dressed himself in attire of red,
His man he trimmed in green;
And every village as he passed by
He was taken to be some king.

5. He rode up to Fair Ellen's door,
He knocked and so loudly it did ring;
There was none more ready than Fair Ellen herself
To rise and let him in.

6. "What news, what news have you brought unto me?
What news, what news?" says she.
"I've come to ask you to my wedding today."
"O that's sad news to me."

7. She went unto her old mother dear.
"Mother dear, mother dear," says she,
"O shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or stay at home with thee?"

8. "There'll be ten of your friends and ten of your foes,
And that you plainly see;
Therefore I charge you with my blessing
To tarry at home with me."

9. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maid she dressed in green;
In every village that she passed by
She was taken to be some queen.

10. She rode up to Lord Thomas' door
And knocked, and so loudly it did ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

11. He took her by her fair lily hand
And led her through the hall.
He seated her in a gold leaf chair
Among the quality all.

12. "Is this your beautiful bride, Lord Thomas?
I'm sure she is quite brown.
You could have married a fair-skin girl
As ever the sun shone on."

13. The brown-skin girl had a knife in her hand,
It was so keen and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the lungs
She pierced Fair Ellen's heart.

14. Lord Thomas he had a sword in his hand,
It was so rusty and dull;
He cut the head of his own bride off
And kicked it against the wall.

15. He put the handle next to the floor,
The point next to his heart.
Were there ever three lovers that met so soon,
So soon as these to part?

16. "O mother, mother, go dig my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep;
Bury Fair Ellen at my right side
And the brown-skin girl at my feet."

32. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4740/3303. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 130(Cc). Sung by Mrs. Ef Chrisóm, Cane Branch, Burnsville, N.C., October 3, 1918.

a π^2

1. O mother, O mother, come roll us down,
Come roll us all as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender
Or bring the brown girl home.*

†2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none.
If you want me to advise you for the best,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He dressed himself all in his best,
And the image it was broad;
And every town that he rode round,
They took him to be some lord.

4. He rode up to fair Ellender's gate,
He knocked so clear it did ring;
O who was there but fair Ellender herself
To rise and let him come in.

5. O mother, O mother, come roll us down,
Come roll us all as one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or stay and tarry at home.

6. You know that I have many friends,
Likewise a many a foe;
If I knew my death-coffin set in my door,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'd go.

7. She dressed herself all in her best,
The image it was green;
And every town that she rode round,
They took her to be some queen.

8. She rode up to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked so clear it did ring.
O who was there but Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her come in.

9. He took her by her lily-white hand,
   He led her to the hall;
   There were four and twenty gay ladies there,
   And she was the flower of them all.

†10. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your wife?
   I think she's wonderful brown.
   You once could have married as fair a one
   As ever the sun shined on.

†11. The brown girl she had a knife in her hand,
   It was both long, keen and sharp;
   Between the long ribs and the short,
   She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

12. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, are you blind,
   Or can't you not well see?
   O don't you see my own heart's blood
   Come trinkling to m[y] knee?

†13. He turned the handle towards the floor,
   The point towards his heart,
   Did you ever see three own true loves
   So sudden in death depart?

14. Go bury the brown girl at my head,
   Fair Ellender by my side.
   If we all had lived to have seen that day,
   Fair Ellender'd a-been my bride.

* The second half of the quatrain repeats in singing.
† 1932 omits stanzas 2-8, 10, 11, 13.

33. "The Brown Girl"

Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII, p. 314. Sung by Mrs. Ralph McDonald, Oakland City, Ind., April 27, 1935; learned from her mother.

a π^1

The words of this version are also in Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, pp. 66 ff.(E).

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
   A chaser of the king's deer.
   Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
   Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," said he,
   "Come riddle us both in one,
   Whether I shall marry with Fair Eleanor,
   Or bring the Brown Girl home."

3. "The Brown Girl has money.
   Fair Eleanor has none.
   Therefore I bid thee, Lord Thomas
   Go bring the Brown Girl home."

4. "Go saddle my horse, go bridle him quick,
   And bring him unto me
   That I may ask her . . . . . .
   To my blest wedding day."

5. He rode and he rode till he came to the gate;
   He rattled low on the rein (ring),
   And none was so ready as Fair Eleanor
   To rise and welcome him in.

6. "What news, what news?" said she to him;
   "Sad news, sad news," said he.
   "I come to ask you . . . . . .
   To my blest wedding day."

7. "Unriddle it, father; unriddle it, mother;
   Unriddle it unto me,
   Whether I should go to Lord Thomas's wedding
   Or shall I stay at home."

8. "At home, at home you know you have friends,
   And there you know you have none;
   Before I would go to Lord Thomas's wedding
   I'd rather stay at home."

9. She dressed herself in the finest of silk;
   Her waist was amazing green,
   And every city that she rode through,
   She was taken to be some queen.

10. She rode and she rode till she came to the gate;
   She rattled low on the rein;
   None was so ready as Lord Thomas
   To rise and welcome her in.

11. He took her by the lily-white hand
   And led her through the hall
   Where four-and-twenty fine ladies sat,
   The fairest one of them all.

12. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?
   I think she's a very dark brown,
   When once you might have had as fair a lady
   As ever the sun shone on."

13. The Brown Girl she had a knife in her hand,
   Both long and keen and sharp,
   And with its long sharp blade she pierced
   Fair Eleanor to the heart.

14. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, it's are you blind,
   Or can't you very well see
   . . . . . my own life's blood
   Come trickling down my knee?"

15. Lord Thomas he had a knife in his hand,
   Both long and keen and sharp;
   He cut off the Brown Girl's head
   And threw it against the wall.

16. He placed the handle against the wall
And the blade against his breast:
"Here goes three true lovers;
God send our souls to rest."

17. "Go dig my grave and dig it quick;
Dig it wide and deep;
Bury Fair Eleanor in my arms
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

34. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor"

Creighton, [1933], p. 8. Sung by Mrs. William McNab, Halifax, N.S.

a I

1. Lord Thomas he was a warrior bold
And wore a broadsword by his side,
Fair Ellinor she was a fair woman,
He wanted her for his bride.

2. "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," said he,
"And riddle us both in one,
Whether I shall marry with fair Ellinor
Or bring the brown girl home."

3. "The brown girl she has housin and lands,
Fair Ellinor she has none;"
"Betide my life, and betide my living,
I'll bring the brown girl home."

4. "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said,
"And riddle it all in one,
Whether I'll go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or whether I'll stay at home."

5. "There's many that are our friends, daughter,
And many that are our foes,
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

6. "There's many that are our friends, mother,
If a thousand were our foes,
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go!"

7. She dressed herself in rich array,
Her merry men all in green,
And every bower that she rode by
They took her to be a queen.

8. When she came to Lord Thomas' gate
She knocked so bold at the ring,
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To arise and let her in.

9. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall,
And he sat her on a golden chair
Among the ladies all.

10. "Is this your bride?" fair Ellinor said,
"Methinks she looks wonderful brown,
She might have had as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on."

11. This brown girl had a knife in her hand
Which was both keen and sharp,
And 'twixt the long ribs and the short
She pierced fair Ellinor's heart.

12. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side
Which was not sharp at all,
He cut the brown girl's head right off
And dashed it against the wall.

13. "O dig my grave," Lord Thomas he cried,
"Dig it both wide and deep,
And lay fair Ellinor by my side
And the brown girl at my feet."

35. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor"

Sharp MSS., 4562/3205. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 129(Bb). Sung by Mrs. Emily J. Snipes, Marion, N.C., September 5, 1918; learned from her father.

a I

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
A hunter of the king's deer.
Fair Ellinor was a fair lady,
Lord Thomas loved her dear.

2. Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother, he said,
Come riddle it both in one,
Whether I must marry fair Ellinor
Or bring the brown girl home.

3. The Brown girl she has gold and money,
Fair Ellinor she has none;
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing
Go bring the brown girl home.

4. He rode till he came to fair Ellinor's gate,
He loudly rang the bell.
And who so ready as fair Ellinor
To let Lord Thomas in.

5. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, fair Ellinor said,
What news do you bring to me?
I've come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that's sad news to thee.

6. Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother, she said,
And riddle it both in one.
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or whether I let it alone.

7. There's many there your friends, daughter,
And many there your foes,
Before I charge thee on my blessing
Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

8. There's hundreds are my friends, mother,
And thousands are my foes;
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

9. She dressed herself in costly array,
Her waiting-maids in green;
And every street that she rode through
They took her to be a queen.

10. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked at the ring.
And none so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Ellinor in.

11. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her in the hall,
He placed her in the noblest chair
Among the ladies all.

12. Is this your bride? fair Ellinor says,
I'm sure she's wonderful brown.
You might have married me, as fair a lady
As ever trod on ground.

13. Despise her not, Lord Thomas says,
Despise her not unto me,
For I like the tip of your little finger
More than her whole body.

14. The brown girl had a penknife,
It was both long and sharp;
Betwixt the long ribs and the lung (?)
She pierced fair Ellinor's heart.

15. Fair Ellinor, fair Ellinor, Lord Thomas said,
What makes you look so dun;
You used to wear as good a colour
As ever the sun shone on.

16. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, fair Ellinor cries,
Can you not plainly see
My own heart's blood streaming from my side?
Look what she's done to me.

17. He had a sword by his side
As he walked through the hall,
And he cut off the brown girl's head
And kicked it against the wall.

18. He called for his grave to be dug,
Go dig it wide and deep,
And bury fair Ellinor in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

19. He put the butt against the floor,
The point against his heart.
There never was three lovers, sure,
So soon they did depart.

36. "Lord Thomas and the Brown Girl"

Davis, 1929, p. 569(D, 11). Sung by Sis Sears, of Salem, Va., November 30, 1923. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

a I

This should be compared with the copy from the same singer seven years earlier (variant 120).

"O mother, dear mother, come riddle to me,
Come riddle to me the sport;
Shall I marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

37. "The Brown Girl," or "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Davis, 1929, p. 569(L); text, p. 212. Sung by Mrs. Dan Maxie (*née* Holland), Altavista, Va., March 9, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a I (inflected VII)

1. The brown girl had both house and lands,
Fair Ellender she had none.
"I would advise you, as a blessing,
To bring the brown girl home."

2. "Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle these sports,
Come riddle them all as one;
I'm going to invite fair Ellender
Unto my wedding tonight."

3. He rode and he rode till he came to the walls,
With jingles all and rings.
There was none so ready as fair Ellender herself
To rise and let him in.

4. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"What news do you bring to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,
Unto my wedding tonight."

5. "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"Bad news, bad news, indeed.
You promised that I was to be your bride,
And you the bridegroom be."

6. "Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle these sports,
Come riddle them all as one;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or dwell with thee at home."

7. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her wait-men she in green,
And every town that she rode through,
They taken her to be some queen.

8. She rode and she rode till she came to the walls,
With jingles all and rings.
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
For to rise and let her in.

9. He taken her by her lily-white hand
And led her across the hall;
He seated her down in a golden chair
Among the ladies all.

10. "And is that your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"She is the most dismal brown,
When you could have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on."

11. The brown girl she had a sharp-pointed knife,
It was both sharp and wide;
She stuck it in fair Ellender's side,
And it returned to her heart.

12. He taken the brown girl by the hand
And led her across the hall;
He took a sharp sword and cut her head off
And staved it against the wall.

13. "Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide and deep,
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet."

14. "What is the matter, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"What is the matter with you?"
"Oh, don't you see my own heart's blood
A-floating down by me?"

15. Here lies the death of three true loves.
God send them home to rest.

38. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4390/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 129(Aa). Sung by Mrs. Molly Agee, at Peaks of Otter, Bedford County, Va., July 24, 1918.

a M

O mother, O mother, come dig my grave,
Come dig it wide and deep;
And place fair Ellender by my side
And the brown girl at my feet.

39. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 107(3). Text from Leather, 1912, p. 200. Sung by F. Wheeler, a groom, near Weobley, Herefordshire, 1904.

a I

1. Lord Thomas, he was a bold forester,
A-keeping of the King's deer
Fair Elinor she was the fairest woman,
Lord Thomas he lovèd her dear.

2. "O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," he said,
"O riddle it both as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen, or not,
And leave the brown girl alone."

3. "The brown girl she've a-got houses and land,
Fair Ellen, she've a-got none;
Therefore I charge thee to my blessing,
The brown girl bring safe to home."

4. Lord Thomas he rode to fair Elinor's gates,
And loud he tirled at the pin,
There was none so ready as fair Elinor,
To let Lord Thomas in.

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"I'm come to invite thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

6. "O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"That any such thing should be done,
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And you to have been the bridegroom."

7. "O mother, come riddle, come riddle to me,
And riddle it all in one,
Whether I be to go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or whether to stay at home?"

8. "O daughter, I riddle your riddle,
I riddle it all in one,
(Two lines missing).

9. "There's thousands are your friends, daughter,
There's thousands are your foes,
Betide your life, betide your death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."

10. "There's thousands are my friends, mother,
There's thousands are my foes,
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go."

11. She drest herself in her scarlet red,
The merry maids drest in green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be the queen.

12. She rode on to Lord Thomas's door,
So loud did she pull at the ring;
None so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Elinor in.

13. "Is this your bride?" fair Elinor said,
"I think she looks wonderful brown,
You may have had as fair a woman,
As ever the sun shone on."

14. "Despise her not," Lord Thomas he said,
"Despise her not unto me,
For I love your little finger,
Better than her whole body."

15. The brown girl had got a little penknife,
Which was both keen and sharp,
Between the long ribs and the short
She pierced to fair Elinor's heart.

16. "Oh, what is the matter," Lord Thomas he said,
"I think you look wondrous wan,
You used to have as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on."

17. "Art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she says,
"Or canst thou not very well see?
Canst thou not see mine own heart's blood
Come trickling down my knee?"

18. Lord Thomas he had a long sword by his side,
As he walked through his hall;
Off he cut the brown girl's head,
And dashed it against the wall.

19. Lord Thomas he had a long sword in his hall,
He pointed it up to his heart;
Was it ever so soon they met,
Or ever so soon they did part . . . .

20. "Pray those that dig my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep;
And bury fair Elinor at my right hand,
And the little brown girl at my feet,
That if ever my mother she do pass by,
She may sit down and weep."

21. They grew and grew to a red rose-bud,
For thousands to admire,
They grew up to the chancel wall,
And the brown girl grew to a brier.

40. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Stout, 1936, p. 5. Sung by Mrs. Effie C. Stanley, Massena, Iowa.

a I

The original printing is in common time.

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a keeper of the king's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a fine lady,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. "Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother," he said,
"To riddle my riddle, come;
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

3. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,
And fair Eleanor, she has none;
Therefore, I charge you on my blessing,
To bring me the brown girl home."

4. As it befell on a high holiday,
As many more did beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor,
Who should have been his bride.

5. But when he came to fair Eleanor's bower,
He knocked there to come in;
And who so ready as fair Eleanor,
To let Lord Thomas in.

6. "What news, my love, Lord Thomas," she said,
"What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

7. "O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
"That such a thing should betide;
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,
And you to have been by my side."

8. "Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother," she said,
"And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or whether tarry at home?"

9. "There are many that are your friends, daughter,
And many that are your foe;
Therefore, I charge you on my blessing
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

10. "There's many that are my friends, Mother,
And if a thousand more were my foe;
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'd go."

11. She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green;
And as they rode through every town,
They took her to be a queen.

12. But when she came to Lord Thomas' gate,
She knocked there to come in;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Eleanor in.

13. "Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor said;
"Methinks she looks wonderful brown;
Thou might'st have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on."

14. "Despise her not, fair Ellen," he said,
"Despise her not unto me;
For better I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body."

15. The brown girl had a long pen-knife,
That was both long and sharp;
And between the long ribs and the short
Pierced fair Eleanor to the heart.

16. "Oh, Christ now help thee," Lord Thomas he said,
"Methinks thou look'st wondrous wan,
That used to look with as fresh a color
As ever the sun shone on."

17. "O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"Or can'st thou not very well see?
O dost thou not see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down to my knee?"

18. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walked about the hall
He cut off the brown girl's head from her shoulders
And threw it against the wall.

19. He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart;
There were never three lovers met
That sooner did depart.

41. "Lord Robert and fair Ellen"

Petrie, 1902-05, No. 795. From Dr. Kelly, Mayo.

a I

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Barry, 1929, p. xxxv, has a long note on this variant. The tune is a shorter form of Motherwell's "May Collean" (1827, App'x., No. 24; *ante*, Vol. I, p. 43, variant 3).

42. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3636/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 125(Q). Sung by Mrs. Sudie Sloan, Barbourville, Knox County, Ky., May 7, 1917.

a π^2

Come riddle, come riddle to me, dear mother,
Come riddle us all as one,
Had I better marry fair Ellender girl,
Or bring the brown girl home,
Or bring the brown girl home.

43. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3353/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 119 (F). Sung by Mrs. Addy Crane, at Flag Pond, Tenn., August 31, 1916.

a π^2

Lord Thomas Lord Thomas is this your bride
I think she's miserable brown
And you could have married as fair a skinned girl
As ever the sun shined on shined on
As ever the sun shined on.

44. [Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor]

Sharp MSS., 3389/. Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

a π^2

45. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3758/. Sung by Mrs. M. E. Vaughan, Berea, Ky., May 29, 1917.

a π^2

46. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4209/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(T). Sung by Mrs. Ada Maddox, Loch Laird, Buena Vista, Va., May 3, 1918.

a π^2

O mother dear, go dig my grave,
And dig it both wide and deep
And bring Cinderella by my side,
And the brown girl at my feet.

47. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4286/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(U). Sung by Mrs. Margaret J. Dodd, Beechgrove, Va., May 24, 1918.

a π^2

The brown girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Ellinor she has none,
I therefore charge you with all my blessing
Go bring the brown girl home.

48. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4616/. Sung by Mrs. Ida Banks, Burnsville, N.C., September 16, 1918.

a π^2

49. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4679/. Sung by Mrs. Luranie Robertson, Burnsville, N.C., September 24, 1918.

a π^2

50. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4707/. Sung by Mrs. Sina Boone, Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N.C., September 28, 1918.

a π^2

Mother, O Mother, come counsel me
Come counsel me both as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellinor,
Or bring the brown girl home,
Or bring the brown girl home.

51. "The Brown Girl"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 94(A). Contributed by Mrs. M. P. Bethel, Pineville, Mo., October 1, 1930.

a π^2

1. Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle me this,
Come riddle it all to one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender dear,
Or bring the brown girl home, home, home,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl she has horses an' land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
If I were at the all of my blessings
I'd bring the brown girl home, home, home,
I'd bring the brown girl home.

3. He mounted on his coal black steed,
An' rode within the ring,
An' there being none so ready as she
To rise an' let him in, in, in,
To rise an' let him in.

4. Good news, good news, good news, cried she,
Sad news, sad news, said he,
I've come to invite you to my wedding dinner,
Aint that sad news for thee, thee, thee,
Aint that sad news for thee?

5. She mounted on her milk white steed,
They rode within the ring,
An' there being none so ready as she
To rise an' let them in, in, in,
To rise an' let them in.

6. He took her by her lily-white hand
An' led her through the hall,
An' seated her there at the head of the table
Among the quality all, all, all,
Among the quality all.

7. The brown girl she had a little pen-knife,
The edge was keen an' sharp,
She pierced it through fair Ellender,
It entered near the heart, heart, heart,
It entered near the heart.

8. Oh Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she cried,
Oh Thomas, Lord Thomas, cried she,
Oh don't you see the blood of my heart
Come trickling down by me, me, me,
Come trickling down by me.

9. He took the brown girl by the hair
An' drug her across the floor,
He took out his sword an' cut off her head,
An' kicked it against the door, door, door,
An' kicked it against the door.

10. He placed a dagger against his breast,
His heels against the wall,
Saying this is the end of three true loves
An' I am the last of all, all, all,
An' I am the last of all.

11. Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide an' deep,
An' bury fair Ellender in my arms
An' the brown girl at my feet, feet, feet,
An' the brown girl at my feet.

52. "The Brown Girl"

Major, *PTFLS*, X (1932), p. 144. Sung by Lowell Bodiford, Dallas, Tex. Learned from his grandmother, from Kentucky.

a π^2

1. "Oh Mother, Oh Mother, unriddle my sport;
Unriddle it unto me:
It's must I go marry fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home to thee?"

2. "The brown girl she has house and land;
Fair Eleanor she has none;
Before I give you my last blessing,
Go bring the brown girl home."

3. "Go saddle my horse, unriddle my sport,
And I'll be on my way;
And I'll invite the fair Eleanor
Unto my wedding day."

4. He rode and he rode till he came to the hall;
He rapped it so loud it rung,
And no one was so ready as she
To rise and let him in.

5. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas,"
quoth she,
"Oh what's the news to be?"
"I have come to invite you
Unto my wedding day."

6. "Oh Mother, Oh Mother, unriddle my sport;
Unriddle it unto me:
It's must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or stay at home with thee?"

7. "Oh daughter, Oh daughter, it's my advice,
It's my advice to thee
To stay at home with me tonight,
And let that wedding be."

8. She held up her waving hand,
Saying, "One and two and three—
Go gear my wild stage horses,
Lord Thomas's wedding I'll see."

9. She dressed, she dressed in scarlet red,
Her waist it hung in green;
And in every tavern that she passed thru
They took her to be a queen.

10. She rode, and she rode till she came to the hall,
She rapped so loud it rung;
And no one was so ready as he
To rise and let her in.

11. He took her by her lily white hand,
And led her thru the hall,
And sat her down at the head of the table
Among the ladies all.

12. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas," quoth she,
"Is this your wonderful brown,
When you could have got as fair a lady
As ever trod shoes on ground?"

13. The brown girl had a knife in her hand,
Both long and wide and sharp;
She placed it against fair Eleanor's breast
And pierced it thru her heart.

14. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, I'm dying now—
The end, it soon will be;
Oh, can't you see my own heart's blood
A-running down to thee?"

15. He took the brown girl by the hand,
And led her thru the hall,
And, rallying his sword, cut off her head,
And kicked it against the wall.

16. "Oh Father, Oh Father, go dig my grave
Both long and wide and deep,
And bury fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet."

17. He put the handle against the wall—
The point was toward his breast;
Said, "Here is the end of three lovers,
Lord, take them home to rest."

53. [The Brown Girl]

Hudson, 1937, No. 21. Sung by Mrs. R. C. Jones and Mr. Frank Harmon, Oxford, Miss., between 1923 and 1930.

a π^2

He rode 'till he came to fair Rillander's gate
And tingled at the ring,
No one but fair Rillander herself
To let Lord Thomas in.

54. "Lord Thomas"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 37. Sung by Mrs. Joseph J. Beeman, Detroit, Mich., 1936; learned from her mother, a native of Ontario of English and French parentage.

a π^2

1. "Come riddle your rights, my mother dear,
Come riddle your rights once more.
Shall I marry fair Ellen or no,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

2. "The brown girl she has houses and lands;
Fair Ellen she has none;
Therefore I charge you with my blessing
Go bring the brown girl home."

3. He rode till he came to fair Ellen's gate
And jingled loud at the ring,
And who was there but fair Ellen herself
To let Lord Thomas in?

4. "What news? What news?" fair Ellen said,
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,
Most miserable news for thee."

5. "O God forbid," fair Ellen said,
"That such a thing should be;
I thought to be the bride myself,
And thou shouldst be the groom."

6. "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said;
"Come riddle it all for me.
Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or shall I stay at home?"

7. "O to Lord Thomas's wedding don't go;
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.
As many as are your friends, dear daughter,
There's more will be your foes."

8. "To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go;
If it costs my heart's blood, body and all,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

9. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate;
She jingled loud at the ring,
And none so eager as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

10. He took her by her lily-white hand;
He led her across the hall,
Placed her at the head of the table
Among the gentry and all.

11. "Is this your bride?" fair Ellen said,
"She's looking very brown,
When you might have had as fair a young bride
As e'er the sun shone on."

12. The brown girl having in her hand
A knife both long and sharp
Plunged it into fair Ellen's breast
And entered it deep in her heart.

13. "O are you blind?" fair Ellen cried.
"Or can you not well see?
O don't you see my own heart's blood
Go trickling down to my knee?"

14. He took the brown girl by the hand
And led her across the hall,
Took down his sword and cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall.

15. "O dig my grave," Lord Thomas he said,
"Dig it both wide and deep,
And lay fair Ellen in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet."

16. He points the handle towards the wall
The sharp end towards his breast,
Saying, "Here's the end of three true lovers;
God send their souls to rest."

55. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4672/. Sung by Mrs. Becky Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 22, 1918.

a M/D

56. [Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor]

Sharp MSS., 3571/. Sung by Solomon Williams, Webb's Creek, Sevier County, Tenn., April 18, 1917.

a π^2

She called her servants one by one,
She called them two by two:
Go march and saddle your milk white steed,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

57. "Fair Ellen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 393(E); text, p. 112. Sung by Walter Lambert, Cracker's Neck, Council, Va., c. 1932.

a π^2

Doubtless Sharp would have written this in 3/2 time.

1. Fair Ellen she has house and lands,
And the brown girl she has none.
If I would advise my dear son,
Go bring the brown girl home.

2. Jimmy Randolph invited fair Ellen for to come
She put on her lily brown dress,
The trimmings of hit were green,
And every town that she rode round
They taken her to be some queen.

3. She rode up to Jim Randolph's hall,
Though loud she jangle the bell,
No one was so ready to take her in
But Jimmy Randolph hisself.

4. He taken her by her lily white hands
And led her into the hall,
He set her down at the head of the table
Amongst the fair ladies all.

5. The brown girl she had a knife in her hand
Were keen and sharp its point.
She placed it against fair Ellen's ribs
And entered it into her heart.

6. What does it mean, Jimmy Randolph said,
What does it mean, cried he.
Don't you see my own heart's blood
A-trinkling on my knee?

7. He tuck the brown girl by her lily white hand
And led her into the hall,
And with a sword cut off her head
And she fell up against the wall.

8. The handle of the sword were against the wall,
And the pint were against his breast.
Here lies the dead of three true loves,
God send them all to rest.

58. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Sharp MSS., 3978/. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Lee County, Ky., September 6, 1917.

a π^2

The brown girl she holds house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none.
Before I charge you with my own blessing,
Go home and bring the Brown Girl home.

59. "Lord Thomas"

Morris, 1950, p. 268. Sung by Mrs. C. S. McClellan, High Springs, Fla. Learned from her mother, of Starke and Lawtey.

a π^2

1. "Oh Mother, oh Mother, come riddle us two
Come riddle us two in one;
Must I marry fair Ellen, my dear,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"

2. He dressed himself in a suit of red;
His fairmen all in green;
And every town that he passed through,
He was takened to be a king.

3. He rode up to fair Ellen's door,
All jingling in the rings,
And none was so ready as to let him in,
As fair Ellen, his own dear.

4. "Sad news, sad news to you I bring,
Sad news to you I declare;
I come to invite you to my wedding,
Sad news, sad news I declare."

5. "Oh God forbid that ever such news,
That ever such news I should hear,
For I the bride had took it to be,
And you the groom would be."

6. "Oh Mother, oh Mother, come riddle us two,
Come riddle us two in one.
Must I stay here and tarry all night,
Or to Lord Thomas's wedding go?"

7. "So tired of your life, beware of your death,
To Lord Thomas's don't go."
"I'll be tired of my life, beware of my death,
To Lord Thomas's I'll go."

8. She dressed herself in a suit of red,
Her fair maids all in green.
And every town that they passed through,
They took her to be a queen.

9. They rode up to the Brown Girl's door,
All jingling in the rings,
And none so willing to let her in,
As Lord Thomas, her own dear.

10. He took her by her lily-white hand,
He led her in the hall;
He placed her at the head of the table,
Among the merry maids all.

11. The Brown Girl spoke up and said,
Spoke up as if for spite,
Saying, "Where did you get the water, my pretty fair lady,
That washes your hands so white?"

12. "In father's garden there is a well,
Which flows both wide and deep.
And you may search there till you go blind,
That well you never could find."

13. The Brown Girl she had a penknife
That was both keen and sharp;
She pierced it through the long ribs short,
She pierced it through fair Ellen's heart.

14. "Oh, what is the matter, fair Ellen, my dear?
What makes you look so pale?
You used to be as fair a lady,
As ever the sun shone on."

15. "Oh, don't you see, Lord Thomas," she said,
"What is the matter with me?
My own heart's blood came trickling down,
Came trickling down, you see."

16. Lord Thomas, he had a sword in his hand,
Which was both keen and sharp;
He cut off the head of his own Brown Girl
And kicked it against the wall.

17. He bent his sword all to the floor,
He pierced it through his heart.
Well met, well met, three lovers well met,
But sadly did they part.

18. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Through thunders may I sleep;
Go bury fair Ellen at my side,
The Brown Girl at my feet."

From *Folksongs of Florida* by Alton C. Morris. Published by the University of Florida Press. Used by permission.

60. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3511/2593. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 120(H); and Davis, 1929, p. 570; text, p. 220. Sung

by Mrs. Kate Campbell, Woodridge, Va., September 21, 1916.

a I/M

"O mother, O mother, O mother," says he,
"Pray tell your willing mind,
Whether I must marry fair Ellington,
Or bring the brown girl home."

"The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellington she has none.
If I must charge you with all my heart,
Go bring the brown girl home."

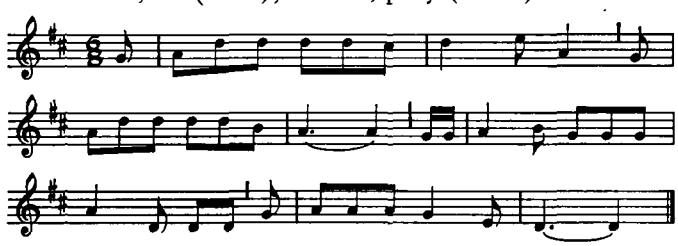
He rode up to fair Ellington's house,
And loudly at the ring.
And none was so ready as Ellington
As to rise and welcome him in.

"Good news, good news, good news, good news,
Good news I bring to thee.
I've come to invite you unto my wedding,
Unto my wedding day."

61. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4605/. Sung by Jack Bennett, Burnsville, N.C., September 14, 1918.

If on D, a I (—III); if on G, p Ly (—VII)



Possibly Sharp neglected to naturalize the C in the first bar.

Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?
I think she looks wonderful brown,
When you might have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

"Mr. Jack Bennett is brother of Mr. Sam Bennett, husband of Mrs. Virginia Bennett." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

62. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4440/. Sung by Mrs. Geno Guillams, at St. Peter's School, Callaway, Va., August 15, 1918.

a M

O mother, O mother, come riddle the sport,
Come riddle it all as one,
Must I marry fair Ellinor,
Or bring the brown girl home,
Go bring the brown girl home,
Go bring the brown girl home,
The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellinor she has none.

63. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4421/. Sung by Mrs. Lucy O. Wimmer, at St. Peter's Mission, Franklin County, Va., August 13, 1918.

a M

Come riddle me mother, come riddle me now,
Come riddle me now as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellinor,
Or bring the Brown girl home.

64. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Sharp MSS., 4045/. Sung by Hillard Smith, Hindman, Ky., September 20, 1917.

m π^1

The note in variant (c) is illegible in photostat.

O mother, O mother go riddle my sport,
Go riddle it all as one

Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or tarry at home with thee?

65. [Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor]

Sharp MSS., 4169/. Sung by Mrs. Cleaver Mayo, Greenwood, Va., April 24, 1918.

a I/M

O mother, O mother come riddle the sport,
Come riddle it all at one
Whether I shall marry fair Ellendur
Or bring the brown girl home.

66. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4222/. Sung by Hercy Coffey, White Rock, Va., May 8, 1918.

a I/M

The brown girl she has houses and land
Fair Ellender she has none
Therefore I charge you with all my blessing
Go bring the brown girl home.

"Hercy Coffey is Mrs. Fanny Coffey's son, a young man about 22. And Mrs. Coffey is Mr. Alex Coffey's (the miller's) daughter. Alex Coffey the miller and Alex Coffey my host are not related in any way." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

67. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4304/. Sung by Joseph Agee, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., June 2, 1918.

a I/M

N.B. that second half belongs to a π^2 system (—III, VII).

68. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4496/3162. Sung by Mrs. Sarah Virginia Cannady, Endicott, Franklin County, Va., August 22, 1918.

a I/M

1. O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle it all as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
Therefore I advise you with all my blessing
To bring the brown girl home.

3. Go saddle up my milk-white horse,
Go saddle him up with speed;
I'm going to invire* fair Ellender
To come to my wedding.

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

5. What news, what news, Lord Thomas? she cried.
What news do you bring to me?
I come to invite you to my wedding.
Is that good news to thee?

6. Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas, she replied,
Bad news you bring to me.
I thought I was to be the bride,
And you the bridegroom to be.

7. O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle it all as one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or tarry with you at [h]ome.

8. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her waiting-maids in green;
And every city that she rode through
They taken her to be some queen.

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

10. He taken her by her lily-white hand
And led her through the hall;

He set her down at the head of the table
Among the ladies all.

11. Is this your wife, Lord Thomas? she cried.
I think she's wonderful brown,
When you could have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on.

12. The brown girl had a little penknife
Which was both keen and sharp;
She pierced it into fair Ellender's side,
Which entered near her heart.

13. What's the matter, what's the matter? Lord Thomas, he cried.
What is the matter with thee?
O don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down from me.

14. He taken the brown girl by the hand,
He led her through the hall.
He drew a bright sword and cut her head off
And stove it against the wall.

15. O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
And dig it wide and deep,
And bury fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

16. He placed the sword against the wall,
The point against his breast.
Here is the death of three true lovers.
God send them home to rest.

* *Sic* typescript, but probably an error.

69. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4556/. Sung by Mrs. W. L. Godfrey, Marion, N.C., September 4, 1918.

a I/M

O mother, O mother, come riddle it now,
Come riddle it both in one;
Whether I shall marry Fair Ellinor
Or bring the brown girl home.

70. "The Brown Girl"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Contributed by Mrs. Sutton, with accompaniment. Also, with phrases re-ordered, in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 35(J).

a I/M

Oh father and mother come tell this riddle
Come tell this riddle to me
The brown girl she has house and lands,
Fair Eleanor she has none

[*No more words*]

71. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4757/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 131(Ee). Sung by Mrs. Mary Blankenshipp, Price's Creek, Burnsville, N.C., October 5, 1918.

a M

Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your wife?
I think she's very brown,
When you might have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shined on.
He took the brown girl by the hand,
And led her through the hall
He took his sword, cut off her head,
And kicked it against the wall.

72. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4335/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 127(V). Sung by Mrs. Laura Donald, Dewey, Va., June 6, 1918.

a D/M

The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none,
It's I will charge you with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home.

73. "Lord Thomas"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 392(C); text, p. 109. Sung by Miss Polly Morris, Yellow Branch, Pirkey, Va., c. 1932; learned from her father. Text as written down by singer.

a π^2

1. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, a brave young soldier,
   a captain of the war,
   Fair Ellen, fair Ellen, a beautiful damsel,
   Lord Thomas loved her so.

2. He asked releaf of his dear old mother,
   which girl he must bring home.
   I must charge you with all my care,
   Go bring the brown girl home.

3. The brown girl she has house and land,
   Fair Ellen she has none.
   If I might charge you with all my heart,
   go bring the brown girl home.

4. He mounted on his milk-white steed,
   His bridle and saddle was brought,
   He road tell he come to Fair Ellen hall,
   so loud he Rapted the ring.

5. Good news, good news, to you, fair Ellen,
   Good news, good news to you.
   I've come to invite you to my wedding,
   and aint it good news to you?

6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
   her riding dress was green,
   And every town that she rode by
   They taken her to be some queen.

7. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas hall,
   So loud she raped the ring.
   There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
   To arise and welcome her in.

8. Is this your brown girl, says fair Ellen,
   I am sure she is wondrous brown.
   You once could have married as fair skin girl
   as ever the sun shined on.

9. The brown girl she having a keeping knife,
   it being both keen and sharp,
   Between their long rib and the short
   she pearced fair Ellen's heart.

10. What's the matter, what's the matter, lord Tomas say,
    You look as pale as death.
    You once did have as red-rose cheeks
    as ever the sun shined on.

11. Lord Tomas, Lord Tomas,
    oh can't you very well see?
    Oh can't you see my own heart's blood
    come twinkling down by me?

12. Lord Tomas he had a dirk in his house,
    it being both kean and sharp,
    And with it he cut off his own bride's head
    and knocked it against the wall.

13. He threw the handle on the floor
    the Point on to his heart.
    Did you ever see three true lovers meet
    as quick as these three did part?

74. "The Brown Girl"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 391(A); text, p. 106. Sung by Mrs. Evelyn Collier, Roach's Run, Pirkey, Va., c. 1932; learned from her father.

a π^2

1. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, the brave young soldier,
   The captain of them all,
   Fair Ellen, fair Ellen, the beautiful damsel,
   Lord Thomas loved them all.

2. He asked his kind old mother
   Which girl he must bring home.
   If I must charge you with all my heart
   Go bring the Brown Girl home.

3. The Brown Girl she has house and lands,
Fair Ellen, she has none.
If I must charge you with all my heart,
Go bring the Brown Girl home.

4. He called for his bridle, he called for his saddle,
He called for his milk-white steed.
He rode till he came to Fair Ellen's home
And loudly tapped and called.

5. Good news, good news, to you, Fair Ellen,
Good news, good news to you.
I've come to invite you to my wed[d]ing,
And isn't that good news to you?

6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her riding skirt was green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

75. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3813/. Sung by Mrs. Julie Williams, Hot Springs, N.C., July 27, 1917.

a D/M

Again the "Daemon Lover" (Child No. 243) and "John Hardy" form of the tune.

Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellender's gate,
He knocked both loud and clear,
No one was ready but fair Ellender herself
To rise and let him come in
To rise and let him come in
To rise and let him come in. . .

76. "Lord Thomas and Brown Maid"

Sharp MSS., 391/522. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 109(5). Sung by Mrs. Anna Pond, Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset, September 3, 1904.

a M

This version is sung by A. L. Lloyd on Riverside RLP 12-628, (B4), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

1. A hundred of thy friends, dear child,
A hundred of thy foes,
Before I beg thee with all my blessings
For Lord Thomas his wedding don't go.

2. She dressed herself in rich and pearls,
Her merriments all in green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

3. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas' house,
She knocked and she ring.
There was no one so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To take fair Linda in.

4. He tooked her by her lily-white hand
He led her through the hall,
He sat her down in the noblest chair
Amongst those ladies all.

5. Lord Thomas, she cried, is that thy bride?
She looked most awfully brown.
Well you could have had such a fair young girl
That ever trod English ground.

6. The brown girl was hearing of this discourse
With the pen-knife all in her hand.
Between the long ribs and the short
She pricked fair Linda's heart.

7. Lord Thomas, she cried, O are you blind,
Or can't you very well see.
O don't you see mine own heart bleed
Come trinkling down to my knees.

8. Lord Thomas he walked up and down in the room
With his sword hung by his side.
He took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders
And slung it against the wall.

9. There's one towards the brown girl, he cried,
There's another towards my heart.
There is never three lovers should meet together
Whatever shall soon depart.

77. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Henry, 1938, p. 60. Sung by Sam Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tenn., August 1928. Learned from his grandfather, from England.

a π^2

The barring has been revised throughout by the present editor.

1. "Come, tell to me, dear mother," he says,
"Come, tell to me your desire:
It's whether I marry fair Ellender or no,
Or bring you the brown girl home,
Or bring you the brown girl home."

2. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Ellender, she has none.
For a blessing, my own dear son,
Go, bring the brown girl home,
Go, bring the brown girl home."

3. He dressed his pavage all in green:
Hisself he dressed in white;
And every town that he rode through,
They tuk him to be some knight,
They tuk him to be some knight.

4. He rode till he came to fair Ellender's gate.
He dingled low at the ring;
None is so ready as Ellender herself
To rise and welcome him in,
To rise and welcome him in.

5. "What news, what news," fair Ellender says,
"What news you brung to me?"
"No news, no news," Lord Thomas, he says,
"Only come to my wedding,
Only come to my wedding."

6. "Bad news, bad news," fair Ellender says,
"Bad news, you brung to me.
For I thought to be the bride myself
And you the bride-groom to be,
And you the bride-groom to be."

7. "Come, tell to me, dear mother," she says,
"Come, tell to me your desire:
As to whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or dine at home with thee,
Or dine at home with thee."

8. "Great many of your friends will be there;
And great many more of your foes;
And for a blessing, my own dear child,
Come, dine at home with me,
Come, dine at home with me."

9. "Great many of my friends will be there;
Great many more of my foes;
And let me be dead or alive
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go."

10. She dressed her pavage all in white;
Herself she dressed in green;
And every town that she rode through,
They tuk her for to be some queen,
They tuk her for to be some queen.

11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate;
She dingled low at the ring;
And none is so ready as Thomas himself
To rise and welcome her in,
To rise and welcome her in.

12. "Is this your young bride?" fair Ellender says,
"She looks so wonderfulest brown.
For you might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on,
As ever the sun shone on."

13. "Hold your tongue," Lord Thomas, he says,
"Throw none of your flouts on me;
I love the end of your little finger
Better than the brown girl's whole body,
Better than the brown girl's whole body."

14. The brown girl had a little pen-knife;
Was brazed in metal so free.
She pierced fair Ellender to the heart;
She gave her a dead-lie blow,
She gave her a dead-lie blow.

15. He tuk her by her lily-white hand,
And led her through chambers three,
And led her to his own bed-side,
And pulled her down on his knee,
And pulled her down on his knee.

16. "What's the matter, what's the matter," Lord Thomas says,
"You look so wonderfulest pale?
You use to look as red as a rose;
But now your color doth fail,
But now your color doth fail."

17. "Are you blind, are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says,
"Or can't you very well see?
Or don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trickerling down my knee,
Come trickerling down my knee?"

18. "I am not blind," Lord Thomas, he says,
"And I can very well see.
And now I see your own heart's blood
Come trickerling down thy knee,
Come trickerling down thy knee."

19. Lord Thomas had a two-edged sword;
Was brazed in metal so free.
He tuk and cut off the brown girl's head
And stove it against a tree,
And stove it against a tree.

20. "Go, dig a grave," Lord Thomas, he says,
"And dig it both wide and deep,
And lay fair Ellender in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet,
And the brown girl at my feet."

21. He turned the point of the sword against his heart,
The butt against the wall;
And these are the last words Lord Thomas did say
Before his dead body did fall,
Before his dead body did fall.

78. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 39(Q). Sung by Mrs. Ephraim Stamey; recorded at Altamont, Avery County, N.C., July 14, 1940.

a π^1

Lord Thomas dressed himself all up,
He dressed in red and green.
And ev'ry town that he rode round
They've taken him to be some Lord.

79. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), by 69. Sung by Mrs. M. Schaupp, Columbus, Ohio, July 1937. Learned from Katherine Carr, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

a I

I riddle, I riddle, dear mother said she,
I riddle it all in one,
Whether I should go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or I should stay at home.

80. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Smith, 1928, p. 112(B). Sung by Miss Katharine Drayton M. Simons, Summerville, S.C.; learned from her grandmother.

a I

The copy has been re-barred throughout, but the note-values are unchanged.

1. Lord Thomas, he was a bold forester,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Fair Eleanor, she was a brave woman,
Lord Thomas, he loved her dear!

2. "Now, riddle my riddle, dear Mother," he cried,
"And riddle it all into one;
For whether to marry the Fair Eleanor,
Or bring you the Brown Girl home?"

3. "The Brown Girl, she hath both houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor, she hath none;
Therefore I charge you, upon my blessing,
To bring me the Brown Girl home!"

4. He clothed himself in gallant attire,
His merrymen all in green;
And every borough that he rode thorough,
They took him to be some king.

5. And, when he reached Fair Eleanor's bower,
He knocked thereat, therein,
And, who so ready as Fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in?

6. "What news? What news, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"What news dost thou bring unto me?"
"I come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is sad news for thee!"

7. "Now Heaven forbid, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"That any such thing should be done!
I thought to have been, myself, the bride,
And thou to have been the bridegroom!"

8. "Now, riddle my riddle, dear Mother," she cried,
"And riddle it all into one.
For whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I tarry at home?"

9. "There be many that be thy friend, Daughter,
But a thousand be thy foe:
Therefore I charge thee, upon my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go!"

10. "There be many that be my friend, Mother,
Though a thousand be my foe:
So, betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go!"

11. She decked herself in gallant attire,
Her tiremen all in green;
And every borough that she rode thorough,
They took her to be some queen.

12. And, when she reached Lord Thomas's door,
She knocked thereat, therein;
And who so ready as Lord Thomas
To let Fair Eleanor in?

13. "Be this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"Methinks she looks wondrous brown!
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman
As ever the sun shone on!"

14. "Despise her not, Fair Ellen!" he cried.
"Despise her not unto me!
For better I love thy little finger
Than all of her whole body!"

15. The Brown Girl, she had a little pen-knife,
Which was both long and sharp;

And between the broad ribs and the short,
She pierced Fair Eleanor's heart!

16. "O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"Or canst thou not plainly see
My own heart's blood run trickling down,
Run trickling down to my knee?"

17. Lord Thomas, he had a sword at his side,
And, as he walked up the hall,
He cut the bride's head from her shoulders
And flung it against the wall!

18. He placed the hilt against the ground,
The point against his heart!
So, never three lovers together did meet,
And sooner again did part!

19. They buried Fair Ellen beneath an oak tree,
Lord Thomas beneath the church spire;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar!

20. They grew and they grew, till they reached the church top;
They grew till they reached the church spire;
And there they entwined in a true-lover's-knot,
For true-lovers all to admire!

81. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Davis, 1929, p. 568(B); text, p. 194. Sung by Miss Jennie Nelson, Rustburg, Va., May 24, 1924. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a I

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
A keeper of the King's deer;
Lady Eleanor was a fair ladye,
She loved Lord Thomas dear.

2. " 'Tis time you were wed," his mother she said,
" 'Tis time you were wed," said she.
"So, son, I charge you upon my blessing
To bring home a bride to me."

3. "Then riddle this riddle, my mother," he said,
"And riddle it well," said he.
"Full long have I loved the fair Eleanor,
And the brown girl she loves me."

4. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor she has none;
So, son, I charge you upon my blessing
To bring me the brown girl home."

5. Lord Thomas he rode to fair Eleanor's door,
With his merrie men all in green;
And who so ready as fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in?

6. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"What news do you bring to me?"
"I've come to bid you to my wedding,
And that is sad news for thee."

7. "Sad news, sad news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"They fill my heart with gloom;
For I thought myself to have been the bride,
And you to have been the bridegroom."

8. Lady Eleanor mounted her milk-white steed,
With her merrie men all in green;
And every borough that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

9. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"Methinks she looks wondrous brown;
You might have married the fairest woman
That ever trod English ground."

10. "Nay, blame her not, fair Ellen," he cried,
"Nay, blame her not to me;
For better I love thy little finger
Than the brown girl's whole body."

11. The brown girl took her little pen-knife,
Which was both long and sharp,
And 'twixt the short ribs and the long
She pierced fair Eleanor's heart.

12. "Now how is this, fair Ellen?" he cried,
"Methinks you look wondrous wan;
You used to be the fairest woman
That ever the sun shone on."

13. "Oh, what is this, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"And can you not very well see,
That this is now my own heart's blood
Comes trickling down to my knee?"

14. Lord Thomas he wore a sword by his side,
It leaped from his side with a bound.
It touched the brown girl on the throat;
Her head rolled on the ground.

15. The hilt against a tree he placed;
The point against his heart.
Did ever true lovers so sadly meet,
So sadly soon to part?

16. They laid them both in the old churchyard,
They buried them in the church choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a white rose,
And out of hisn a brier.

17. They grew to the top of the old church tower,
And when they could grow no higher
They twined themselves in a true lovers' knot
For (all) true lovers to admire.

82. "The Brown Girl"

Arnold, 1950, p. 108. Sung by Corie Lambert, Mobile, Ala., 1945. Learned from her maternal grandmother.

a I, ending on VIII

1. It's a riddle, it's a riddle, oh my dear mother,
To make us both as one
Say shall I marry Fair Ellen,
Or bring the brown girl home,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl has a house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none.
I'll ask it all to you as a blessing
To bring the brown girl home.
To bring the brown girl home.

3. He rode till he reached fair Ellen's door,
A knot pulled down the ring,
And none were so ready as fair Ellen herself
For to rise and let him come in.
For to rise and let him come in.

4. "Oh what is the matter, Lord Thomas," said she
"Oh what is the matter with thee?"
"I've come to ask you to my wedding."
"Oh, that is bad news for me.
Oh, that is bad news for me."

5. "It's a riddle, it's a riddle, oh my dear mother,
To make us both as one:
Say, shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or tarry at home alone,
Or tarry at home alone."

6. "Oh, tarry, oh tarry, oh my dear daughter
Oh tarry at home alone,
For if you go to Lord Thomas' wedding
It's killed you're sure to be,
It's killed you're sure to be."

7. She dressed herself in scarlet red;
The rest were dressed in green,
And as she rode along the street,
She was taken for to be some queen,
She was taken for to be some queen.

8. She rode till she reached Lord Thomas' door,
The knot pulled down the ring,
And none was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
For to rise and let her come in,
For to rise and let her come in.

9. He took her by her lily white hand
And led her through the hall
And sat her down at the end of the table
Among the merry men,
Among the merry men.

10. "If this is your bride, Lord Thomas," says she,
"I am sure she is very brown,
When you could have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on,
As ever the sun shined on."

11. The brown girl had a little pen knife,
The point was keen and sharp.
Between the long ribs and the short
She pierced fair Ellen's heart,
She pierced fair Ellen's heart.

12. "Oh what is the matter?" Lord Thomas said,
"Oh what is the matter with thee?
To see my own true love's heart blood
Come trickling down by me,
Come trickling down by me."

13. He took the brown girl by the hand
And led her through the hall,
Drew out his sword, cut off her head,
And kicked it against the wall,
And kicked it against the wall.

14. "Oh father, oh father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and deep,
And bury the sharp sword at my side,
The pen knife at my feet,
The pen knife at my feet."

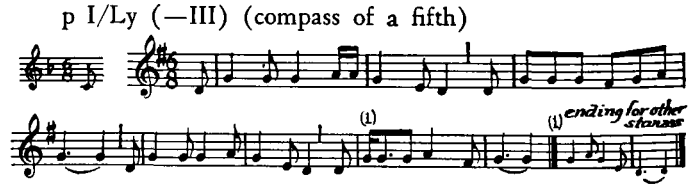
15. "Oh brother, oh brother, go make my coffin
And make it long and wide,
And bury fair Ellen in my arms,
And the brown girl by my side,
And the brown girl by my side."

16. He placed the sharp sword on the floor,
His back upon it lay.
He pierced the pen knife in his breast,
"Here comes three lovers all at once;
Lord, send our souls to rest."

83. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 30(A). From Dr. F. C. Brown; singer unknown.

p I/Ly (—III) (compass of a fifth)



Lord Thomas he being a bold young man
And keeper of our king's deer
Fair Ellen she being a clever young woman
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

84. [Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor]

Sharp MSS., 3958/. Sung by Mrs. Berry Creech, Greasy Creek, Pine Mountain, Ky., August 31, 1917.

p π^1 (—VI)

Go riddle, go riddle, dear mother, he said,
Go riddle the riddle at one;
Must I go marry the brown girl,
Or bring fair Ellender home?

85. "The Brown Girl," or "Fair Eleanor"

Smith, 1928, p. 115(C). Also in Sandburg, 1927, p. 156 (with differences). Sung by Miss Tressie Pierce, Columbia, S.C. Learned in North Carolina.

a π^1

1. "The Brown Girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor she has none;
The best advice I can give you, my son,
Is to bring the Brown Girl home,
Is to bring the Brown Girl home."

2. He dressed himself in scarlet red,
And rode all over the town;
And everybody that saw him that day,
Thought he was the King.

3. He rode till he came to Fair Eleanor's door,
And tingled at the ring;
And none so ready as Fair Eleanor,
To arise and let him in.

4. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she said,
"What news have you for me?"
"I've come to ask you to my weddin'.
Tomorrow is the day.
Tomorrow is the day."

5. "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas," she said,
"Bad news, to me;
You've come to ask me to your weddin',
When I thought your bride I was to be."

6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
And rode all over the town;
And everybody that saw her that day,
Took her to be the Queen.
Took her to be the Queen.

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

8. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"I'm sure, she's wonderful Brown;
You might have had as fair a young bride,
As ever the sun shone on,
As ever the sun shone on."

9. The Brown Girl, she had a long pen-knife,
'Twas wonderful long and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the long,
She pierced Fair Eleanor's heart,
She pierced Fair Eleanor's heart.

10. "Fair Eleanor, what makes you look so pale?
You used to look so red;
You used to have two rosy red cheeks,
And now you've nary one,
And now you've nary one."

11. "Oh, don't you see, or can't you see,
The knife that was pierced in me?
Oh don't you see my own heart's blood,
A-tricklin' to my knee,
A-tricklin' to my knee?"

12. Lord Thomas had a long broad-sword,
It was wonderful long and sharp,
He cut the head of the Brown Girl off,
And kicked it against the wall,
And kicked it against the wall.

13. "Go dig my grave under yonders green tree,
Go dig it wide and long;
And bury Fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the Brown Girl at my feet,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

GROUP Bb

86. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour]

Sharp MSS., 1336/. Sung by Mrs. Marchant, Bridgwater, April 8, 1907.

p I

87. (No title)

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 260(11); text, p. 256; additional stanzas supplied to editor by Miss Musick. Sung by Mrs. Edna Wright, Farmington, W.Va. From Mrs. Eddy.

m I (inflected IV?) ending on II

Query whether the C before the mid-cadence was not sharped?

1. Lord Thomas he was a gay forester;
He was lord of many a town;
He fell in love with Fair Elendar,
The fairest of all around.

2. "Come riddle, come riddle to me, dear Mother,
Come riddle to me this one,
Whether I shall marry Fair Elendar
Or bring the Brown Girl home."

3. "The Brown Girl she has house and lands;
Fair Elendar she has none;
Therefore I charge you, with my blessing,
Go bringeth the Brown Girl home."

4. He dressed himself in linen so fine,
His merry men all in green,
And every town that he rode through
They took him to be some king.

5. He rode till he came to Fair Elendar's door;
He loudly jingled the ring;
And none was so ready as Fair Elendar
To arise and let him in.

6. "What news? What news, Lord Thomas," she said,
"What news do you bring to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding.
It's very sad news for me."

7. "It's very sad news indeed," said she;
"It fills my soul with gloom,
For I expected your bride to be
And you to be the groom."

8. "Come riddle, come riddle, my own dear mother;
Come riddle us both as one;
Shall I attend Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or should I tarry at home?"

9. "Come riddle, come riddle, my own dear daughter;
There thousands may be your foes;
I charge you once, with my blessing,
I'd rather you'd tarry at home."

10. "Yes, some may be our friends, dear Mother,
Whilst others may be our foes;
But if it be the cause of my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

11. She dressed herself in silk so fine,
Her maidens all in green,
And every town that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

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

13. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall,
And gave to her the highest seat
Among the ladies all.

14. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" said she;
"I think she is wondrous brown;
You could have married the fairest lady
That ever the sun shone on."

15. "Oh, don't despite her, Fair Elendar;
Oh, don't despite her to me;
I love your little finger better
Than the Brown Girl's whole bodie."

16. The Brown Girl spoke up and said,
Spoke up as if in spite,
"Where do you get the water, my fair lady,
That washes your hands so white?"

17. "In Father's garden there is a well,
And if you'd search till you're blind,
Although it flows both wide and deep,
That well you never could find."

18. The Brown Girl drew a penknife from her bosom;
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the long ribs and the short,
She pierced Fair Elendar's heart.

19. "Oh, are you sick?" Lord Thomas said;
"What makes you look so pale?
Once you had as rosy red cheeks
As ever my eyes beheld."

20. "Oh, are you blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"Or can't you very well see
That my own heart's blood
Is trickle-ing to my knee?"

21. Lord Thomas drew his sword from its sheath,
And there in the marble hall,
He quickly cut off the Brown Girl's head
And kicked it against the wall.

22. Then placing the handle against the floor,
With the point he pierced his heart.
Well met, well met, three lovers met,
So sadly they did part.

23. "Go dig my grave in yonder church yard;
Go dig it long and deep:
And bury Fair Elendar by my side,
The Brown Girl at my feet."

88. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4252/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(W). Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Berry, Nellysford, Va., May 20, 1918.

p I/M

89. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4310/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(X). Sung by Hiram Dooley, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., June 2, 1918.

p I

The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellen she has none,
O shall I have fair Ellen
Or bring the brown girl home?

90. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4324/. Sung by Mrs. Lamson Gray and Mrs. Smelts, Montvale, Va., June 4, 1918.

p I

The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellinor she has none,
I charge you now with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home.

91. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4382/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(Z). Sung by Mrs. Molly E. Bowyer, Villamont, Va., June 10, 1918.

p I

92. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4364/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 128(Y). Sung by Mrs. Rhoda Gray, Montvale, Va., June 8, 1918.

p I/M

Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother, said he,
Come riddle us both as one.
O must I go and marry fair Ellen,
Or bring the brown girl home?

"Mrs. Rhoda Gray lives with Mrs. Julia Gray (78), mother of Mrs. Lamson Gray, in a log cabin 2 and ½ miles up the mountains from Lamson Gray's." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

93. "The Brown Girl"

Hudson, 1937, No. 13. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long and Miss Ila Long, between 1923 and 1930.

p M

1. "Come riddle, come riddle, my old mother dear,
Come riddle us both as one:
Whether I shall marry fair Rillinder,
Or bring the brown girl home."

2. "The brown girl she has houses and land,
Fair Rillinder she has none,
If I'm to make the choice myself,
I'll say, bring the brown girl home."

3. He dressed himself in robes of red,
His crown so merry and green,
And ev'ry town that he came to,
They took him to be the king.

4. He rode till he came to fair Rillinder's gate,
And tingled at the ring,
There was no one but fair Rillinder herself,
To let Lord Thomas in.

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news have you brought for me?"
"I've come to bid you to my wedding
And that's the news for thee."

6. "Come riddle, come riddle, my old mother dear,
Come riddle us both as one:
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomases wedding
Or shall I stay at home?"

7. "You know you have but few friends there,
Where are thousands more of all,
And if I'm to make the choice myself,
You'll tarry all day at home."

8. "I know I have but few friends there,
Where are thousands more of all,
But I must go to Lord Thomases wedding
How can I stay at home?"

9. She dressed herself in robes of red,
Her crown so merry and green,
And ev'ry town that she came to,
They took her to be the queen.

10. She rode till she came to Lord Thomases gate,
And tingled at the ring,
And no one but Lord Thomas himself,
Would let fair Rillinder in.

11. He took her by her lily white hand,
And led her across the hall,
And set her down at the head of the table,
Among the quality all.

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

13. The brown girl had a little pen-knife,
Which lately had been ground,
She pierced it through fair Rillinder's heart,
And the blood came trickling down.

14. He took the brown girl by the hand,
And led her across the hall,
He cut her head off with his sword,
And threw it against the wall.

15. "Go dig my grave both deep and wide,
And paint my coffin black,
And bury fair Rillinder in my arms,
And the brown girl at my back."

94. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 112. Sung by Emory Buzzell. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 56.

p I

This is nearly identical with the copy from Herbert Merry, Thorndike, Maine, on Barry Dict. Cyl., 138, ctg. 3, which the same singer used also for Child Nos. 4 and 68. The words here were not transcribed.

95. [Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor]

Sandys, 1833, App'x., No. 18. From tradition.

p Ly

This tune is revised into major and reprinted by Rimbault, 1850, p. 94, and Chappell, I, p. 145. It is reprinted and re-barred by Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols*, [1931], pp. xviii and 48, with new words for the occasion. Chappell identifies the tune with "Who list to lead a soldier's life?" in Playford's *English Dancing Master*. Rimbault prints it for "Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Sons," in Gutch, *Robin Hode*, 1847, II, p. 438. Sandys naturalizes the E at each occurrence.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a chaser of the king's deer,
Fair Ellinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

96. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3219/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 121(*1*). Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands, Allanstand, N.C., August 5, 1916.

p π^1

Originally written by Sharp in ¾.

I'll riddle to you my younger son
And advise you all as one
The brown girl she's got house and home
Fair Ellinder she's got none
Fair Ellinder she's got none

97. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 209. Also in Flanders, 1934, p. 68. Sung by Josiah Kennison, Townshend, Vt., 1930; learned in childhood. Recorded by George Brown. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

p I/M

73. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

1. Lord Thomas, he was a noble lord,
The keeper of King's deer.
Fair Eleanor, she was a lady most bright,
Lord Thomas, he loved her dear.
Fair Eleanor, she was a lady most bright,
Lord Thomas, he loved her dear.

2. "Advise us both, dear mother," he says,
"Advise us both as one.
Had I best marry Fair Ellen, my dear,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?
Had I best marry Fair Ellen, my dear,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"

3. "The Brown Girl, she has houses and land,
Fair Eleanor, she has none.
Therefore, I charge you with my best care,
To bring the Brown Girl home.
Therefore, I charge you with my best care,
To bring the Brown Girl home."

4. He call-ed up his merry men all,
And dressed them all in white.
And every city that he rode through,
They took him to be some knight.
And every city that he rode through,
They took him to be some knight.

5. He rode 'til he came to Fair Eleanor's gate,
He knocked a-loud on the ring.
There was none so ready as Fair Ellen herself,
To rise and let him in.
There was none so ready as Fair Ellen herself,
To rise and let him in.

6. "Oh, what is the news, Lord Thomas," she says,
"What news have you brought unto me?"
"I have come to invite you to my wedding."
"Well, that is sad news to me!"
"I have come to invite you to my wedding."
"Well, that is sad news to me!"

7. "Advise us both, dear mother," she says,
"Advise us both as one.
Had I best go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or had I best stay at home?
Had I best go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or had I best stay at home?"

8. "There will be many of your friends there,
And many that 'air' your foes.
Therefore, I charge you with my best care,
To Lord Thomas's wedding, don't go.
Therefore, I charge you with my best care,
To Lord Thomas's wedding, don't go."

9. "There will be many of my friends there,
And many that are my foes.
May it bring me life or bring me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding, I'll go.
May it bring me life or bring me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding, I'll go."

10. She call-ed up her merry maids all,
And dressed them all in green.
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

11. She rode 'til she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked a-loud on the ring.
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and let her in.
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and let her in.

12. He took her by her lily-white hand,
And led her across the floor.
And seated her in a rocking chair,
Among the ladies there.
And seated her in a rocking chair,
Among the ladies there.

13. "Oh, who is that, Lord Thomas?" she says,
"Methinks she looks wonderful brown.
You might have had as fair a lady,
As ever the sun shone on.
You might have had as fair a lady,
As ever the sun shone on."

14. "Despise her not," Lord Thomas, he says,
"Despise her not unto me.
I have more regard for your little finger,
Than I have for her whole body.
I have more regard for your little finger,
Than I have for her whole body."

15. The Brown Girl held a knife in her hand,
A knife that was pierce and sharp.
She pierced it into Fair Eleanor's side,
And touched her tender heart.
She pierced it into Fair Eleanor's side,
And touched her tender heart.

16. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Thomas, he says,
"Methinks you look wonderful pale.
The blood that once flowed in your cherry cheeks,
Methinks is beginning to fail.
The blood that once flowed in your cherry cheeks,
Methinks is beginning to fail."

17. "Oh, 'air' you blind, Lord Thomas?" she says,
"Or can't you very well see?
The blood that once flowed in my cherry cheeks,
Is a-trinkling down my knees.
The blood that once flowed in my cherry cheeks,
Is a-trinkling down my knees."

18. Lord Thomas held a knife in his hand,
A knife that was pierce and sharp.
He cut the head of the Brown Girl off,
And kicked it against the wall.
He cut the head of the Brown Girl off,
And kicked it against the wall.

19. He placed the handle up on the floor,
And the point against his heart.
There were never three lovers that ever met,
So quick and forever to part.

There were never three lovers that ever met,
So quick and forever to part.

20. "Go dig my grave," Lord Thomas, he says,
"Go dig it both wide and deep.
And bury Fair Eleanor at my side,
And the Brown Girl at my feet.
And bury Fair Eleanor at my side,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

21. They dug his grave as Lord Thomas had said,
They dug it both wide and deep.
And they buried Fair Eleanor at his side,
And the Brown Girl at his feet.
And they buried Fair Eleanor at his side,
And the Brown Girl at his feet.

98. "Little Eleanor"

Barry MSS., II, No. 73A; also IV, No. 16. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 128. Recorded in Irasburg, Vt., February 1905, by May E. Beane, from the singing of an aged man, Solon G. Percival, born in Glover, Vt.

p I/M (—VI)

1. Lord Thomas a bold officer,
A keeper of a King's deer,
Fair Eleanor a gay Lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

Refrain: Fair Eleanor a gay Lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. "Come riddle us, riddle us, mother," he said,
"Come riddle us both as one,
Had I better marry Fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

3. "The brown girl, she has houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor, she has none,
So now I will advise you, as a blessing,
Go bring the brown girl home!"

4. He dressed himself in his best attire,
His clothing all in white,
And every city that he rode through,
They took him to be some knight.

5. And when he came to Fair Eleanor's door,
He knocked so hard on the ring,
There was none so ready as Fair Eleanor,
To arise and let him in.

6. "What now, what now?" Fair Eleanor cried,
"What news do you bring unto me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding!"—
"That's very bad news!" said she.

7. "Come riddle us, riddle us, mother," she said,
"Come riddle us both as one,
Had I better go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or had I better stay at home?"

8. "There are few would prove your friends, daughter,
There are many would prove your foes,
So now I'd advise you as a blessing,
Lord Thomas's wedding don't go!"

9. "There's few would prove my friends, mother,
There's many would prove my foes,
Betide my life, betide my death,
Lord Thomas's wedding I will go."

10. She dressed herself in her best attire,
Her clothing all in green,
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

11. And when she came to Lord Thomas's door,
She knocked so hard on the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To arise and let her in.

12. "Is this your bride?" Fair Eleanor cried,
"To me she looks wondrous wan,
You might have had me, as gay a lady,
As ever the sun shone on!"

13. The brown girl, she had a knife in her hand,
It was both long and sharp,
She placed it against Fair Eleanor's side,
And pierces it to her heart.

14. "What ails you, what ails you?" Lord Thomas cried,
"To me you look wondrous wan,
The blood that was in your cherry red cheeks
Is all faded away and gone!"

15. "Oh, where are your eyes?" Fair Eleanor cried,
"Can't you but skim the seas?
The blood that was in my cherry red cheeks
Is trickling down my knees!"

16. Lord Thomas, he had a sword in his hand,
It was both sharp as an awl,
And with it he cut the brown girl's head off,
And threw it against the wall.

17. He laid the sheath down on the ground,
He put the point through his own heart,
Did you ever see three lovers so soon met,
That were so soon apart?

99. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 1930/. Also in Sharp, 1916, p. 65. Sung by Charles Barling (81), Ruckinge, Kent, September 23, 1908.

p I/M

100. "Lord Thomas"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 39. Sung by Mrs. Belle N. Loughlin, near Grattan, Mich., 1935. Learned about 1878.

p π^1

He dressed himself in scarlet red
And trimmed his waist in green,
And every town that he rode through
They took him to be king.

. . . . . .

He placed fair Eleanor by his right,
And the brown girl at his left.

. . . . . .

101. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3171/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 120(G). Sung by Mrs. Noah Shelton, Alleghany, N.C., July 29, 1916.

p I/M

Sharp was unable, he says, to measure the pauses of this singer.

102. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinder"

Sharp MSS., 3245/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 119(D). Sung by Mrs. Mandy Shelton (59), Carmen, N.C., August 11, 1916. Learned from her mother.

p I/M

Lord Thomas he was a brave young man
A keeping of all king's hall
Fair Ellinder was a gay young lady
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

103. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3440/2533. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 115(A). Sung by Mrs. Hester House, Hot Springs, N.C., September 14, 1916.

p π^1

1. Lord Thomas he was a brave young man,
The keeping of bachelor's hall.
Come riddle to me, my mother dear,
Come riddle to me as one.

2. Or shall I marry fair Ellendry now,
Or bring you the brown girl home?
Or shall I marry fair Ellendry now,
Or bring the brown girl home?

3. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellendry she has none.
My request is to you, my son,
Go bring the brown girl home.

4. Fair Ellendry dressed herself in white,
And trimmed her merry maidens green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

5. She rode up to Lord Thomas's hall,
And tingled on the ring;
No one so ordel but Lord Thomas himself
For to rise and let her come in.

6. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He sat her down at the head of the table
Amongst those ladies all.

7. Is this your bride?—fair Ellendry she says—
What makes her so wonderful brown?

When you could have married as fair a lady one
As ever the sun shined on.

8. Go hold your tongue, you pretty little miss,
And tell no tales on me,
For I love your little finger nail
Better than her whole body.

9. The brown girl had a little penknife
Which just had lately been ground,
She pierced it through fair Ellendry's side,
The blood come tumbling down.

10. He took her by her little hand,
He led her in the room;
He took his sword and cut her head off
And kicked it against the wall.

11. He put the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast.
Here is the ending of three dear lovers.
Pray take their souls to rest.

12. Go dig my grave both wide and deep
And paint my coffin black,
And bury fair Ellendry in my arms,
The brown girl at my back.

13. They dug his grave both wide and deep
And painted his coffin black,
And buried the brown girl in his arms
And fair Ellendry at his back.

104. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3225/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 118(C). Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley, Carmen, N.C., August 1916.

p π^1

In his MS., Sharp gives an alternative notation in 4/4, with held quarter-notes instead of half-notes.

105. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanour]

Sharp MSS., 1355/. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Betty, Bridgwater, April 10, 1907.

p I

106. "Lord Thomas and Elinda"

Sharp MSS., 624/. Also in Baring-Gould and Sharp, [1906], p. 28. Sung by Mrs. Anne Lacey, Drayton, Somerset, August 31, 1905.

p I/M

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester
A keeper of the king's deer
Fair Elinda she was a fair woman
Lord Thomas he loved her dear

107. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Baring-Gould MSS., VI(3). Sung by Mary Satcherly, Huckaby Bridge, Dartmoor, 1890. Collected by F. W. Bussell.

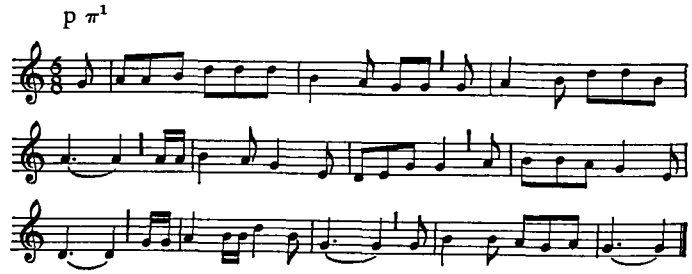
p I

Variants of this tune will again occur with "The Unquiet Grave"; cf. *post*, No. 78, variant 4.

108. [Lord Thomas]

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 35(I). From Mrs. Alice Cooke.

p π^1



O father and mother come tell this riddle
Come tell this riddle to me
The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none
And I'd throw my advice to you
To bring the brown girl home.

109. "The Brown Girl"

Belden, 1940, p. 45. Sung by Mrs. Eva Warner Case, Harrison County, Mo., 1916. From Virginia and Kentucky.

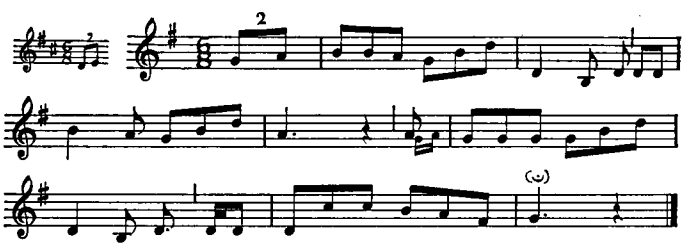
p I/M

She dressed herself in her lily white robe,
  Her waiting maid in green,
And every city that she passed through,
  They took her to be some queen;
And every city that she passed through,
  They took her to be some queen.

110. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 128. Sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me. Recorded from her singing in 1927 by George Herzog, but with different words from those of her written text, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

p I (—VI)



Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
  And a chaser of the King's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a lady fair,
  And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

111. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Hammond, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 105. Sung by Mrs. Mary Rowselle (80), Taunton, Somerset, 1905.

p I/M

This variant is nearly identical with the familiar form of Ophelia's "Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day."

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester
   The chasener of the King's deer,
   Fair Eleanor she was a fair woman,
   Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. "O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," he said,
   "O riddle it both as one,
   Whether I shall marry fair Ellen, or not,
   And leave the brown girl alone."

3. "The brown girl, she've a-got houses and land,
   Fair Ellen, she've a-got none;
   Therefore I charge thee to my blessing,
   The brown girl bring safe t'home."

4. Lord Thomas, he went to fair Eleanor's bower,
   He knocked so loud on the ring;
   There is none so ready as fair Eleanor's self
   To let Lord Thomas in.

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
   "What news has thou brought unto me?"
   "I'm come to invite thee to my wedding,
   And that is bad news for thee."

6. "O, God forbid, Lord Thomas," she cried,
   "That any such thing should be done!
   I thought to have been the bride myself,
   And you to have been the bride-groom!"

7. "O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," she said,
   "O riddle it both as one,
   Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
   Or whether I tarry at home?"

8. "There's many that are thy friends, daughter,
   And many that are thy foe;
   Betide thy life, or betide thy death,
   To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

9. "There's many that are my friends, mother,
   And many more are my foe;
   Betide my life, or betide my death,
   To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go!"

10. She dressed herself all in her 'tire,
    And merry men all in green;
    And every town that she went through,
    They took her to be some queen.

11. O, when she came to Lord Thomas' tower,
    She knocked so loud on the ring,
    There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
    To let the fair Eleanor in.

12. The brown girl, she had a little pen-knife,
    Which was both long and sharp;
    Between the long ribs and the short
    She pricked fair Eleanor's heart.

13. And so the three lovers did meet together,
    And asunder they did part.

112. "Lord Thomas"

Morris, 1950, p. 265. Tune from Mrs. Robert H. Whitely. Text from Miss Geraldine Stockton, Wimauma, Fla.; obtained from her father, of Kentucky.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. "Oh, mother, mother," Lord Thomas said,
"Advise me as your own,
Must I marry fair Eleanor
Or bring the Brown Girl home, home, home,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"

2. "The Brown Girl, she has money and land,
Fair Eleanor, she has none;
My son, I charge you with my blessing,
Go bring the Brown Girl home, home, home,
Go bring the Brown Girl home."

3. He called to him his merry men,
By one, by two, by three.
"Saddle up, saddle up, my snow-white steed;
Fair Eleanor I must see, see, see,
Fair Eleanor I must see."

4. He rode and he rode till he came to the gate,
And loudly he did call;
No one so ready as fair Eleanor
To welcome him into the hall, hall, hall,
To welcome him into the hall.

5. "Have you any news, Lord Thomas?" she asked,
"Have you any news?" asked she.
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,
And that's sad news for thee, thee, thee,
And that's sad news for thee."

6. "Oh mother, mother," fair Eleanor said,
"Advise me as your own,
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or must I tarry at home, home, home,
Or must I tarry at home?"

7. "Many may be your friends," said she,
"And many may be your foes,
And now I charge you with my blessing,
My daughter, you tarry at home, home, home,
My daughter, you tarry at home."

8. "Oh, many may be my friends," said she,
"And many may be my foes;
I'll venture life, I'll venture death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go, go, go,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

9. She rode and she rode till she came to the gate,
And loudly she did call;
No one so ready as Lord Thomas
To welcome her into the hall, hall, hall,
To welcome her into the hall.

10. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall;
He seated her at the head of the table,
Among the gentlemen all, all, all,
Among the gentlemen all.

11. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas," fair Eleanor said,
"Your bride is very brown,
And you could have married as fair a lady
As e'er the sun shone on, on, on,
As e'er the sun shone on."

12. The Brown Girl had a little penknife;
'Twas very keen and sharp;
She stepped up to fair Eleanor
And stabbed her to the heart, heart, heart,
And stabbed her to the heart.

13. He took the Brown Girl by the hand
And led her through the hall;
He drew his saber and cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall, wall, wall,
And kicked it against the wall.

14. "Go dig my grave both wide and long,
And dig it very deep;
Bury fair Eleanor in my arms
And the Brown Girl at my feet, feet, feet,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

From *Folksongs of Florida* by Alton C. Morris. Published by the University of Florida Press. Used by permission.

113. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Morris, 1950, p. 270. Sung by Mr. Lowery Davis, Gainesville, Fla., 1940. From family tradition.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. "Come Father, come Father, come riddle this riddle,
Come riddle it all in one;
Must I go marry Fair Ellender
Or bring the Brown Girl home,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"

2. "The Brown Girl, she has house and lands,
Fair Ellender she has none;
So I would advise you as a good fortune
To bring the Brown Girl home,
To bring the Brown Girl home."

3. He dressed himself in the finest of silks
As fine as ever was seen,
And every town that he rode through,
They took him to be some king,
They took him to be some king.

4. When he got to Fair Ellender's hall
He rang the clatteree;
No one was ready as Fair Ellender
To rise and let him come in,
To rise and let him come in.

5. "What news, what news, what news for me,
What news for me?" said she.

"I've come to invite you to my wedding."
"Bad news, bad news for me,
Bad news, bad news for me."

6. "Come Mother, come Mother, come riddle this riddle,
Come riddle it all in one.
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or stay with you at home,
Or stay with you at home?"

7. "Many will be your friends there,
But many will be your foes;
So I would advise you as good fortune
To stay with me at home,
To stay with me at home."

8. Yet she dressed herself in the finest of silks
As fine as ever was seen,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen,
They took her to be some queen.

9. When she got to the Brown Girl's hall,
She rang the clatteree;
No one was ready as Lord Thomas
To rise and let her come in,
To rise and let her come in.

10. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her into the hall;
He sat her down at the head of the table
Among those ladies all,
Among those ladies all.

11. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your wife,
This girl so very brown,
When you could have gotten as fair a rose
As ever walked on the ground,
As ever walked on the ground?"

12. The Brown Girl she had a little penknife,
And it was long and sharp;
She slipped up behind Fair Ellender
And stole the blood of her heart,
And stole the blood of her heart.

13. He took the Brown Girl by the hand;
He led her out of the hall,
And with his sword chopped off her head
And kicked it against the wall,
And kicked it against the wall.

14. "Come Father, come Father, come dig my grave;
Come dig it long and deep,
And place Fair Ellender in my arms
And the Brown Girl at my feet,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

From *Folksongs of Florida* by Alton C. Morris. Published by the University of Florida Press. Used by permission.

114. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 32(E). From D. M. Fletcher.

p I (—VI)

O Mother and Father come riddle my riddle
Come riddle us both as one.
Or whether I marry fair Ellender
Or lead the Brown girl home.

115. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Kidson, 1891, p. 40. From the Whitby district, forwarded by a relative of Mr. Kidson.

p I

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas loved her dear.

2. "Come, riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both in one;
Whether I shall marry with sweet Eleanor,
And let the brown girl alone?"

3. "The brown girl she has got houses and land,
Fair Eleanor she has got none;
Therefore, I charge thee on my blessing,
Bring me the brown girl home."

4. And as it befel on a holiday,
As many more do beside,
Lord Thomas went to fair Eleanor,
That should have been his bride.

. . . . . .

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news hast thou brought to me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that's sad news for thee."

6. "O, God forbid! Lord Thomas," she said,
That such a thing should ever be done;
I thought to have been thy bride myself,
And thou been the bridegroom."

. . . . . .

7. She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men in green;
And as she rode through every place,
They took her to be some queen.

8. When she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked at the ring;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
To let fair Eleanor in.

. . . . . .

9. "Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor said,
"Methinks she looks wondrous brown;
Thou might'st have had as fair a woman,
As ever trod upon the ground."

10. "Despise her not," Lord Thomas he said,
Despise her not unto me;
For better I love thy little finger,
Than all her whole body."

11. This brown girl had a little penknife,
Which was both keen and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd fair Eleanor to the heart.

12. "O Christ, now save me," Lord Thomas he said,
"Methinks thou looks wondrous wan;
Thou us'd to look as good a colour,
As ever the sun shone on."

13. "O, art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"Or canst thou not very well see;
O, dost thou not see my own heart's blood,
Runs trickling down my knee."

. . . . . .

14. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
As he walked about the hall;
He cut his bride's head from her shoulders,
And flung it against the wall.

15. He set his sword upon the ground,
And the point against his heart;
There never was three lovers, sure,
That sooner did depart.

116. [Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor]

Sharp MSS., 2080/1934. Sung by Sister Emma, at Clewer, February 27, 1909.

p I

The tune noted by Vaughan Williams in 1902 from Mrs. Chidell, Bournemouth, is virtually identical with this one, but lacks words. Cf. *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 106(2).

1. Lord Thomas he was a gay forester
And a keeper of our king's deer;
Fair Ellinor she was a gay ladye
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2. Now riddle my riddle, dear mother, said [he,]*
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall marry the brown girl
Or bring fair Ellinor home.

3. The brown girl she has both houses and land,
Fair Ellinor she has none;
Wherefore I charge you upon my blessing
To bring the brown girl home.

4. He dressed himself in a gallant attire
His merry men all in white;
And every town that he passed through
He was taken to be some knight.

5. And when he arrived at fair Ellinor's bower
He knocked loud at the ring;
And who so ready as fair Ellinor
To let Lord Thomas in.

6. Now riddle my riddle, dear mother, said she,
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry with you at home.

7. O hundreds are your friends, dear daughter,
And thousands are your foes;
Therefore I charge you upon my blessing
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

8. She dressed herself in gallant attire
Her merry men all in green;
And every town that she passed through
She was taken to be some Queen.

9. And when she arrived at Lord Thomas's bower
She knocked loud at the ring
And who so ready as Lord Thomas
To let Fair Ellinor in.

10. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall.
There were four and twenty gay ladyes
But she was the fairest of all.

11. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? said she.
Methinks she looks wondrous brown.
You might have chosen as fair a ladye
As ever trod English ground.

12. O scorn her not, Fair Ellen, said he,
O scorn her not unto me.
For better I love your little finger
Than the brown girl's whole body.

13. The brown girl she had a knife in her hand
It was both long and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the long
She pierced Fair Ellinor's heart.

14. O what is the matter, fair Ellen? he said.
Methinks you look wondrous wan.
You used to have as fair colour
As ever the sun shone on.

15. O are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said
Or cannot you very well see?
For well I feel my own heart's blood
Come trickling down my knee.

16. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
It was both sharp and small.
He cut off the head of the brown girl
And he dashed it against the wall.

17. He put the hilt unto the ground,
The point unto his heart.
Sure never three lovers so soon did meet
And never so soon did part.

* MS: she

117. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3128/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 121(J). Sung by Miss Della Moore, Rabun County, Ga. Contributed by Mrs. Campbell.

m I/M

O mother, O mother, go roll a song,
Go roll a song as one.
Which had you rather, I'd married fair Ellen,
Or bring the brown girl home?
The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none;
Therefore I warn you at your own adblessing
To bring the brown girl home.

118. "The Brown Girl"

Barry MSS., IV, No. 211. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 295. Sung by Mrs. R. Jean Parker, Newbury, Vt., August 1905.

p I/M

Mrs. Harris' tune for Child Nos. 53 and 106 is shaped along the above lines, like a quasi-obligato, but with phrases 2 and 4 extended to accommodate tetrameters.

119. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3129/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 121(K). Dated March 22, 1916, singer unspecified. Contributed earlier, in 1914, by Mrs. Isabel A. Dame, of Massachusetts.

p I/Ly

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
A huntsman of the King's deer;
Lady Helen she was a fair lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

120. "Fair Ellen"

Davis, 1929, p. 569(D, 1); text, p. 198. Sung by Sis Sears, Salem, Va., November 5, 1916. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

a I/M

The two notes in brackets seem to have been omitted inadvertently from the previous printing.

This should be compared with the same singer's other variant, *ante*, variant 36.

1. "Oh mother, dear mother, come riddle to me,
Come riddle to me the sport:
Shall I marry fair Ellen-der
Er bring the brown girl home?"

2. "The brown girl she has house and lands,
Fair Ellen she has none;
So I would advise as your own dear mother
To bring the brown girl home."

3. He rode and he rode till he came to the hall,
And jingled around the ring,
There was none so ready as fair Ellen herself,
To rise and let him in.

4. "Good news, good news, good news, you bring,
Good news," fair Ellen said she.
"I've come to invite you to my wedding;
Is that good news to thee?"

5. "Sad news, sad news, you bring to me,
Sad news," fair Ellen said she,
"I thought that I was to be your bride
And you the bridegroom to be."

6. "So now, old mother, come riddle to me,
Come riddle the sport this once:
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry at home?" said she.

7. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"I'll venture my life, I venture my death,
At Lord Thomas's wedding I'll be."

8. She dressed up her milk-white steed,
Her waist was made of green;
And every city that she passed through,
She was taken to be some queen.

9. She rode and she rode till she came to the hall,
She jungled around the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

10. He taken her by her lily-white hand
And led her through the hall,
And set her down at the head of the table,
Amongst those ladies all.

11. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?
She is wonderful brown,
When you might have had as fair a ladye
As ever the sun shined on."

12. The brown girl she had a little pen-knife,
Which was both keen and sharp;
She thrust it in fair Ellen's breast,
It entered near her heart.

13. "Oh, what's the matter, my own true love,
Oh, what's the matter with thee?"
"Oh, don't you see my own heart's blood
Go trickling down from me?"

14. He taken the brown girl by the hand,
And led her through the hall,
And drew a big sword, and cut off her head,
And stove it against the wall.

15. "Oh mother, dear mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide and deep;
Place fair Ellen in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet."

16. He put the sword against the wall,
The point against his breast.
"Oh, here is the death of three true lovers;
God, send them home for rest."

121. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 38(P). Sung by Mrs. Rebecca (Aunt Becky) Gordon and recorded at Asheville, N.C., July 19, 1939; learned from her mother, a native of Henderson County.

p π^1

. . . . . .
I'm sure she's very brown,
When you could a got a fairer one
And that ere the sun shone on.
And that ere the sun shone on.

And . . . . . a sharp knife
That'd just lately . . . . . .
He . . . . it through . . . . heart.
And the blood came tinkling, tinkling down.
And the blood came tinkling, tinkling down.

Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, don't you see
And don't you . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Your heart's blood came tinkling down,
Your heart's blood came tinkling down.

Go dig my grave both deep and wide
And paint my coffin black,
. . . . . .

122. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3127/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 116(B). Sung by Mrs. Moore, Rabun County, Ga., May 2, 1909.

p I

This variant may be compared particularly with "Little Mathy Groves" as sung by Pleaz Mobley. Cf. *post*, No. 81, variant 1.

1. O mother, O mother, go roll a song,
Go roll a song as one,
Which had you rather, I'd marry fair Ellen,
Or bring the brown girl home, home?
Or bring the brown girl home?

2. It's, O my son, I'd advise you at your own blessing
To bring the brown girl home;
For she has got both house and land
And fair Ellender she has none.

3. He dressed himself in the finest he had,
His image it was broad;
And every town that he rode round
They took him to be some lord.

4. He rode up to fair Ellender's gate
And jangled at the ring—
No one so ready as fair Ellen herself
To rise and let him come in.

5. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she replied,
What news have you brought for me?
I've come to ask you to my wedding,
And that's bad news for to hear.

6. O mother, O mother, go roll a song,
Go roll a song as one,
Which had you rather, I'd go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or stay and tarry at home?

7. It's, O my daughter, I'd advise you at your own blessing
To stay and tarry at home.
. . . . . .

8. I know I've got a-many a friend,
Likewise many a foe,
But if my death coffin was at my door,
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'd go.

9. She dressed herself in the finest she had,
Her image it was green;
And every town that she rode round
They took her to be some queen.

10. She rode up to Lord Thomas's gate
And knocked so clear it rung.
No one so ready as Lord Thomas hisself
For to rise and let her come in.

11. He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her in the hall,
And seated her down by his bright side
Amongst the ladies all.

12. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?
I think she's very brown;
When you once might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

13. This brown girl she had a knife in her hand,
And the blade both keen and sharp.
'Twixt the long ribs and the short
She pierced it through fair Ellender's heart.

14. Fair Ellen, fair Ellen, he replied,
What makes you look so pale?
Your cheeks were once the rosy red,
And all your fine color has failed.

15. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she replied,
Are you blind, or cannot you see?
Or don't you see my own heart's blood
Come twinkling down so free?

16. Lord Thomas had a sword hung by his side
With a blade both keen and sharp.
He cut this brown girl's head smooth off
And cleaved the body apart.

17. And then he pointed toward the floor
With the point toward his heart.
Did you ever see three own true loves
Sudden in death to part?

18. Go dig my grave both wide and deep
And paint my coffin black,
And put fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my back.

This text was collected by Mrs. Campbell, and is not in the Sharp MSS.

123. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4111/. Sung by Mrs. Leona Melton, Mackintosh Creek, Hyden, Ky., October 2, 1917.

p I (inflected VII)

O daughter, O daughter, I'll rede you your riddle,
I'll rede it all as one.
It would be my own heart's blessing
To stay today at home

124. "The Brown Girl"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 101(H). Sung by Mrs. Lillian Short, Galena, Mo., October 15, 1941. Learned from Mrs. H. E. McKinney, Cabool, Mo.

p π^1

1. Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle us down,
Come riddle us both as one,
Whether must I marry fair Elinor
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Elinor has none,
And I would advise you with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home.

3. He rode all up to Elinor's gate
And knocked upon the ring,
There was none so ready as fair Elinor
To rise and let him in.

4. Bad news, bad news, fair Elinor,
Bad news I bring to thee,
I came to invite you to my wedding,
The brown girl the bride to be.

5. Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas, she said,
Bad news you bring to me.
I thought to be a bride myself,
And you the bridegroom to be.

6. Mother, oh mother, come riddle us down,
Come riddle us both as one,
Whether must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or stay at home and mourn.

7. Many may be your friends, my dear,
And many more be your foes,
But I would advise you with my blessing
To Lord Thomas's wedding not go.

8. Many may be my friends, said she,
And many more be my foes,
But the tide be good or the tide be bad,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

9. She dressed herself in holland so white,
She wrapped her head in green,
And every town that she passed through
They took her to be some queen.

10. She rode all up to Lord Thomas's gate,
And she knocked on the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

11. He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall,
And sat her down in a chair of gold
Among the ladies all.

12. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she said,
She looks most wonderful brown,
You might have had as fair a bride
As ever the sun shone on.

13. Hush, oh hush, fair Elinor,
And don't you despise her to me,
For I do love your little finger
Better than her whole body.

14. The brown girl had a little pen knife,
It was both keen and sharp,
Betwixt the short ribs and the lungs
She pierced fair Elinor's heart.

15. Oh what's the matter, fair Elinor,
You look most wonderful down,
You used to have so fresh a color
As ever the sun shone on.

16. Are you blind, Lord Thomas, she said,
Or can you not well see,
For don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trickling down from me?

17. Lord Thomas he had a two-edged sword,
It was both keen and small,
And he cut off the brown girl's head
And threw it against the wall.

18. Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave,
And dig it both wide and deep,
And place fair Elinor in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

19. The hilt he pointed unto the ground,
The point unto his heart.
Was there ever three lovers together did love,
So soon they all did part?

GROUP BC

125. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4068/. Sung by girls at Hindman School, Ky., September 20, 1917.

m π^4

This has a relationship with the family of "Come all you worthy Christian Men." Cf. *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), pp. 115ff.

O mother, O mother, come riddle it down,
Come riddle it both as one;
Saying, must I marry fair Ellender dear,
Or bring the brown girl home?

126. "Fair Ellender"

Ritchie, 1955, p. 18. Sung by the Ritchie family, Viper, Ky.

m π^4

1. O Mother, O Mother come riddle to me,
Come riddle three hearts as one.
O must I marry Fair Ellender, say,
Or bring the brown girl home?

2. The brown girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Ellender she has none.
The best advice I can give you, my son,
Is go bring me the brown girl home.

3. He dressed himself in scarlet red,
His men he dressed in green,
And every town that he rode through
They took him to be some king.

4. He rode till he come to Fair Ellender's house
He tingled all on the ring,
No one so ready as Fair Ellender herself
To arise and bid him come in.

5. O what's the news Lord Thomas, she cried,
What news do you bring to me?
I've come to bid you to my wedding
Now what do you think of me?

6. O Mother, O Mother, come riddle to me
Come riddle three hearts as one,
O must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or stay at home and mourn?

7. There's many a one may be your friend
And many may be your foe;
The best advice I can give you, my daughter,
Is stay at home and mourn.

8. She dressed herself in a snow-white dress,
Her maids she dressed in green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

9. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's house,
She pulled all in her reins,
No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To arise and bid her come in.

10. He took her by her lily-white hand
He led her through the hall,
He seated her down in the highest place
Amongst the ladies all.

11. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she cried,
She looks so wonderful brown!
You could have married a maiden as fair
As ever the sun shone on.

12. Dispraise her not, Fair Ellender, he cried,
Dispraise her not to me,
For I think more of your little finger
Than for her whole body.

13. The brown girl had a little pin knife
It being both keen and sharp,
Betwixt the long ribs and the short
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart.

14. O what's the matter Fair Ellender, he cried,
You look so pale and wan,
You used to have as rosy a color
As ever the sun shone on.

15. O are you blind, Lord Thomas, she cried,
Are you blind that you cannot see?
And can't you see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down to my knee?

16. Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side
As he came through the hall,
He cut off the head of his bonny brown bride
And kicked it against the wall.

17. Then placing the hilt against the wall,
The blade against his heart,
Saying, did you ever see three truelovers meet
That had so soon to part?

18. O Father, O Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide and deep,
And bury Fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

127. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 3615/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 125(R). Sung by Mrs. Minnie Pope, Clear Creek, Wasioto, Bell County, Ky., May 1, 1917.

m π^4

Come riddle us all, our good, dear mother,
Come riddle us all as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellender,
Or bring the Brown Girl home?

The Brown Girl she has houses and lands,
Fair Ellender she has none;
So my advice for you would be,
To bring the Brown Girl home.

"The words of first verson [*sic*] only are Mrs. Pope's. Did not take down any two consecutive stanzas." [*Sharp's MS. note. Probably* verse, *not* version, *is intended.*]

128. "Lord Thomas"

Mackenzie, 1928, p. 392; text, p. 22. Sung by Mrs. Jacob Langille, Marshville, Nova Scotia.

p Æ (—IV, VII)

Note that though this variant lacks its 4th and 7th degrees, it is still Æolian.

1. Lord Thomas he was a worthy man,
   He wore a sword by his side;
   Fair Ellinor was a beautiful bride,
   Lord Thomas he loved her full well.

2. "Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother," he said,
   "Come riddle us all in one,
   Whether I'll marry Fair Ellinor
   Or bring the brown girl at home."

3. "The brown girl she's got house and land,
   Fair Ellinor has got none;
   My son, if you will take my blessing,
   O bring the brown girl at home."

4. Lord Thomas he was a worthy man,
   He wore a sword by his side;
   Fair Ellinor was a beautiful bride,
   Lord Thomas he loved her full well.

5. When he came to Fair Ellinor's door
   He knocked so loud at the ring;
   There was none so ready as Fair Ellinor
   To rise and let him in.

6. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
   "What news do you bring to me?"
   "I come to invite you to my wedding;
   It is bad news for thee."

7. "The Lord forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
   "If any such things should be.
   I'm in hopes myself to be the bride
   And you to be the bride's groom."

8. "Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother," she said,
   "Come riddle us all in one,
   Whether I'll go to Lord Thomas's wedding
   Or will I stay at home."

9. "Many a one has been your friend
   Many more has been your foe;
   My girl, if you will take my blessing
   To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."

10. . . . . .
    . . . . . .
    "Betray my life, betray my death,
    To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

11. She dressed herself in riches so gay,
    Her merry maids all in green;
    And every gate that she passed by
    They took her to be a queen.

12. When she came to Lord Thomas's door
    She knocked so loud at the ring,
    There was none so ready as Lord Thomas
    To rise and let her in.

13. He took her by the lily-white hand
    And led her through the hall;
    He set her on a golden chair
    Among the ladies all.

14. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said,
    "I think she looks wonderful black.
    You might have had as fair a one
    As ever the sun rose on."

15. "Despise her not, Fair Ellinor," he said,
    "Despise her not to me,
    For better do I like your little finger
    Than all her whole body."

16. The brown girl she being standing by
    With a pen-knife in her hand,
    Betwixt the long rib and the short
    Pierced Fair Ellinor to the heart.

17. "O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he said,
    "I think you look wonderful pale.
    You used to have as bright a colour
    As ever the sun rose on."

18. "Are you blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
    "Or can you not very well see?
    Don't you see my own heart's blood
    Come dribbling down to my knees?"

19. Lord Thomas he was a worthy man,
    He wore a sword by his side;
    He off with his own bride's head
    And dashed it against the wall.

20. He ordered a coffin to be made,
    A coffin both wide and deep;
    He ordered Fair Ellinor at his right side,
    And the brown girl at his feet.

129. "The Nut-brown Maid"

Greig MSS., II, p. 99. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 56(1). Sung by Mrs. Rettie, Milbrex, September 1906.

This tune is frequently found with "Sir James the Rose" (Child No. 213). It appears with "Hardyknute," in *SMM*, No. 280. Keith notes also Greig's "Gil Morice" (Child No. 83).

O will I marry the nut-brown maid?
She's corn, cattle, an' kye;
Or will I marry fair Annie?
For she loes me lealily.

130. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4116/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 126(S). Sung by Mrs. Sinda Walker, Hyden, Ky., October 3, 1917. Mrs. Walker was Sharp's first Negro singer.

a π^4

Come riddle me down my dear old mother
Come riddle it all as one
Must I marry fair Ellinder dear
Or bring the brown girl home
The brown girl she has house and land
Fair Ellinder she has none
And so I charge you with my blessing
To bring the brown girl home

131. "Lord Thomas"

McGill, 1917, p. 26.

m π^4

1. "O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle it all as one;
Must I go marry Fair Ellender,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

2. "The brown girl she has house and lands,
Fair Ellender, she has none;
I warn you on my blessing, Sir Thomas,
Go bring the brown girl home."

3. "Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
Go saddle him up for me;
I'll go invite fair Ellender,
My wedding for to see."

4. He rode, he rode till he came to the hall,
He tingled all on the ring;
Nobody so ready as Fair Ellender,
To rise and let him come in.

5. "What news, what news," fair Ellender cried,
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding.
Is that good news for thee?"

6. "Bad news, bad news," fair Ellender cried,
"Bad news have you brought to me;
I once did think I would be your bride,
And you my bridegroom would be."

7. "O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,
Come riddle it all as one;
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or tarry at home with thee?"

8. "O enemies, enemies you have there,
The brown girl she has none;
I warn you on my blessing, my child,
To tarry this day at home."

9. "There may be many of my friends, mother,
But many more of my foes;
But if I never return again,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

10. She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maids she dressed in green;
And every town that she passed through,
They took her to be some queen.

11. She rode, she rode till she came to the hall,
She tingled all on the ring;
Nobody so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and bid her come in.

12. He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall;
And set her down in a golden chair,
Among the ladies all.

13. "Is this your bride?" fair Ellender cried,
"That looks so wondrous brown?
You once could have married as fair a ladie
As ever the sun shone on."

14. "Despise her not, Fair Ellen," he cried,
"Despise her not to me;
I love the end of your little finger,
Much better than her whole bodie."

15. The brown girl had a little penknife,
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the long ribs and the short,
She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

16. "O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas, he cried,
"O are you blind?" cried she;
"And don't you see my own heart's blood,
Come trickling down my knee?"

17. He caught the brown girl by the hand,
And led her across the hall;
He drew a bright sword, he cut off her head,
And threw it against the wall.

18. "O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it wide and deep;
And place fair Ellender at my head,
The brown girl at my feet."

19. He placed the butt against the wall,
The point against his breast;
Saying: "Here's the end of three poor lovers,
God take them all to rest."

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132. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellend[o]r," or "The Brown Bride"

Wyman and Brockway, [1920], p. 14; text, p. 21.

m π^4

1. "O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do?
Come advise your own dear son;
O must I marry fair Ellendor, say,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

2. Then she rose up, she pondered it well,
This counsel she gave her son;
Says: "My advice to you, young man,
Go bring the brown girl home."

3. "The brown girl she has gold and silver,
Fair Ellendor she has none,
My blessing on you, my own dear son,
If you bring the brown girl home."

4. He rode till he came to fair Ellendor's gate,
He tingled the bell with his cane,
No one so ready as fair Ellendor
To rise and bid him come in.

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
"What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"I've come to ask you to my wedding,
Now what do you think of me?"

6. "O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do,
Can't you so see I am all undone,
Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or stay at home and mourn?"

7. "Dear daughter, you have no business there,
And the brown girl she has some,
My advice to you, my daughter dear,
Is to stay at home and mourn."

8. She dressed herself in a lily-white robe,
Her head she dressed in green,
And every town that she rode through,
They took her for some fair queen.

9. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She pulled all up her rein,
No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and bid her come in.

10. He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
And seated her down in a rocking-chair,
Among the ladies all.

11. The brown girl drew a knife from her belt,
The blade being keen and sharp,
Between the long rib and the short,
Stabbed fair Ellendor to the heart.

12. Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side,
As he came in from the hall,
He cut off the head of his wilful bride
And threw it against the wall.

13. Then placing the handle against the wall,
And the blade against his heart,
Says: "Did you ever see three lovers meet,
That had so soon to part?"

14. "O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and deep,
And bury fair Ellendor in my arms,
The brown girl at my feet."

133. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elender"

Sharp MSS., 3721/. Also in Raine, 1924, p. 112; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 124 (O). Sung by Mrs. Abby Moseley, Berea College, Madison County, Ky., May 24, 1917.

m π^4

Since Sharp's tune from Miss Moseley is identical, but is accompanied with but one stanza, the Raine copy is given here.

1. O mother, O mother, come rede me a riddle,
Come, riddle it both in one,
Whether I shall marry fair Elender,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl, she has house and lands,
Fair Elender, she has none;

Therefore, dear child, under my consent,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He dressed himself in scarlet red;
His waiters all in green;
And in every town that he rode through
They took him to be some king.

4. He rode up to fair Elender's gate;
He dingled so loud on the ring,
There's no one so ready as fair Elender
To rise and welcome him in.

5. What news, what news, Lord Thomas? she said,
What news have you brought unto me?
I come to ask you to my wedding,
The brown girl the bride to be.

6. Mother, O Mother, come rede me a riddle,
Come riddle it both in one,
Whether to go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or tarry this day at home.

7. Many a one may be your friend,
And many a one your foe;
If I should advise you to do best,
It's tarry this day at home.

8. Many a one may be my friend,
And many a one my foe;
I'll venture, I'll venture my own heart's blood
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go.

9. She dressed herself in satin so white,
And her waiting maids in green,
And in every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

10. She rode up to Lord Thomas' gate,
She dingled so loud on the ring,
There's no one so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and welcome her in.

11. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
And seated her at the table's head
Amongst the nobles all.

12. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she said,
That looks so wonderful brown,
When you might have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

13. Dispraise her not, fair Ellen, he said,
Dispraise her not unto me,
For I think more of your little finger
Than I do of her whole body.

14. The brown girl had a little pen-knife;
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the long
She pierced fair Elender's heart.

15. What's the matter, fair Ellen? he said.
You look so pale and wan;
You once did bear as good a color
As ever the sun shined on.

16. Oh, are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said,
Or can't you so very well see?
Don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down my knee?

17. He took the brown girl by the hand
And led her over the hall,
And with his sword he cut off her head
And pitched it against the wall.

18. He put the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast,
Adieu, adieu to three dear loves,
God send them all to rest.

19. Go dig my grave both long and large,
And dig it wide and deep,
Aud bury fair Elender in my arms,
The brown girl at my feet.

134. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender"

Sharp MSS., 4036/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 124(N). Sung by Mrs. Marthy Stamper, Hindman, Ky., September 18, 1917.

a π^4

O mother, O mother, go riddle my sport,
Go riddle it both at once;
Must I have fair Ellender dear,
Or bring the brown girl home.

135. (No title)

Barry Dict. Cyl. No. 86, ctg. 5. Sung by Mrs. Eva Cooley. From the transcription of S. P. Bayard, but not in full, nor with every detail.

m D (inflected VII)

Bayard transcribes the whole song, stanza by stanza. The words were not transcribed.

136. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 40. Sung by Mrs. Annie C. Wallace, Halifax, N.S.

p D/Æ

1. Lord Thomas he was a warrior bold
And wore a broadsword by his side,
Fair Ellinor she was a fair woman
He wanted her for his bride,
He wanted her for his bride.

2. "Come riddle my riddle dear mother," she said,
"Come riddle my riddle for me,
Oh say will I go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or will I bide home with thee,
Or will I bide home with thee?"

3. "Where five will be your friends," she said,
"Twenty will be your foe,
So if you will my blessing win
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go,
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

4. She dressed herself in scarlet red
Her merry maids all in green,
And as she rode all through the town
They took her to be some queen,
They took her to be some queen.

5. When she got to Lord Thomas' bower
She loudly knocked at the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Ellinor in,
To let fair Ellinor in.

6. He took her by the lily white hand
And he led her through the hall
And set her down on the noble chair
Among her ladies all,
Among her ladies all.

7. "Is this your bride Lord Thomas?" she says,
"I think she looks wondrous brown,
When you might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on,
As ever the sun shone on."

8. The brown girl took a small penknife
Which was both keen and sharp,
And 'twixt the long ribs and the short
She pierced fair Ellinor's heart,
She pierced fair Ellinor's heart.

9. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side
Which was not sharp at all,
He cut the brown girl's head right off
And dashed it against the wall,
And dashed it against the wall.

10. "Oh dig my grave," Lord Thomas he cried,
"Dig it both wide and deep.
And lay fair Ellinor by my side
And the brown girl at my feet,
And the brown girl at my feet.

11. There were never three lovers more quicklier met
Than quicklier parted were they.

137. "Lord Thomas"

Burne, [1886], p. 651; text, p. 545. Also in Broadwood and Maitland, 1893, p. 42. Sung by Harriet Dowley, Edgmond, 1872; learned from her father.

a Æ

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
Chasing of the king's deer,
Fair Eleanor she was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he lovèd her dear. . . .

4. It happenèd on a high holiday,
As many another beside,
Lord Thomas he went unto fair Eleanor
That should have been his sweet bride. . . .

6. 'What news, what news, Lord Thomas?' she said,
'What news have you brought unto me?'
'I come to bid thee to my wedding
And that is bad news unto thee.'

7. 'O God forbid,' fair Eleanor cried,
'That ever such thing should be done!
I thought to ha' bin the bride my own sel,
And thee to ha' bin the bridegroom!' . . . .

11. She dressèd herself in rich attire,
Her merry men all in green,
In every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

12. And when that she raught to Lord Thomas's door,
So boldly she tirled at the pin,
O who was so ready as Lord Thomas
For to let Fair Eleanor in?

13. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He took her into the drawing-room,
And fixed her above them all. . . .

16. The brown girl had a knife in her hand
It was both keen and sharp,
And 'twixt the long ribs and the short
She prickèd fair Eleanor's heart.

17. 'O what is the matter?' Lord Thomas he says,
'Methinks you look wondrous wan,
Which you used to have as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on.'

18. 'O are you blind, Lord Thomas?' she says,
'Or cannot you very well see?
O cannot you see my own heart's blood,
Run trickling down to my knee?'

19. Lord Thomas having a sword in his hand,
It was both keen and small,
He took off the brown girl's head
And threw it against the wall.

20. He stick'd the haft against the floor,
The point against his own heart,
O never so soon did three lovers meet,
And never so soon did part!

21. Lord Thomas was buried in the lower chancéll,
Fair Eleanor in the higher;
Out of Lord Thomas there grew a wild rose,
And out of her a briar.

22. They grew so high, they grew so wide,
They raught to the chancel-top,
And when that they could grow no higher
They knit of a true-lover's knot!

138. "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor"

Smith, 1928, p. 110(A). Contributed by W. B. Compton, Aiken County, S.C., November 5, 1913. Transcribed by Mrs. Alice D. Compton from the singing of her mother, born in 1829, who learned it in girlhood.

a Harmonic minor

1. Lord Thomas rode up to Fair Elinor's gate,
And there he did knock and ring.
There was no one so ready as Fair Elinor
To let Lord Thomas come in.

2. "What news! What news! Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"What news have you brought unto me?"
"I have come to invite you to my wedding.
That will be sad news unto thee."

3. She dressed herself in rich array;
Her garments were all of green;
And every town that she passed through,
They took her to be some queen.

4. Fair Elinor rode up to Lord Thomas's gate,
And then she did knock and ring.
There was no one so ready as Lord Thomas,
To let Fair Elinor in.

5. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried;
"Methinks she is wondrous brown.
When you might have had as fair a lady,
As ever the sun shone on."

6. This brown girl having a knife in her hand,
Which was both keen and sharp.
Between the short rib and the long,
She wounded Fair Elinor's heart.

7. "Oh! are you blind, Lord Thomas," she cried.
"Or care you nothing for me,
That you stand and see my precious heart's blood,
Come trickling down to my knee?"

8. Lord Thomas having a sword at his side,
Which was made of a metal so free.
He cut his wife's head off of her body,
And threw it against a tree.

9. And then he planted the hilt in the dust,
The point towards his heart.
And there never were three true lovers met,
As quick as these three did part.

139. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 37 (M 1), without repeat. Possibly contributed by Mrs. K. D. Blacknall.

m M/D

Lord Thomas Lord Thomas he was a brave man,
He courted the king's high dame
She had but one own fair daughter
Fair Eleanor was her name
Fair Eleanor was her name.

140. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen"

Eddy, 1939, p. 29. Sung by Mrs. Brady Ports, Perrysville, Ohio. Learned in Tennessee.

a M/D

The melodic form is more commonly found with "The House Carpenter" (Child No. 243). It occurs also with Mrs. Housley's "Two Brothers" text (Child No. 49; Eddy, 1939, p. 26) and elsewhere not infrequently.

1. He dressed himself in the finest of clothes,
And wore a gay gold ring,
And every one throughout that day
Took him to be the king.

2. He rode till he came to fair Ellen's door,
And knock-ed till it rang;
No one was so ready as fair Ellen herself
Was to rise and let him in.

3. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas, I say,
What news have you brung to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my weddin',
Tomorrow's my weddin' day."

4. "I'll venture life and I'll venture death,
And then to your weddin' I'll come."
She dressed herself in the finest of silk,
And wore a ring of gold.

5. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's door,
And knock-ed till it rang;
No one was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

6. He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall;
He took her round the waist so small,
And sit her above them all.

7. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, I say?
I think she's very brown;
You could have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on."

8. Up stepped Lord Thomas with a sword in his hand,
. . . . . .
He chopped the head of the brown girl off,
And the body it fell to the floor.

9. "Go, dig my grave both wide and deep,
. . . . . .
And bury fair Ellen in my arms,
And the body of the brown girl at my feet."

141. "The Brown Girl"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 260; text, p. 254. Sung by Mrs. Thomas G. Welch and son Lynn, Albright, W. Va.

a M/D

The bracketed note is one degree higher in the former print.

1. "Oh, Mother, dear Mother, come here to me,
Come tell me what I shall do;
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen dear,
Or bring the brown girl home."

2. "The brown girl, she has house and land;
Fair Ellen, she has none;
Therefore I think you had better, my son,
Go bring the brown girl home."

3. "Go saddle, go bridle my milk-white steed,
Go saddle and bridle for me;
For I'm going to invite fair Ellen dear
To my wedding dinner to-day."

4. He rode up to fair Ellen's gate;
He rattled at the ring;
And there was none so ready as she
To arise and let him in.

5. "Good news, good news, good news," she cried;
"Bad news, bad news," cried he;
"For I've come to invite you to my wedding dinner,
And that's bad news today."

6. She then rode up to Lord Thomas's gate;
She rattled at the ring;
And there was none so ready as he
To arise and let her in.

7. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her across the hall;
Where there sits four and twenty young ladies
And she is the fairest of all.

8. Says she, "Lord Thomas, which is your bride?
I think she is wonderful brown;
You once might have had as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on."

9. The brown girl having a knife in hand,
The blade both keen and sharp,
She slipped it under fair Ellen dear's arm,
And pierced her through the heart.

10. "What makes you look so wonderful pale?
What makes you look so pale?
You used to carry your rosy, red cheeks,
But now your color has failed."

11. "Oh, can't you see, oh, plainly see,
Oh, can't you plainly see,
My heart's cold blood come twinkling down,
Come twinkling to my knee?"

12. He took the brown girl by the hand,
He led her across the hall,
Drew back his sword, cut off her head,
And slung it against the wall.

13. He put the evy [*sic*] against the wall
And pierced him through the heart;
It never was known in all this world
Three lovers so soon to part.

14. "Oh, Mother, dear Mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both wide and deep,
And place fair Ellen dear by my side,
And the brown girl at my feet."

142. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4683/3260. Sung by Mrs. Julie Boone, Micaville, Yancey County, N.C., September 25, 1918.

a D/M

1. O mother, O mother, come roll us down,
Come roll us all as one,
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen or not,
Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellender she has none.
The greatest advise to you, young man,
Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He rod up to fair Ellender's gate,
He knocked so clear it rang;
But who was there but fair Ellen herself
For to rise and let him come in.

4. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, what's the news?
What news have you, I pray?
I've come for to ask you to my wedding,
And it's all for the news to you.

5. I asked my mother what shall I do,
Go to Lord Thomas's wedding or stay and tarry at home.
If I knew my death coffin was setting in the door,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'd go.

6. He rode up to the brown girl's gate,
He knocked so clear it rang;
But who was there but the brown girl herself
For to rise and let him come in.

7. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, what's the news?
What news have you I pray?
I've come to ask you to my wedding,
And it's all for the news to you.

8. I asked my mother what shall I do,
Go to Lord Thomas's wedding or stay and tarry at home.
If I knew my death coffin was setting in the door
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'd go.

9. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the land,
He set her down by his own bride's side
Alease (sic) the ladies all.

10. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, are you blind,
Or can't you never see?
You once could have married as fair a little girl
As ever the sun shined on.

11. The brown girl having a knife in her hand
Which were both keen and sharp,
Between the long ribs and the short
She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

12. Lord Thomas having his sword by his side,
It was both keen and sharp,
He cut the brown girl's head clean off
And gave (clave) her body apart.

13. Lord Thomas having his sword by his side,
It was both keen and sharp,
He turned the handle towards the sun,
The point towards his heart.

14. Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, are you blind,
Or can't you never see,
Or don't you see your own heart's blood
Come trinkling to your knee.

15. O bury the brown girl at my feet,
Fair Ellender at my side.
If we all had lived to see that day,
Fair Ellen had been my bride.

143. [Sweet William and Fair Annie]

Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 57(2); from Duncan MS., No. 251. Sung by Alexander Mackay, Alford, 1874.

a π^3

Lord Thomas he was a very fine man,
Went out to hunt his career;
Fair Ellen she was the fairest woman
That ever the sun shone on, on, on,
That ever the sun shone on.

144. "Fair Ellender"

Davis, 1929, p. 570(S). From Miss Martha M. Davis, Rockingham County, Va., May 1916.

a Æ (inflected IV)

145. [Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor]

Sharp MSS., 4273/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 124(M). Sung by Mrs. Willie Roberts, Nellysford, Va., May 23, 1918. Learned in childhood from her mother.

p D

The very first down to the table was set
Lord Thomas and his bride,
The very next down to the table was set
Fair Ellinor by his side.

"Mrs. Willie Roberts is half German (on her father's side) and has a beautifully rich voice. The songs she sang to me were all learned from her mother who died when Mrs. Roberts was eleven years old—she has not sung them since she married." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

APPENDIX

146. "The Nut-brown Bride"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 196. From Jenny Meesic, the Enzie, Banffshire.

a I, ending on the octave.

Cf. "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" (Child No. 46).

Sweet Willie and fair Annie
Sat a' day on a hill;
And though they had sitten seven year,
They ne'er wad had their fill.
Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill:
"I winna wed a tocherless maid,
Against my parent's will."
[*Etc.*]

Christie prints Jamieson's text, "epitomized." Jamieson's full text is Child's E (Vol. II, p. 188).

147. "The Brown Girl"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 99(F). Contributed by Mrs. George Hastings, Fayetteville, Ark., December 16, 1941.

p I/M (—VI)

Compare the lullaby, "Hush little baby, don't you cry," of which Jean Ritchie has printed words in her *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, pp. 25-26.

Go my sonny and choose as you please
But bring the brown girl here,
For she has money and she has land,
But Ellen, fair Ellen has none.

He took her by the lily-white hand,
Her garments they were green,
And every city that they passed through
They took her to be some queen.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William

CHILD NO. 74

THE record of this ballad's existence in a form approximating what we know is carried back as far as 1611 by the chance quotation of a few lines in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The first full texts, however, are on broadsides of the latter end of the seventeenth century. In one form or another, the ballad has been common since that time. It was lifted into literary prominence early in the eighteenth century by being "rewritten," as Child says, "in what used to be called an elegant style"; and in such a form was long attributed to David Malloch, or Mallet, who unjustifiably claimed the authorship of it. A print of c. 1711 was probably occasioned by somebody's invention of a fresh tune, not in the least folkish in character; and to another tune it was engraved on a single-sheet of c. 1727, appearing thereafter in *The Village Opera* and Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, both of 1729. Neither was this tune in a very popular style, and it has not been perpetuated in tradition, so far as is known. But Mallet's version of the ballad appeared in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, to a somewhat decorated form of the tune generally known as "Montrose's Lilt," which seems previously to have been used with the ballad, because the 1711 printing mentions this as an alternative tune. "Montrose's Lilt," under a variety of names, is a tune with a long and interesting history which can be traced back almost as far as Beaumont and Fletcher's farce, and forward to the nineteenth century; but there is no evidence to reassure us of its association with our ballad before 1711; and, unless it gave something to the traditional tune recorded in the nineteenth century by Robert Chambers and Christie—which is but barely possible—it passed to other uses before that century dawned.

The main melodic tradition for this ballad, as the present century has received it, is a strong, quite various, and interesting branch of the great family which we have for convenience identified with "Lady Isabel." This branch, however, is in the main easily separable from that of the ballad immediately preceding, thereby justifying Child's discrimination of the texts. Greig, or rather, perhaps, his editor, Keith, regarded "Lord Thomas" and "Fair Margaret" as basically one ballad: the difference in the main melodic streams of the two shows that tradition has distinguished between them. The overwhelming preponderance, in No. 73, of 6/8 variants, and, in No. 74, of duple-time variants other than 6/8, is in itself sufficient demonstration of the fact, and a closer comparison of the examples to be quoted will leave no doubt. On the whole, the present ballad gives the impression of greater freshness and variety in its handling of the melodic idea, doubtless because the 6/8 rhythm is more of a strait jacket than the suppler 4/4 or its metrical counterparts. Also, the present ballad tends to use more of the melodic idea than did the other: it goes far to suggest, in its various phases, a fairly definite image of a double-strain tune of the pattern (probably) A B C D/E F C D, of which the second strain is the enduring portion which is so commonly met. Why the other elements of the tune should be less abraded here than elsewhere I cannot conjecture: in spite of its age the song appears to be less *zersungen*. At any rate, the peculiar shape of the "Lady Isabel" tune in both of its 4/4 branches ("Boyne Water" being the other) is explained when it is seen as the second strain of a fuller tune: its first two phrases relatively high, its last two low, naturally suggesting the second half of a complete arc. (That it is so old as to have inherited the tradition of primitive, and animal, chants, which also gravitate, seems quite unlikely.)

Slightly fewer than half the variants of "Fair Margaret" cadence at the mid-pause on the dominant; slightly more than a quarter, on the tonic; between a fifth and a sixth, on the submediant. About a quarter are hexatonic tunes, mostly of I/M character; more than a third are pentatonic, π^2, π^1, and π^3, in the proportions roughly of one-half, one-third, and one-fifth. The Ionian and Mixolydian are the prevailing modes, in about equal degree; the Dorian follows with half as many variants as either of the others. The fourth degree is the most favored first-phrase cadence-note for the variants with mid-pause on the tonic and the fifth; the lower dominant leads similarly where the mid-pause is on the 2nd. But there is a fairly wide range of other choices as well. The prevailing phrasal pattern is again the "progressive" (A B C D); the relatively few examples of longer tune-structure generally "revert."

The first two of the following "groups," it may be repeated, are uncertainly rooted in the tradition of this ballad, and the Appendices A and B clearly have nothing popular in them. But the first group may represent an early tradition that has failed to survive; and the others may be given to remind us of the difference between "traditional" and "composed" melody. The subgroups in the large group C are determined mainly on modal grounds.

The tune in the *Scots Musical Museum*, VI, No. 536, is said by Stenhouse to be composed by Stephen Clarke of Edinburgh. It is not found in tradition.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "William and Margaret." W. Thomson, *Orpheus Caledonius*, [1725], p. 49; ed. of 1733, I, p. 109. Also in Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 118.
2. "Alace I lie my alon, I'm lik to die awld." Skene MS., National Library of Scotland Adv. MS. 5.2.15; as transcribed in William Dauney, *Ancient Scotish Melodies*, 1838, No. 28, p. 227.

GROUP B

3. "William and Margaret." Robert Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1844, p. 11.
4. "William and Margaret." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 118.

GROUP Ca

5. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 3916/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Patrick and Smith)

6. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 4098/. (Pace)
7. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 4115/. (Walker)
8. "Lady Margaret." Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 260(12) and 256.
9. "Sweet William and Lady Margery." Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes*, [1916], p. 94.
10. "Lady Margaret." John Harrington Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, 1925, p. 522.
11. "Lady Margaret." Jean Ritchie, Riverside LP recording, RLP 12-620, (A8).
12. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4181/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 143(K). (Gibson)

a. "Sweet William." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 139(AA).

13. "Sweet William." Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 71. Also in Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 301.
14. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3541/2616. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 139(F); and Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 572 and 235. (Keeton)
15. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3610/2673. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 140(H). (Ray)
16. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 3870/. (?S. Hensley)
17. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3877/. (Haskins)
18. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3970/. (Bagley)
19. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 3990/. (Carter)
20. "Pretty Polly." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 112(C).
21. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 59(C), University of Virginia.

b. "Lady Margaret." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 390 and 103.

c. "Lady Margaret." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 40(A).

22. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 53(A).
23. "Lady Margret." C. Alphonso Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 126(B). Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 573(M) and 237.

d. "Lady Margret." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 142(BB).

24. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3181/2321. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 135(C). (Sands)
25. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 34. Also in A. H. Tolman, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 340.
26. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, 1925, pp. 523 and 69.
27. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 56(B).

e. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 42(I).

GROUP cb

28. "Sweet William." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 69.
29. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3807/. (Connor)
30. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 570(E) and 229.
31. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 134. (Trask)
32. "Sweet Willie." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H, Library of Congress, photostat.

f. "Sweet Willie." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 41(C).

33. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3381/2476. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 132(A). (Stockton)
34. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3247/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 139(E). (Shelton)
35. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3223/(2361). Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 137(D). (R. Hensley)
36. "William and Margaret." Sharp MSS., 1082/1084. (Chapman)
37. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Karpeles MSS., No. 5171 and p. 4707.
38. "Sweet William and Lady Marg'ret." D. K. Wilgus, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, III (1957), pp. 108 and 89.
39. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 573(P).
40. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 1802/. (Walter)
41. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4366/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 144(N). (Bradley)
42. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4338/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 144(M). (Donald)
43. "Lady Margaret." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 109(A). Also in Randolph, *The Ozarks*, 1931, p. 182.
44. "Lady Margaret." Randolph, I, 1946, p. 112(D).
45. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 4357/. (Gray)
46. "Margaret and William." C. M. Barbeau, *JAF*, XXXI (1918), p. 74.
47. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4596/3215. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 145(P). (Bennett)
48. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 1202/. (Barnard)
49. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3087/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs*, Selected Ed., Novello and Co., [1920], II, p. 13. (Barnett)
50. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 571(G) and 232.
51. "Lady Marget." Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 126(A). Also in Davis, 1929, pp. 571(F) and 231.
52. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3755/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 143(J). (Powell)
53. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Karpeles MSS., No. 5295.
54. "King William and Lady Margaret." Child MSS., XXIII, No. 817, Harvard College Library; text, Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 293.

55. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 572(K) and 236.
g. "Margaret and William." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 42(H).
56. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Frank Luther, *Americans and Their Songs*, 1942, p. 20.
57. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4495/. (Cannady)
58. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 40.
59. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3522/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 139(G); and in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 572. (Chisholm)
60. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4179/. (Henry)
61. "Lady Margaret and Lord William." Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 208.
62. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3669/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 142(I). (Broghton)
63. "Sweet William and Fair Margaret." Sharp MSS., 3726/. (Williams)
64. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Frank Kidson, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 289.

GROUP CC

65. "Margaret and William." Greig MSS., IV, p. 1, and Bk. 762, LII, p. 10, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), p. 55, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Jaffray)
66. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Greig MSS., IV, p. 87. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker), p. 55. (Robb)
67. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4285/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 143(L). (Dodd)
68. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Maud Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, II, p. 95, and Karpeles MSS., p. 4746.
69. "Little Marget." Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Lamar Stringfield, *30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains*, 1929, p. 2.
70. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4454/3142. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 145(O). (Richards)
71. "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie." Greig MSS., IV, p. 26, and Bk. 761, LI, p. 101. (Dunbar)
72. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret." Sharp MSS., 3886/2831. (S. Hensley)
73. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 3139/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 134(B). (L. Hensley)
74. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Sharp MSS., 4684/3262. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 145(Q). (Boone)
75. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 64. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, ed., *Folk Songs of England*, 1908-12, I (*Folk Songs from Dorset*, ed. Cecil J. Sharp and H.E.D. Hammond), p. 31.

APPENDIX A

76. "William and Margaret." *Ballads and Broadsides*, British Museum shelf-mark 1876, f. 1, fol. 107, (c. 1711).

APPENDIX B

77. "William and Margaret." Engraved single-sheet, c. 1727; copy in Harvard College Library.
78. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, [1855], p. 383 (revised from Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, II, p. 84). Also in Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations*, 1850, p. 117.
79. "William and Margaret." David Young MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 2085, III, No. 228, p. 205.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [William and Margaret]

Thomson, [1725], p. 49; ed. of 1733, I, p. 109. Also in Rimbault, 1850, p. 118.

m I/M

This tune is surely a variant of that called "The Lowlands of Holland" to which Burns set his "Of a' the airts." "The Lowlands" has connections also with "Bonny Bee Hom" (No. 92, q.v.); with its own words it is No. 115 in the *Scots Musical Museum*, II, [1788], p. 118. As "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," it is attributed to William Marshall. Cf. Stenhouse's note to *SMM*, No. 115 (*Illustrations*, ed. 1853, IV, p. 115) and Glen, *Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, pp. 95-99, where the matter is further perplexed.

The broadside, of c. 1711 (cf. Appendix A, end of present ballad), from which Thomson printed, directs as follows: "N.B. This Ballad will sing to the Tunes of Montrose's Lilt, Rothe's Lament, or the Isle of Kell." The present tune is also earlier known as "Montrose's Lilt," as Lucy Broadwood observed (*JFSS*, III, No. 11, [1907], p. 66). Various forms of it appear in the 17th century, e.g. in John Gamble's MS., c. 1659, and Blaikie's lyra-viol MS., c. 1692, versions reprinted by Glen, 1900, p. 31, with further information and a reference to Chappell, I, [1855], pp. 378-81. This song is *SMM*, No. 452, which Stenhouse (*Illustrations*, p. 400) asserts to be the ancient tune of "Chevy Chase," on no discoverable authority. But for "The Isle of Kell," cf. *post*, No. 162.

The variant readings above are differences in the 1725 edition from that of 1733.

2. "Alace I lie my alon, I'm lik to die awld"

Skene MS., NL Scotland Adv. MS. 5.2.15; as transcribed in Dauney, 1838, No. 28, p. 227.

a I

A modified transcription of this is printed in Glen, 1900, p. 98. Glen denies that this tune is related to "The Lowlands of Holland." In the Skene MS., an ornate repetition of the tune follows in running eighths. In the repetition, the cadence corresponding to the first half-note above is on the sixth degree; to the third half-note, is on the third degree; to the fourth half-note, on the sixth again.

GROUP B

3. "William and Margaret"

Chambers, 1844, p. 11.

a I

This is the tune for Child No. 77 as printed in *SMM*, No. 363.

There came a ghost to Margret's door
With many a grievous groan
And aye he tirlèd at the pin
But answer made she none.

4. "William and Margaret"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 118. From Aberdeen. "Arranged."

a M/D

The tune given by Christie, I, 1876, p. 116, to "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," is properly, as he notes, "The Curragh of Kildare," of which he gives another version at *ibid.*, p. 114.

GROUP Ca

5. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 3916/. Sung by Mrs. Patrick and Mrs. Smith, Manchester, Ky., August 26, 1917.

a π^2

Sharp notes in his MS. that the second form of the tune was used almost entirely, but that, erratically, the singers sometimes reverted to the first. He thought it might have depended on which singer took the lead, supposing that one form was favored by one, the other by the other singer.

Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
At the dream he dreamed last night,
He dreamed that his Hall was full of wild swine
And his true love swimming in her own hearts blood.
Go saddle to me a milk white horse
Go saddle to me the brown
Go saddle to me the fastest horse
That ever trod its foot on the ground.

6. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 4098/. Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Ky., October 1, 1917.

a π^2

Sweet William arose one May May morning
And dressed himself in blue.

Come tell unto me that long, long, love
That's between Lady Margret & you
I know nothing of Lady Marget's love,
And I know she don't love me.
Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget my bride shall see.

7. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 4115/. Sung by Mrs. Sinda Walker, Hyden, Ky., October 8, 1917.

a D (—VII)

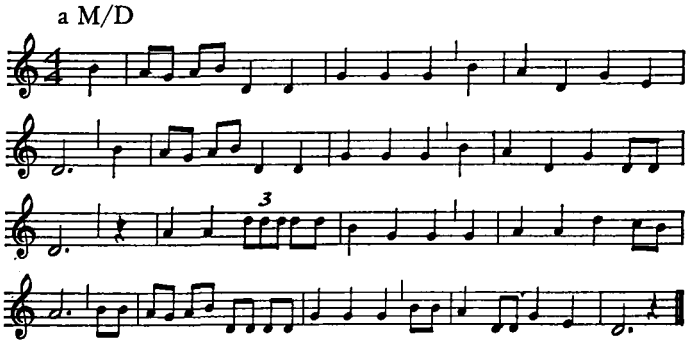
Sweet William he rose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue
Tell unto me that long long love
That's betwixt Lady Marget and you
I know nothing of Lady Marget's love
Though I know she dont love me
But tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget my love shall see.

"Mrs. Walker is a coloured 'lady,' the first coloured person who has sung to me. She sang exactly in the same way as the typical mountain woman, with perhaps even more 'dwellings' on her notes. She is really more white than black, but is accounted black and, if proof were needed, she takes in laundry which no white woman in these parts would do." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

8. "Lady Margaret"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 260(12); text, p. 256. Sung by Mrs. Emma Glasscock, Colfax, W.Va. Learned from a cousin in Rivesvale, W.Va.

a M/D



1. Sweet William arose one Easter morn
And dressed himself in blue;
"Pray tell me about the long courtship
'Tween Lady Marg'ret and you."

2. "I know nothing of Lady Margaret,
And she knows nothing of me;
But tomorrow morning just the hour of day,
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall be."

. . . . . .

13. "Is Lady Margaret in her drawing-room?
Or is she in the hall?
Or is she in her high chamber,
A-combing her long yellow hair?"

14. "She is not in her drawing-room;
She is not in the hall;
But she lies in yonder in her cold coffin,
With her pale face turned to the wall."

Musick prints only the first two and the last two stanzas of the singer's text.

9. [Sweet William and Lady Margery]

Wyman and Brockway, [1916], p. 94. From Harlan County, Ky.

a π^2

1. Sweet William rose one early morning
And dressed himself in blue, (*bis*)
"Pray tell to me, your long-wedded love,
Whose betwix Lady Margery and you?"

2. "I know no harm by you, Lady Margery,
Nor you know none by me; (*bis*)
Before to-morrow eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

3. Lady Margery sat at the high window
A-combing back her hair, (*bis*)
She saw sweet William and his bride
As they came riding there.

4. O she threw down her ivory comb
And then threw back her hair (*bis*)
And then sank down from her high window
And was never seen back there.

5. When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep, (*bis*)
Lady Margery rose with tears in her eyes
And stood at sweet William's bed-feet.

6. Says "How do you like your new feather bed,
How do you like your sheet, (*bis*)
How do you like your new wedded love
Who's in your arms asleep?"

7. "Very well I like my new feather bed,
Very well I like my sheet, (*bis*)
But the best thing that I always loved
Is the girl at my bed-feet."

8. Sweet William called his merry men all
By one, by two, by three, (*bis*)
Says "I'll away to Fair Margery's bower
With the leave of my ladye."

9. And when he came to Fair Margery's bower
He knocked at the ring; (*bis*)
And who so ready as her seven brothers
To rise and let him in.

10. "Good morning, Good morning," he says to them all,
"What makes you look so sad?" (*bis*)
"We're grieving over the loss of our sister, Lady Margery,
Who died for the love of you."

11. "Where's Lady Margery, how does she do,
O is she in her hall, (*bis*)
Or is she in chamber bright
Among them ladies all?"

12. "She's not in her chamber bright,
Nor she's not in her hall, (*bis*)
She is lying in her red-lined coffin
With her pale face turned to the wall."

13. "Unwind, unwind her pale cold face,
Her cheeks I'm a-bound to see, (*bis*)
She is the girl I always loved
Who stole my heart from me."

14. Three times he kissed her lily white hand,
Three times he kissed her breast, (*bis*)
Seven times he kissed her cold pale face
And then did go to rest.

10. "Lady Margaret"

Cox, 1925, p. 522. Sung by Mrs. Estelle Lowe, Harrison County, W.Va. Noted by Miss Lydia I. Hinkel.

a π^2

Sweet William rose one morning bright,
And dressed himself in blue:
Come tell to me the long lost love,
'Tween Lady Margaret and you.

11. "Lady Margaret"

Jean Ritchie, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-620 (A8). As sung by the Ritchie family, Viper, Ky.

a π^2

1. Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
We want you to tell us something about
That long love between Lady Marg'ret and you.

2. Well I know nothin' about Miss Lady Marget's love;
I know that she don't love me.
But tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget my bride shall see.
But tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget my bride shall see.

3. Lady Marget was standin' in her own hall door,
A-combin' down her hair;
O who could she spy but Sweet William and his bride
And the lawyers a-riding by.

4. O she threw down her iv'ry comb
'N bound her hair in silk,
And she stepped out of her own hall door
To never return any more.
O she stepped out of her own hall door
To never return any more.

5. Well the day being past and the night coming on,
When most all men was asleep,
Sweet William espied Miss Lady Marget's ghost
A-standin' at his own bed feet.

6. "O how do you like the bed?" she asked him,
"Or how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like that pretty, fair miss
That's a-lyin' in your arms asleep?"

7. "Very well, very well do I like the bed,
Much better do I like the sheet,
But the best one of all is the pretty, fair maid
That's a-standin' at my own bed feet.
But the best of all is the pretty, fair maid
That's a-standin' at my own bed feet."

8. The night bein' past and day comin' on,
When most all men was at work,

Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
From a dream that he dreamed last night.

9. "Such dreams, such dreams they are no good,
Such dreams they are no good.
I dreamed my hall was filled with wild swine,
And my true love was swimming in blood.
I dreamed my hall was filled with wild swine,
And my true love was swimming in blood."

10. He called his comrades to his side;
He counted one, two, three.
And the last one of them he asked of his bride
Lady Marget he might go and see.

11. He rode till he come to Miss Lady Marget's hall,
Tingled all on the ring.
No one so ready as Lady Marget's brother
To rise and welcome him in.
No one so ready as Lady Marget's brother
To rise and welcome him in.

12. "O is she in her garden," he asked him,
"Or is she in her hall,
Or is she in the upper parlor
Amongst those ladies all?"

13. "She neither is in her garden," he answered,
"She neither is in the hall,
But yonder she lies in her cold coffin
That's a-sitting by the side of the wall.
But yonder she lies in her cold coffin
That's a-sitting by the side of the wall."

14. "Hang up, hang up them milk-white sheets
That's made of linen so fine,
Today they shall hang o'er my Lady Marget's corpse,
And tomorrow they shall hang over mine.

15. "Yes, hold up, hold up those milk-white sheets
Made of linen so fine.
May I go and kiss them cold clay lips,
For they oft-times have kissed mine?
May I go and kiss them cold clay lips,
For they oft-times have kissed mine?"

16. Well first he kissed her on the cheek,
And then he kissed her chin,
And then he kissed them cold clay lips
Which crushed his heart within.

17. Lady Marget was buried in the new church yard,
Sweet William was buried near by her,
And out of her grave there sprung a red rose,
And out of his a brier.
And out of her grave there sprung a red rose,
And out of his a brier.

18. Well they grew and grew to the new church top,
'N they could not grow no higher,
And they wound and they tied in a true lover's knot
For all young people to admire.
Yes they wound and they tied in a true lover's knot
For all young people to admire.

12. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4181/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 143(K). Sung by Mrs. Lizzie Gibson, Crozet, Va., April 26, 1918.

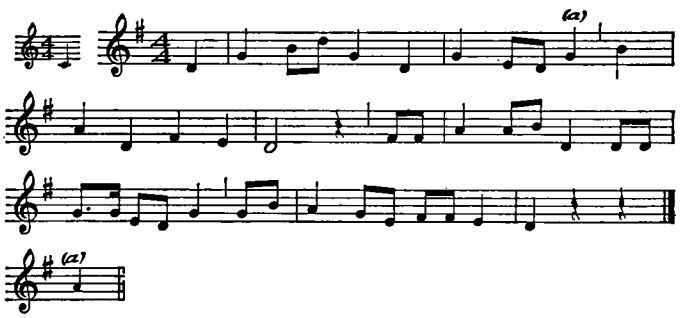
a M

Sweet William he arose one merry morning
And he trimmed himself in blue
Pray tell unto me of your long, long love O
Betwixt Lady Margret & you
Pray tell unto me of your long, long love O
Betwixt Lady Margret & you.

13. "Sweet William"

Brewster, 1940, p. 71. Also in Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 301. Sung by Mrs. G. W. Smith, Oakland City, Ind., June 1935; learned from her mother. Noted by Mrs. Johnson.

a I/M



1. One morning in June Sweet William arose
And dressed himself in blue,
Saying, "Come tell unto me of the long and loving love
That's betwixt Lady Margaret* and you."

2. "O I know nothing of Lady Margaret," said he;
"Lady Margaret knows nothing of me,
But tomorrow morning by eight o'clock
Lady Margaret my bride shall see."

3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own bowery-door
A-combing up her hair,†
When who should she see but Sweet William and his bride
To the church as they passed by.

4. She quickly dropped her ivory comb,
And tied her hair all before,
And out of that door went a gay lady
That was never seen there any more.

5. The day being gone and the night coming on
When men were all asleep,
Sweet William he saw Lady Margaret's ghost
A-standing at his bed's feet.

6. "How do you like your bed?" said she;
"And how do you like your sheets?
And how do you like that pretty fair maid
That lies in your arms asleep?"

7. "O I like my bed very well," said he;
"Much better I like my sheets;
But the best of all is that pretty fair maid
That stands at my bed's feet."

. . . . . .

8. Then he called up his old servants,
By one, by two, by three;
But the last of all he asked his own bride
If he might Lady Margaret go see.

9. "O what will you do with Lady Margaret?" she said;
"And what will you do with me?"
"O it's first I will Lady Margaret go see,
And then I'll return unto thee."

10. He went unto Lady Margaret's room
And knocked at the door;§
There was none so ready as her own seventh brother
To arise and let him in.

11. "O where is Lady Margaret?" said he;
"Is she not in her hall?
Or is she in her high-bound chamber
Amongst her merry maids all?"

12. "No, she is not in her kitchen," said they;
"Nor she is not in her hall,
But she is in her own coffin
Laid out against yon wall."

13. "Roll up, roll up those fine Holland sheets
That I may go and see,
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips
That ofttimes have kissed me."

14. 'Twas first he kissed her rosy cheek
And then her rosy chin,
But the last of all was her clay-cold lips
That pierced his heart within.

15. "Roll up, roll up those fine Holland sheets
That's made of the Holland so fine,
For today they hang over Lady Margaret's corpse
And tomorrow they will hang over mine."

16. They buried her in the old churchyard;
They buried him by her side;
And out of her grave a red rosy grew,
And out of his a brier.

17. They grew and grew up the church steeple wall
Till they couldn't grow any higher,
And there they twined in a truelover's knot,
The rosy and the brier.

* 1935: Marg'ret
† 1935: so high
§ 1935: upon the pin

14. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3541/2616. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 139(F); and in Davis, 1929, p. 572; text, p. 235. Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton, Mount Fair, Va., September 26, 1916.

a π^2

O down she threw her ivory comb,
And back she tossed her hair,
And down she fell from that high, high window
And never was more seen there, seen there,
And never was more seen there.

"O I knew nothing of Lady Margret,
And she knew nothing of me.
Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Margret my bride shall be, shall be,
Lady Margret my bride shall be."

15. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3610/2673. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 140(H). Sung by Miss May Ray, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn., April 29, 1917.

a π^2

1. Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
Come tell to me all about that love
Between Lady Marg'ret and you.

2. I know nothing of Lady Margaret's love,
But I know that she don't love me,
And in the morning at half-past eight
Lady Margaret my bride shall see.

3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own room door,
A-combing back her hair,

When who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
As to the church they drew nigh.

4. Then down she threw her ivory comb,
In silk bound up her hair,
And out of the room this lady ran;
She was never any more seen there.

5. The day passed away and night a-coming on
And the most of the men were asleep,
Sweet William he espied Lady Margaret's ghost
A-standing at his bed-feet.

6. O how do you like your bed?
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like the fair young bride
That's lying in your arms at sleep?

7. Very well do I like my bed,
Much better do I like my sheet,
But best of all that fair young girl
That's standing at my bed-feet.

8. The night passed away and the day coming on
And most of all the men were awake.
Sweet William said: I am troubled in my head
By the dream that I dreamed last night.

9. Such dreams, such dreams as these,
I know they mean no good.
I dreamed last night that my room was full of swine
And my bride was floating in blood.

10. He called his servants all to him,
By one, by two, by three,
And the last he called was his own new-made bride,
That he Lady Margaret might see.

11. O what will you do with Lady Margaret's love,
And what will you do with me?
He said: I'll go and Lady Margaret see,
And I'll return unto thee.

12. He rode till he came to Lady Margaret's door
And dingled at the ring;
And who was so ready as her seventh lonely brother
But to rise and let him in.

13. O is she in her kitchen-room?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her dining-room
Among her merry maids all?

14. She's neither in her kitchen-room,
Nor neither in her hall;
But she lies both dead and cold,
Stretched out against the wall.

15. You go fold up those snow-white sheets
That are made of linen so fine;
To-day they're hanging over Lady Margaret's corpse,
To-morrow they'll hang over mine.

16. Lady Margaret was buried in the old church-yard,
Sweet William was buried close by,
And out of her grave there sprung a red rose,
And out of his a brier.

17. They grew so tall and they grew so high
That they scarcely could grow any higher,
And they tied in a true love's knot
For all true loves to admire.*

18. They grew so tall and they grew so high
That they scarcely could grow any higher.
The brier ran around the corner of the church,
And the rose ran around the brier.

* 1932 omits this stanza

16. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 3870/. Sung by Mrs. Sophie Annie Hensley [?], Oneida, Ky., August 17, 1917.

a I/M

Sweet William rose up one bright May morning
And dressed himself in blue
Saying: What do you know of long love lying
Between Lady Margret and you.

17. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William"

Sharp MSS., 3877/. Sung by Miss Sylvaney Haskins, Oneida School, Ky., August 18, 1917.

a π^2

Sweet William rose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue:
Pray tell me something of the love
Between Lady Margaret and you.

18. [Lady Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3970/. Sung by Mrs. Bagley, Beattyville, Ky., September 5, 1917.

a π^2

I know nothing of Lady Margret's love
I know she dont love me;
But tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock
Lady Margret my bride shall see.

19. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 3990/. Sung by Mrs. Francis Carter, Proctor, Beattyville, Ky., September 7, 1917.

a π^2

Sweet William arose one May, May morning
A-dressed himself in blue
Saying tell unto me of the long, long love
That's between Lady Margret and you.

20. "Pretty Polly"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 112(C). Sung by Mrs. Cinderella Kinnaird, Willow Springs, Mo., April 20, 1934.

a π^2

I know nothin' of pretty Polly,
Pretty Polly knows nothin' of me,
But tomorrow mornin' at eight o'clock
Pretty Polly my bride shall see.

21. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 59(C). Sung by Miss Polly Morris, Pirkey, Va., April 23, 1936.

a π^2

The same singer contributed this tune and text, with inconsequential variations, to Dorothy Scarborough's collection. Cf. List of Variants, a.

1. Sweet William he rose one May morning,
And dressed himself in blue.
O come tell unto me that long lost love
Between Lady Marg'ret and you.

2. O I know nothing of Lady Marg'ret,
Lady Marg'ret knows nothing of me.
Before tomorrow morning, before eight o'clock,
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall see.

3. Lady Marg'ret was sitting in her high window,
A-combing of her hair.
Who should she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
In the church yard as they rode by.

4. O down she threw her ivory comb,
And back she threw her hair.
And down she fell out of the high window,
And never was no more seen there.

5. By the day a-being gone, and the night a-coming on,
And the most of the people was asleep,
O who should he spy but Lady Marg'ret's ghost
A-standing at his bed feet.

6. O how do you like your bed? said she,
O how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like your new wedded wife
That's a-lying in your arms asleep?

7. Very well, very well, I like my bed,
Still better I like my sheet.
But the best of it all is that gay, gay lady
That's a-standing at my bed feet.

8. By the night a-being gone and the day coming on,
And the most of the people was awake,
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his mind
From the dreams that he dreamed last night.

9. Such dreams, such dreams, I do not like,
Such dreams, they may be true.
I dreamed that my hall was full of white shrouds,
And my bride's bed a-flowing with tears.

10. He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And rode as fast as he could ride.
He rode till he came to Lady Marg'ret's hall,
So loud he rapped and called.

11. O is she in her kitchen, said he,
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her parlor room,
Among the merry lads all?

12. She's neither in her kitchen, said he,
Nor she's neither in her hall.
She's lying in her coffin that's made of the lead,
And her pale face is turned to the wall.

13. Tear down, tear down, those milk-white sheets,
Tear down them two by three.
And let me get a kiss from her cold clay lips
For oft times she's kissed me.

14. Once he kissed her pale white cheeks,
And twice he kissed her chin.
And three times he kissed her cold clay lips
And pierced his heart within.

15. Lady Marg'ret died on a Whitsun Monday,
Sweet William he died tomorrow.
Lady Marg'ret she died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

16. Lady Marg'ret was buried on the side of the church,
Sweet William on the other.
Lady Marg'ret's grave sprung a red, red rose,
Sweet William's sprung a briar.

17. They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
And they couldn't grow no higher.
They locked and they tied in a true-lover's knot,
A rose and a briar.

22. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 53(A). Sung by Miss Alice Bruce, Harriston, Va., October 9, 1935.

a I/M

Variant (a) is from Mrs. Jane Morris, October 16, 1935.

1. Sweet William he rose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
Come tell unto me this long lost love
That's between Lady Margret and you.

2. I know nothing of Lady Margret,
Lady Margret she knows nothing of me;
But tomorrow by eight o'clock
Lady Margret my bride shall see.

3. Lady Margret she was sitting in her high stone window,
A-combing back her long yellow hair,
And who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
In the church-yard as they rode by.

4. Down she tossed her ivory comb,
And back she tossed her hair;
And down from the window, Lady Margret she came,
And she never was more seen there.

5. The day being gone and the night coming on,
And most of the people were asleep,
Lady Margret's ghost appeared that night
At Sweet William's bed feet.

6. How do you like your bed? said she.
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your new wedded bride (or: lady)
That lies in your arms asleep?

7. It's very well I like my bed,
And very well I like my sheet;
But best of all the charming little miss
That's standing at my bed feet.

8. The night being gone and the day coming on,
The sun's just giving light;
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his mind
From the dream he dreamt last night.

9. Such dreams, such dreams, I do despise,
Such dreams I do despise.
I dreamt that my hall was filled with white swine,
And my bride's bed a-flowing in tears.

10. He called on his merry maids all,
By one, by two, by three.
He asked leave of his new wedded wife
Lady Margret he might go and see.

11. He rode, he rode to Lady Margret's hall,
He knocked so loud at the ring.
And who should be so ready as Lady Margret's brother
For to rise and let him in.

12. Is she in her kitchen? says he,
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her high bowed room
Amongst the merry (or: gentle) men all?

13. She's neither in her kitchen,
Nor neither in her hall;
But she's lying in her cold coffin
With her pale face turned to the wall.

14. Turn down, turn down those milk-white sheets,
(Or: Tear down, tear down those milk-white sheets,)
Lady Margret that I might see:
That I may kiss her cold clay lips
Oft-times has kiss-ed mine.

15. Lady Margret she died like it was today,
Sweet William he died like tomorrow.
Lady Margret she died for pure, pure love;
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

23. "Lady Margret"

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 126(B). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 573(M); text, p. 237. Sung by Alonzo and Miss Callie Hogan, Lynch Station, Va., February 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a M

The barring of the second half of the tune has been altered by the present editor.

1. Lady Margret was sitting in her bower window,
   Combing out her long yellow hair;
   Who should she spy but Sweet William and his bride
   As they were riding near.

2. Lady Margret fell from her bower window,
   Combing out her long yellow hair.
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

3. "Such a dream, such a dream, as I dreamed last night,
   Such a dream, it may come true.
   I dreamed my bed was full of whitened twine,
   And my bride bed was filled with the tears."

4. "Hold down, hold down, your lily-white cheeks,
   Hold down, hold down, so fine;
   Let me get as many kisses from your cold clear lips
   As ever you kissed from mine."

5. Lady Margret died today at twelve o'clock,
   Sweet William died like tomorrow.
   Lady Margret was buried under a tall willow tree,
   Sweet William was buried under another.

24. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3181/2321. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 135(C). Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands, Allanstand, N.C., July 31, 1916.

a M

In his MSS., Sharp gives an alternative notation, in 4/2 time, with dotted halves in place of the held quarter-notes.

1. As she was sitting in her dower room
   A-combing back her hair,
   She saw sweet William and his brown broden bride
   As they drew near to her.

2. Lady Marget she rose in the dead hour of night
   When they'se all a-lying at sleep,
   Lady Marget she rose in the dead hour of night
   And stood at his bed feet.

3. Says, how do you like your bed, she says.
   And how do you like your sheet,
   Or how do you like your brown broden bride
   That lays in your arms at sleep?

4. Very well, very well do I like my bed,
   But better do I like my sheet,
   But better do I like a lady gay
   Who stands at my bed feet.

5. Sweet William arose at the dead hour of night
   When they was all a-lying at sleep,
   Sweet William arose at the dead hour of night
   And tingled on the ring.
   There was none so ready as her seven brothers
   To rise and let him come in.

6. O where is Lady Marget, Lady Marget, he cries,
   O where is Lady Marget, says he,
   For she's a girl I always did adore
   And she stole my heart from me.

7. Is she in her dower room,
   Or is she in the hall,
   Or is she in her bed chambry
   Along with the merry maids all?

8. She is not in her dower room,
   Nor neither in the hall,
   But she is in her cold, cold coffin
   With her pale face toward the wall.

9. And when he pulled the milk-white sheets
   That were made of satin so fine:
   Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips
   And now, love, I'll kiss thine.

10. Three times he kissed her snowy white breast,
    Three times he kissed her cheeks,
    But when he kissed her cold clay lips
    His heart was broke within.

11. What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?
    Will you have bread and wine?
    Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
    The same shall be had at mine.

12. They buried Lady Marget in our church yard
    And buried sweet William by her;
    And out of sweet William's breast sprung a blood red rose
    And out of Lady Marget's a briar.

13. They grew and grew to the top of the church
    And they could grow no higher,
    And they tied a true love's knot
    And lived and died together.

25. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William"

Eddy, 1939, p. 34. Also in Tolman, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 340. Sung by Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, Ohio.

a I/M

1. Sweet William arose one merry May morning,
   And dressed himself in blue,
   Saying, "Come tell unto me the long, long love
   That's between Lady Margaret and you,"
   Saying, "Come tell unto me the long, long love
   That's between Lady Margaret and you."

2. "I know no harm of her," he said,
   "And I hope that she knows none of me;
   But tomorrow morning by eight of the clock
   Lady Margaret my bride shall see."
   [*Etc.*]

3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own hall door,
   A-combing back her hair,
   When who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
   As they to the church drew near?

4. She throwed down her ivory comb,
   And with silk she tied her hair,
   And this pretty fair maiden went out of the room,
   And never was seen back there.

5. The day was far spent and the night was coming on,
   When most of the men was at work;
   Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
   By a dream that he dreampt that night.

6. . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   He dreamed his room was full of wild swine,
   And his bride's bed swimming in blood.

7. The night was far spent and the day coming on,
   When most of the men was asleep,
   When Lady Margaret's ghost appeared,
   And stood at his bed's feet.

8. "How do you like your bed," says she,
   "And how do you like your sheet?
   And how do you like your newly-married bride
   That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

9. "Very well do I like my bed," said he,
   "And also I like my sheet,
   But the best of all is that fair lady in white
   That stands at my bed's feet."

10. Her face was white as the driven snow,
    Clad in that yonder cloud,
    And clay-cold was her lily-white hand
    That held her lily-white shroud.

11. Then he called on his merry maidens all,
    By one, by two, by three,
    And last of all on his new married bride,
    Lady Margaret she might go and see.

12. Oh, is she in her high bower-ee,
    Or is she in her hall,
    Or is she in her gay coaches,
    Among her merry maidens all?

13. No, she is not in her high bower-ee,
    Nor she is not in her hall,
    But she is in her new coffin,
    Laid out against the wall.

14. "Take down, take down those sheets," said he,
    "Made out of the silk so fine,
    And let me kiss them clay-cold lips,
    For so oft they have kissed mine."

15. "Take down, take down those sheets," said he,
    "Made out of the linen so fine,
    Today they are over Lady Margaret's corpse,
    And to-morrow they will be over mine."

16. Lady Margaret she died as if today,
    Sweet William he died on the morrow;
    Lady Margaret she died of pure, pure love,
    Sweet William he died of sorrow.

17. Lady Margaret was buried under a cherry-tree top,
    Sweet William was buried under a willow,
    And they both grew high, and they both grew together,
    And they tied in a true lovers' knot.

26. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret"

Cox, 1925, p. 523; text, p. 69. Text from Miss Sallie D. Jones, Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, W.Va., January 1917; she learned it from Miss M. E. Harper, Pendleton County, W.Va., c. 1880. Tune from Miss R. Dice Smith.

a M

1. Sweet William arose one May misty morning,
   And dressed himself in blue:
   "Come tell unto me the long, long love
   Between Lady Margaret and you."

2. "I know nothing about Lady Margaret," he said,
   "Lady Margaret knows nothing about me;
   But to-morrow morning about eight o'clock,
   Lady Margaret my bride shall be."

3. Lady Margaret was sitting in her high dawning window,
Combing her long, yellow hair;
When whom should she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
As they drew nigh to the church.

4. She dashed down her ivory comb
And tossed back her long, yellow hair,
And departed from the high dawning window,
And was never more seen there.

5. The day being past and night coming on,
When most of the men were asleep,
Lady Margaret's ghost it did appear
At Sweet William's own bed feet.

6. "How do you like your bed?" said she,
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your newly-wedded bride,
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

7. "Very well do I like my bed," said he,
"Very well do I like my sheet;
But the dearest of all is the dear little girl,
Who stands at my bed feet."

8. The night being past and the day coming on,
When most of the men were awake,
Sweet William he said, "I am troubled in my mind,
By the dream that I dreamed last night."

9. . . . . .
"I dreamed that my hall was haunted by white swine,
And my bed was floating away."

10. He called up his merry maids all
And dressed six of them in green,
Saying, "Take up my newly wedded bride,
For Lady Margaret I'll go see."

11. . . . . .
He rode all day and he rode all night,
He rode till he came to her hall.

12. Sweet William tingled at the bell,
As there was no other;
Who was so ready as to rise and let him in
As Lady Margaret's own brother?

13. "O is she in her chamber high?
Or is she in the hall?
Or is she in her kitchen room,
Among her maidens all?"

14. "She is neither in her chamber high,
She is neither in her hall;
But yonder she lies on her cold coffin lid,
With her pale face turned to the wall."

15. "Fall down, fall down, ye milk-white sheets,
White hollands ye are so fine,
That I may kiss the clay-cold lips
That ofttimes have kissed mine."

16. Three times he kissed her on the cheek,
Three times he kissed her chin;
Three times he kissed her clay-cold lips,
And it pierced his heart within.

27. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 56(B). Sung by Mrs. Mary McAllister, Grottoes, Va., October 30, 1935.

a I/M

The variants are from Mrs. Texas Anne Lewis.

1. Sweet William he rose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
Come tell unto me this long lost love
That's between Lady Marg'ret and you.

2. I know nothing of Lady Marg'ret;
Lady Marg'ret she knows nothing of me.
But tomorrow by eight o'clock
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall see.

3. Lady Marg'ret she was standing at the high bow'r window,
Combing back her long yellow hair.
And who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
In the church-yard as they rode by.

4. Down she tossed her ivory comb,
And back she tossed her hair;
And down from the high bounded window she came,
And she never was more seen there.

5. The day being gone and the night coming on,
And most of the people were asleep,
Lady Marg'ret's ghost appeared that night
At Sweet William's bed-feet.

6. How do you like your bed? said she;
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your new wedded bride (lady)
That lies in your arms asleep?

7. It's very well I like my bed,
And very well I like my sheet;
But best of all the charming little miss
That's standing at my bed-feet.

8. The night being gone and the day coming on,
When the sun's just giving light,
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his mind
From the dream that he dreamt last night.

9. Such dreams, such dreams, I do despise,
Such dreams I do despise.
I dreamt that my hall was filled with white swine,
And my bride's bed a-flowing in tears.

10. He called on his merry maids all,
By one, by two, by three.
He asked leave of his new wedded wife,
Lady Marg'ret he might go and see.

11. He rode, he rode to Lady Marg'ret's hall;
He knocked so loud at the ring.
And who should be so ready as Lady Marg'ret's brother,
For to rise and let him in.

12. Is she in her kitchen? says he,
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her high bowed room
Amongst the merry men all.

13. She's neither in her kitchen,
Nor neither in her hall;
But she's a-lying in her cold coffin
With her pale face turned to the wall.

14. Tear down, tear down those milk-white sheets,
Lady Marg'ret that I might see;
That I may kiss her cold clay lips,
Oft-times has kiss-ed mine.

15. Lady Marg'ret she died like it might be today,
Sweet William he died like tomorrow.
Lady Marg'ret she died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

16. They buried Lady Marg'ret in the new church-yard,
Sweet William by the side of her.
Out of Lady Marg'ret's clothes there sprung a red rose,
And out of Sweet William's a brier.

17. They growed, they growed to the top of the church,
Till they couldn't go no higher;
They growed, they growed and joined together,
And tied themselves in a true-lover's knot.

GROUP cb

28. "Sweet William"

McGill, 1917, p. 69.

p I/Ly

1. Sweet William arose on last May morning,
And dressed himself in blue;
"Come, tell unto me that long, long love
Between Lyddy Marget and you."

2. "I know no harm of Lyddy Marget, my love,
I'm sure she knows none of me;
By eight o'clock tomorrow morning
Lyddy Marget my bride shall see."

3. Lyddy Marget was sitting in her own bower room
A-combing her yellow hair;
She saw Sweet William and his new bride
As they came riding near.

4. Lyddy Marget threw down her golden comb,
And quickly she bound up her hair;
And away she went from her own bower room,
No more to be seen there.

5. The day being past and night come on
When all men were asleep,
Lyddy Marget's ghost came about midnight
And stood at Sweet William's bed feet.

6. "How do you like your bed?" she said,
"How do you like your sheet;
How do you like that fair ladie
That lies in your arms asleep?"

7. "Very well I like my bed," he said,
"Very well I like my sheet;
But better I like the fair ladie
That stands at my bed feet."

8. The night being gone and day come on,
When all men were awake;
Sweet William he rose with trouble on his mind
From the dream that he dreamed last night.

9. "Such dreams, such dreams as I dreamed last night,
Such dreams are never good;
I dreamed my room was full of wild swine,
My bride bed full of blood."

10. Sweet William he called his merry men all
By ones, by twos and by threes;
Before them all he asked his bride
If Lyddy Marget he might go see.

11. "What will you do with Lyddy Marget, my love,
And what will you do with me?"
"Today I go see Lyddy Marget," he said,
"Tomorrow return to thee."

12. He rode till he came to Lyddy Marget's hall,
And dingled so loud on the ring;
And who so ready as her own brothers
To rise and let him come in?

13. "Is Marget in her own bower room,
Or is she in her hall,
Or is she in the kitchen
Among her merry maids all?"

14. "She's neither in the kitchen,
She's neither in her hall;
But she is in her own bower room
Laid out against the wall."

15. "Raise up, raise up that coffin lid
So I can gaze within;
And let me kiss her clay-cold lips
Lord send it the breath was in."

16. First he kissed her on the cheek,
And then he kissed her chin;
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips
That oft times had kissed him.

17. "Fold down, fold down those snowy white sheets,
All made of linen so fine;
Today they hang over Marget's corpse,
Tomorrow hang over mine."

18. Lyddy Marget died like it might have been today,
Sweet William died tomorrow;
Lyddy Marget died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

19. Lyddy Marget was buried in the lower church yard,
Sweet William was buried in the higher;
And out of her grave there sprang a red rose,
And out of his grave a briar.

20. They grew and they grew to the high church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tied in a true lover's knot
The red rose and the briar.

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29. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3807/. Sung by Zachariah Henry Connor, West Asheville, N.C., July 26, 1917.

a π^1

Sweet William he rose one merry, merry
morning,
He dressed himself in blue
Little Margret she knowed nothing of me,
Nor I knowed nothing of her,
But before tomorrow morning at eight
o clock
Little Margret my darling shall see.

30. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret"

Davis, 1929, p. 570(E); text, p. 229. Sung by T. C. Clark, Whitehall, Va., November 3, 1920; learned from the son of Captain Ripitoe, sheriff of Albemarle County, c. 1860. Collected by John Stone.

a π^1

1. Sweet William arose one May, May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
"Come tell unto me this long, long love
Between Lady Margaret and you."

2. "I know nothing of Lady Margaret,
And the least she knows of me;
Before tomorrow morning at ten o'clock
Lady Margaret my bride shall be."

3. Lady Margaret was standing at her dormer window
Combing her long yellow hair.
Who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
In the churchyard as they passed by?

4. 'Twas down she threw her ivory comb,
And back she threw her hair,
And from her dormer window she fell,
And was no more seen there.

5. The night being spent and the day coming on
And most of the men were awake,
Sweet William he said he had troubles in his head,
The dreams that he dreamt last night.

6. "Such dreams, such dreams, they must be true,
Such dreams they must be so;
I dreamed my hall was full of white swine
And my love bed floating in tears."

7. He called his maid from the bed,*
By one, by two, by three;
And he asked leave of his new wedded bride,
Lady Margaret he might go see.

8. He rode till he came to Lady Margaret's hall,
He knocked and he loudly called;
And who was so ready as Lady Margaret's brother
To rise and let him in.

9. "Is Lady Margaret in the kitchen?" he said,
"Or is she in the hall?

Or is she in the upper chamber
With her merry maids all?"

10. "She is neither in the kitchen," he said,
"Nor neither in the hall;
She is in her coffin made of lead
With her pale face turned to the wall."

11. "Fold down, fold down those lily-white sheets
Which makes the olive so fine,
That I may kiss her pale, cold lips,
As ofttimes she kissed mine."

12. It's "Once I kissed her lily-white breast,
Twice I kissed her chin,
Three times I kissed her pale, cold lips,
Which breaks my heart within."

13. Lady Margaret died on Whitsun Monday,
Sweet William died tomorrow;
Lady Margaret died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

14. Lady Margaret was buried under one willow tree,
Sweet William was buried under another;
Out of Lady Margaret's grave grew a red rosy bush,
And out of Sweet William's a briar.

15. They grew till they grew to the church steeple top,
Till they could grew no higher,
And the leaves spread about and the branches they did meet
And they tied a true lover's knot.

* *Variant reading*: He called unto his merry men all

31. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 134. Sung by Miss Mattie Trask, Bangor, Me., in October 1928; learned from her grandmother. Tune noted by George Herzog.

a I/M

1. Lady Margaret sat by her window
A-combing her golden hair;
She saw King William riding by,
A lady by his side.

2. She threw down her ivory comb,
Pushed back her golden hair,
And fell out of the back window,
Never to see light any more.

3. King William went home that very night
And dreamed an awful dream,—
Lady Margaret's house was on fire,
Lady Margaret's room was full of blood.

4. He rose very early the next morning,
And went to Lady Margaret's house;
He rapped so hard at the door
None so glad as Lady Margaret's mother
To get up and let him in!

5. "Where, oh, where, is Lady Margaret?
Where, oh, where, is Lady Margaret?"
"Out in the back chamber,
All for the sake of you."

6. "All for the sake of me!
I'll die for the sake of her!"
And he fell out of the back window
Never to see light any more.

32. "Sweet Willie"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Collected by Mrs. Maude M. Sutton.

a I/M

Sweet Willie arose one morning in May
He dressed himself in blue
Come tell unto me this whole long love
Betwixt little Margret and me.

33. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3381/2476. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 132(A). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

a I/M (sharp VII in variants)

1. Sweet William he rose in the month of May,
He a-decked himself in blue,
Saying: I long to know that long, long love has been
Betwixt Lady Marget and me.

2. No harm, no harm of Lady Marget,
Nor she knows none by me,
But before tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget a bride shall see.

3. Lady Marget was a-sitting in her bowing room
Combing back her yellow hair,
And she saw Sweet William and his new wedded bride,
To church they did draw nigh.

4. And it's down she stood her ivory comb
And back she threw her hair.
And it's you may suppose and be very well assured
Lady Marget was heard no more.

5. The time has passed away and gone
For all men to be asleep,
And something appeared to Sweet William and his new wedded bride
And stood up at their bed feet.

6. Saying: How do you like your bed making?
Or how do you like your sheets?
Or how do you like that new wedded bride
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

7. Very well do I like my bed making,
Much better do I like my sheets;
But the best of all is the gay lady
That stands at my bed feet.

8. The time was passed away and gone
For all men to be awake,
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
By the dreams that he dreamed last night.

9. Such dreams, such dreams cannot be true,
I'm afraid they're of no good,
For I dreamed that my chamber was full of wild swine
And my bride's bed a-floating in blood.

10. He called down his waiting-men,
One, by two, by three,
Saying: Go and ask the leave of my new wedded bride
If Lady Marget I mayn't go and see.

11. It's he rode up to Lady Marget's own bowing room,
And he knocked so clear at the ring;
And who was so ready as her own born brother
For to rise and let him in.

12. Is Lady Marget in her own bowing room?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she high in her chambry
Amongst her merry maids all?

13. Lady Marget's not in her own bowing room,
Nor neither is she in her hall;
But she is in her long coffin,
Lies pale against yon wall.

14. Unroll, unroll the winding-sheets,
Although they're very fine,
And let me kiss them cold pale lips
Just as often as they've kissed mine.

15. Three times he kissed her ivory cheeks,
And then he kissed her chin,
And when he kissed them cold pale lips
There was no breath within.

16. Lady Marget she died like it might be to-day,
Sweet William he died on tomorrow;
Lady Marget she died for pure, true love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

17. Lady Marget were buried in yons churchyard,
Sweet William was buried by her;
From her there sprung up a red, red rose,
From him there sprung a briar.

18. They both growed up the old church wall
Till, of course, could grow no higher,
And they met and they tied in a true love's knot,
For the rose rolled round the briar.

34. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3247/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 139(E). Sung by Mrs. Wonnie Shelton, Carmen, N.C., August 11, 1916.

a I/M

Lady Marget was sitting in her dower room
A combing back her hair
She saw Sweet William and his new wedded wife
As they drew near to her.

35. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3223/(2361). Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 137(D). Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley, Carmen, N.C., August 8, 1916.

a I/M

Sweet William he rose one morning in May
He dressed himself in blue
And pray will you tell me that long, long love
Between Lady Marget and you.

The fifteen additional stanzas printed in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 137(D), are attributed in the MS. to Granny Banks, whose tune is missing.

36. "William and Margaret"

Sharp MSS., 1082/1084. Sung by Mrs. Jane Chapman, West Harptree, Somerset, August 28, 1906.

p I

1. As Miss Margaret was sat in her bower one day
A-combing out her hair,
'Twas then she saw Sweet William and his wife
Coming out of the church of St. Air.

2. 'Twas down she threw her ivory comb
And back she threw her hair,
And out of the bower she withdrew herself
Never to sit there any more.

3. O where is Miss Margaret, is she in the parlour,
Or is she in the hall?
No, no, she's in her bedchamber
With her face turned unto the wall.

4. Then back he threw the curtain wide
And down he threw the sheet,
And then he kissed her lily-cold lips ten thousand times o'er
While she lied fast asleep.

5. What have you prepared for Miss Margaret's wedding?
Sweet biscuits and white wine.
I'll have you prepare the same for me
Betwixt eight o'clock and nine.

37. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5171; text, p. 4707. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Quilter (74), Harbour Grace, Conception Bay, Newfoundland; October 8, 1929.

p I

Lady Margaret was sitting in a bower so high
Knight William on her knee,
When up rose the spirit of this pretty fair maid
And stood at Knight William's feet.

Saying: O mourned you, O mourned you for my seven pretty brothers,
O mourned you, come tell unto me.
It is for your sister Lady Margaret he cried,
Who died for love of me.

38. "Sweet William and Lady Marg'ret"

Wilgus, *KFR*, III, No. 3 (1957), p. 108; text, p. 89. Sung by Mrs. Lucas Dunn, Portsmouth, Ky. Recorded by Dorothy Kneff at Jackson, November 1955. Tune noted by Howard Carpenter.

p I/Ly

1. Sweet William arose one merry morn
And dressed hisself in blue.
"Come tell on, come tell on, to the long, long love
Lies between Lady Marg'ret and you."

2. "I know no harm of Lady Marg'ret,
And I hope she knows none of me.
But tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall see."

3. She was sitting in her bay-window
A-combing back her hair.
There she saw sweet William and his bride.
To church they were drawing near.

4. She tossed down her ivory comb,
In silk wrapped up her hair,
And she pitched out of her own bowing-door
And never was no more seen there.

5. Sweet William called the merry maids
By one, by two, by three;
The last of all he asked of them,
Lady Marg'ret he might go see.

6. "Now is she in the barber room,
Or is she in the hall,
Or is she in the kitchen room
Amongst the merry maids all?"

7. "She's neither in the barber room,
Nor is she in the hall;
But she is in her own bedroom
Laid out against the wall."

8. The day a-being gone and the night come on,
All people might have been asleep.
Lady Marg'ret appeared to sweet William
To stand at his bed-feet.

9. Saying, "How do you like your new-made bed,
And how do you like your sheet,
And how do you like that fair lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"

10. "Mighty well, mighty well I like my bed,
Much better I like my sheet,
But the best of all that fair lady
That stands at my bed feet."

11. The night a-being gone and the day come on,
All people might have been awake.
Sweet William said, "I'm troubled in my mind
From the dreams I dreamed last night.

12. "Such dreams, such dreams, such dreams as these,
I'm afraid they are not good.
I dreamed my room was full of wild swans
And my bride's bed covered in blood."

13. Lady Marg'ret died, it might have been today,
Sweet William died tomorrow.
Lady Marg'ret died for his pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

14. She was laid in the old church yard,
He 'as laid in the tower,
And out of her grave sprang a red rosebud,
And out of his a brier.

15. They grew and grew till they grew so high
They could not grow any higher.
They wrapped and tied in a true-love's knot,
And the red rose ran around the brier.

39. [Lady Margaret and Sweet William]

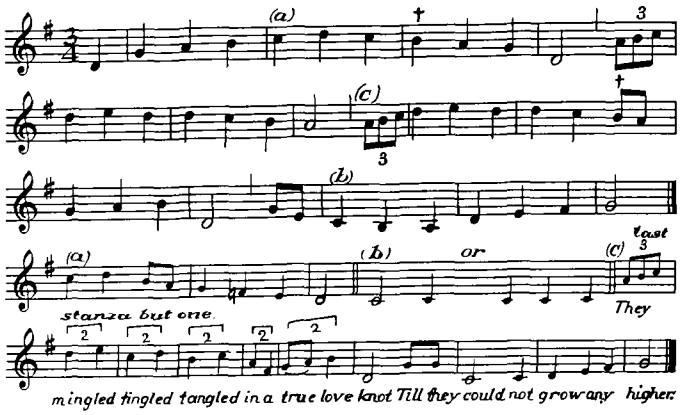
Davis, 1929, p. 573(P). Sung by Raz Shifflet, Blackwell's Hollow, Va., November 1920. Collected by John Stone.

p π^1

40. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 1802/. Sung by William Walter, Glastonbury, Wells Union, Somerset, August 26, 1908.

m I (inflected VII)



This is obviously a variant of the "Valentine's Day" pattern. Sharp notes that the B's marked with a cross were sometimes flattened.

They mingled tingled tangled in a true love knot
Till they could not grow any higher.
[*No more words.*]

41. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4366/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 144(N). Sung by Bob Bradley, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., June 9, 1918.

p I/M

Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue,
Saying: Tell to me that long, long love
Between Lady Marg'ret and you.

42. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4338/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 144(M). Sung by Mrs. Laura Donald, Dewey, Va., June 6, 1918.

a I/M

She laid down her iv'ry comb,
With silk tied up her hair,
When she saw it was Willie and his bride
passing by,
They were going to the church it was nigh.

43. [Lady Margaret]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 109(A). Also in Randolph, 1931, p. 182. Sung by Mrs. Carrie Baber, Pineville, Mo., February 13, 1922.

p π^1, ending on *VI*

1. Lady Marg'ret was a-standin' in her own chamber room,
A-combin' back her long yaller hair,
When she seen sweet Willie an' his new wedded bride,
As they to th' church drawed nigh.

2. She throwed her ivy comb away,
An' she tore down her long yaller hair,
An' she fell right back on her death-cold bed
Set yonder ag'in the wall.

3. Where's Lady Marg'ret, my own true love?
Oh where is she, I say.
Is she in her own chamber room,
Or is she in the hall?

4. She's neither in her own chamber room,
Neither is she in the hall,
She's sealed up in her death-cold coffin
Set yonder ag'in the wall.

5. The first he kissed was her red rosy cheeks
An' the next he kissed was her chin,
The next he kissed was those death-cold lips
That had so often kissed his'n.

6. Lady Marg'ret was buried like it had of been today,
Sweet William was buried beside her,
An' out of her grave grew a red rose bush,
An' out of his'n a brier.

7. They grew to the top of the old church tower,
Till they could not grow no higher,
They grew till they tied in a true love knot,
The rose bush an' the brier.

44. [Lady Margaret]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 112(D). Sung by Charley Short, Galena, Mo., August 22, 1941; learned from Frank Payne, c. 1900.

a I/M

Oh Lady Marget standing in her door,
A-combing back her hair,
Sweet William rose in his bed clothes
To share in her despair.
Three times he kissed her clay cold lips,
Four times he kissed her chin,
Six times he kissed her snowy white breast,
And it sunk his heart within.

45. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 4357/. Sung by Mrs. Lamson Gray, Montvale, Va., June 8, 1918.

a I/M

With this variant cf. Lunsford and Stringfield, *30 and 1 Folk Songs*, 1929, p. 22 ("Young Hunting," Child No. 68; *ante*, variant 23). Also, "Oh Susanna."

I know no harm of Lady Margret,
I hope she knows none of me,
But tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Margret a bride shall be.

46. "Margaret and William"

Barbeau, *JAF*, XXXI (1918), p. 74. Sung by Mrs. N. C. Waugh, Ontario, Canada.

a I

1. Lady Marg(a)ret sat in her bower window,
Combing her yellow hair.

There she spied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a-riding near.

2. He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,
By the leave of you, my dear."

3. And when he came to Margaret's bower,
He knocketh at the door;
And who was so ready as her seven brothers
To rise and let him in?

4. "I'll do more for thee, Lady Margaret so fair,
Than any of thy kin,
For I will kiss thy pale, cold lips,
For you cannot kiss mine."

5. Lady Margaret died, as it might be, to-day;
Sweet William died on the morrow:
Lady Margaret died out of pure, pure love;
Sweet William died out of sorrow.

6. Lady Margaret was laid in the cold churchyard,
. . . . . .
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of sweet William's a brier.

47. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4596/3215. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 145(P). Sung by Mrs. Virginia Bennett, Burnsville, N.C., September 13, 1918.

a π^1

1. Sweet William arose one morning in May
And dressed himself in blue.
Pray tell us this long, long love, said they,
Between Lady Margaret* and you.

2. I know no harm of Lady Margaret,
And she knows none of me;
This day before twelve o'clock shall come
Lady Margaret my bride shall see.

3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own hall door,
Combing her long yellow hair;
Sweet William came along with his bride;
She was ne'er seen again there.

4. I dreamed a dream last night, mother,
I know it was no good.
I dreamed my hall was filled with white swine
And washed away in blood.

5. Is Lady Margaret at home,
Or is she at her bower,
Or is she in her own dining-room
Among her merry maids all?

6. Yes, Lady Margaret's at home,
But she's not in her bower;
Lady Margaret is dead and in her coffin
That stands against yonders cold wall.

7. Throw down, throw down those white winding sheets,
My soul doth her entwine.
O may I kiss Lady Margaret's sweet lips,
For I know she will never kiss mine.

* 1932: Margret

48. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 1202/. Sung by Jack Barnard, Bridgwater, January 18, 1907.

a I

It is natural to suppose that this and the record following are from the same singer, though the names differ. For some reason, Sharp did not include this song in *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, but only in the English "Selected Edition" of that work.

As Margaret was sitting in her bower one day
A combing out her hair
Who did she spy but Sweet William was her bride
As he was passing by

49. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3087/. Also in Sharp, Selected Ed., [1920], II, p. 13. Sung by Jack Barnett, Bridgwater, January 6, 1916 [?1910].

a I

As Margaret was sitting in her bower one day
A combing out her hair

Who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
As he was a riding by

Down she threw her ivory comb
And back she threw her hair
And out of her bower-house she throwed her own self
Saying No more will I stop there.

50. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Davis, 1929, p. 571(G); text, p. 232. Tune from Mr. Armistead, Cobbs Creek, Va., September 14, 1915; text, March 20, 1916. Collected by Nancy Pearson.

a I/M

1. Young William he rose early in the morning,
   Dressed himself in blue.
   "Come tell with me the long courtship
   Between Lady Margaret and you."

2. "I know nothing of Lady Margaret
   And she knows nothing of me;
   But before to-morrow ten, ten o'clock,
   Lady Margret, my bride you'll see."

3. Lady Margret was standing at the high way window
   Combing back her hair,
   And who did she spy but William and his bride
   To the church as they passed by?

4. Lady Margaret threw down her comb and brush,
   And also threw back her hair,
   And away she ran from the high way window,
   And no more came there.

5. "I had a dream the other night,
   I'm sure it was no good;
   I dreamed that my hall was full of white swan,
   And my bride's bed was floating in blood.

6. "I dreamed I saw Lady Margret's ghost
   Standing at my bed feet
   Say, 'How do you like your covering,
   And how do you like your sheet?
   And how do you like that new lady bride
   That lies in your arms asleep?'

7. "I like my coverin' very well,
   And I also like my sheets;
   But I love, I love that pretty fair bride
   That lies at my bed feet."

8. Young William he rose and called for his horse,
   He rode to her father's gate;
   Saying, "Is she in the kitchen?
   Or is she in the hall?
   Or is she in some upper chamber
   Among those fair ladies all?"

9. "She's neither in the kitchen,
   She's neither in the hall;
   Cold, O cold, cold clay corpse
   Lies up on yonders wall."

10. "Pull down them linen sheets
    That look so neat and fine,
    And let me kiss them cold clay lips
    Which ofttimes have kissed mine."

11. Lady Margret was buried in the new churchyard,
    Young William was buried in the choir;
    Out of her bosom there sprang a red rose,
    And out of William's a briar.

12. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
    Until they could grow no higher;
    They tied themselves in a true lovers' knot
    For all true love to admire.

51. "Lady Marget"

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 126(A). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 571(F); text, p. 231. Sung by Mrs. William Keister, Rockingham County, Va., July 31, 1913. Collected by Martha M. Davis.

a I

1. Lady Marget stood by her high dawning window,
   Combing her long yellow hair,
   When whom should she spy, but Sweet William and his bride
   As the church door they drew nigh?

2. Lady Marget threw down her ivory comb,
   Forced back her long yellow hair.
   She left her high dawning window,
   And never more was seen there.

* * * *

3. "Oh, how do you like your bed?" she said,
   "And how do you like your sheet?
   And how do you like your newly made bride
   That lies in your arms asleep?"

4. "Very well do I like my bed," he said,
"Very well do I like my sheet;
But the dearest of all is the dear little maid
That's standing at my bed's feet."

5. He rode all day and he rode all night,
Till he came to Lady Marget's hall.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

6. "Oh, is she in her kitchen room,
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her chamber
With her merry maidens all?"

7. "She's neither in her kitchen room,
Nor is she in her hall,
But under her cold coffin lid,
Her face turned to the wall."

8. "Fall down, fall down, ye milk-white sheets,
White fallies are so fine,
That I may kiss the clay-cold lips
That ofttimes have kissed mine."

9. Three times he kissed her on each cheek,
Three times he kissed her chin,
Three times he kissed the clay-cold lips
That bound his heart within.

10. Lady Marget died on Whitsuntide Monday,
Sweet William died on the morrow;
Lady Marget died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

11. They buried her in the old churchyard,
They buried him in the tower;
Out of her breast grew a red rose bush,
And out of his a green briar.

12. They wound and they wound to the top of the church,
And they could not well go higher;
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
Which many did admire.

52. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3755/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 143(J). Sung by Mrs. Talithah Powell, Berea, Ky., May 28, 1917.

a I/M (—VI)

Sweet William rose one morning in May
And dressed himself in blue;
Come tell unto me what the long, long, love
Lies between Marget and you.

53. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5295. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, Gaulton, Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, July 22, 1930.

a I/M

Lady Marg'ret was sitting at her bower door,
A-combing of her brown hair,
And down she dropped her ivory comb
And back she bound her hair.

54. "King William and Lady Margaret"

Child MSS., XXIII, No. 817; text, Child, 1882-98, V, p. 293. Sung by Miss Mary E. Burleigh at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., in 1895; her great-grandmother had learned it in Webster, Mass., c. 1820.

a I/M

The barring of the last phrase has been adjusted by the present editor.

1. There was such a man as King William, there was,
And he courted a lady fair,
He courted such a lady as Lady Margaret,
For a whole long twelve-month year.

2. Said he, 'I'm not the man for you,
Nor you the maid for me,
But before many, many long months
My wedding you shall see.'

3. Said she, 'If I'm not the maid for you,
Nor you the man for me,
Before many, many long days
My funeral you shall see.'

4. Lady Margaret sat in a green shady bower,
A combing her yellow, yellow hair,
When who should she see but King William and his bride,
And to church they did repair.

5. She threw all down her ivory comb,
   Threw back her yellow hair,
And to the long chamber she did go,
   And for dying she did prepare.

6. King William had a dream that night,
   Such dreams as scarce prove true:
He dreamed that Lady Margaret was dead,
   And her ghost appeared to view.

7. 'How do you like your bed?' said she,
   'And how do you like your sheets?
And how do you like the fair lady
   That's in your arms and sleeps?'

8. 'Well do I like my bed,' said he,
   'And well do I like my sheets,
But better do I like the fair lady
   That's in my arms and sleeps.'

9. King William rose early the next morn,
   Before the break of day,
Saying, 'Lady Margaret I will go see,
   Without any more delay.'

10. He rode till he came to Lady Margaret's hall,
   And rapped long and loud on the ring,
But there was no one there but Lady Margaret's brother
   To let King William in.

11. 'Where, O where is Lady Margaret?
   Pray tell me how does she do.'
'Lady Margaret is dead in the long chamber,
   She died for the love of you.'

12. 'Fold back, fold back that winding sheet,
   That I may look on the dead,
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips
   That once were the cherry-red.'

13. Lady Margaret died in the middle of the night,
   King William died on the morrow,
Lady Margaret died of pure true love,
   King William died of sorrow.

14. Lady Margaret was buried in King William's churchyard,
   All by his own desire,
And out of her grave grew a double red rose
   And out of hisn a briar.

15. They grew so high, they grew so tall,
   That they could grow no higher;
They tied themselves in a true-lover's knot,
   And both fell down together.

16. Now all ye young that pass this way,
   And see these two lovers asleep,
'Tis enough to break the hardest heart,
   And bring them here to weep.

55. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret"

Davis, 1929, p. 572(K); text, p. 236. Sung by Mrs. C. A. Dickson, Highland County, Va., November 3, 1920; learned from an old nurse. Collected by John Stone.

a I/M

Lady Margaret was standing in her drawing-room door,
   Combing back her long yellow hair;
And who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
   Going to the church to be tied.

Down she threw her iron comb,
   And back she threw her long yellow hair,
And down she knelt in her drawing-room door,
   Never to arise any more.

"Oh! how do you like your new made bed?
   And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your new wedded lady
   That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Very well do I like my new made bed,
   Very well do I like my sheet,
Still better do I like my new wedded lady
   That lies in my arms asleep."

56. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Luther, 1942, p. 20.

a I

1. Sweet William arose one early May morning
   And dress'd himself in blue.
Said she; "Come and tell of the long, long love
   Between Lady Marg'ret and you."

2. "I know nothing of Lady Margaret,
   Lady Margaret knows nothing of me;
But before tomorrow night
   Lady Margaret my bride shall see."

3. Lady Margaret was sitting in her dining-room door
   Combing back her long yellow hair,
But who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
   In the churchyard as they passed by?

4. And down she threw her ivory comb,
   And back she threw her hair,
And down she fell from her dining-room door.
   She was never more seen there.

5. The day's spent, the night is coming on,
   Most of the men are asleep;
And who did he spy but Lady Margaret's ghost
   A-standing at his bed's feet?

6. "It's how do you like your bed?
How do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your new wedded wife
Who is now in your arms asleep?"

7. "And I do like my bed," says he,
"And better do I like my sheet;
But best of all is the pale-faced ghost
Who stands at my bed's feet."

8. The night's been spent, the day's coming on,
Most of the men are awake.
Sweet William says, "I'm troubled in my head
With a dream I dreamed last night.

9. "Such dreams! such dreams! they can't be good.
Such dreams, they may come true.
I dreamed my hall was full of white swine
And my loved bride was flown in tears."

10. He called and he called to his merry men,
He called them one, two, three—
And he got release from his new wedded wife
Lady Margaret to go to see.

11. He rode and he rode till he came to the door;
Loud did he knock and call.
And who was more ready than Lady Margaret's brother
To come down and let him in?

12. "Where is Lady Margaret?" says he,
"Is she in her kitchen or her hall?
Or is she in her highmost chamber
Among her merry maids all?"

13. "She's neither in her kitchen,
She's neither in her hall;
She's in that coffin, made of white lead,
With her pale face turned to the wall."

14. "Fold down, fold down, that lily-white sheet
That's made of holland so fine,
And let me kiss the clay-cold lips
That oftentimes kissed mine."

15. Lady Margaret died like it was today,
Sweet William died like tomorrow.
Lady Margaret was buried 'neath one willow tree,
Sweet William beneath the other.

By permission of Frank Luther.

57. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4495/. Sung by Mrs. S. V. Cannady, Endicott, Va., August 22, 1918.

a I

I know nothing of Lady Marget's love,
Lady Marget knows nothing of me,
But before tomorrow at eight o'clock,
Lady Marget my bride shall be.

58. "Sweet William and Lady Margaret"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 40. Sung by Otis Evilsizer, Alger, Mich., in 1934.

a I

1. O 'twas on one merry May morning
Sweet William arose all dressed in blue.
"O it's tell me that long, long love
That's between Lady Marg'ret and you."

2. "O I know no harm of her," says he,
"And I hope that she knows none of me,
For tomorrow morning by eight o'clock
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall be."

3. As she was standing in her hall,
A-combing back her hair,
It was there that she spied Sweet William and his bride,
As to the churchyard they drew nigh.

4. O it's down she threw her ivory comb,
And with silk she tied up her hair;
And out of the hall this fair damsel went
And nevermore was seen there.

5. As the day was gone and the night came on,
. . . . . .
Lady Marg'ret's ghost appeared alone
A-standing at Willie's bed feet.

6. "O it's how do you like your bed?" said she,
"And it's how do you like your sheet?
And it's how do you like that gay lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"

7. "O it's well do I like my bed," said he,
"And it's well do I like my sheet;
But the best of all is that gay lady
That stands at my bed feet."

8. When the night was gone and day came on,
. . . . . .
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
From a dream that he had last night.

9. "Such dreams, such dreams, I fear they are not good,
For I dreamed that my hall was all full of wild swine,

And my bride's bed was swimming in blood."

. . . . . .

10. "Go call up your merry maidens all,
By one, by two, by three;
And last of all bring my own dear bride,
That Lady Marg'ret we may go and see.

11. "O is she in her own bowery?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her own bay coach
With her merry maidens all?"

12. "O she's not in her own bowery,
Nor is she in her hall;
But she is in her own coffin
Lying out against the wall."

13. "Take down those sheets, those sheets," cried he,
"Made out of your silk so fine,
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips,
For ofttimes they've kissed mine.

14. "Take down those sheets, those sheets," he cried,
"Made of your Holland so fine,
For today they are over Lady Marg'ret's corpse,
And tomorrow they'll be over mine."

15. Lady Marg'ret she died as it might be today;
Sweet William he died as tomorrow,
Lady Marg'ret she died of a pure, pure love;
Sweet William he died of sorrow.

16. Lady Marg'ret was buried under a rose
Sweet William in under a willow;
And they both grew tall, and they both grew together,
And they tied in a true lover's knot.

59. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3522/. Also, in a different key, in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 139(G); and in Davis, 1929, p. 572. Sung by N. B. Chisholm, Woodridge, Va., September 23, 1916.

a M

When the night was spent and the day coming in
And the most of them all was awake
Sweet William arose with trouble in his mind
Of the dream that had been last night

60. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4179/. Sung by Mrs. Henry, Lafter's Mill, Crozet, Va., April 26, 1918.

a M

Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue,
Come tell unto me the long, long love
That's between Lady Margret and you.

61. [Lady Margaret and Lord William]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 208. Sung by a woman of Buchan; set by Christie to "Prince Robert."

a I

This tune resembles Greig's first tune for Child No. 7, *ante*, Vol. I, pp. 111-12, variants 7-9.

62. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3669/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 142(I). Sung by Mrs. Mollie Broghton, Barbourville, Ky., May 9, 1917.

a M

Sweet William arose one May morning,
He dressed himself in blue

He asked leave of his own true love
Lady Margret to go and see.

63. [Sweet William and Fair Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 3726/. Sung by Mrs. John L. Williams, Berea, Ky., May 26, 1917.

p π^2 (—V)

Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
Come tell unto me that long long love
That's between Lady Margret and you.

64. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Kidson, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 289. Sung by Kate Thompson, Knaresbro', Yorkshire. Learned c. 1850.

p I

This version is sung by A. L. Lloyd, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-623 (B2), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

1. There sat two lovers on yon hill,
   See on yon hill so high,
   They sat together for a long summer's eve,
   And they never could tell their mind,
   And they never could tell their mind.

2. Miss Margaret sat in her bedroom,
   Combing out her long brown hair;
   Who should she spy but her own true love,
   Riding by with a lady fair.

3. She had a pen-knife in her hand,
   And it was long and sharp;
   She made no more of the use of it,
   But she rammed it to her heart.

4. The day being spent, the night coming on,
   When all was fast asleep;
   Miss Margaret appeared at twelve o'clock,
   And stood at his bed-feet,

5. Saying "How do you like your soft feather-bed?
   How do you like your sleep?"
   "Very well I like my soft feather-bed,
   Very well I like my sleep,
   But much better I like this pretty fair maid,
   That lies in my arms asleep."

* * * * * * * *

6. "Oh, can I see Miss Margaret alive?
   Or can I see her dead?
   Or can I kiss those clay-cold lips,
   That once were cherry-red?"

7. "You cannot see Miss Margaret alive,
   But you can see her dead;
   And you can kiss those clay-cold lips,
   That once were cherry-red."

GROUP CC

65. "Margaret and William"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 1; text, Bk. 762, LII, p. 10. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), p. 55. Sung by Mrs. Jaffray, Mintlaw, April 1910.

p D/Æ

1. When a' was wrapt in dark midnight,
   And a' was fast asleep,
   In glided Margret's grimly ghost,
   And stood at William's feet.

2. Her face was like the April morn,
   Clad in a wintry cloud,
   And clay-cold was her lily hand
   That held her sable shroud.

3. So shall the fairest face appear,
   When youth & age are flown,
   Such is the robe that kings must wear
   When death has reft their crown.

4. Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
   Come from her midnight grave;
   And let thy pity hear the maid
   Thy love refused to save.

5. This is the dark & dreary hour
   When injured ghosts complain,
   Now dreary graves give up their dead,
   To haunt the faithless swain.

6. Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
   The pledge & broken oath;
   Come, give me back my maiden vow,
   And give me back my troth.

7. Why could ye say my face was fair,
   And yet that face forsake?

Why could ye win my virgin heart
Yet leave that heart to break?

8. That face, alas, no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

9. The hungry worm my sister is,
The winding sheet I wear;
And long and weary lasts our night
Till the last morn appear.

10. The birds did sing & morning smile,
And showed her glistering head,
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

11. He hied him to the fatal spot
Where Margret's body lay,
And stretched him on the green grass turf
That wrapped her breathless clay.

12. And thrice he called on Margret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

66. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Greig MSS., IV, p. 87. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), p. 55. Sung by Miss Robb, Strichen, in 1910.

a π^3, ending on VIII

67. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4285/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 143(L). Sung by Mrs. Margaret J. Dodd, Beechgrove, Va., May 24, 1918.

p D/Æ

Cf. "Young Hunting" (No. 68), Group Db.

Sweet William's bride rose one merry morning
And* dressed himself in blue:
Pray tell to me that long, long love
Betwixt Lady Margret and you.

* 1932: He

68. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Karpeles, 1934, II, p. 95; text, Karpeles MSS., p. 4746. Sung by Mrs. May McCabe, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 17, 1929.

p D

1. Lady Margaret was sitting in her bower one day
And Knight William was sitting on her knee.
My father he will think it deep, deep disgrace,
Young William, if I wed with thee.

2. You'd better mind what you're saying, Lady Margaret,
he said,
You'd better mind what you're saying to me,
For before three days they are to an end,
A rakish wedding you may see.

3. Lady Margaret was sitting in her bower next day,
A-combing her yellow hair,
And who should she spy there a-riding up close by,
But Knight William and his lady fair.

4. She threw away her ivory tooth-comb,
She tossed back her yellow hair,
And out of her bower this fair lady ran
And she was never more seen there.

5. Young William he woke in the middle of the night,
And unto his lady did say;
Saying: I must go to see Lady Margaret, says he,
By the lief of you, lady.

6. For I dreamed a dream, a terrible dream,
I'm afraid it's not for our good.
I dreamed that my love was entangled with a swan
And my bride's bed flowing with blood.

7. I dreamed that I saw Lady Margaret, he said,
A-standing at my bed-feet,
Saying: The lily and the rose they are covered up
with clothes,
And I am in my cold winding-sheet.

8. He rode till he came to Lady Margaret's bower,
Where so loudly he knocked at the ring,
And none was so ready as her youngest brother there,
He came down in deep mourning.

9. What mourn you, what mourn you? Knight William he
said,
What mourn you so deeply unto me.
O we are in mourning for our sister there,
Who died for loving of thee.

10. O who might eat some of her cake, he did say,
Or who might drink some of her wine,
Or who might ever live till this time tomorrow night
He'll drink some of mine.

11. Lady Margaret she died in the middle of the night,
And so did Knight William, the Squire.
And out of Lady Margaret there sprang a rose
And out of young William a briar.

12. And now our love-wars are all at an end,
And all things must be forgot,
For the branch and the briar they both grew up together
And they tied in a true lovers knot.

69. "Little Marget"

Lunsford and Stringfield, 1929, p. 2.

m π^3

1. Little Marget sittin' in a high hall door,
A combin' back 'er long yeller hair;
She spied sweet William and 'is new made bride,
A ridin' from the church so near.

2. Down she throwed 'er iv'ry comb,
She throwed back 'er long yeller hair,
Said "I'll go out an' bid 'em farewell,
And never more go there."

3. It was all lately in the night,
When they were fast asleep,
Little Marget 'peared all dressed in white,
A standin' at his bed feet.

4. "How do you like your piller?" said she,
"And how do you like your sheet,
And how do you like that gay young lady,
That lies in your arms asleep?"

5. "Very well do I like my pillow," said he,
"Very well do I like my sheet,
Much better do I like that gay young lady
That's standin' at my feet.

6. "Is little Marget in 'er room
Or is she in the hall?"
"Little Marget, Little Marget's in her cold black coffin,
With 'er pale face to the wall."

7. "Unfold, unfold them lily white sheets
That's made ever so fine,
And let me kiss them cold corpsy lips
For oft times they've kissed mine."

8. Once 'e kissed 'er lily white hand.
Twice 'e kissed her cheek,
Three times 'e kissed 'er cold corpsy lips,
And fell in 'er arms asleep.

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70. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4454/3142. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 145(O). Sung by Mrs. Frances Richards, Callaway, Franklin County, Va., August 16, 1918.

m D

1. Sweet William arose one May morning
And dressed himself in blue.
Pray tell to me that long, long love
Between little Marget and you.

2. I know nothing of Marget, said he,
Little Marget knows nothing of me,
But by tomorrow at eight o'clock
Little Marget's bride you'll see.

3. She was sitting in her bower window,
Combing back her yellow hair,
And who should step by but Sweet William and his bride,
A-riding by to the church.

4. She throw-ed down her ivory comb,
Dashed back her yellow hair,
And she pitched out at her bower window;
Little Marget was seen no more.

5. When night had passed and day come along
When they all might be asleep,
Sweet William said he dreamed a dream last night
That disturbed his mind very much.
Said he dreamed that he saw his true love's room
A-floating over in blood.

6. Is she in her dining-room,
Or is she in her hall,
Or is she lying on her bed,
Pray tell me not at all?

7. She's neither in her dining-room,
Nor is either in her hall,
But there she lies in her coffin
That sits against the wall.

8. Pull down, pull down, them robing white sheets,
They are made so neat and so fine,
And let me kiss her cold clay lips,
For it's often she's kissed mine.

9. At first he kissed her red rosy cheeks
And then her cherry chin,
And then he kissed her cold clay lips
Where there's no breath within.

71. "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 26; text, Bk. 761, LI, p. 101. Sung by Mrs. Dunbar; learned from her grandmother.

a D/Æ (compass of a sixth)

1. What think ye, O father dear,
Has Willie slighted me;
He bids me come to his marriage
And nae his bride to be.

2. It's I've as mony men in my [?smiddy], Annie
As wad buy a weed to thee;
It sanna be o' the dowie black,
Nor yet o' the dowie grey;
But it sall be o' the scarlet red
And ye'll wear it daily day.

3. Annie gaed in the heid o' the hill,
And Willie gaed in the glen;
And Annie had mair show her lane
Than Willie and a' his men.

4. When they came to the bridal house
And a' were alighted in,
And fa was sae ready as Willie's ae Sister
To welcome fair Annie in?

5. Willie's ta'en aff his hat o' silk,
And placed it on Annie's heid,—
Ye'll wear that hat yersel', Willie,
Ye'll wear it wi' muckle glee;
Ye'll wear that hat yersel', Willie,
For ye'll never get mair o' me.

6. Oot then spak the nut-broon bride,
And she spak oot in spite,—
Faur got ye the water, Annie,
That washes you sae fite?

7. I got the water in my father's garden,
Where ye will never get nane;
I got it in my father's garden
Beneath the greentree's spring.

8. But ye've been washen in dinnie's well,
And dried on dinnie's dyke;
And a' the water in the warld
Will never wash ye fite.

9. But the nut-broon may has coos and yowes,
Fair Annie she has nane;
The nut-broon may is Willie's bride,
Fair Annie maun lie her lane.

10. When night was come & mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
Willie & his nut-broon bride
Were baith in ae bed laid.

11. They had not been but weel laid doon,
Nor yet weel fa'en asleep,
Till up there started Annie's ghost
Just close at their bed-feet.

12. How do you like your blankets, Willie,
Or how do you like your sheets?
Or how do you like your nut-broon bride,
So neatly in your arms she sleeps.

13. Weel do I like my blankets,
And weel do I like my sheets,
But I'm afraid that Annie's ghost
It stands at my bed-feet.

14. Lie still, Willie, lie still, Willie,
Lie still this nicht wi' me;
For it's only the shadow o' Annie's glove
That glimmers in your e'e.

15. Some drew to them their stockin's, their stockin's,
And some drew to them their shoon;
But alas for poor Willie,
And clothing he sought nane.

16. He has ta'en his licht mantle,
And he's awa to Drumhill;
And fa was sae ready as Annie's ae Sister
To welcome young Willie in.

17. Come in, Willie, come in, Willie,
And lock up a'* the deid;
For red & rosy were her cheeks last nicht,
And the nicht they're but a weed.

18. He laid his heid upon his hands,
And oh, his hert grew sair;—
At the morn at this same time
It's sae will ye be at mine.

19. The ane was buried in St. Mary's kirk;
And the ither in St. Mary's quire;
And oot o' the ane there grew a birk
And oot o' the ither a brier.

20. It's they grew on, & they grew on,
Till they grew very near;
And every one that passed them by
Said, There lies lovers dear.

* *Sic* MS. Look upo'?

72. [Sweet William and Lady Margaret]

Sharp MSS., 3886/2831. Sung by Mrs. Sophie Annie Hensley, Oneida, Clay County, Ky., August 20, 1917.

a D

1. Lady Margaret was sitting in the new church door
Combing her yellow hair.
Down she threw her high-row comb
And out of door she sprung.

2. Saying: Mother, O mother, I saw a sight
I never shall see no more.
She saw nothing but her own true love
And the preacher a-riding by.

3. She died, she never lived any longer,
And she never drew another breath.
It was but seeing the preacher and her love
Which caused Lady Margaret's death.

4. So Willie rode on home that night
And quickly fell asleep.
He was bothered and troubled in his sleep
By the dreams that he dreamed that night.

5. It's early, early as he rose up
And dressed himself in blue.
He ask-ed of his new wedded wife
To ride one mile or two.

6. They rode on to Lady Margaret's gate
And tingles at the wire;
No one so ready to turn them in
But Lady Margaret's own mother so dear.

7. O is she in her souling-room,
Or in her chamber asleep,
Or is she in her dying room,
A lady before us all?

8. She is not in her souling-room,
Or either in her chamber asleep;
Although she's in her dying room,
A lady before us all.

9. Her father opened up the coffin lid,
Her brother unwrapped the sheet.
He kneeled, he kissed her cold clay lips
And died all on his feet.

10. They laid Lady Margaret in the old church-yard
And Willie closely by her;
And out of her breast sprung a red rose
And out of his a green brier.

11. They grew and grew so very high
Till they could not grow any higher;
They looped and tied in a true lover's knot,
The red rose and the green brier.

73. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 3139/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 134(B). Sung by Mrs. Louisa Hensley, Clay County, Ky., in 1910.

a D

1. Lady Margret was sitting in the new church door,
A-combing her yellow hair
And down she threw her high-row comb,
And out of the door she sprung.

2. O mother, O mother, I saw a sight
Which I never shall see any more.
She dies, she never drew another breath,
And she never lived any longer.

3. Willy rode on home that night
And quickly fell asleep,
Bothered and pestered all night
In a dream he dreamed before.

4. Early, early he rose up,
Dressed himself in blue;
Asked of his new wedded wife
To ride one mile or two.

5. They rode on till they got to Lady Margret's gate,
Tingled at the wire;
There was none so ready to let them in
But Lady Margret's mother dear.

6. Is she in her sewing-room?
Nor in her chamber asleep?
Or is she in her dining-room,
A lady before them all?

7. She is not in her sewing-room,
Nor in her chamber asleep;
Although she's in her dying-room,
A lady before them all.

8. Her father opened the coffin lid,
Her brother unwrapped the sheet;
He kneeled and kissed her cold clay lips
And died all at her feet.

9. They buried Lady Margret in the new church-yard,
And Willy close by her side;
And out of her heart sprang a red rose,
And out of his a green briar.

10. They grew and grew so very high,
Until they couldn't grow any higher;
They looped and tied in a true love knot
The red rose and green briar.

The text, which is not found in Sharp's MSS., is given from Sharp and Karpeles, 1932.

74. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Sharp MSS., 4684/3262. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 145(Q). Sung by Mrs. Julie Boone, Micaville, Yancey County, N.C., September 25, 1918.

a π^3

1. Sweet William arose and he put on his clothes,
He* dressed himself in blue.
I want to know betwixt Lady Margaret and you.
No harm, no harm I know.
Tomorrow morning before eight o'clock
Sweet William and his bride you shall see.

2. Lady Margaret sitting in her dining-room
Combing her long yellow hair,
And the first thing she spied Sweet William and his bride
Drawing near the old church-house.

3. O down she threw her ivory comb,
O down she threw her long yellow hair;
She fell back from her dining-room door;
She's been see'd there no more.

4. Strange dreams, strange dreams, said he,
Strange dreams, strange dreams, said she.
I dreamed that my true love was a-floating
With wild chamberee.

5. O how do you like this bed of yours?
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like that pretty little woman
That lies in your arms and sleeps.

6. Very well, very well I like my bed,
Likewise I like my sheet,
Much better do I like that pretty little woman
That stands at my bride's feet.

7. He rode up to Lady Margaret's gate,
He knocked so clear it rang;
But Lady Margaret was not there
For to rise and let him in.

8. O where is Lady Margaret to-day?
O where is she, I pray?
She's sitting back in her own room
In her own coffin dear.

9. Go draw the winding sheets back,
For I know that they are fine;
I want to kiss her red, rosy cheeks,
Oft-times as she's kissed mine.

10. And first he kissed her red, rosy cheeks,
And then he'd kiss her chin,
And then he'd kiss her sweet ruby lips,
Where there was no breath within.

11. Go bury Lady Margaret in the new churchyard,
Sweet William by her side.
And out of her grave was a blood-red rose
And out of his a briar.
They wrapped and they tangled in a true love's knot,
The rose round the briar.

* 1932: And

75. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William"

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 64. Also in Sharp, 1908-12, I, p. 31. Sung by Mrs. Crawford, West Milton, Dorset, May 1906.

a Æ

1. Fair Marg'ret is up at her higher chamber window
A-combing out her hair.
She saw sweet William and his bride,
As they were riding there.

2. Down she flung her ivory comb,
And up she bound her hair,
Straightway out of the room she went,
And never more went there.

3. Sweet William dreamed such dreams that night
Such dreams that were no good;
He dreamed his bowels were full of wild swine
And his bridemaid full of blood.

4. "What made you dream such dreams, sweet William,
Such dreams that were no good,
To dream your bowels were full of wild swine
And your bridemaid full of blood?"

5. He callèd up his merry, merry men
By one, by two, by three:
"You ride unto fair Margaret's life
By leave of my ladye."

6. When he came to fair Margaret's door,
He knocked so loud at the ring.
There was none so ready as Margaret's seven brothers
To let sweet William in.

7. "Oh! let me see the dead," he cried,
"I think she look pale and wan."
He oftentimes kissed her pale white cheeks,
But not one smile could he bring.

8. Then up-spoke Margaret's seven brothers
All in a pitiful tone:
"You may go and kiss your bonny brown bride
And leave our sister alone."

9. "If I go and kiss my bonny brown bride,
'Tis no more than I ought to do.
Fair Margaret died for her true love,
And I will die for sorrow."

10. Fair Margaret was buried in the higher churchyard,
Sweet William in the lower,
And out from her mouth there sprung a rose,
And out of his a briar.

11. They growed so high as the higher church wall,
They could not grow any higher,
They twingled, they tied in a true lover's knot
For all the young men to admire.

APPENDIX A

76. "William and Margaret"

Ballads and Broadsides, British Museum shelf-mark 1876, f. 1, fol. 107 (c. 1711).

Harmonic minor

Cf. Chappell's articles in *The Antiquary*, 1880, No. 1, and in *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, p. 667.

The broadside has a bass. The print is in black letter, on both sides of the leaf.

APPENDIX B

77. "William and Margaret"

Engraved single-sheet, c. 1727.

Æ (inflected VII)

There is a copy of this in Harvard College Library, 25242.13, I, fol. 12, with a text in seventeen stanzas, and a flute transposition at the foot. Another printing, *ibid.*, II, fol. 51.

78. [Fair Margaret and Sweet William]

Chappell, I, [1855], p. 383 (revised from Watts, 1729, II, p. 84). Also in Rimbault, 1850, p. 117.

a Æ

Chappell notes that the tune was also used in *The Village Opera*, 1729, and *The Devil to Pay*, 1731. Chappell's text was taken from Percy's *Reliques*.

79. "William and Margaret"

David Young MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 2085, III, No. 228, p. 205.

a I

Lord Lovel

CHILD NO. 75

No LIGHT is thrown upon the beginnings of this too too insipid ballad by the musical tradition. Its great popularity for at least a hundred years is powerful testimony to the life-giving energy of a memorable tune. For the narrative is of the slightest, and there is no sign in any known version that it has lost much in its passage. The textual tradition is, like the melodic one, unusually compact and consistent. But it is impossible to believe that there is enough nutriment in the story alone to win friends on every hand. Though it dallies with the innocence of love, it could hardly have struck most singers as silly sooth, unless for the reason that it was so strange to common experience. But the tune has been remembered almost note for note by multitudes, we must suppose; and this lack of deviation proves that it was everywhere learned without effort, if not all but involuntarily. There is no obvious bond of sympathy between tripping melody and lachrymose text, but the first effectually removes the curse from the second, so that it can be sung without much loss of self-possession. Whether or not it was born of the eighteenth century, this union of text and tune prettily symbolizes a sentimentality too concerned with itself as interesting spectacle ever to be pulled under by the tide of genuine emotion. "Oh, Harry," Mackenzie's wife is said to have exclaimed, "You have feeling only on paper!"

The tune is again a member of the "Lady Isabel" family, but closer by far to the "Lord Thomas" line than to "Fair Margaret." Its typical form here is reiterated in so many variants that there is no room for doubt. It is a tune of major tonality, not infrequently pentatonic, lacking IV and VII, but most often hexatonic, lacking VII. The scarcity of clear Mixolydian variants suggests plainly that the hexatonic tunes point toward the Ionian alternative; and of such I/M tunes there are more than thirty —nearly half the total here collected. The tune is characteristically in 6/8 time, with occasional 4/4 or irregular variants; and habitually in five phrases, the fifth phrase either a mere repetition of the fourth or melodically new, to repeated words, and generally with a bridge, half a bar long, after the short fourth line. The mid-pause falls so consistently on the fifth that we must regard the exceptions as rather uncharacteristic; similarly, the first cadence comes almost as regularly on the tonic. The first accented note is frequently the tonic, rising a major third in the middle of the bar; and the middle cadence is typically reached by a drop from the octave. The third phrase generally contains a fall from octave to tonic, these being normally the first and last accents in the phrase. There are very few ballads of which abundant variants have been recorded, about which it is possible to be anywhere nearly so specific in describing the melodic type.

There is nothing archaic in the look of this typical melody, but for all that it may not have been born yesterday: in more than one variant its features reveal blood-kinship with Elizabethan ancestors, notably "Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day" ("Who List to lead a Soldier's Life").

The examples to be cited come from Scotland, England, Ireland, The Isle of Man, the Atlantic Littoral from New Brunswick to South Carolina, and inland to Michigan, the Ozarks, and Mississippi. Most of them appear to me to be related, although some, it may be, are far from the norm, and on the very periphery of relationship. None is of older record than the Irish variant from the Hudson MS., of about 1840, and most are of the present century.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Lord Lovel." Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 416.
a. "Lord Lovel." Frank Kidson, *JFSS*, VI, No. 21 (1918), p. 32; reprinted from Sam Cowell, *120 Comic Songs*, c. 1850.
2. "Lord Lovel." G. H. Davidson, *Universal Melodist*, I, 1847, p. 148.
3. "Lord Lovel." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), p. 56, King's College Library, Aberdeen. From Duncan MS., No. 23. (Gillespie)
4. "Lord Lovel." Greig MSS., III, p. 41, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 58(a). (Milne)
5. "Lord Lovel." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 574(O) and 258.
6. "Nancy Bell," or "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 3699/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 148(C). (Henry)
b. "Lord Lovell." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 150(CC).
7. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 4705/3277. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 149(E). (Boone)
8. "Lord Lovell." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 389(B) and 101.
9. "Lord Lovel." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 574(E) and 247.
10. "Lord Lovel." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 62, University of Virginia.
11. "Lord Lovell." Sharp MSS., 2673/2216. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 60. (Honeybone)
12. "Lord Lovel." Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 122. Also in Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 70.
13. "Lord Lovel." The Fuller Sisters, sheet music, published by Bumpus (London), A. and C. Boni (New York).
14. "Lord Lovel." Dorothy Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, 1925, p. 55.
15. "Lord Lovel." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 70(B).
16. "Lord Lovel." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 10(A).
17. "Lord Lovel." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 124.
18. "Lord Lovel." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 573(B) and 243.
19. "Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy." Marie Campbell, *Bulletin of the Tennessee Folklore Society*, III (1937), p. 92.

20. "Lord Lovell." *100 Comic Songs* (copyright 1858 by Oliver Ditson, Boston), p. 57.
21. "Lord Lovel." Phillips Barry MSS., II, No. 75G, Harvard College Library. (Flint)
22. "Lord Lovell." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 215.
23. "Lord Lovell." Barry MSS., II, No. $75A_2$; also IV, No. 312. Also in Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 292. (Graves)
24. "Lord Lovel." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker); from Duncan MS., No. 343. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 58(b). (Harper)
25. "Lord Lovell." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 390(C) and 102.
26. "Lord Lovell." F. M. Collinson and F. Dillon, *Songs from the Countryside*, I, 1946, p. 6. Also in Collinson and Dillon, *Folk Songs from "Country Magazine,"* 1952, p. 52.
27. "Lord Lovell and Lady Ounceabel." Barry MSS., II, No. 75C; also IV, No. 166. From Hayes MS. (Harvard College Library Music MS. 401-02). Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 293. (No singer)
28. "Lord Lovel." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 12(B).
c. "Lord Lovel." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 147(AA).
d. "Lord Lovel." Davis, 1960, p. 148(BB).
29. "Lord Lovell." Barry MSS., II, No. 75E. (Sykes)
30. "Lord Lovel." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 39(A). Also in A. H. Tolman, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 343.
31. "Lord Lovel." Greig MSS., I, p. 121. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 58(c). (Robb)
e. "Lord Lovel." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 47(J).
32. "Lord Lovell." Sharp MSS., 2149/. (Teale)
33. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 3202/2346. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 146(A). (Sands)
f. "Lord Lovel." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 45(F).
34. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 4216/3036. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 147(B). (Fitzgerald)
35. "Lord Lovel." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 16.
36. "Lord Lovel." Phillips Barry, Fanny H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 139(A). (Young)
37. "Lord Lavell." Barry MSS., II, No. 75D; also IV, No. 244. Also in Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, I (1930), p. 4. (Ravior)
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39. "Lord Lovel." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 42(B).
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41. "Lord Lovel." Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 89.
42. "Lord Lovell." Sharp MSS., 1246/. (Bailey)
43. "Oh where are you going Lord Lovel, said she." George Petrie, *The Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music*, ed. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902-05, No. 752.
44. "Lord Lovel." Marian Arkwright, *JFSS*, VI, No. 21 (1918), p. 31.
45. "Lord Lovel." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 574(L) and 256.
46. "Lord Lovell." Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 40(C).
47. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 4274/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 149(D). (Roberts)
48. "Lord Lovell." Barry MSS., II, No. 75F; also IV, No. 295. Also in Barry, Eckstorm and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 147. (Welch)
49. "Lord Lovell." Sharp MSS., 2796/. (Grant)
50. "Lord Lovell." Sharp MSS., 1122/. (Pool)
51a. "Lord Lovell." Clive Carey, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 3 (1934), p. 134.
51b. "Lord Lovell." George Chambers, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 3 (1934), p. 134.
52. "Lord Lovell." Percy Grainger MS., No. 135, New York Public Library (hectograph copy).
g. "Lord Lovel." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 44(C1).
h. "Lord Lovell." Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 233.
53. "Lady Annisbel." Hudson MS., No. 336, c. 1840, Boston Public Library. Also in Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXIV (1911), p. 347.
54. "Lord Lovell." Jean Thomas and Joseph A. Leeder, *The Singin' Gatherin'*, 1939, p. 38.
i. "Lord Lovel." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 43(C).

GROUP Ab

55. "Lord Lover." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 273.
j. "Lord Lovel." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 45(H).
56. "Lord Lovel." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 43(B).
57. "Lord Lovell." Grant McDonald, "A Study of Selected Folk Songs of Southern Missouri" (Iowa State University, M.A. thesis in music), 1939, p. 23.
58. "Lord Lovell." Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 87. Also in Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 303.
59. "Lord Lovel." Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 41(D). Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 46(I).
60. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 347/249. (Trott)
61. "Lord Lovell." John Harrington Cox, *Traditional Ballads Mainly from West Virginia*, 1939, p. 24.
62. "Lord Lovel." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 27.
63. "Lord Lovel." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 43.

GROUP Ac

64. "Lord Lovel." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 9.
65. "Lord Lovel." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 70(A).
66. "Lord Lovel." Otto Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 43.
67. "Lord Lovel." Sharp MSS., 4299/. (Charlton)
68. "Lord Lovell." Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 43(E).
69. "Lord Lowell." Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 275.

APPENDIX

70. "Lord Lovell." Grainger MS., No. 136.
71. "Lord Laban." Dr. John Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 315.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. [Lord Lovel]

Child, 1882-98, V, p. 416. Communicated by W. Walker, as sung in Aberdeen, c. 1850.

m I/M

2. "Lord Lovel"

Davidson, I, 1847, p. 148.

m I/M

This is nearly identical with the form sung by Sam Cowell, c. 1850. Cf. *JFSS*, VI, No. 21 (1918), p. 32.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lovier good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lovier good speed.

3. [Lord Lovel]

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), p. 56; from Duncan MS., No. 23. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie; learned in Buchan.

a I/M

4. "Lord Lovel"

Greig MSS., III, p. 41. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 58(a). Sung by Mrs. Milne, Auchreddie, October 1907.

m I/M

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milk-white steed
When by came Lady Nancibel,
A-wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

5. "Lord Lovel"

Davis, 1929, p. 574(O); text, p. 258. Sung by Mrs. Mary E. Bell, Shirley, Va., September 13, 1917. Collected by John Stone.

m I/M

Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

6. "Nancy Bell," or "Lord Lovel"

Sharp MSS., 3699/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 148(C). Sung by Miss Violet Henry, of Louisville, at Berea, Ky., May 21, 1917. Learned in childhood from her grandfather.

m I/M

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milk white steed,
When down came Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

7. [Lord Lovel]

Sharp MSS., 4705/3277. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 149(E). Sung by Mrs. Sina Boone, at Shoal Creek, Yancey County, N.C., September 28, 1918.

m I/M

The barring above is that of 1932. That of the MS. starts after the initial D, with equivalent bars of 3/2 and 4/4 thereafter.

1. Lord Lover stands by his des (sic) castle gate
A-combing his milk-white horse,
And out comes Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

2. O where are you going? said Nancy Bell.
How long will you be gone? said she.
A year or two, or two or three,
And I'll return to thee.

3. He rode and he rode his milk-white horse
Strange countries for to see,
And the thought came in Lord Lover's head
That Lady Nancy he'd see.

4. He rode and he rode his milk-white horse
Till he come to London town,
Enquiring what was the matter
That the people was mourning all around.

5. Some people called her Nancy Bell,
Some called her Lady Nancy.
He ordered the lid to be opened wide
And the winding sheet laid back.

6. He kissed and he kissed her pale clay-ed cheeks
Till the tears come trinkling down,
He kissed and he kissed her pale clay-ed cheeks
Till the tears came trinkling down.

7. They buried Lady Nancy as it was to-day,
They buried Lord Lover tomorrow;
And out of Lady Nancy's grave sprung a red rose,
And out of Lord Lover's a briar.

8. They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
They could not grow much higher.
They twittered and they tied in a true lover's knot
For all true lovers to admire.

1932 prints stanzas 1, 5, 8 only.

8. "Lord Lovell"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 389(B); text, p. 101. Sung by Clara Callahan, Salada, N.C., c. 1932.

m π^1

1. Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
To wish her lover good speed, good speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

2. Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel? she said;
Oh, where are you going? cried she;
I'm going away, Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel? she said;
How long will you be gone? cried she;
In a year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When a strange thought came into his head,
He'd go see his Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
He'd go see his Lady Nancy.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard the church bells ringing,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. And who is dead? Lord Lovel he said,
And who is dead? said he;
An old woman said, Some lady is dead
And they call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy
And they call her Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turned around,
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy died of pure, pure grief,

Lord Lovel died of sorrow—sorrow,
Lord Lovel died of sorrow.

9. The one was buried in the lower church,
The other buried in the higher;
From one sprang a gallant red rose,
From the other a gilliflower, flower,
From the other a gilliflower.

10. And there they grew and turned and twined
Till they gained the church top,
And there they grew and turned and twined
And tied in a true lover's knot, knot,
And tied in a true lover's knot.

9. "Lord Lovel"

Davis, 1929, p. 574(E); text, p. 247. Sung by Mrs. Frank P. Christian, Lynchburg, Va., May 24, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

m π^1

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

4. He had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would see.

5. So he rode and he rode and he rode and he rode,
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard St. Patrick's bells,
And the people all mourning around, -round, -round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Who's dead, who's dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Who's dead, who's dead?" said he.
"A Lord's lady is dead," the people replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the coffin to be undone,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling a-down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling a-down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, -orrow, -orrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was buried in the church yard,
Lord Lovel he lay in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, -rier, -rier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

10. They grew and they grew to the church-steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher,
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
That all true lovers admire, -rire, -rire,
That all true lovers admire.

10. "Lord Lovel"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 62. Sung by Miss Annie Ball, Richmond, Va., January 15, 1936.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When a-long came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. Where are you going Lord Lovel? she said,
Where are you going? said she.
I'm going, my fair Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you be back, Lord Lovel? said she,
When will you be back? said she.
In sixty or ninety days at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone more than a day or two,
Strange countries for to see,
When sad and strange came into his mind
Concerning his Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
Concerning his Lady Nancy.

5. So he rode and he rode and he rode and he rode,
Till he came to London town,
And there he saw a funeral,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. Who is dead? Lord Lovel, he said,
Who is dead? said he.
The king's youngest daughter, the people replied,
Some call her the Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
Some call her the Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The mourners then all retired,
He gazed at the face of his Nancy Belle,
And then Lord Lovel expired, er-ri-rired,
And then Lord Lovel expired.

8. Lady Nancy Belle died, you might say, today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow,
Lady Nancy Belle died of June pure love,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow, row, row,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.

9. Lord Lovel was laid in the nave of the church,
Lady Nancy Belle in the choir,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, 'rier, 'rier,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

10. They grew and they grew and they grew and they grewed,
Till they reached the tall church spire,
And there they twined in a true lover's knot,
For all time lovers to admire, ri, rire,
For all time lovers to admire.

11. "Lord Lovell"

Sharp MSS., 2673/2216. Also in Sharp, 1916, p. 60. Sung by Mrs. Honeybone, Ascott under Wychwood, September 15, 1911; learned from her Sandford grandfather, a soldier who fought at Waterloo. He died at 83, when she was 17.

a I/M

1. Lord Lovell he stood at his own castle gate
A-combing his milk-white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed.

2. O where are you going, Lord Lovell, she said,
O where are you going? cried she.
I am going, my lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see.

3. How long you'll be gone, Lord Lovell, she said,
How long you'll be gone, cried she.
In a year or two or three at the least
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy.

4. He had not been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see
When a strange thought came into his head
He'd go and see Lady Nancy, cee, cee.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town
And there he heard the church bells ring
The people all mourning around.

6. Ah who is dead? Lord Lovell he said,
Ah who is dead? cried he.
An old woman said: Some lady is dead,
They called her Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the shroud to be turned around
And the grave to be opened awide
And then he kissed her cold clay cheeks
Till the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovell he died as tomorrow,
And out of her nose there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

9. It grew and it grew till the church steeple top
Till it could grow no higher
And then it turned round in a true lover's knot
For all true lovers to admire.

1916 prints a rectified text.

12. "Lord Lovel"

Smith, 1928, p. 122. Also in Sandburg, 1927, p. 70. Tune from W. R. Dehon, Summerville, S.C., 1913; text from Miss Caroline S. Dickinson.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk white steed;
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh where are you going?" said she.

"I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my Lady Nancee, cee, cee,
I'll return to my Lady Nancee."

4. He'd not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his mind
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk white steed,
Till he reached fair London Town;
And there he heard St. Varney's bell
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Is any one dead?" Lord Lovel he said;
"Is any one dead?" said he.
"A lady is dead," the people all said,
"And they call her the Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
The shroud to be folded down;
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow.
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Clement's churchyard,
Lord Lovel was buried close by her;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of his backbone a briar.

13. "Lord Lovel"

Collected and sung by the Fuller Sisters, 1927. (Bumpus, London; A. and C. Boni, New York.)

m π^1

The print has 10 stanzas, provenance unspecified.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
a combing his milk white steed,
When by came Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

14. "Lord Lovel"

Scarborough, 1925, p. 55. Sung by Mr. Busbee, North Carolina; learned from his Negro nurse, Mammy Mahaly.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovel, he stood at his castle wall,
A-combin' his milk-white steed;
Lady Nancy Bell came a-ridin' by,
To wish her fond lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her fond lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you goin', Lord Lovel?" she said.
"Oh, where are you goin'?" said she.
"I'm goin' away for a year an' a day,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. He hadn't been gone but a year an' a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When very strange thoughts came into his head
About his Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
About his Lady Nancy.

4. He rode an' he rode all a long summer day,
Till he came to London town.
An' there he met a funeral,
An' the people a-mournin' around, round, round,
An' the people a-mournin' around.

5. "Oh, who is dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh, who is dead?" said he.
"It's my lord's lady," an old woman said,
"Some call her the Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
Some call her the Lady Nancy."

6. He ordered the bier to be opened wide,
The shroud to be folded down.
An' then he kissed her clay-cold lips,
An' the tears they come trinklin' down, down, down,
An' the tears they come trinklin' down.

7. Lady Nancy she died as it mought be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died to-morrow.
Lady Nancy she dies outen pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died outen sorrow-row-row,
Lord Lovel he died outen sorrow.

8. Lady Nancy they buried by the tall church spire,
Lord Lovel they buried beside her.
And outen her bosom they grew a red rose,
And outen his'n a brier-rier-rier,
And outen his'n a brier.

9. They grew an' they grew to the tall steeple top,
An' there they could get no higher.
An' there they entwined in a true lovers' knot,
Which all true lovers admire-rire-rire,
Which all true lovers admire.

15. "Lord Lovel"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 70(B). Sung by Miss Clara McCauley, Knoxville, Tenn. Learned from her father, Orange County, N.C.

m I/M

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed.
When down came Lady Nancy Belle,
A-wishing her lover good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

A lady is dead, the people all said,
And some call her Lady Nancy, 'cy, 'cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy.

6. He ordered the bier to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down;
And then he kissed her cold clay cheeks,
And the tears came trickling down, down, down,
And the tears came trickling down.

7. They buried Lady Nancy within the churchyard,
Lord Lovel they buried in the choir;
And out of her breast there grew a red rose,
And out of his a brier, 'rier, 'rier,
And out of his a brier.

8. They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
And when they could grow no higher
They twined themselves round a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, rire, rire,
For all true lovers to admire.

16. "Lord Lovel"

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 10(A). Sung by Charles Abbot, Bellevue, Va., October 14, 1936.

m I/M (—VI)

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
To bid her lover good speed,
To bid her lover good speed.

2. O where are you going, Lord Lovel? she cried,
O where are you going? cried she.
I'm going away for a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When longing thoughts came over his heart,
Lady Nancy he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy he would see.

4. So he rode and he rode on his milk white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bell ring,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

5. Who's dead, who's dead? Lord Lovel he cried,
O tell me who's dead, cried he.

17. "Lord Lovel"

Arnold, 1950, p. 124. Sung by Elizabeth Henshaw and Laura Pillans, Mobile, Ala., 1945.

m I

1. Lord Lovel, he stood at the castle gate
A combin' his milk white steed
When down came Lady Nancy Bell
To bid her lover good speed, good speed,
To bid her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my fair lady Nancy Bell
Far countries for to see, see, see,
Far countries for to see."

3. He travelled and travelled, a year and a day,
Or it might be two or three
When languishing thoughts came into his head
Lady Nancy for to see, see, see,
Lady Nancy for to see.

4. He travelled and travelled, as fast as he could
'Til he came to London town,
And there he encountered a funeral train
With the mourners all weeping around, 'round, 'round,
With the mourners all weeping around.

5. "Oh, who is dead, good people?" he said,
"Oh, who is it dead?" said he.

" 'Tis the Lord's only daughter," the people replied
"And they called her the lady Nancy, Nancy,
And they called her the lady Nancy."

6. He bade them to open the coffin straightway
And then he knelt right down,
And there he kissed the clay cold corpse
While tears came trickling down, down, down,
While tears came trickling down.

7. Lady Nancy, she died as it might be today
Lord Lovel, he died on the morrow;
Lady Nancy, she died of pure, pure grief;
Lord Lovel, he died of sorrow, 'orrow, 'orrow
Lord Lovel, he died of sorrow.

8. Lord Lovel was laid in St. Martin's Kirk;
Lady Nancy was laid in the choir,
And out of her bosom grew a red, red rose
And out of his bosom a brier, 'ier, 'ier
And out of his bosom a brier.

9. They grew and grew, 'til they reached the church top
And then couldn't grow any higher,
And there entwined in a true lover's knot,
Which all true lovers admire, 'ire, 'ire,
Which all true lovers admire.

18. "Lord Lovel"

Davis, 1929, p. 573(B); text, p. 243. Sung by Mrs. John Roberts, Roanoke, Va., October 19, 1919. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

m I/M

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

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she cried,
"Oh, where are you going?" cried she.
"I am going away, Lady Nancybell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you return, Lord Lovel?" she cried,
"When will you return?" cried she.
"In a year or two or three or more,
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy."

4. He had not been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When a languishing thought came into his mind
Lady Nancybell to see, see, see,
Lady Nancybell to see.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard St. Vincent's bell
And the people all mourning around, -round, -round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Is there anyone dead?" Lord Lovel said,
"Is there anyone dead?" cried he.
"A lord's daughter's dead," the people all said.
And some said, "Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,"
And some said, "Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the coffin straightway to be opened,
And the shroud to be folded down;
And there he kissed her pale cold lips,
And the tears came trickling down, down, down,
And the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy died it might be today,
Lord Lovel died tomorrow;
Lady Nancybell died of pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel died of sorrow, -orrow, -orrow,
Lord Lovel died of sorrow.

9. They buried them in the new churchyard,
Lady Nancy, Lord Lovel beside her.
And on her breast there grew a red rose
And on his breast a green briar, -riar, -riar,
And on his breast a green briar.

10. They grew and they grew to the new church tower,
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they entwined a true lover's knot
For all true loves to admire, -rire, -rire,
For all true loves to admire.

19. "Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy"

Campbell, *BTFLS*, III (1937), p. 92.

a I

The reading here is partly conjectural from the notation as given in the *Bulletin*.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
Combing his milk white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
To wish her love goodbye.

20. "Lord Lovell"

100 Comic Songs, 1858, p. 57.

m I/M

21. "Lord Lovel"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75G. From Mrs. S. A. Flint, Providence, R.I., February 8, 1909; recollected from childhood.

m I

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milkwhite steed,
When by him there rode Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

22. "Lord Lovell"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 215. Contributed by Mrs. John Pierce, Springfield, Vt. Learned from her mother, of Vermont descent. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

m I

1. Lord Lovell, he stood at his own castle gate
   A-combing his milk white steed,
   When up came Lady Nancy Bell
   To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
   To wish her lover good speed.

2. "O, where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,
   "O, where are you going?" said she.
   "I'm going away, Miss Nancy Bell,
   Strange countries for to see, see, see,
   Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
   "When will you be back?" said she.
   "A year or two or three at the most
   I'll return to my Lady Nancee, cee, cee,
   I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

   . . . . . .

4. "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovell, he said,
   "O, what is the matter?" said he.
   "A lady is dead," the people all said,
   "And they called her the Lady Nancee, cee, cee,
   And they called her the Lady Nancy."

5. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
   And the shroud to be let down,
   And then he kissed the pale, pale face,
   And the tears came a-tricklying down, down, down,
   And the tears came a-tricklying down.

6. . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   And out of her bosom there grew a rose,
   And out of her lover's, a briar, iar, iar,
   And out of her lover's a briar.

7. They grew and they grew til they reached the church top,
   Til they couldn't grow up no higher;
   Then they twined themselves into a true lover's knot
   For all lovers true to admire, ire, ire,
   For all lovers true to admire.

23. "Lord Lovell"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75A_2; also IV, No. 312. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 292. Sung by Miss Caroline T. Graves, of Connecticut, May 22, 1905; transcribed by Miss Ina L. McDavitt.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovell, he stood at his garden gate,
   A-combing his milk-white steed,
   When along came Lady Nancy Bell,
   A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
   A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she cried,
   "Oh, where are you going?" said she.
   "I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
   Foreign countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she cried.
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy."

4. He had been gone a year and a day,
Foreign countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he'd go see.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And then he see such a mournful sight,
And the people all gathered around.

6. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovell he cried,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"Oh, a lady is dead, and her lover is gone,
And they call her the Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down low,
And as he kissed her clay-cold lips,
The tears began to flow.

8. Lady Nancy, she died the same as to-day,
Lord Lovell he died as to-morrow.
Lady Nancy she died of pure grief,
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.

9. They buried them both by the castle wall
In a grave that was close by the spire,
And out of her breast there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell's a brier.

10. They grew, and they grew to the castle top,
And then they could grow no higher.
They twined themselves in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

24. "Lord Lovel"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript); from Duncan MS., No. 343. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 58(b). Sung by Mrs. Harper, Cluny, in 1907; learned from her mother.

m I/M

25. "Lord Lovell"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 390(C); text, p. 102. Sung by Mrs. Genevieve Ingersoll, Scarsdale, N.Y., c. 1932.

m I/M

Lord Lovell he stood at his Castle Gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

26. "Lord Lovell"

Collinson and Dillon, I, 1946, p. 6. Also in Collinson and Dillon, 1952, p. 52.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovell, he stood at his own castle gate,
Stroking his milk white steed,
When up came lady Nancy Bell,
Wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

4. But he had not been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When a strange thought came into his mind;
Lady Nancy he would see, would see,
Lady Nancy he would see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard a church bell ring,
And the people all mourning around, around,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovell, he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"A lady is dead," an old woman said,
"And they called her the Lady Nancy, Nancy,
And they called her the Lady Nancy."

7. Lady Nancy, she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovell, he died as tomorrow.
Lady Nancy, she died of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovell, he died of sorrow, of sorrow,
Lord Lovell, he died of sorrow.

8. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Bank's church-yard,
Lord Lovell was laid in the prior*;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar, a briar,
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

9. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
They grew till they grew no higher;
And there they entwined in a true lover's knot
For all lovers true to admire, admire,
For all lovers true to admire.

* or choir.

27. "Lord Lovell and Lady Ounceabel"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75C; also IV, No. 166. From Hayes MS. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 293.

p I/M (inflected IV)

28. "Lord Lovel"

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 12(B). The tune and the first stanza of text were sung by Atcheson L. Hench, University, Va., April 13, 1937. The full text was contributed by Mrs. E. Wilson Carter.

m I/M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk white steed,
When down came his Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. O where are you going, Lord Lovel? she said,
O where are you going? said she.
I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you be back, Lord Lovel? she said,
When will you be back? said she.
In a year or two more, or at least three or four,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Concerning his Lady Nancy, Nancy,
Concerning his Lady Nancy.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And there he heard the church bells ring,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. O what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said,
O what is the matter? said he.
A beautiful lady, my lord, is dead,
Some call her the Lady Nancy, Nancy,
Some call her the Lady Nancy.

7. So he ordered the coffin to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turn-ed down;
And there he kissed her cold clay lips,
While tears came raining down, down, down,
While tears came raining down.

8. Lady Nancy she died it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was laid* in the nave of the church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a white rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

10. They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
And there they could grow no higher;
And so they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, 'mire, 'mire,
For all true lovers to admire.

* Mr. Hench sang "placed." [*MS. note.*]

29. "Lord Lovell"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75E. Sung by Miss Annie L. Sykes, Vineland, N.J.

a I/M

N.B. the suggestion of "Rio Grande" in phrase three.

Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate
A combing his milk white steed
When along came Lady Nancybelle
A wishing Lord Lovell good speed
A wishing Lord Lovell good speed.

30. "Lord Lovel"

Eddy, 1939, p. 39(A). Also in Tolman, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 343. Sung by Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, Ohio; but the text from Eddy's "B," "almost identical," is from other contributors.

a I/M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
   A-combing his milk-white steed,
   When along came Lady Nancy Bell
   A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
   A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
   "Oh, where are you going," said she;
   "I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell
   Strange countries for to see."

3. "Oh, when will you be back," she says,
   "Oh, when will you be back," says she;
   "In a year or two or three at the most,
   I'll return to my fair lady."

4. He had not been gone but a year and a day
   Strange countries for to see,
   When languishing thoughts came into his head,
   Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
   Till he came to London town,
   And there he heard St. Varney's bell chime,
   And the people all mourning round.

6. "Is anybody dead," Lord Lovel he said,
   "Is anybody dead," says he;
   "A lord's daughter is dead," a lady replied,
   "And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
   And the shroud to be folded down,
   And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
   Till the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy died as it was yesterday,
   Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow,
   And out of her breast there grew a red rose,
   But out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

9. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
   And there they could grow no higher;
   And there they entwined in a true lovers' knot
   For all true lovers to admire.

31. [Lord Lovel]

Greig MSS., I, p. 121. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 58(c). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire, February 1906.

a I/M

Lord Lovel he stood in his stable door
A-combing his milk-white steed
And by came Lady Nancibel
Wishing her lover good speed, good speed
Wishing her lover good speed.

32. "Lord Lovell"

Sharp MSS., 2149/. Sung by Mrs. Teale, at Whinchcombe Union, April 8, 1909.

m I

Lord Lovell he stood at the Castle gate
A combing his milk white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed good speed
All wishing her lover good speed

33. "Lord Lovel"

Sharp MSS., 3202/2346. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 146(A). Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands, Allanstand, N.C., August 3, 1916.

a π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. Lord Lovel was at his gateside,
A-currying his milk-white steed;
Miss Nancy Bell come riding by,
A-wishing Lord Lovel good speed, [good speed,
A-wishing Lord Lovel good speed.]*

2. Where are you going, Lord Lovel? she says,
Where are you going? says she.
I'm going to ride my milk-white steed
Some foreign country to see.

3. How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel? she says,
How long will you be gone? says she.
One year, or two, or two, or three,
Then 'turn to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone but one year and one day,
Strange thoughts rolled through his mind
. . . . . .
About his Lady Nancy.

5. And so he mounted his milk-white steed
And rode to London town,
And there he heard the death-bells ringing
And the people a-mourning all round.

6. Who is dead? Lord Lovel he said,
Who is dead? says he.
Miss Nancy Bell from London town
That is called your Lady Nancy.

7. Go open her coffin, Lord Lovel he said,
Pull down her shroud, says he,
And let me kiss her cold, cold lips—
And the tears come trinkling down.

8. Go dig my grave, Lord Lovel he said,
Go dig my grave, says he,
For I have no longer in this world to stay
For the loss of my Lady Nancy.

* Omitted in MS.

34. "Lord Lovel"

Sharp MSS., 4216/3036. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 147(B). Sung by Philander Fitzgerald, Nash, Va., May 7, 1918.

a I

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A combing his milk-white steed,
And along came Lady Nancy Bell
To wish Lord Lovel good speed, good speed,
To [wish]* Lord Lovel good speed.

2. O where are you going, Lord Lovel? she said.
O where are you going? said she.
I'm going, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you be back, Lord Lovel? she said.
When will you be back? said she.
A year or two or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone twelve months and a day,
Strange thoughts come in his head,
That Lady Nancy he would see,
Fearing that she was dead, was dead,
Fearing that she was dead.

5. He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And he rode to London town,
And there he heard those bells a-mourn,
A-mourning round and round and round,
A-mourning round and round.

6. O what is the matter? Lord Lovel he cried.
O what is the matter? cried he.
A lady is dead, a woman replied,
Some called her Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
Some called her Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the coffin to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turn-ed down,
And there he kissed her cold, clay lips
Till the tears come trinkling down, down, down,
Till the tears come trinkling down.

8. Lord Lovel was buried in the green churchyard,
Lady Nancy was buried in the choir;
And out of his grave grew a red rose,
And out of her a briar, briar, briar,
And out of her a briar.

9. They grew up to the church steeple top
To the admiration of the town;
And they would have been there until now
If the sexton had not cut them down, [down,
If the sexton had not cut them down.]†

* MS.: which
† Omitted in MS.

35. "Lord Lovel"

Hudson, 1937, No. 16. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long and Miss Mary Ila Long, in Mississippi, between 1923 and 1930.

a π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. "How long you be gone, Lord Lovel," says she,
"How long you be gone?" says she.
"About one year or two or three
And I'll 'turn to my loving Nancy, Nancy,
And I'll 'turn to my loving Nancy Belle."

2. When he returned home, Lord Lovel, one day,
When he returned home one day,
He came to the town where the people were mourning,
Where the people were mourning all 'round, 'round, 'round,
Where the people were mourning all around.

3. "O who is dead?" Lord Lovel, says he,
"O who is dead?" says he.
"I do not know but I do believe
They call her the loving Nancy, Nancy,
They call her the loving Nancy Belle."

4. "Go open the coffin," Lord Lovel, says he,
"Go open the coffin," says he,
"That I may view once more the face
Of the fair and loving Nancy, Nancy,
Of the fair and loving Nancy Belle."

5. "Go dig my grave," Lord Lovel, says he,
"Go dig my grave" says he,
"And I'll bid farewell to this vain world
And go with my loving Nancy, Nancy,
And go with my loving Nancy Belle."

36. [Lord Lovel]

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 139(A). Sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me.; learned from her grandmother, who was born in 1793. Tune recorded by George Herzog, 1928.

a I

1. Lord Lovel he stood at St. Pancras' gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up step'd Lady Nancy Belle
And bidding her lover Good spe-ed, speed, spe-ed,
And bidding her lover Good speed.

2. "Oh! where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.
"I go, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see-e, see, see-e,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "Oh! when'll you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! when'll you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to my Fa-ir Nan-cy, cy, cy-y—
I'll return to my Fair Nancy."

4. He had not been gone a year and a day
Strange coun-tri-es for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head:
Lady Belle he must go and see-e, see, see-e—
Lady Belle he must go and see.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse
'Til he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells
And the people all mourning round, round rou-nd—
And the people all mourning round.

6. "Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"They say that a Lord's Fair Lady is dead
And some call her Lady Nan-cy-y, cy, cy-y—
And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. So he ordered the grave to be opened wide
And the shroud to be turnèd down,
And there he kiss'd her clay-cold corpse
Till the tears came flowing dow-own, down, dow-own—
Till the tears came flowing down.

8. Lady Nancy died, as it might be today;
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sor-row, ror-, ror-row—
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the Choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Lovel's a bri-er, ri, rier—
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

10. And they grew and they grew to the Church steeple's top
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a truelover's knot
For all truelovers to ad-mire, mi, mi-i-ire
For all truelovers to admire.

37. "Lord Lavell"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75D; also IV, No. 244. Also in Barry, *BFSSNE*, I (1930), p. 4. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Ravior, a

native of County Sligo, Ireland, in Vineland, N.J., December 4, 1906.

a I

1. Lord Lavell he stood at his own stable door,
   Com[b]ing down his milk-white steed,
   When along came Lady Anciebel,
   Wishing Lord Lavell great speed.

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lavell?" she says,
   "Where are you going from me?"
   "I am going to England, fair lady," he says,
   "Strange countries for to go see."

3. "Oh, when will you return, Lord Lavell," she says,
   "Oh, when will you return unto me?"
   "In the space of three years, fair lady," he says,
   "It's then I'll return unto thee."

4. "Oh, that is too long, Lord Lavell," she says,
   "Oh, that is too long for me!
   Oh, that is too long for a courteous young lady
   To wait on your fair body!"

5. Lord Lavell, he rode a mile out of town,
   O scarcely a mile or three,
   When some anguishing thought came into his heart,
   Lady Anciebel for to go see.

6. Lord Lavell he rode to his own father's gate,
   And from that to his own father's hall;
   There he heard the chapel bell ringing,
   And the ladies in mourning all.

7. And 'twas there then he asked who was dead,
   And they answered, "Lady Anciebel;
   She died for the sake of a courteous young lad,
   And his name it was Lord Lavell."

8. Then he ordered the coffin to be opened,
   And the sheets to be folded [d]own,*
   And there he kissed her cold, cold lips,
   And the tears they came *trinckling* down.

9. "It's often and often I've kissed your ruby lips,
   And you have often kissed mine;
   It's often and often I've kissed your ruby lips,
   But we never shall kiss after dyin'!"

10. Lady Anciebel she died to-day,
    And Lord Lavell, supposin' to-morrow;
    . . . . . .
    . . . . . .

11. Lady Anciebel was buried in the old churchyard,
    And Lord Lavell in the old church square;
    Out of Lady Anciebel there grew a red rose,
    And out of Lord Lavell a briar.

12. There they grew and there they twined,
    Until they could grow no higher,
    There they casted a true lover's knot,
    And there they remain forever.

* 1930: sown

38. "Lord Lovel"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 113(A). Also in Randolph, 1932, p. 193. Sung by Miss Esther Davidson, Rocky Comfort, Mo., February 3, 1927.

a π^1

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
   A-combin' his milk-white steed,
   When along come Lady Nancy Bell,
   A-wishin' her lover good speed, speed, speed,
   A-wishin' her lover good speed.

2. Oh where are you goin', Lord Lovel, she says,
   Oh where are you goin', says she,
   I'm goin', my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
   Strange countries for to see, see, see,
   Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you be back, Lord Lovel, she says,
   When will you be back, says she,
   In a year or two or three at the most,
   I'll return to my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
   I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone but a year an' a day,
   Strange countries for to see,
   When languishin' thoughts come into his head,
   Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,
   Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

5. He rode an' he rode on his milk-white steed,
   Till he come to London town,
   An' there he heard Saint Varney's bell,
   An' the people all a-mournin' round, round, round,
   An' the people all a-mournin' round.

6. Is anybody dead? Lord Lovel he said,
   Is anybody dead? says he.
   A lady is dead, the people all said,
   They called her the Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
   They called her the Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
   The shroud was folded down,
   An' there he kissed her clay cold lips

Till the tears come a-tricklin' down, down, down,
Till the tears come a-tricklin' down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow,
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow, -row, -row,
Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy she was laid in Saint Clemens' church yard,
Lord Lovel he was buried close by her,
An' out of her bosom there grew a red rose
An' out of his backbone a briar, briar, briar,
An' out of his backbone a briar.

10. They grew an' they grew till they reached the church top,
They could not grow no higher,
An' there they twined in a true lovers' knot,
Which true lovers ever admire, -mire, -mire,
Which true lovers ever admire.

39. [Lord Lovel]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 42(B). Sung by Mrs. Thomas Grant, Ostrea Lake, N.S.

a I/M

40. "Lord Lovel"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 41(A). Sung by Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit, N.S.

a Ly/I

1. Lord Lovel he stood by his castle gate
Combing his milk white steed,
When up came Lady Nancybelle
To wish her lover good speed.

2. "Oh where are you going Lord Lovel?" she says,
"Oh where are you going?" said she,
"I'm going away my fair Nancy
Strange counterees for to see."

3. "When will you be back Lord Lovel," she says,
"When will you be back?" says she,
"In a year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

4. But he had not been gone a year and a day
Strange counterees for to see
When languishing thoughts came into his head
Lady Nancybelle he would go see.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk white steed
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells
And the people all mourning round.

6. "Oh what is the matter?" Lord Lovel said,
"Oh what is the matter?" said he,
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Nancybelle."

7. So he ordered the grave to be opened wide
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay cold lips
Till the tears came trinkling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow,
Lady Nancy died out of pure pure love,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
Out of her bosom* a lily red rose,
Out of her husband's a briar.

10. Lord Lovel he died out of pure pure love,
Lady Nancy she died out of sorrow,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar.

11. It grew and it grew to the church steeple's top
Until it could grow no higher,
And there it did tie in a true lover's knot
To all true lovers a briar,
(or, For all true lovers to admire.)

This text appears to be a composite from Williams and Mrs. Grant.

* 1950: There grew

41. "Lord Lovel"

Brewster, 1940, p. 89. Sung by Lucile Wilkin, Connersville, Ind., October 23, 1935.

a π^1

1. Lord Lovel he stood at the castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When down came the fair Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good spee-ee-eed,
To wish her lover good speed.

2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"O where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,
Far countries for to see-ee-ee,
Far countries for to see."

. . . . . .

3. So he rode away on his milk-white steed,
Far countries for to see,
When something came whispering into his ear,
"Lady Nancy Bell I must go see-ee-ee,
Lady Nancy Bell I must go see."

4. So he rode and he rode, as fast as he could,
Till he came to fair London Town,
And there he heard the church bells ring
And the people mourning round, round, round,
And the people mourning round.

5. "O why do you mourn?" Lord Lovel he said;
"O why do you mourn?" said he.
"We mourn for the fair Lady Nancy Bell,
For she is dead as can be-ee-ee,
For she is dead as can be."

6. They buried her in the nave of the church;
They buried him in the choir;
And from her bosom there grew a red rose,
And from his bosom a brier, -ier, -ier,
And from his bosom a brier.

7. They grew and they grew as high as the church,
Until they could grow no higher;
And there twined in a true-lover's knot,
Which all true lovers admire, -ire, -ire,
Which all true lovers admire.

42. [Lord Lovell]

Sharp MSS., 1246/. Sung by Bill Bailey, Cannington, Somerset, January 24, 1907.

a I

He ordered the grave to be opened wide
And the shroud to be turned down
That he may kiss the lily white lips
Till the tears came trinkaling down down down
Till the tears came trinkaling down

43. [Oh where are you going Lord Lovel, said she]

Petrie, 1902-05, No. 752.

a I

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44. "Lord Lovel"

Arkwright, *JFSS*, VI, No. 21 (1918), p. 31. Sung by Mr. Barrow, at Otham, Kent, May 18, 1916.

a I/M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said.
"O where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see!"

3. "O when will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"O when will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, at the most,
I'll return to the Lady Nancy, Nancy,
I'll return to the Lady Nancy."

4. He had not been gone a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white horse
Till he came to London Town,
And then he heard St. Pancras' Bells
And the people mourning around, around,
And the people mourning around.

6. "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said;
"O what is the matter?" said he.
"A lovely lady dead," the people said,
"Some people call Lady Nancy, Nancy,
Some people call Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide
And the shroud to be turnèd down,
And then he kissed her clay cold lips
Till the tears run tumbling down, down, down,
Till the tears run tumbling down.

8. Lady Nancy, she died as to-day,
Lord Lovel, he died as to-morrow.
Lady Nancy she died out of pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

45. "Lord Lovel"

Davis, 1929, p. 574(L); text, p. 256. Sung by Thomas H. Bailey, Marksville, Page County, Virginia, November 10, 1919. Collected by John Stone.

a I/M

1. Lord Lovel who stands at the castle gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
In up comes Miss Nancy my dear,
A-wishing her lover could stay, stay, stay,
A-wishing her lover could stay.

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" said she,
"Where are you going?" said she.
"Away, away to strange countries to see, see, see,
Away to strange countries to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"One year or two or three at the most
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

4. He having been gone but a very short time,
Not more than a month and one day,
Languish thoughts came into his mind,
His lady he would go see, see, see,
His lady he would go see.

5. He saddled his pony and he did ride,
He rode till he came to the town;
And there he heard the large church bell,
The people was mourning all 'round, 'round, 'round,
The people was mourning all 'round.

6. "What is to matter?" Lord Lovel says he,
"What is to matter?" says he.
The ladies replied, "The Governor's daughter is dead.
Some called her the lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
Some called her the lady Nancy."

7. He ordered her coffin to be opened wide
And the shroud to be fold down.
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

46. "Lord Lovell"

Eddy, 1939, p. 40(C). Sung by Mrs. Anna E. Housley (91), Canton, Ohio.

a I

1. Lord Lovell he rode on his milk-white horse
Till he reached to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancrum's bell,
And the people all mourning around.
And there he heard St. Pancrum's bell,
And the people all mourning around.

2. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovell he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he;
"The Lord Lady's dead," the women replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

3. He ordered her grave to be opened wide,
And her shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trembling down.

4. Lady Nancy she died with a pure, pure green,
Lord Lovell he died with a sorrow;
Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancrum's church,
Lord Lovell was laid in the choir.

5. Out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of his bosom a brier;
It grew and it grew to the church steeple top,
And then it could grow no higher.

6. So there they entwined the true lovers' may,
For all the true lovers to admire,
And ever since then the roses are red,
And sharp indeed is the brier.

47. "Lord Lovel"

Sharp MSS., 4274/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 149(D). Sung by Mrs. Willie Roberts, Nellysford, Va., May 23, 1918.

m I

Where are you going Lord Lovel, she said,
O where are you going, said she?
I am going, my lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see.

48. "Lord Lovell"

Barry MSS., II, No. 75F; also IV, No. 295. Also in Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 147. Tune recorded by Phillips Barry. Sung by Mrs. Ann Welch, a native of County Clare, Ireland, at Brunswick, Me., September 4, 1907.

a I

The variant reading is that of Barry's MS.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Where are you going from me?"
"I'm going, I'm going, Lady Anisabel,
Strange countries now for to see."

"When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you come back to me?"
"All for the space of three long years,
Lady Anisabel," said he.

"Oh, that is too long, Lord Lovel!" she said,
"Oh, that is too long for me!
All for the space of three long years,
True lovers never to see."

49. [Lord Lovell]

Sharp MSS., 2796/. Sung by Thomas Grant, Dunmow Union, September 14, 1912.

a I/M

This variant is quite abnormal, and calls to mind the popular nineteenth-century song, "The Wonderful Crocodile" (words in J. Ashton, *Modern Street Ballads*, 1888, p. 147). Its B phrase is found also in "The Coal Black Smith" (cf. No. 44).

50. "Lord Lovell"

Sharp MSS., 1122/. Sung by Albert Pool, Exford, September 6, 1906.

a I/Ly (—III), ending on VIII (compass of a fifth)

How far are you going Lord Lovell she said
How far are you going said she
I'm going Lady Nancy Bold
Foreign countries to go and see see see
Foreign countries to go and see

51a. "Lord Lovell"

Carey, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 3 (1934), p. 134. Sung by Mrs. Hollingsworth, Thaxted, Essex, October 5, 1911.

a I

51b. "Lord Lovell"

Chambers, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 3 (1934), p. 134. Sung by Mrs. Hollingsworth, Thaxted, Essex, July 1921.

a I

Lord Lovell he stood by his stable gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When fair Nancy came with a sorrowful heart
To wish her lover good speed
To wish her lover good speed.

These words were sung to both collectors.

52. "Lord Lovell"

Grainger MS., No. 135. Sung by George Gouldthorpe, Brigg, Lincolnshire, July 28, 1906.

a I, ending on VIII

1. Lord Lōvell he stood at his own castle gáet (gate),
   Combin' his milk white 'ors,
   When up stapped Lády Nancy Bell,
   Wishin' her lòver good speed, speed, speed;
   Wishin' her lòver good speed.

2. "Whēre are yá (ye) goin', Lord Lòvell?" she said;
   "Where are yá goin'?" said she.
   'I'm going, Miss Lády Nancy Bell,
   Strange counteries for to see, see, see;
   Strange counteries for to see.'

3. "When shall you còme bàck, Lord Lòvell?" she said;
   "When shall you còme bàck?" said she.
   'In a year or two or three at the mô-est (most),
   I'll retorn (return) to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy;
   I'll retorn to my Lady Nancy.'

4. He hadn't bin (been) gäne (gone) not a year and a dá (day),
   Strange counteries for to see,
   When lōnguishing (languishing) thoughts cáme into his head,
   Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see;
   Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

5. He rode, he rode on his milk white horse,
   Till he cāame (came) to fair London town,
   And there he heard St. Pàncrus bells ringin',
   The people all mourning arōnd (around), rōnd, rōnd;
   The people all mourning arōnd.

6. 'What is the màtter?' Lord Lòvell he said;
   'What is the màtter?' said he.
   "A lady's dead," and old woman said;
   "Sòme calls her Miss Lády Nàncy, cy, cy;
   Sòme calls her Miss Lády Nàncy."

7. He ordered the grāeve to be openèd wide,
   The corpse to be tùrnèd ōt (out),
   And there he kissed her cláe (clay)-cold lips,
   The tears they came trinkeling dōn (down), dōn, dōn;
   The tears they came trinkeling dōn.

8. My Lády she died as it might be todáe,
   Lord Lòvell he died as tèmorrow;
   Miss Lády died out of púèr (pure) grief,
   Lord Lovell he died out of sir, sir, sirrow (sorrow);
   Lord Lovell he died out of sirrow.

9. They buried my lòve in the high churchyard,
   They buried my lord a little higher,
   And ōt (out) of my lady grēü a red roase,
   And ōt of my Lord a sweet briar, briar, briar;
   And ōt of my Lord a sweet briar.

10. They grēü, they grēü to the high steeple tup (top),
    Till thāe could not grow any higher;
    Thā twined themselves of a trēü lover's knut (knot),
    For all trēü lòves to admire, mire, mire;
    For all trēü lòves to admire.

53. "Lady Annisbel"

Hudson MS., No. 336, c. 1840. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXIV (1911), p. 347.

a M

54. [Lord Lovell]

Thomas and Leeder, 1939, p. 38. Sung by Jilson Setters, in Kentucky, 1932.

a I/M

1. Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk white steed;—
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
A-wishing Lord Lovell good speed.

2. Where are you going, Lord Lovell? she says,
Where are you going? says she.
I'm going to ride my milk-white steed
Some foreign country to see, to see,
Some foreign country to see.

3. How long will you be gone, Lord Lovell? she says,
How long will you be gone? says she.
One year, or two, or two, or three,
Then return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy,
Then return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He had not been gone twelve months and a day,
Strange thoughts rolled through his mind
That Lady Nancy he would see;
A-fearing that she was dead, was dead,
A-fearing that she was dead.

5. And so he mounted his milk-white steed,
And rode to London town;
And there he heard the death-bells ring
And the people a-mourning all round, all round,
And the people a-mourning all round.

6. Who is dead? Lord Lovell he said, he said,
Who is dead? says he, says he.
Miss Nancy Bell from London town
That is called your Lady Nancy, Nancy,
That is called your Lady Nancy.

Permission granted by Jean Thomas, The Traipsin' Woman, from *The Singin' Gatherin'*, published by Silver Burdett Company.

GROUP Ab

55. "Lord Lover"

Morris, 1950, p. 273. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla.; learned from her father.

p π^1

1. Lord Lover, Lord Lover stood at the castle gate,
All dressed and ready to go,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Bell
To bid her lover goodbye,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Bell
To bid her lover goodbye.

2. "O, where are you going, Lord Lover?" she said.
"O, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see;
I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "O, when will you be back, Lord Lover?" she said.
"O, when will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or so or three or more,
I'll return to my fair Nancy;
In a year or so or three or more,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

4. He hadn't been gone but twelve months to a day,
Strange countries for to see,
For an angry thought came into his mind,
Lady Nancy Bell he must see;
For an angry thought came into his mind,
Lady Nancy Bell he must see.

5. He rode and he rode a milk-white steed,
Till London he did ride,
And there heard King Patsy bells ringing,
And the people all mourning round;
And there heard King Patsy bells ringing,
And the people all mourning round.

6. "O what's the matter?" Lord Lover he said.
"O what's the matter?" says he.
"There's a young lady dead," the old woman said,
"And some called her Lady Nancy;
There's a young lady dead," the old woman said,
"And some called her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened;
He ordered it opened wide,
And there he kissed her cold, white lips,
And the tears came trickling down;
And there he kissed her cold, white lips,
And the tears came trickling down.

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56. "Lord Lovel"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 43(B). Sung by Miss Madge Nichols, Trinity College, Durham, N.C., in the early 1920's.

p π^1

When will you come back Lord Lovel said she,
When will you come back said she
In a year or two or three said he,
I'll return to my lady Nancy -cy -cy,
I'll return to my lady Nancy.

57. "Lord Lovell"

McDonald, 1939, p. 23. Sung by John Martin, Flood, Mo.

p π^1

1. Lord Lovell he stood at the castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When along come Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell? says she,
Oh, where are you going, says she.
I am going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you get back, Lord Lovell? she says,
When will you get back? says she.
In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. He'd not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Varney's bell,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. Is anybody dead? Lord Lovell he said,
Is anybody dead? says he.
A lady is dead, the people all said,
And they called her Lady Nancy, cy -cy, -cy,
And they called her Lady Nancy.

7. He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
The shroud was folded down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came a-trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came a-trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovell he died tomorrow,
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow, -row, -row,
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.

9. Lord Lovell was buried in the greenchurchyard,
Lady Nancy was buried in the choir,
And out of his grave grew a red rose,
And out of hers a briar, briar, briar
And out of hers a briar.

10. They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
Till they could not grow no higher,
They twined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, -mire, -mire,
For all lovers to admire.

58. "Lord Lovell"

Brewster, 1940, p. 87. Also in Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 303. Sung by James McGregor, Oakland City, Ind., January 8, 1935. Noted by Mrs. Johnson.

p I/M

1. Lord Lovell stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said;
"O where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "O when will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said;
"O when will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at most
I'll return to your fair body, -dy, -dy,
I'll return to your fair body."

4. He'd been gone away but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When a longing came into his head
Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town,
. . . . . .
And people all mourning round, round, round,
And people all mourning round.

6. "Is somebody dead?" Lord Lovell he said;
"Is somebody dead?" said he.
"A lord's daughter," a lady replied;
"Some call her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
Some call her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the shroud to be folded down;

Then he kissed her clay-cold lips
While the tears came trickling down, down, down,
While the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy died as might be today;
Lord Lovell died on the morrow;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar, -iar, -iar,
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

9. They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And then they twined in a true-lover's knot,
Which all true lovers admire, -ire, -ire,
Which all true lovers admire.

59. "Lord Lovel"

Eddy, 1939, p. 41(D). Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 46(I). Sung by Professor James H. Hanford; learned from his grandmother in New York.

m I

1. Lord Lovel he stood by the castel gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
Lady Nancy Bell came a-riding by
A-wishing her lover good speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed,
Lady Nancy Bell came a-riding by
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "O, where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"O, where are you going," said she;
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy," he said,
"Strange countries for to see;
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."
Repeat lines 3 and 4

3. "O, when will you be back, Lord Lovel," she said,
"O, when will you be back," said she;
"In a year or two or three or more
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy;
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll be back to my Lady Nancy."

4. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancybell he must go see;
Lady Nancybell he must go see, see, see,
Lady Nancybell he must go see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London town;
(He heard the sound of a fine chapel bell)
And the people all mourning around;
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Is anybody dead," Lord Lovel he said,
"Is anybody dead," said he;
"My Lord's daughter is dead," the people they said,
"And some call her Lady Nancy;
And some call her Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The tears came trickling down, down, down,
The tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy was buried in the high church tower,
Lord Lovel was buried close by her,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier;
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, brier, brier,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

9. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Till they could not grow no higher,
And there they entwined in a true lovers' knot
For true lovers to admire;
For true lovers to admire, mire, mire,
For true lovers to admire.

60. "Lord Lovel"

Sharp MSS., 347/249. Sung by Mrs. Trott, Langport, Somerset, August 2, 1904.

p I/M

This is the "Valentine's Day" pattern after the first phrase.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A combing his milk white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed.

61. "Lord Lovell"

Cox, 1939, p. 24. Tune from Frances Sanders, who got it from Emma Hewitt, Morgantown, W.Va., June 1924. Text from Lucile Hays, November 1916; learned from her great-grandmother.

p I, ending on *V* (or a M)

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

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,
   "Where are you going?" said she.
   "I am going, Lady Nancy Bell,
   Strange countries for to see,
   Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
   "When will you be back?" said she.
   "I will be back in a year or two,
   I'll return to my Lady Nancy
   I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

4. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,
   Strange countries for to see,
   Till a languishing thought came into his mind,
   Lady Nancy Bell he must see,
   Lady Nancy Bell he must see.

5. He rode and he rode all on his white steed
   Till he came to London town;
   And there he heard St. Vincent's bell,
   And the people were mourning around,
   And the people were mourning around.

6. "Is any one dead?" Lord Lovell he said,
   "Is any one dead?" said he.
   "Our Lord's daughter is dead," the people all said,
   "And some call her Lady Nancy,
   And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the coffin opened straightway,
   And the shroud to be folded down,
   And there he kissed the clay cold lips,
   And the tears came trickling down,
   And the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
   Lord Lovell he died tomorrow;
   Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure love
   Lord Lovell he died of sorrow,
   Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was buried in the high church yard,
   Lord Lovell was buried side by her;
   And out of one breast there grew a red rose,
   And out of the other's a briar,
   And out of the other's a briar.

10. They grew and they grew to the high church top,
    Till they could grow no higher,
    And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
    For all true lovers to admire,
    For all true lovers to admire.

62. "Lord Lovel"

Chappell, 1939, p. 27. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C. Tune set down in 1935, text in 1933.

p I/M

1. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
   Till he came to London town,
   And there he heard St. Patrick's bell
   And the people all mourning around,
   And the people all mourning around.

2. O what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said,
   O what is the matter? said he.
   The lord's lady's dead, the people replied,
   And they called her Lady Nancy,
   And they called her Lady Nancy.

3. He ordered the grave to be opened wide
   And the winding sheets turned down,
   And there he kissed the clay cold lips
   Till tears came trinkling down,
   Till tears came trinkling down.

4. He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
   He kissed her three times four;
   He laid his head on Lady Nancy's breast
   And never spoke no more,
   And never spoke no more.

5. Lady Nancy was buried in the old churchyard,
   Lord Lovel in the choir;
   From Lady Nancy's breast grew a milk-white rose,
   From Lord Lovel's grew a briar,
   From Lord Lovel's grew a briar.

6. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
   Until they couldn't grow any higher;
   They wrapped and they tied in a true lover's knot,
   The rose bud and the briar,
   The rose bud and the briar.

63. "Lord Lovel"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 43. Sung by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, Mich., in 1934.

p I/Ly

1. Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
Wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Where are you going?" said she.
"I am going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at most
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy,
I'll return to you, Lady Nancy."

4. He had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When a languishing thought came into his head
Lady Nancy Belle he'd go see, go see,
Lady Nancy Belle he'd go see.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Patrick's bell ring
And the people all mourning around, around,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"O what is the matter?" said he.
"A lord's lady is dead," an old woman said,
"And some call her Lady Nancy, Nancy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came twinkling down, down, down,
Till the tears came twinkling down.

8. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today;
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow.
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief;
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9. Lady Nancy was laid in the cold churchyard,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar, briar, briar,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar.

10. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, admire, admire,
For all true lovers to admire.

GROUP AC

64. "Lord Lovel"

McGill, 1917, p. 9.

a M

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall
Combing his milk-white steed;
Down came the Lady Nancie Belle
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she cried,
"Where are you going?" cried she;
"I'm going, my dear Lady Nancie Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she cried,
"When will you come back?" cried she;
"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancie."

4. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day
Strange countries for to see,
When a languishing thought came over his mind—
It was of the Lady Nancie.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Until he came to the town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

6. "What is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he cried,
"What is the matter?" cried he;
"There's a lord's lady dead," the women replied,
"Some call her the Lady Nancie."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down;
He kissed, and kissed her clay-cold lips,
Then the tears came trinkling down.

8. "I'll take a kiss, kind Madam," said he,
"I am sure you can never kiss me;
But I'll vow a vow to great God above
That I'll never kiss lips after thee."

9. Lady Nancie Belle died like it might be today;
Lord Lovel, like it might be tomorrow;

Lady Nancie Belle died for pure, pure grief;
Lord Lovel, he died for sorrow.

10. Lady Nancie was laid in St. Pancras' Church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her breast there grew a red rose,
And out of his a briar.

11. They grew, and they grew to the old church top,
Then they could grow no higher;
There they tied in a true lover's knot
For all true lovers to admire.

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65. "Lord Lovel"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 70(A). Sung by Miss Clara J. McCauley, Knoxville, Tenn., July 1937.

a π^2

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
Combing his milk-white steed.
When down came Lady Nancy Belle,
A wishing her lover good speed.

66. "Lord Lovel"

Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 43. Sung by Mrs. Ethel Findlater, Drenby, Orkney, summer of 1938.

a M

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milkwhite steed
When down came his lady love Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

67. [Lord Lovel]

Sharp MSS., 4299/. Sung by Mrs. Virgie Charlton, Lewisburg, W.Va., May 28, 1918.

a I/M (virtually a π^2)

Mrs. Charlton at first sang as at (a) but afterwards as in text.

Lord Lover he rode his milk white steed
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard St. Charles bells ring
And the people a-mourning a-round
And the people a-mourning a-round

(a) round a-round & the people a-mourning a-round.

68. "Lord Lovell"

Eddy, 1939, p. 43(E). Sung by C. A. Sneary, Canton, Ohio.

a π^2

1. Lord Lovell sat at St. Charles Hotel,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up steps Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell," she said,
"Oh, where are you going," said she;
"I'm going, fair Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell," she cried,
"When will you be back," cried she:
"In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

4. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bell,
And the people mourning 'round, 'round, 'round,
And the people mourning 'round.

5. Lady Nancy Bell died as it was today,
Lord Lovell died tomorrow,
Lady Nancy Bell she died of grief,
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow, 'orrow, 'orrow,
Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.

6. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher;
And there they entwined in a true lovers' knot
For all true lovers to admire, 'mire, 'mire,
For all true lovers to admire.

69. "Lord Lowell"

Morris, 1950, p. 275. Sung by Miss Alice Louise Smith, Palatka, Fla., in 1935. Learned from her mother, of Kentucky.

a D

1. Lord Lowell rode up to his Lady's gate
Upon his milk-white steed;
"O come my Lady Nancy-cy,
And wish your lover speed, speed, speed,
And wish your lover speed."

2. "O where are you going, Lord Lowell?" she said.
"O where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy-cy,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

3. "How long will you be gone, Lord Lowell?" she said,
"How long will you be gone?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to little Nancy-cy-cy.
I'll return to little Nancy."

4. He hadn't been gone but a very short while,
About six months and a day,
'Til the very first thought came to his mind,
Was pretty little Nancy-cy-cy,
Was pretty little Nancy.

5. He rode and he rode till he got to the town,
And there he all lay down;
He heard St. Anthony's bells a-ringin'
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

6. "Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lowell said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"Alas, your lady died last night;
Of a broken heart died she, she, she,
Of a broken heart died she."

7. He ordered the coffin to be undone;
The crowd surrounded around;
He kissed her on her cold clay lips
'Til the tears came trickling down, down,
'Til the tears came trickling down.

8. O she was buried in the old churchyard
At nine o'clock today;
Lord Lowell said, "She died for me;
I'll die for her tomorrow, tomorrow,
I'll die for her tomorrow."

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APPENDIX

70. "Lord Lovell"

Grainger MS., No. 136. Sung by William Clarke, at Brigg, Lincolnshire, on May 7, 1906, and at Barrow, July 26, 1906.

p D/Æ

This may be compared with "The True Lover's Farewell," e.g., Sharp, 1916, p. 126; also "Geordie" (No. 209) and *JFSS*, I, p. 164; II, pp. 27, 208, etc. It is a member of that large family stretching back into the Middle Ages, to which "Thomas Rymer," "Walsingham," and many other familiar songs belong.

1. Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Bell,
Wishing her lóver good speed;
And wishèd her lóver good speed.

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lóvell?" she sád (said),
"Where are you going?" cried she.
'I'm going, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange counteries for to see,
Strange counteries for to see.'

3. "When shall you be back, Lord Lovell?" she cried,
"When shall you be back?" cried she.
'In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll come back to my fair Nancy,
I'll come back to my fair Nancy.'

4. He hadn't been gone more than a year
Strange counteries for to see,
When some languishing thoughts came into his head;
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

5. Then he saddled his horse and he rode and he rode
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St Panceras bells
And the people stood mournin' all round,
And the people stood mournin' all round.

6. 'What is the matter?' Lord Lovell said,
'What is the matter?' cried he.
"Why," the women replied, "The Lord's Lady is dead,
And they called her Lady Nancy,
And they called her Lady Nancy."

7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be taken down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
And the tears they came trickleing down,
And the tears they came trickleing down.

8. Then at the head of the grave he planted a rose,
And at the foot he planted a briar;
And they grëü till they came to the high church top,
Where they could grow no higher,
Where they could grow no higher.

9. Then they twisted and they twined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire,
Then they twisted and they twined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire,
For all true lovers to admire.

71. "Lord Laban"

Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 315. From the Isle of Man.

p Æ

As Lord Laban stood in his own stable door
All dressed up in lily-white stays,
Who chanced to pass by but Lady Nancy Bell,
Herself and Lord Laban agreed.

The Lass of Roch Royal

CHILD NO. 76

"The Lass of Roch Royal" must have been circulating freely before the middle of the eighteenth century, because Child's A-text, from a manuscript of the second quarter of that century, is in a state obviously disordered by traditional transmission. Of the early music of the ballad we know nothing. The tune published in the *Scots Musical Museum* in 1787 does not inspire confidence in its authenticity, although—perhaps *faute de mieux*—it has been frequently reprinted. According to Stenhouse's note it is a "very ancient Gallowegian melody"—a statement which has no support from MS. or print, so far as I have been able to discover. On the other hand, it has some resemblance to a tune now generally known as "The Miller of Dee," which in one form or another was in circulation early in the eighteenth century—and undoubtedly earlier—and which appears with various texts in D'Urfey's *Pills* (e.g., 1719-20, V, 22, 29, 46; VI, 124. Cf. also Chappell, *Popular Music*, II, pp. 666-68; and Margaret Dean-Smith, *A Guide to English Folk Song Collections*, 1954, p. 120). As Johnson prints it, it is a modern minor tune in two strains, but it falls easily back into the Æolian mode.

The two tunes collected by Greig from recent Scottish tradition have nothing in common with the former, but may be related to each other. Apart from the tunes classed as D, only one of which has a text indubitably related to this ballad, there is no distinct melodic tradition in America for "The Lass of Roch Royal." The so-called "variants" below are given group-numbers rather to mark their distinctness from one another than because there is a likelihood that other members of their "group" will turn up. And, apart from the A, B, C, Randolph G, and MacColl (Wiltshire) copies, all might as well have been relegated to an Appendix of pieces with hypothetical or at best vestigial relation to the Child ballad in question. The familiar lines,

> Who will shoe your pretty little foot,
> And who will glove your hand, &c.,

are something of a commonplace in balladry and are found in a number of other connections, e.g., "The False Young Man," Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 53, stanzas 5-6; W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 198. Cf. also Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, headnote to Child No. 76; Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 67; John Harrington Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, 1925, p. 87; and especially, Tristram P. Coffin, *The British Traditional Ballad in North America*, 1950, pp. 79-81.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Oh open the door, Lord Gregory." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, I, [1787], No. 5, p. 5. Also in Peter Urbani, *A Selection of Scots Songs*, 1792, p. 1; George Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scotish Airs*, 1822, 1st Set, p. 38; G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland*, 1848-49, I, p. 54; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 87, p. 44; George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 36.

GROUP B

2. "Lass of Lochryan." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 52, p. 18.
3. "Annie of Lochryan." Greig MSS., IV, p. 17, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 63(2). (Robb)
4. "Lord Gregory." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. From Duncan MS., No. 19. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, pp. 63(1) and 60. (Gillespie)

GROUP C

5. "The Lass of Lochroyan." Jean Ritchie, Cambridge, Mass., July 20, 1955. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FW 2301, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP D

6. "The Lass of Roch Royal." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 66.
7. "Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 121(H).
8. "Lass of Roch Royal." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 575(App'x. A) and 269.
9. "Lass of Roch Royal." Davis, 1929, pp. 575(A) and 262.
10. "Love Gregory." Davis, 1929, pp. 575(U) and 269.
11. "Blue-Eyed Boy." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 33.
12. "Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 116(A).
13. "Careless Love." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 2.
14. "Who will shoe your pretty little foot?" Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 98.
15. "Who will shoe your pretty little foot?" William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 59.
16. "Georgie Jeems." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 120(G).
17. "I'll hang my harp," or "Should I prove false to thee." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H, Library of Congress, photostat.
18. "Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 119(F).
19. "Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot." Randolph, I, 1946, p. 117(D).
20. "Cold Winter's Night." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 576 (App'x. G) and 275.

a. "The Storms are on the Ocean." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 47(A).

GROUP E

21. "Lord Gregory." Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP recording, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, IV, RLP 12-627(A5), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP F

22. "Winter's Night." Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 14.

GROUP G

23. "Little Betty Ann." Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 69.

APPENDIX

b. "Who will shoe." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folksong, recording No. 9475(B3). Recorded by Duncan M. B. Emrich.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [Oh open the door, Lord Gregory]

Johnson, I, [1787], No. 5, p. 5. Also, with changes, in Urbani, 1792, p. 1; Thomson, 1822, 1st Set, p. 38; Graham, 1848-49, I, p. 54; Maver, 1866, No. 87, p. 44; Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 36.

m Æ (inflected VII)

This appears to me to relate to the enormous "Miller of Dee" family, which has been met already several times in these pages. If so, it is certainly ancient, if not, as Stenhouse claims, specifically "a Gallowegian melody."

Oh open the door, Lord Gregory,
  Oh open and let me in;
The rain rains on my scarlet robes,
  The dew drops o'er my chin.
If you are the lass that I lov'd once,
  As I true* you are not she,
Come give me some of the tokens
  That past between you and me.

Ah wae be to you Gregory!
  An ill death may you die!
You will not be the death of one,
  But you'll be the death of three.
Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
  'Twas down at yon burn side
We chang'd the ring off our fingers
  And I put mine on thine.

* *Sic*, for "trow."

GROUP B

2. [Lass of Lochryan]

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 52, p. 18.

a I

3. "Annie of Lochryan"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 17. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 63(2). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, 1910.

p I/M

Keith observes that this is a modern tune and similar to a popular nineteenth-century song. It seems to look forward (or back) to "Drumdelgie."

Are you the Queen o' the south? she said,
  Or ane sic like as she?
Or are ye Annie o Locharain
  Come seekin Lord Gregory?

4. [Lord Gregory]

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), from Duncan MS., No. 19. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 63(1); text, p. 60. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, in 1905; learned in Buchan in mid-nineteenth century from a girl friend.

p M

Keith notes that this tune also occurs with "Young Allan" (No. 245). I believe the other Greig copy and this are connected as well.

1. "O wha will lace my shoes sae small?
  An' wha will glove my hand?
Or wha will lace my middle sae jimp
  With my new made linen band?

2. "Wha will trim my yellow hair
  With my new siller kame?
An' wha will father my young son
  Till Lord Gregory comes hame?"

3. "Your father will lace your shoes sae small;
Your mother will glove your hand;
Your sister will lace your middle sae jimp
With your new made linen band;

4. "Your brother will trim your yellow hair
With a new made siller kame;
An' the king o heaven will father your son
Till Lord Gregory comes hame."

5. "But I will get a bonnie boat,
An' I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

6. She has gotten a bonnie boat,
An' sailed upon the main;
She langèd to see her ain true love,
Since he could nae come hame.

7. "O row your boat, my mariners,
An' bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the saut sea strand."

8. She's taen her young son in her airms,
An' to the door she's gane,
An' lang she knocked an' sair she ca'd,
But answer she got nane.

9. "O open the door, Lord Gregory,
O open an' lat me in,
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
An' I'm shiverin to the chin."

10. "Awa, awa, ye wile woman,
Some ill death may ye dee:
Ye're but some witch or wile warlock
Or mermaid o the sea."

11. "I'm neither a witch nor wile warlock,
Nor mermaid o the sea;
But I'm fair Annie o Rough Royal,
O open the door to me."

12. "Gin ye be Annie o Rough Royal,
As I trust ye canna be,
Now tell me some o the love tokens
That passed between you an' me."

13. "O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When ye sat at the wine,
Ye changed the rings fae our fingers?
An' I can show ye thine.

14. "For yours was good an' very good,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o the good red gold,
But mine the diamonds fine.

15. "Don't ye mind, Lord Gregory,
By bonnie Irwine side,
When first I owned that virgin love
I lang lang had denied?

16. "O don't ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When in my father's ha',
Twas there ye got your will o me,
An' that was worst o a'?"

17. "Awa, awa, ye wile woman,
For here ye sanna win in;
Gae drown ye in the ragin sea,
Or hang on the gallows pin."

18. When the cock did craw, an' the day did daw,
An' the sun began to peep,
Then up did rise Lord Gregory,
An' sair sair did he weep.

19. "I dreamed a dream, my mither dear,
The thought o't gars me greet;
I dreamed fair Annie o Rough Royal
Lay caul deid at my feet."

20. "Gin it be for Annie o Rough Royal
That ye mak a' this din,
She stood a' last night at our door,
But I think I letna her in."

21. "O wae betide ye, ill woman,
Some ill death may ye dee,
That ye wadna hae latten poor Annie in,
Or else hae wauken'd me."

22. He's gane down to yon sea shore
As fast as he could fare:
He saw fair Annie in her boat,
An' the wind it tossed her sair.

23. "Hey bonnie Annie, an' How bonnie Annie,
O Annie, winna ye bide?"—
But aye the mair bonnie Annie he cried,
The rougher grew the tide.

24. "Hey bonnie Annie, an' How bonnie Annie,
O winna ye speak to me?"—
But aye the mair bonnie Annie he cried,
The rougher grew the sea.

25. The wind blew loud, an' the sea grew rough,
An' the boat was dashed on shore;
Fair Annie floats upon the sea,
But her young son rose no more.

26. Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
An' made a heavy moan:
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But his bonnie young son was gone.

27. First he kissed her cherry cheeks,
An' next he kissed her chin,
An' saftly pressed her rosy lips
That there was not breath within.

28. "O wae betide ye, cruel mother,
An ill death may ye dee,
For ye turned my true love fae my door,
When she cam sae far to me."

GROUP C

5. "The Lass of Lochroyan"

Sung by Jean Ritchie, Cambridge, Mass., July 20, 1955. Transcribed by Editor. Also on Folkways LP rec., FW 2301, ed. K. S. Goldstein.

a M

1. "O who will shoe my bonny feet
And who will glove my hand
And who will kiss my rosy cheeks
Till you come home again?"

"Your pa will shoe your bonny feet,
Your ma will glove your hand,
And I will kiss your rosy cheeks
When I come back again."

2. "And who will build a bonny ship
And set her on the sea,
That I may go and seek my love,
My own love Gregory?"

O up and spoke her father dear
And a wealthy man was he
And he has built a bonny ship
And set her on the sea.

3. O he has built a bonny ship
And set her on the sea
The mast was of a beaten gold
As fine as it could be.

She had not sailed but twenty leagues
But twenty leagues and three
When she met with a rank robber
And all of his company.

4. "Are you the Queen of Heaven," they cried,
"Come to pardon all our sins?
Are you the Mary Magdalene
That was born at Bethlehem?"

"I'm not the Queen of Heaven," she said,
"Come to pardon all your sins,
Nor am I the Mary Magdalene
That was born at Bethlehem.

5. "But I am the lass of Lochroyan
That's sailin' on the sea
To see if I can find my love,
My own love Gregory."

"O see ye not yon bonny bar
All covered o'er with thyme?
And when you sail it around and about,
Lord Gregory is within."

6. "Now row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For it's now I see my true love's cástel
Close by the salt sea strand."

She sailed it around and sailed it around
And loud and loud cried she:
"Now break, now break your fairy charms
And set my true-love free."

7. She has taken her young son in her arms
And to the door she's gone
And long she's knocked and loud she's called
But answer she got none.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory,
O open and let me in.
The rain drops from my cold cold cheeks,
The rain drops from my chin.

8. "This shoe is frozen to my foot,
The glove unto my hand,
The wet drops from my frozen heart [?]
And I can scarcely stand."

Up then and spoke his ill mother
As mean as she could be,
"You're not the lass of Lochroyan
She's far out o'er the sea.

9. "Away, away, you ill woman,
You don't come here for good.
You're just some witch that strolls about
Or mermaid of the flood."

"Now open the door, Lord Gregory,
O open the door, I pray,
For thy young son is in my arms
And we'll be dead or it be day."

10. "Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,
So loud I hear ye lie,
For Annie of the Lochroyan
Is far out o'er the sea."

Fair Annie turned her round and about,
"Well, since this all is so,
May never a woman that has borne a son
Have a heart so full of woe."

11. When the cock had crowed and the day had dawned
And the sun began to peep,
Up then arose Lord Gregory
And sore, sore did he weep.

"O I have dreamt a dream, Mother,
The thought it grieves me great
That fair Annie of the Lochroyan
Lay dead at my bed-feet."

12. "If it be for the Lass of the Lochroyan
You may call off this moan:
She stood last night at your bower window
But I have sent her home."

O he's gone down unto the shore
To see what he could see
And there he saw fair Annie's bark
Come roarin'* o'er the sea.

13. "O Annie, O Annie, love," he cried,
"O Annie, O Annie, my dear."
But all the loud that he could cry
Fair Annie she could not hear.

The wind blew loud and the waves dashed high,
They dashed the boat on shore.
Fair Annie's corpse was in the foam
That árose never more.

14. Then first he kissed her cold, cold cheeks,
And then he kissed her chin
And then he kissed her pale pale lips,
There was no breath within.

"O woe betide my ill mother,
And an ill death may she die!
She has not been the death of one,
She has been the death of three."

Then he took out a little dart,
That hung down by his side
And pierced it through and through his heart
And then fell down and died.

* For "rowin' "?

GROUP D

6. [The Lass of Roch Royal]

Henry, 1938, p. 66. Sung by Mrs. Henry, in Atlanta, Ga.

a I, ending on the octave (inflected IV)

This is a variant of the familiar "There is a Tavern in the Town." The Lydian fourth is not used here as a function of mode.

1. Oh, who will shoe my little foot, foot, foot?
Oh, who will shoe my little foot, foot, foot?
Oh, who will shoe my little foot,
When I am in the foreign land?

2. Oh, papa will shoe my little foot, foot, foot;
Oh, papa will shoe my little foot, foot, foot;
Oh, papa will shoe my little foot,
When I am in the foreign land.

3. Oh, who will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand?
Oh, who will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand?
Oh, who will glove my pretty hand,
When I am in the foreign land?

4. Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand;
Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand;
Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand,
When I am in the foreign land.

5. Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips, lips, lips?
Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips, lips, lips?
Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips,
When I am in the foreign land?

6. Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips, lips, lips;
Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips, lips, lips;
Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips,
When I am in the foreign land.

7. [Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 121(H). Sung by Miss Callista O'Neill, at Day, Mo., September 2, 1941. Learned in early 1900's from a Virginian.

a π^1

This again is a variant of the "Tavern" song.

Oh who will shoe that pretty little foot?
Oh who will glove that pretty little hand?
Oh who will kiss them ruby ruby lips
When I am in the promised land?

8. [Lass of Roch Royal]

Davis, 1929, p. 575; text, p. 269. Sung by Mrs. Nathaniel Stone, Culpeper, Va., November 15, 1916. Collected by John Stone.

a I

The second stanza of text, as well as the tune, relates to the "Tavern" song—i.e. "Died for Love."

"Adieu, kind friend adieu, adieu,
I cannot linger long with you;
I'll bid farewell to all my fears
While I am in a foreign land.
I'll bid farewell to all my fears
While I am in a foreign land."

"Must I go bond and you go free?
Must I go bond and you go free?
O, must I act the foolie's part
And die for a man that would break my heart?
O, must I act the foolie's part
And die for a man that would break my heart?"

"O, who will shoe those pretty little feet?
O, who will glove those lily-white hands?
O, who will kiss those ruby lips,
While I am in a foreign land?
O, who will kiss those ruby lips
While I am in a foreign land?"

"My father will shoe my pretty little feet;
My brother will glove my lily-white hands;
My mother'll kiss my ruby lips,
When you are in a foreign land.
My mother'll kiss my ruby lips
When you are in a foreign land."

9. [Lass of Roch Royal]

Davis, 1929, p. 575(A); text, p. 262. Sung by Mrs. Terry, King William County, Va., November 15, 1916. Collected by John Stone.

p I

Melodically, this variant relates to the foregoing several tunes.

1. "Who will shoe your pretty little feet,
Who will shoe your pretty little feet,
Who will shoe your pretty little feet,
When I'm in a foreign land?"

2. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
When you're in a foreign land."

3. "Who will glove your lily-white hand,
Who will glove your lily-white hand,
Who will glove your lily-white hand,
When I'm in a foreign land?"

4. "My brother will glove my lily-white hand,
My brother will glove my lily-white hand,
My brother will glove my lily-white hand,
When you're in a foreign land."

5. "Who will kiss your ruby red lips,
Who will kiss your ruby red lips,
Who will kiss your ruby red lips,
When I'm in a foreign land?"

6. "My mother will kiss my ruby red lips,
My mother will kiss my ruby red lips,
My mother will kiss my ruby red lips,
When you're in a foreign land."

10. "Love Gregory"

Davis, 1929, p. 575(U); text, p. 269. Sung by Mrs. C. A. Dickson, Highland County, Va., November 3, 1920. Collected by John Stone.

a I

This joins the preceding copies in melodic type.

"My father loves my lily-white hands;
My sister loves my face so fair;
But none shall kiss my ruby lips,
When you are in some distant land."

11. "Blue-Eyed Boy"

Arnold, 1950, p. 33. Tune from Janie Barnard Couch, Guntersville; text from Myrtle Love Hester, Florence, Ala.

a I

Oh who, oh who will be my friend,
Oh who will love my little white hand,
Oh who will kiss my ruby lips
When he is in some foreign land.

Chorus

Oh, bring me back my blue-eyed boy,
Oh, bring my darling back to me,
Oh, bring me back my blue-eyed boy
And, oh, how happy I would be.

Had I the wings of a little dove
I'd fly to him I love, I love,
I'd fly to him I love so dear
And talk to him while she was near.

Remember well and bear in mind
That faithful man is hard to find,
And when you find one brave and true
Don't forsake the old one for the new.

12. "Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 116(A). Sung by Miss Louise Long, Rocky Comfort, Mo., March 6, 1927.

a I

This likewise goes with the preceding group of tunes.

Oh who will shoe my foot, my love?
An' who will glove my hand?
An' who will kiss my ruby lips,
While you're in that far-off land?

Your father will shoe your little feet,
Your mother will glove your hand,
An' I will kiss your ruby lips
When I return from that far-off land.

If I prove false to you, my love,
The rocks will melt in the sun,
The fire its breeze shall blow no more,
An' the ragin' sea shall burn.

13. "Careless Love"

Hudson, 1937, No. 2. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long and Miss Mary Ila Long, Mississippi, between 1923 and 1930.

p I/Ly

"O who will shoe your little feet,
O who will glove your little white hands,
O who will kiss your red rosy cheeks
When I am in some foreign land?"

Chorus

Careless love, careless love
Has broken this sad heart of mine,
You've broken many a poor boy's heart
But you'll never break mine any more.

"O papa will shoe my little feet,
And mama will glove my little white hands,
Nobody will kiss my red rosy cheeks
When you are in some foreign land."

14. [Who will shoe your pretty little foot?]

Sandburg, 1927, p. 98. From Professor Frank C. Senour; sung by his mother, Brown County, Ind.

p I/Ly

O, who will shoe your pretty little foot,
And who will glove your hand,
And who will kiss your ruby lips
When I've gone to the foreign land?

15. [Who will shoe your pretty little foot?]

Owens, 1950, p. 59. Widely known in Texas; tune otherwise called "The Green Valley Waltz."

p π^1

Oh, who will shoe your pretty little foot,
And who will glove your hand,
And who will kiss your sweet rosy lips,
When you come from that far-off land?

My father will shoe my pretty little foot,
My mother will glove my hand,
My sweetheart will kiss my sweet rosy lips,
When you're in some far-off land.

16. "Georgie Jeems"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 120(G). Sung by Mrs. Irene Carlisle, Fayetteville, Ark., December 9, 1941. Learned from her grandmother, c. 1912.

a I

1. Oh who will shoe my narrow, narrow foot,
And who will glove my hand,
And who will wrap my narrow, narrow waist
With a new-made London band?

2. Oh who will comb my yellow, yellow hair,
With a new-made silver comb,
And who will father my pretty little babe
Till Georgie Jeems comes home?

3. Fair Annie she stood at her true love's door,
And tirled the drawling-pin,
Rise up, rise up, young Georgie Jeems.
And let your true love in.

4. Then up rose his false, false lady,
Says who's a-wanting in?

5. Oh don't you remember, young Georgie Jeems,
When we two sat to dine,
You taken the ring from off my hand
And changed your ring for mine.

6. And yours was good and very, very good,
But not so good as mine,
For yours was of the good red gold
But mine the diamonds fine.

17. "I'll hang my harp," or "Should I prove false to thee"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. From [Thomas?] Smith. Tune learned from Mrs. Byers.

a I

Cf. "The Storms are on the Ocean" (Child No. 243) sung by The Carter Family on Columbia recording 37756 [17508].

Oh who's going to shoe my pretty little foot?
Oh who's going to glove my hand?
And who's going to kiss my ruby lips
When I'm in a far-off land?

Chorus

Though storms may roll the ocean
The heavens may close to be [*sic*].
This earth would lose its motion my love
Should I prove false to thee.

18. [Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 119(F). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., October 21, 1941.

a I

Oh where was I last Friday night
A-drinking of sweet wine,
A-courting of that pretty little girl
That stole this heart of mine.

Oh who will shoe my pretty little feet,
And who will glove my hands,
And who will kiss my ruby, ruby lips
When you're in a furrint land.

My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hands,
Some other man will kiss my lips
When you're in a furrint land.

I'll love you till the seas run dry
And the rocks lay in the sun,
I'll love you till the day I die
And then my love is done.

19. [Oh Who Will Shoe My Foot]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 117(D). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., April 19, 1934. Heard in Stone County, Mo.

a M

Two held quarters in the original reading have here been allowed the value of halves. This variant deserves close comparison with the preceding one from the same singer.

Oh fare thee well, my pretty little maid,
Oh fare thee well a while,
I'm goin' away ten thousand miles,
Ten thousand miles from here.

Oh who will shoe your pretty little feet,
An' who will glove your hands?
An' who will kiss your ruby, ruby lips
When I'm in a furrint land?

My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hands,
Nobody will kiss my ruby, ruby lips
When you're in a furrint land.

Oh who will comb your yaller, yaller hair,
With a new-made redd'nin' comb?
An' who will love your pretty little babe
Till I'm a-comin' home?

20. "Cold Winter's Night"

Davis, 1929, p. 576 (App'x., G); text, p. 275. Sung by Mrs. Maxie (*née* Holland), Altavista, Va., April 7, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

p π^1, ending on V (or a π^2)

1. I was roving out one cold winter night,
   A-drinking of sweet wine,
   And a-loving of that pretty little girl
   That stole this heart of mine, mine, mine,
   That stole this heart of mine.

2. Her cheeks were like some pinky rose
   That blooms in the month of June;
   Her tongue was like some musical banjo
   Just newly put in tune.

3. Oh, don't you see that black-eyed boy,
   A-sitting on his knee?
   Parting me and my true love,
   Shall be the death of me.

4. I wish I had listened at the singing birds
   That sing among the trees,
   When I was a-listening at your flattering tongue,
   When you were a-flattering me.

5. "Who will shoe your pretty little foot?
   Who will glove your hand?
   Who will kiss your red rosy lips
   When I'm in a fair run (foreign) land."

6. "My father will shoe my pretty little foot;
   My mother will glove my hand;
   No one shall kiss my red rosy lips
   When you are in a fair run (foreign) land."

7. Suppose you go the Lord knows where,
   Suppose you go away,
   Suppose you go the Lord knows where
   And leave me here for to stray.

8. Suppose you go so far away
   That you get sick and die,
   Who'll be there to hear you moan,
   And hear you groan and cry?

9. Don't you see that lonesome dove,
   That flies from vine to vine,
   Lamenting for his own true love
   As I lament for mine?

GROUP E

21. "Lord Gregory"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-627(A5), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from Margaret Logan of Corsham, Wiltshire.

a I

1. "O wha will lace my shoes sae sma',
   And wha will glove my hand,
   And wha will lace my middle sae jimp,
   Wi' my new-made linen band?

2. "Wha will trim my yellow hair,
   Wi' my new siller kaim,
   And wha will faither my young son
   Till Lord Gregory comes hame?

3. "But I will get a bonnie boat,
   And I will sail the sea,
   For I maun gang tae Lord Gregory,
   Since he canna come hame to me.

4. "O row your boat, my mariners,
   And bring me to the land,
   For yonder I see my love's castel,
   Close by the saut-sea strand.

5. "O open the door, Lord Gregory,
   Open and let me in,
   For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
   And I'm shiverin' to the chin."

6. "Awa', awa', ye wile woman,
   Some ill death may ye dee,
   Ye're but some witch or wild warlock,
   Or mermaid o' the sea."

7. "I'm neither a witch nor wild warlock,
   Nor mermaid o' the sea;
   But I'm fair Annie o' Rough Royal,
   O open the door to me.

8. "O, dinna you mind, Lord Gregory,
When ye sat at the wine,
Ye changed the rings frae your fingers
And I can show thee thine.

9. "O, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When in my faither's ha',
'Twas there ye got your will o' me,
And that was worst o' a'."

10. "Awa', awa', ye wile woman,
For here ye sanna win in,
Gae droon ye in the ragin' sea
Or hang on the gallows pin."

11. When the cock did craw,
And the day did daw',
And the sun began to peep,
Then up did rise Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

12. "I dreamed a dream, my mither, dear,
The thocht o't gars me greet,
I dreamed fair Annie o' Rough Royal,
Lay cauld deid at my feet."

13. "Gin it be for Annie o' Rough Royal,
That ye mak' a' this din,
She stood a' last nicht at oor door,
But I didna let her in."

14. "O wae betide ye, ill woman,
Some ill death may ye dee;
That ye wouldna hae letten poor Annie in
Or else hae waukened me."

15. He's gane doon to yon sea shore,
As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie in her boat,
And the wind it tossed her sair.

16. The wind blew lood and the sea grew rough
And the boat was dashed on shore;
Fair Annie floats upon the sea
But her young son rose no more.

17. Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan,
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet
But his bonnie young son was gone.

18. "O, wae betide ye, cruel mither,
An ill death may ye dee,
For ye turned my true love frae my door
When she cam' sae far to me."

1. As I rode out last winter's night
A-drinkin' of sweet wine,
Come versin' with that pretty little girl
That stole this heart of mine.

Chorus

So fare you well my own true love,
So fare you well for a while
I'll go away and here you stay
If I go ten thousand miles.

2. Oh, who will shoe your feet my love,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your red rosy cheeks
While I'm gone to the foreign land.

3. My father will shoe my feet my love,
My mother will glove my hand;
And you may kiss my red rosy cheeks
When you come from the foreign land.

4. Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove
A-flyin from vine to vine,
A-mourning for the loss of a mate
And why not me for mine.

5. Yes, love, I see that lonesome dove
A-flying from vine to vine
A-mourning for the loss of a mate
Just like I am for mine.

6. If I am taken sick my love
Whilst I am so far from home,
I hope that God will ease my pain
And listen to my moan.

7. I wish to God I'd never been born
Or had died when I was young;
I never would have mourned for the loss
of a mate
Nor love no other one.

GROUP F

22. "Winter's Night"

Arnold, 1950, p. 14. Sung by Miss Callie Craven, Gadsden, Ala., 1945.

m I, ending on *VI*

GROUP G

23. "Little Betty Ann"

Henry, 1938, p. 69. Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tenn., August 1930.

(Compass of a major third)

76. THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

This abraded copy may be related to the preceding.

1. Little Betty Ann, she, pretty little girl,
   She broke my heart in two,
   Caze I was just a little boy
   And didn't know how to do.

Chorus

I'm a-going away;
I'm a-coming back again,
If I go ten-thousand miles.
I'm a-going away;
I'm a-coming back again,
If I go ten-thousand miles.

2. What if you get sick, my love,
   And die so far from home?
   No one to hold your aching head,
   Nor hear your pitiful moans.

Chorus

3. Oh, if I get sick, my love,
   And die so far from home,
   Pray God may hold my aching head
   And hear my pitiful moan.

Chorus

4. Who will shoe your pretty little foot?
   And who will glove your hand?
   And who will kiss your sweet rubby lips,
   When in the foreign land?

Chorus

5. My papa will shoe my pretty little foot;
   My mama will glove my hand;
   And you can kiss my sweet rubby lips,
   When I'm in the foreign land.

Chorus

Sweet William's Ghost

CHILD NO. 77

For this apparently old and—in some of its variants—movingly beautiful ballad, no clear musical tradition can be delineated. The melodic records are few and, except for a handful of Newfoundland variants, distant from one another. Mrs. Harris's tune, which presumably goes back in Perthshire tradition to the middle of the eighteenth century, has every appearance of authenticity, and is certainly to be preferred to the often reprinted tune in the *Scots Musical Museum*. The latter has already appeared with "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," No. 74, but there also without an assured right.

The Newfoundland tunes of Group B are good, and may even have some obscure relationship with Mrs. Harris's tune. Affiliations with other families, however, are more easily perceived. "Lord Lovel" is not far distant, and there may be a connection with "The Daemon Lover" (No. 243). The tunes of Group D from Newfoundland are related to the local tradition of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (No. 74).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "There cam' a Ghost." Harris MS., Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 416.

GROUP B

2. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5142 and p. 4653.
3. "Sweet William's Ghost." Maud Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, I, p. 3; text, Karpeles MSS., p. 4804.
4. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5143.

GROUP C

5. "William's Ghost." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, IV, [1792], No. 363, p. 374 (repr. 1853). Also in Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, II, p. 201; Robert Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1844, p. 11; Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 98; and in George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 158.

GROUP D

a. "Sweet Willy." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 48. (Possibly the tune belongs with Child 74.)
6. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5162 and p. 4687.
7. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5288.
8. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5188.
9. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5187 and p. 4727.
10. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5184.
11. "Sweet William's Ghost." Karpeles MSS., No. 5269.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "There cam' a Ghost"

Harris MS. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 416.

a D/M (possibly on C, I/Ly)

This style of close is so favored in British, especially Scottish, folksong as perhaps to establish the final as tonic.
The MS. is noted in bars of 4/2, quick time.

There cam a Ghost to Margit's door,
Wi mony a grievous groan,
An lang it tirled [at the pin]
But answer made it none.

GROUP B

2. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5142; text, p. 4653. Sung by Mrs. Patrick and Mrs. Matthew Brennan, Stock Cove, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, September 19, 1929.

a I/M

1. One night, one night Lady Margaret was sitting by window
When a rap came to her door.
She hurried up to answer the knock.
Surely it was her love.

2. Is it my old aged father? she cried,
Or is it my brother John?
Or is it my true love Willie
Come from Scotland lately come?

3. It's not your old aged father, he replied,
Nor it's your brother John.
It's your true love Willie
Came from Scotland lately come.

4. O what did you bring me, a case of gold?
Did you bring me any rings?
Or anything what a true love ought to bring?

5. I brought you no case of gold,
Nor I brought you no ring;
I brought you a white holland sheet
What I was buried in.

6. She took his white holland sheet,
Tied it around her waist,
And across the fields on a dark stormy night
In a dead man's company.

7. They walked and talked where the graves were mossy green,
Saying: Here's my bed, Lady Margaret,
Where I dwells in.

8. Is there any room at your head? she said,
Or any at your feet,
Or any by your right hand side
Where I can lie and sleep?

9. My father is at my right hand, he said,
My mother is at my feet,
And three more tormentors by my right hand side
Torments me in my sleep.

10. One is for my drunkenness,
And one is for my pride,
The other's deluding a fair pretty maid
Stayed out late by night.

11. Good-night, good-night, says Lady Margaret,
Good-night, good-night, says she.
If ever the living shall pray for the dead,
I'll surely pray for thee.

3. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles, 1934, I, p. 3; text, Karpeles MSS., p. 4804. Sung by Michael Carrol, Placentia, Newfoundland, July 5, 1930.

m I/Ly

A text from another singer is given with this tune in the printed version.

1. Lady Margaret was sitting in her own loyal bower
It was built of lime and stone,
Lady Margaret was sitting in her own loyal bower,
When she heard a dead man's moan.

2. Now is it my father the king, she cries,
Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my own Willie, she said,
From Scotland here have come.

3. No, 'tis not the king, he replied,
It is not your brother John,
But it is your own dear Willie
From Scotland here have come.

4. Did you bring to me any token of love,
Did you bring to me a ring,
Did you bring to me any token at all
That a true love ought to bring?

5. No, I've brought to you no token at all,
I've brought to you no ring,
But I've [brought] to you my winding-sheet
That my body lies mouldering in.

6. Now in crossing over the frozen plain
On a cold and stormy night,
In crossing the plains of a cold winter's night
In a dead man's company.

7. Now when they came to the old churchyard
Where the graves were mossy green,
Saying: Here is my place of residence
For me to take a sleep.

8. Is there any room at your head? she said,
Or any at your feet,
Or any room about you
For me to take a sleep?

9. No, my father is at my head, he said,
My mother is at my feet,
And there's three little devils
For my soul to take.

10. One of them is for my drunkenness,
And the other is for my pride,
And the other is for deluding of fair pretty maids
And staying out late in the night.

4. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5143. Sung by Mrs. Anne Aylward, Stock Cove, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, September 19, 1929.

p I

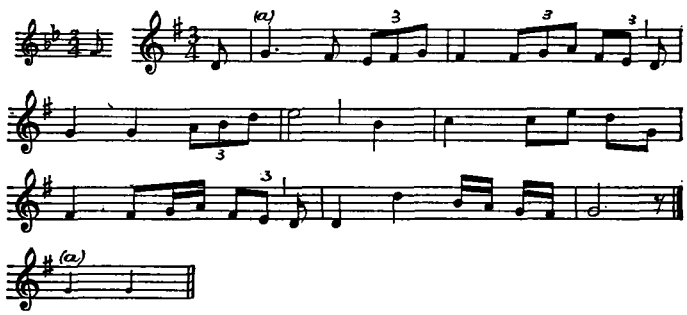
Is there any room at your head, she cried,
Or any down by your feet?
Or any room at your right hand side
That I can lie and sleep?

GROUP C

5. [William's Ghost]

Johnson, IV, [1792], No. 363, p. 374 (repr. 1853). Also in Ritson, 1794, II, p. 201; Chambers, 1844, p. 11; Rimbault, 1850, p. 98; and in Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 158.

p I



A variant of this tune has already appeared with Child No. 74.

1. There came a ghost to Marg'ret's door
With many a grievous groan
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

2. Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John.
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

3. 'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

4. O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

5. Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

6. If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

7. O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

8. Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

9. My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my sp'rit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee.

10. She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie;
God send your saul good rest.

11. Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

12. Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep.

13. There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.

14. Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

15. No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

16. O stay, my only true-love, stay,
The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

The text follows Allan Ramsay, with insignificant differences. It is Child's A.

GROUP D

6. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5162; text, p. 4687. Sung by William Long, Clarenville, Newfoundland, September 29, 1929.

a D/Æ

Mr. Long's text is the same as that of variant 2 above, except for these differences:

1. Lady Margaret was sitting by her fire one night,
And a knock came at the door.
Lady Margaret went to let them in,
She was never seen any more.

9. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Three hell hounds watching over me
Won't let my poor soul sleep.

10. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The others for staying out late last night,
Walking by a young girl's side.

7. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5288. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sims, Hermitage, Newfoundland, July 21, 1930.

p D (VI in variant)

8. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5188. Sung by John McCabe, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 15, 1929.

p D/Æ

O is it my father, the king, she cries,
Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my true love William,
From Scotland lately come.

9. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5187; text, p. 4727. Sung by Mrs. Emma Boone, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 15, 1929.

p D/Æ

1. Lady Margaret was sitting in her lonely bower,
Build-ed with lime and stone,
Lady Margaret was sitting in her lonely bower
And she heard of a dismal moan.

2. Is this my father, the king, she cries,
Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my true love, Knight William,
From Scotland he has come.

3. It's not your father, the king, he cries,
Nor yet your brother John,
But it is your true love, Knight William,
From Scotland he has come.

4. Do you bring me any apparel, she said,
Or do you bring me a ring,
Or do you bring me any token at all
That a true love ought to bring?

5. I brought to you no apparel, he said,
I've brought to you no ring,
All I brought to you is my cold winding-sheet
That my poor body lies in.

6. There's one requestin I'll ask of thee,
I hope you will grant to me,
That is my faith and a troth,
Lady Margaret, I'll leave and pledge with thee.*

7. Your faith and a troth I'll not bring to you,
Or any such a thing,
Until you'll take me to yonder church
And wed me with a ring.

8. O God forbid, Lady Margaret, he said,
That ever that should be†
That the dead should arise and marry the quick
And banish away from thee.

9. She took her petticoats in her hands
And they above her knees,
And it's over the hills of a cold winter's night
In a dead man's company.

10. Until they came to a mossy green bank
Where the graves been grassy green§
There's my home, Lady Margaret, he said,
And the place I do dwell in.#

11. Have you any room at your bed's head,
Or any at your feet
Or have you any room at all
That I lay down to sleep?

12. My father he's at my bed's head,
And my mother is at my feet,
And there's three hell hounds all around me
Waiting my poor soul to keep.

13. One of them's for my drunkenness
And the other's for my pride,
And the other's for deluding a fair pretty maid
And staying out late by night.

14. She took her hand all from her side
And struck him all on the breast.
Here is my faith and a troth, Knight William,
God grant your soul to rest.

15. I thank you, Lady Margaret, he said,
I thank thee kinderly,
If ever the dead is allowed to pray for the quick,
I must be allowed to pray for thee.‡

The words of Mrs. Boone's son, John McCabe, varied as follows:
* I leaved in pledge with thee.
† That any such thing should be
§ They walked over hills and grassy plains
Till they came to a grassy grave
And the place where I'm to rest.
‡ If the living is allowed to pray for the dead,
I hope you'll pray for me.

10. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5184. Sung by Mrs. Zeala McCabe, Harbour Grace, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 8, 1929.

p D/Æ

11. [Sweet William's Ghost]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5269. Sung by Mrs. Michael Cheeseman and her son Gordon (19), Marystown, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, July 12, 1930.

p D/Æ

O is it my father, the king, she cried,
Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my true love William, she cried,
From Scotland he has come.

The Unquiet Grave

CHILD NO. 78

None of the extant texts of this ballad is older than the early nineteenth century. In view, however, of the stanza with which, in its many variants, it nearly always commences, there is a special interest in a moralizing carol of about the end of the fifteenth century which has a similar opening formula, and which we may reasonably conjecture to have been based on some secular folk-song. The carol remained unprinted until 1935, when R. L. Greene gave it (without citing the parallel) in his *Early English Carols*, p. 127 (No. 170) from Ashmole MS. 1379, p. 32. It commences:

> There blows a colde wynd todaye, todaye,
> The wynd blows cold todaye;
> Cryst sufferyd his passyon for manys saluacyon,
> To kype the cold wynd awaye.

The last line serves as the refrain of each stanza. The carol is so completely made over in the moralizing vein that no trace of original narrative remains. It seems evident, however, that the unnecessary repetition of *todaye* in the first line is a substitution for something no longer appropriate, and a love-song of some sort would be most likely to be so remade. If the original line was "There blows a cold wynd todaye, *my love*," or "The wynd blows cold todaye, my love," it would be hard to resist speculating on a possible connection with the present ballad. The second line would be altered to mere repetition because the moralist intended to make the cold wind a figurative wind, upon which the whole point of his carol was to turn, and had no particular use for the raindrops. But nothing useful can at present be added.* There are certainly other old songs which make their burdens or refrains out of the wind and the rain, from "Blow, northern wind" and "Western wind, when wilt thou blow" to "The rain it raineth every day." Incidentally, the plaintive and beautiful Æolian air of "Western wind" (cf. Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, [1855], p. 58) would be particularly appropriate for "The Unquiet Grave," and is, in fact, not improbably an ancient ballad tune. (Cf. "Go from my Window," and "Walsingham" [Chappell, I, pp. 121-23, 140-42].)

Almost all the variants that have been recorded are in the major or Mixolydian mode, and are clearly members of the same family. Most of the major tunes are plagal, and are the melodic counterparts of the Mixolydian tunes. Where the Mixolydian tunes end their first phrase on the tonic and their second on the dominant, the major tunes end the first phrase on the lower dominant (i.e., Mixolydian tonic) and pause at the mid-cadence on the second (Mixolydian dominant). The Mixolydian minor seventh then becomes the major fourth. If the tune is really ancient, it would be a temptation to suppose that the Mixolydian form is the earlier.

These tunes are of a common type and have plentiful affiliations elsewhere, some of which will be noted in due course.

* The reader may consult an article on this song by Ruth Harvey in *JEFDSS*, IV, No. 2 (1941), pp. 49-66.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 1227/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Song. Some Conclusions*, 1907, p. 63. (Ware)
2. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 1233/. (Chedgey)
3. "Cold blows the Wind." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., VI(2) and (A), Plymouth Public Library.
4. "Cold blows the Wind." Baring-Gould MSS., VI(1).
5. "Cold Blows the Wind, Sweet-Heart." Sabine Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 1895, p. 12.
6. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 654/. (Jack)
7. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 2124/. (Timms)
8. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 917/. (Barnett)
9. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 1314/. (Clark)
10. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 1640/1492. (Swetherd)
11. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 2136/. (Bayliss)
12. "Cold blows the wind." Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 202.
13. "Cold blows the wind." Sharp MSS., 1268/. (Drene)
14. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 4880/3349. (Williams)
15. (No title). Herbert Halpert, *JAF*, LXII (1939), p. 53.

GROUP Ab

16. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 722/. Also in Sharp, *English Folk-Song. Some Conclusions*, 1907, p. 82. (Young)
17. "The Unquiet Grave." Karpeles MSS., No. 5167 and p. 4701.
18. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 2500/. (Unnamed)
19. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 2596/. (Beechy)
20. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 248/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 7(3). (Overd)
21. "How Cold the Winds Do Blow." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(3). Also in Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 54.
22. "How Cold the Wind do Blow." W. Percy Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 119. Also in George Butterworth, *Folk Songs from Sussex*, 1912, p. 16.
23. "Cold Blows the Wind." Baring-Gould MSS., VI(5).
24. "Cold Blows the Wind." Baring-Gould MSS., VI(6).

GROUP Ac

25. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 2202/. (Stafford)
26. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 303/410. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 8(5); and Sharp, *English Folk-Song. Some Conclusions*, 1907, p. 81. (Pond)
27. "How Cold the Winds do Blow." Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(2). Also in Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 52.

GROUP Ad

28. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 911/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 31 (1927), p. 26. (Bennett)
29. "Cold blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 562/. (Turner)
30. "Cold Blows the Wind To-night, Sweetheart." Anne G. Gilchrist, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 137.
31. "The Auld Song from Cow Head." Elisabeth B. Greenleaf

and Grace Y. Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p 24(B).

32. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 1267/. (Harding)
33. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 307/416. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 8(6). (Hutchings)
34. "How Cold the Winds Do Blow." Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(1). Also in Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 50.
35. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 131/205. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 6, with other words; and in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 56. (Rea)
36. "The Unquiet Grave." Greenleaf and Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p. 23(A).
37. "The Unquiet Grave." Sharp MSS., 4856/. (Taylor)
38. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 1220/. (Briffet)
39. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 149/227. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 6(2). (Spearing)
40. "Cold Blows the Wind." Sharp MSS., 271/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 7(4). (White)

GROUP B

41. "Cold Blows the Wind." Charlotte S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, [1886], pp. 651 and 542. Also in Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 34.
42. "The Unquiet Grave." Joan Brocklebank and Biddie Kindersley, *A Dorset Book of Folk Songs*, 1948, p. 10.
43. "Cold Blows the Wind." Baring-Gould MSS., XXXIII. Also in Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 1895, p. 68; and Sabine Baring-Gould, H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 66.

a. "Cold Blows the Wind." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 232.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 1227/. Also in Sharp, 1907, p. 63. Sung by Mrs. Ware, Eley Over Stowey, January 23, 1907.

p I

Sharp notes in his MS. that the starred final phrase, which he takes to be the genuine ending, was not sung until Mrs. Ware had repeated the air ten or twenty times without it.

2. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 1233/. Sung by James Chedgey, Bincombe Over Stowey, January 23, 1907.

p I/Ly

3. "Cold blows the Wind"

Baring-Gould MSS., VI(2); text, (A). Sung by J. Woodrich, blacksmith, Wollacot Moor, Thrushleton, 1889.

p I, ending on *VI*

1. Cold blows the wind tonight, sweetheart,
   Cold are the drops of rain.
   The very first love that ever I had
   In greenwood he was slain.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
   As any young woman may,
   I'll sit & mourn above his grave,
   A twelvemonth and a day.

3. When a twelvemonth & a day were up,
   The body straight arose
   "What brings you weeping on my grave,
   That I get no repose?"

4. "O think upon the garden, love,
   Where you & I did walk,
   The fairest flower that blossomed there
   Is withered on the stalk."

5. "The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart.
   The flower will never return,
   And my true love is dead, is dead,
   And I do naught but mourn."

6. "What is it that you want of me?
   And will not let me sleep?
   Your salten tears they trickle down,
   And wet my winding sheet."

7. "What is it that I want of thee?
   What of thee in thy grave?
   A kiss from off thy clay cold lips
   And that is all I crave."

8. "Cold are my lips in death, sweetheart,
My breath is earthy strong.
If you do touch my clay-cold lips
Your time will not be long."

9. "Cold tho' your lips in death sweetheart
One kiss is all I crave.
I care not if I kiss but thee
That I should share thy grave."

10. "Go fetch me a light from dungeon deep
Wring water from a stone,
And likewise milk from a maiden's breast
Which never babe hath none."

11. She stroke a light from out a flint
An ice-bell pressed she
She pressed the milk from a Johnniswort
And so she did all three.

12. Now if you were not true in word
As now I know you be
I'd tear you as the withered leaves
Are torn from off the tree.

13. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

14. Now I have mourned upon his grave
A twelvemonth & a day
I'll set my sail before the wind
To waft me far away.

The text is a composite from Woodrich and Elizabeth Doidge; her text, sung to "Childe the Hunter" (cf. *post*, variant 43), lacked stanzas 5, 6, 10, 11, which were supplied by Woodrich, and her third stanza was as follows:

"A twelvemonth & a day being up,
The ghost began to speak
Why sit you here by my grave side
And will not let me sleep?"

4. "Cold blows the Wind"

Baring-Gould MSS., VI(1). Sung by H. Westaway, Belstone, 1888. Collected by H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

p I

As Baring-Gould observes in his earlier note, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, ed. of 1895, p. xv, this form of the tune is allied to Ophelia's "Valentine's Day," and "Who list to lead a Soldier's Life." It was also sung by a Devonshire singer, as he says, to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor."

For another form of this tune, cf. *ante*, No. 73, variant 107.

5. "Cold Blows the Wind, Sweet-Heart"

Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 12.

p Melodic minor

That the tune was traditionally sung in this form is unlikely. The editorialized text is probably based on that given with variant 3, *ante*, but cf. Baring-Gould's note, 1895, p. xv, wherein he acknowledges writing new stanzas for the printed version.

6. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 654/. Sung by Ginger Jack, Lew Trenchard, September 12, 1905.

p M

7. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 2124/. Sung by Mrs. Timms, Buckland, April 6, 1909.

p I

The cadence-note of the first phrase is hard to read: it may be either E or D.

Cold blows the wind over my true love
And cold blows the drops of rain
I never never had but one true love
In the green woods he was slain

8. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 917/. Sung by John Barnett, Bridgwater, April 18, 1906.

p I

This is close to the Cambridgeshire variant of "Lizie Wan," (No. 51, *ante*, Vol. I, p. 404).

9. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 1314/. Sung by Mrs. Susan Clark, Bridgwater, April 5, 1907.

p I/Ly

1. Cold blows the wind on my true love,
   Cold blows the drops of rain.
   I never, never had but one true love,
   In the greenwoods he was slain.

2. I will do as much for my true love
   As any other girl.
   I'll sit and weep all over his grave
   For one twelvemonth and one day.

3. When a twelvemonth and a day is past
   This young man he arose:
   Why do you sit and weep all over my grave
   Where I can't take sweet repose.

4. One kiss, one kiss from your cold clay lips,
   One kiss is all I crave.
   If I can have one kiss from your cold clay lips
   I'll return back from your grave.

5. My breast it is as cold as clay
   My breath is earthly strong,
   So if you have a kiss from my cold clay lips
   Your days they won't be long.

6. Go fetch me a letter from the deserts so deep
   And blood from out of the stone;
   Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast,
   But a fair maid never had known.

7. How can I fetch your letter from the deserts so deep
   Or blood from out of a stone,
   Or how fetch milk from a fair maid's breast
   That a fair maid never had known.

10. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 1640/1492. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Swetherd (65), Tewkesbury, April 11, 1908.

p I

1. Cold blows the wind over my true love
   And cold blows the drops of rain
   I never never had but one true love
   And in green woods he was slain

11. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 2136/. Sung by William Bayliss (63), Buckland, April 7, 1909.

p I

1. Cold blows the wind o'er my true love,
   Cold blows the drops of rain;
   I never, never had but one true love,
   And in green wood he was slain.

12. "Cold blows the wind"

Leather, 1912, p. 202. Sung by W. Hirons, Haven, Dilwyn, 1909. Noted by R. Vaughan Williams from phonograph recording. Text from Mrs. Powell.

p I

2. I'll do as much for my true love,
As any young girl may,
For I will sit and weep down by the grave,
For twelve months and a day.

3. When twelve months and a day were gone,
This young man he arose;
"Why do you weep down by my grave,
That I can take no repose?"

4. "O fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,
Or water out of a stone;
Or white, white milk from a fair maid's breast,
Or from me begone."

5. "How can I fetch a nut from a dungeon deep,
Or water out of a stone;
Or white, white milk from a fair maid's breast,
When fair maid she is none?"

6. "One kiss, one kiss from your lily white lips
One kiss from you I crave."
"The cock does crow and we must part,
I must return to my grave.

7. "If you have one kiss from my lily white lips,
Your days will not be long,
My lips are as cold as any clay,
My breath it is earthy and strong."

13. [Cold blows the wind]

Sharp MSS., 1268/. Sung by George Drene, Moreton in the Marsh, March 29, 1907.

p I

14. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 4880/3349. Sung by Mrs. Kathleen Williams, Drybrook, Gloucestershire, September 11, 1921.

p I

O it's fetch me some water from a dungeon stone
And milk from a fair maid's breast.
How can I fetch you milk from a fair maid's breast
Where a fair maid she never had none?

One kiss, one kiss from your cold clay lips,
One kiss is all I want.
If you only had one kiss from my cold clay lips
O your days they would not be long.

Cold blows the wind over my true love
And over my due illo(?)
I never, never had but one true love
And in the cold grave he lays.

I'll go down to some shady green trees
Where no creature on earth shall ever hear me speak,
Where the pretty birds do change their notes
And fly from leaf to leaf.

15. [No title]

Halpert, *JAF*, LXII (1939), p. 53. Sung by Allen Clevenger (82), Magnolia, N.J., March 3, 1937.

p I

Oh I never had but the one true love,
In the green woods he was slain,
I'd do as much for my true love
As any girl would do.

I set and weeped all over his grave
Twelve months and one day,
It's when twelve months and one day was up
O this young man he arose,

Saying, "Why do you weep all over my grave
For I cannot find no relief?"
"One kiss, one kiss from your clay, clay-cold lips,
One kiss is all that I crave.

One kiss, one kiss from your clay, clay-cold lips
And then return to your grave."

"If I was to give you one kiss,
Oh your days would not be long,
It's for my lips they're clay, clay-cold,
And my breath smells earthlī strong."

GROUP Ab

16. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 722/. Also in Sharp, 1907, p. 82. Sung by Mrs. Harriet Young, North Chinnock, December 29, 1905.

m I/M (—VI)

The time-signatures have been added in printing.

There is cold wind and rain sweet-heart
There is cold wind and rain
I never had but one true lover
And in green land he was slain

17. [The Unquiet Grave]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5167; text, p. 4701. Sung by Mrs. Maggie Day, Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland, October 1, 1929.

a I/M

1. O cold is the wind do blow, sweetheart,
And so pure is the drops of rain,
I did never have only one true love
And in green grove he was slain.

2. Sure I'll do as much for my true love
As any one that may,
I'll sit, I'll mourn all on his grave
For a twelve month and a day.

3. The twelve month and one day expired
And the ghost began to speak:
O what is this on my grave
And will not let me sleep?

4. O once I was your own true love.
I do sit on your grave.
One kiss all from your cold clay lips
That is all I do a-crave.

5. O if you're to kiss my cold clay lips
Your life won't last you long;
And if you're to kiss my cold clay lips
My breath smells heavy strong.

6. 'Tis down in garden green, sweetheart,
Where you and I had walked,
The nicest flower that ever I saw
Was withered from the stalk.

7. The stalk has withered dry, sweetheart,
And will not grow no more,
We'll hoist our sails before the main
And our ship must bore away.

18. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 2500/. Sung by an unnamed woman at Shipston Union, August 9, 1910.

m I

19. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 2596/. Sung by Mrs. Beechy, Shipston, April 3, 1911.

m I

20. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 248/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 7(3). Sung by Mrs. Overd, Langport, August 2, 1904.

a I/M

As Kidson notes, this variant suggests "O Ponder well," or "Chevy Chase."

Tis I Tis I my own true love
The only one thou hast
I want one kiss from thy lily white lips
And that is all I ask

21. [How Cold the Winds Do Blow]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(3). Also in Broadwood, 1908, p. 54. Sung by Mrs. Jeffreys, North Devonshire, in 1893.

a I/M

The timing was properly changed to 3/4 when Miss Broadwood reprinted in 1908.

"My time be long, my time be short,
Tomorrow or today,
Sweet Christ in heaven will have my soul,
And take my life away."

"Don't grieve, don't grieve for me, true love,
No mourning do I crave,
I must leave you and all the world,
And sink down in my grave."

These are the concluding stanzas of Mrs. Jeffreys' version. The rest were not taken down, on account of her great age, but they corresponded to the normal Shropshire version in *English County Songs*, with which Miss Broadwood completed the text in 1908. Cf. variant 41.

22. "How Cold the Wind do Blow"

Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 119. Also in Butterworth, 1912, p. 16. Sung by Henry Hills, Sussex, c. 1900. Learned from his mother in Lodsworth, Sussex, c. 1832-62.

a I/M

The variant reading (a) is Butterworth's.

How cold the wind do blow, dear love!
How heavy fall the drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And in the green-woods he was slain.

I'll do as much for my true love
As ever in my power doth lay;
I will sit and mourn his grave,
Dear love! a twelvemonth and a day.

When this twelvemonth was gone and past,
The ghost began to speak to the last:
"One kiss, one kiss from your snowy white lips,
Is all I crave from you, dear love."

23. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Baring-Gould MSS., VI(5). Sung by Ann Roberts, Scobbetor, September 1890. Collected by F. W. Bussell.

a I/M

24. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Baring-Gould MSS., VI(6). Sung by Lucy Cann, Trusham. Collected by Rev. O. H. Cary.

a I/M (—VI)

GROUP AC

25. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 2202/. Sung by William Stafford, Greetham, May 7, 1909.

p I

26. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 303/410. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 8(5); and Sharp, 1907, p. 81. Sung by Mrs. Anna Pond, Shepton Beauchamp, August 16, 1904.

p I

Sharp's note above the 6/8 timing is "Quasi 4/4."

1. The wind blows cold to-day, sweetheart,
   Cold falling drops of rain.
   I never, never knew but one sweetheart
   And in green 'ood she is lain.

2. I'll do as much for my sweetheart
   As ever any young man may,
   I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
   For a twelve month and a day.

3. When the twelve month and one day be past
   The ghost she began to speak.
   Why sittest you here all on my grave
   And will not let me sleep?

4. There is one thing that I crave, sweetheart,
   One thing is all I crave,
   And that is a kiss from thy cold lips
   And I will go from thy grave.

5. And my lips is as cold as clay, sweetheart,
   My breath smells heavy and strong.
   If you was to kiss my pale cold lips
   Your time would not be long.

6. When shall we meet again, sweetheart,
   When shall we meet again?
   When the oaken leaves fall from the trees
   And green spring up again.

27. "How Cold the Winds do Blow"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(2). Also in Broadwood, 1908, p. 52. Sung by Mrs. Rugman, Dunsfold, Surrey, in 1896.

p I

1. "How cold the winds do blow, dear love!
   And a few small drops of rain!
   I never, never had but one true love,
   In the greenwood he was slain.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
   As any young girl may:
   I'll sit and mourn upon his grave
   For twelve months and a day."

3. When twelve months and a day were up
   Then he began to speak:
   "O, who is it sits upon my grave
   And will not let me sleep?"

4. "It's I, it's I, your own true love,
   Your own true love!" said she;
   "One single sweet kiss from your clay-cold lips!
   That's all I want from thee!"

5. "My lips they are as cold as [any] clay,
   My breath is heavy and strong,
   If you were to kiss my clay-cold lips
   Your life it won't be long.

6. It's down in yonder garden, love,
   Where we were used to walk,
   There's finest flowers that ever grew
   All withered to the stalk.

7. They're withered and dried up, dear love,
   Never to return any day,
   So it's you, and I, and all must die,
   When Christ calls us away."

GROUP Ad

28. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 911/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, VIII, No. 31 (1927), p. 26. Sung by John Bennett (89), Bridgwater Union, April 18, 1906.

a M

Miss Broadwood observes that this is the usual tune to "The Pretty Ploughboy" (*JFSS*, IV, No. 17 [1913], p. 304).

29. "Cold blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 562/. Sung by Mr. Turner, Bridgwater, August 16, 1905.

a I

Cold blows the wind over my true love
Cold falls the dropping of rain
Saying I never I never had but one
sweet heart
And in green banks he was slain.

30. "Cold Blows the Wind To-night, Sweetheart"

Gilchrist, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 137. Sung by Mrs. Bowker, Sunderland Point, Lancashire, September 1909.

a I

I'll do as much for my true love
As any young man can say;
I'll sit a-weeping on my true love's grave
For a twelve-month and a day;
A twelve-month and a day;
I'll sit a-weeping on my true love's grave
For a twelve-month and a day.

31. "The Auld Song from Cow Head"

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 24(B). Sung by the Reverend Mr. Gibbs Bull, Exploits, Newfoundland, in 1929.

a I

How cauld those winds do blow, dear Laird,
What heavy drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And she from me was slain.

32. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 1267/. Sung by James Harding, Stow on the Wold, March 28, 1907.

a M

This copy suggests "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (No. 105).

33. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 307/416. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 8(6). Sung by Mrs. Eliza Hutchings, Langport, August 17, 1904.

a I

One kiss from you, my own sweetheart,
One kiss from you I crave,
One kiss from your lily-white lips
And I'll go from your grave.

My lips is cold as clay, sweetheart,
My breath is earthy strong,
Etc.

Down in yonder grove, sweetheart,
Where you and I would walk,
The finest flower that ever I saw
Is withered to a stalk.

The stalk is withered and dry, sweetheart,
And the flower will never return,
And since I lost my own sweetheart,
What can I do but mourn.

34. "How Cold the Winds Do Blow"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 192(1). Also in Broadwood, 1908, p. 50. Sung by James Bromham, a farm laborer, Dunsfold, Surrey, in 1896.

a M

How cold the winds do blow, dear love
And a few small drops of rain.
I never, never had but one true love
In the green wood he was slain.

35. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 131/205. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), with other words; and Sharp, 1916, p. 56. Sung by Mrs. William Rea, Hambridge, Somerset, April 4, 1904.

a I

I'll do so much for my sweetheart
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
A twelve month and a day.

The twelve months and the day was past,
The ghost began to speak:
What makes you sit all on my grave
And will not let me sleep?

There is one thing more I want sweetheart
There is one thing more I crave,
And that is a kiss from your lily-white lips
And then I'll go from your grave.

My lips are cold as clay sweetheart,
My breath smell heavy and strong
And if you kiss my lily-white lips
Your time will not be long.

36. [The Unquiet Grave]

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 23(A). Sung by Mrs. Rosie White, Sandy Cove, Newfoundland, in 1929.

a M

The editors compare this copy with Barry's of "The Two Brothers" (No. 49) in *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 99; and call attention to the parallel with three of Sharp's copies of that ballad, 1932, I, No. 12, B, C, D: *vide ante*, Vol. I, pp. 393(21), 388(10), 396(31), 394(24).

1. There been falling drops of dew, sweetheart,
   And heavy falls of rain;
   I've only had but one sweetheart,
   On the green fields he was slain.

2. I would do so much for my sweetheart
   As any young maid may;
   I'll sit and mourn upon his grave
   For a twelvemonth and a day.

3. When the twelvemonth and a day been up
   This young man rose and spoke;
   "What keeps you mourning upon my grave?
   You will not let me sleep.

4. "Why do you weep, why do you mourn?
   What do you want of me?"
   "One kiss, one kiss from your lily-white lips
   That's all I want of thee."

5. "My lily-white lips are cold as clay,
   And my breath smells vile and strong;
   If you takes one kiss from my lily-white lips,
   Your time it won't be long."

6. "Down yonder meadow where the grass grows green,
   Where you and I used to walk,
   The prettiest flowers that ever we had seen
   It is withered unto the stalk.

7. "It is withered unto the stalk, sweetheart,
   And the leaves will never return;
   But since I have lost my own sweetheart
   What shall I do but mourn?"

8. "Mourn not for me, my own true love,
   Mourn not for me, I pray,
   So I must leave you and all the whole world,
   And go into my grave."

37. [The Unquiet Grave]

Sharp MSS., 4856/. Sung by Thomas Taylor, Ross Workhouse, September 3, 1921.

a M

Cold blows the wind over my true love
And cold are the drops of rain
I never had but one true love
In the green woods he was slain.

38. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 1220/. Sung by William Briffet, Bridgwater, January 21, 1907.

a M

Sharp observes that this was sung "quasi 4/4."

39. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Sharp MSS., 149/227. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 6(2). Sung by William Spearing, Ile Bruers, April 6, 1904.

a I

A. L. Lloyd sings this version on Riverside RLP 12-621 (B2) (ed. K. S. Goldstein), with considerable freedom, most notably ending on the supertonic.

1. Cold blows the wind to my true love
And gently drops the rain.
I never, never had but one true love
And in greenwood she doth lay.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
As any young man may.
I'll sit and weep all on her grave
For a twelve month and one day.

3. When the twelve months and one day was o'er
A ghost began to speak.
Why sittest thou here all on my grave
And will not let me sleep?

4. One kiss, darling, is all I want,
One kiss all from your lily-white lips,
And I'll then go from your grave.

5. If one kiss thou wast to have from my lily-white lips
Your time it wouldn't be long.
Let my time be long or short, darling,
I will then go from your grave.

6. Down in your father's garden, darling,
Where I and you have a-walked,
There groweth the finest flowers, darling,
That's now withering to the stalk.

40. [Cold Blows the Wind]

Sharp MSS., 271/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 7(4). Sung by Mrs. Lucy White, Hambridge, Somerset, August 6, 1904.

a M

I'll do so much for my true love
As any young man may
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
A twelve month and a day

GROUP B

41. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Burne, [1886], p. 651; text, p. 542. Also in Broadwood and Maitland, 1893, p. 34. Sung by Jane Butler, Edgmond, between 1870 and 1880.

p Æ (inflected VII)

This variant belongs to the far-flung tribe of "Lazarus" or "Geordie" tunes, already met in several connections, and to reappear in others. Cf., e.g., in Broadwood and Maitland, 1893, pp. 68 and 102, and "Gilderoy," in D'Urfey's *Pills*, 1719, V, p. 39; and an article by the present editor in *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, III (1950), pp. 120-34.

We are informed that the above singer employed only the second strain after the first stanza had been sung.

1. 'Cold blows the wind over my true love,
Cold blow the drops of rain;
I never never had but one true love,
And in Camvile he was slain.'

2. 'I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may,
I'll sit and weep down by his grave
For twelve months and one day.'

3. But when twelve months were come and gone,
This young man he arose.
'What makes you weep down by my grave?
I can't take my repose.'

4. 'One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,
One kiss is all I crave;
One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,
And return back to your grave!'

5. 'My lips they are as cold as my clay,
My breath is heavy and strong,
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips
Thy days would not be long!'

6. 'O don't you remember the garden-grove
Where we was used to walk?
Pluck the finest flower of them all,
'Twill wither to a stalk!'

7. 'Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,
And water from a stone,
And white milk from a maiden's breast
[That babe bare never none].'

8. ['Go dig me a grave both long, wide, and deep,
(*As quickly as you may*),
I will lie down in it and take one sleep,
For a twelvemonth and one day!
I will lie down in it and take one sleep
For a twelvemonth and one day!']

42. [The Unquiet Grave]

Brocklebank and Kindersley, 1948, p. 10. Sung by Mrs. Jane Hann, Stoke Abbott, and by Mrs. R. Young, Longburton.

p D

1. How pleasant is the wind to-night,
I feel some drops of rain;
I never had but one true love,
And in greenwood he was slain.

2. I'll do so much for my true love
As any young man may,
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave
For a twelve month and one day.

3. The twelve month and one day being up
The ghost begin to speak:
What sit you here and mourn for me
And will not let me sleep.

4. Oh! what do you want of me, sweetheart
Or what is your recrave?
I want one kiss of thy lily white lips
And that is all I crave.

5. My lips they are so cold as clay,
My breath be heavy and strong,
You have one kiss of my lily white lips
Your life will not be long.

6. My life be't long or short sweetheart
And that is all I crave
Then I shall be along with thee
A-lying in my grave.

7. Twas down in Cupid's garden
Where you and I used to walk,
The finest of flowers that ever was there
Is withered to a stalk.

8. Oh! don't you see the fire, sweetheart,
The fire that burns so blue
Where my poor soul tormented is
While I stay here with you.

9. And if you wasn't my own sweetheart,
As I know well you be,
I'd rend you up in pieces small
As the leaves upon the tree.

10. Mourn not for me my dearest dear,
Mourn not for me, I crave,
I must leave you and all the world
And turn into my grave.

43. "Cold Blows the Wind"

Baring-Gould MSS., XXXIII. Also in Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 68; and Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and Bussell, 1905, p. 66. Sung by Elizabeth Doidge, nurse, Brentnor. Collected by Mrs. Gibbons, daughter of Sir W. L. Trelawney, Bart., c. 1830.

a Æ

Baring-Gould notes that the tune is usually associated with "Childe the Hunter" but that Elizabeth Doidge sang the present ballad to it. Cf. *ante*, variant 3, for a text that is partly hers.

The Wife of Usher's Well

CHILD NO. 79

THIS admirable ballad has had a widespread currency in recent tradition in the Appalachian region. I am unable to trace the dominant melodic tradition (Group C) back into the nineteenth century, or back across the Atlantic ocean. The ballad appears to have all but died out in Scotland and England, and, so far as I know, has not been recorded in Ireland. The one musical record which antedates the opening of the present century—a Scottish variant printed in 1833—has no perceptible relation with later records; nor have the two recorded English variants (themselves representing a distinct line) any resemblance to the Scottish or to the American branches.

The Appalachian tradition is very attractive and consistent. Indeed, it is one of the most memorably beautiful of all our melodic *Gestalten*. It runs predominantly to the pentatonic scale in its fourth mode (lacking II and VI), seldom leaving the authentic range. Almost without exception, the tunes are four-phrase, usually of the progressive kind (ABCD), but with a final cadence that repeats the first, and sufficiently homogeneous to make use of earlier material in the later phrases. Nearly half the variants cadence at the mid-pause on the dominant, and almost all end their first phrase on the tonic. A second group, almost as large as the first, has the mid-pause on the flat seventh. The flat seventh and the fifth appear to be felt as almost equivalent, or indifferent, choices, which do not affect the pentatonic character of the tune. A few variants recall other well-known types—e.g., "Lady Isabel," "Lord Lovel," "Barbara Allen," "The Daemon Lover." The two English variants also have a familiar ring, but, being from separate counties, may continue a fairly widespread earlier tradition.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sir Walter Scott, *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*, 1833-34, III, opp. p. 262 and p. 258.

GROUP B

2. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 2795/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Vicar of Swerford)
3. "There Was a Lady in Merry Scotland." Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 198.

GROUP Ca

4. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3260/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 154(F). (Rice)
5. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3616/2678. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 156(J). (Pope)
6. "Three Babes." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 56.
7. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3582/2644. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 160(R). (King)
8. "A Woman Lived in a Far Country." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 123(B).
9. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3252/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 154(G). (R. Hensley)
10. "Three Little Babes," or "Lady Gay." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 122(A). Also in Randolph, *The Ozarks*, 1931, p. 180.
11. "Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3672/. (Broghton)
12. "Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3854/. (Patrick)
13. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4588/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 159(O). (Mitchell)
14. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4612/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 159(P). (Penland)
15. "The Three Little Babes." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 17.
a. "The Three Little Babes." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 49(C).
16. "The Three Little Babes." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 33.
17. "The Three Little Babes." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 280.
b. "The Three Little Babes." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 52(J).
18. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3404/2498. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 151(B). (Landers)
19. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4711/. (S. Boone)
20. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3193/2340. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 153(D). (D. Shelton)
21. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3753/. (Powell)
22. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4682/3258. (J. Boone)
c. "The Three Little Babes." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 49(A).
23. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3174/2314. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 150(A). (S. and V. Shelton)
24. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 46.

GROUP Cb

25. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 64(A), University of Virginia.
26. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 14(B).
27. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 68(C).
28. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 66(B).
29. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 14(A).

GROUP cc

30. "Lady Gay." Buell Kazee, Brunswick recording, No. 212.
d. "The Three Little Babes." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 162(AA).
31. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3764/2779. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 155(I). (Flannery)
e. "The Three Little Babes." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 167(DD).
32. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3787/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 156(K). (Thompson)
33. "Lady Gay." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 576(L) and 288.
34. "Lady Gay." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 5.
35. "Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3941/. (Creech)
36. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4148/. (Dunaway)
37. "The Wife of Usher's Well," or "The Three Babes." Sharp MSS., 4190/3020. (C. Fitzgerald)
38. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4218/3039. (P. Fitzgerald)
39. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4281/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 157(M). (N. Fitzgerald)
40. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4533/3179. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 158(N). (Reynolds)
41. "Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3745/2771. (Kinnard)
42. "Lady Gray [*sic*]." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a, Library of Congress, photostat.
f. "Three Little Babes," or "Lady Gay." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 51(E1).
43. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3901/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 157(L). (Gibson)
44. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4760/. (Blankenshipp)
g. "The Three Little Babes." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 50 (C1).
45. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4558/. (Godfrey)
46. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4606/. (Ayres)
h. "Three Babes," or "Wife of Usher's Well." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 164(BB).

GROUP cd

i. "A Ladie Gay." Mary Wheeler and Clara Gregory Bridge, *Kentucky Mountain Folk-Songs*, 1937, p. 14.

GROUP D

47. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3307/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 153(E). (Gentry)

GROUP Ea

48. "The Three Little Babes." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 576(J) and 287.
49. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3386/2485. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 152(C). (Stockton)
50. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 3510/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 154(H). (Sawyer)
51. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4739/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 160(Q). (Rathbone)
52. "Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4099/. (Pace)

GROUP Eb

53. "The Three Babes." I. G. Greer, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 7, recording No. 34B(545).
54. "Lady Gray [*sic*]." Brown MSS., 16 a. (Greer)
j. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 51.
55. "The Three Little Babes." Brown MSS., 16 a 12. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 50(D).

GROUP EC

56. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Sharp MSS., 4042/. (Pratt)

GROUP F

57. "There Was a Lady." Dorothy Scarborough. *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 402 and 168.
k. "The Three Little Babes." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 165(CC).

GROUP G

58. "The Wife of Usher's Well." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 64. Also on LP recording, *Eight Traditional British-American Ballads*, New England Folk-Song Series 1, Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., 1953.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Wife of Usher's Well"

Scott, 1833-34, III, opp. p. 262; text, p. 258.

p π^1

There might be some family connection between this and the family of "Harlaw" (No. 163; cf. especially Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 105[d]).

1. There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

2. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

3. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,

When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

4. "I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"—

5. It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

6. It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * * *

7. "Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."—

8. And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * * *

9. Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."—

10. The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.—

11. "The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12. "Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

* * * * * *

GROUP B

2. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 2795/. Obtained from the Vicar of Swerford, Oxfordshire, August 1912. Sent by Miss Blunt.

p I/M (—VI)

1. There was a lady in merry Scotland
And she had gone by then
She sent them into merry England
To have some English teen

2. They had not been in Merry England
Past 12 months and one day
Before she had news from her 3 sons
They was clothed in cold clay.

3. She would not believe in God, she said,
Nor Christ nor the Trinitee
Except they would send her 3 sons back
Safe as they went from she.

4. They sent her three sons back
. . . . . .
You must put life into their bodies
Their bodies into a chest

5. And when they got to their own mother's gates
They knocked as they - - -
There was no one so ready as their own sweet mother
To let these sweet souls in

6. Sin their cloth was spread, the meat was set
No meat O Lord can we eat

7. Why dont you eat dear children she say
Why dont you make some cheer(s)
Since has it been ever so long
Since we have seen you before.

8. How can we eat dear Mother they said
How can we make any cheer(s)
When you would not let our sweet souls rest
At Heaven when we were there.

9. Up did crow the milk white cock
And then did crow the red
And aint that a pity they all then said
As the quick shall part from the dead.

10. They ta'en a high yew tree by the top
And splored 'it by the root
And aint that a pity they all 3 said
As the quick should part from the dead

11. Farewell stick and farewell stone
Farewell to the maidens all
Farewell to the nurse that gave us suck
And down the tears did fall.

3. "There Was a Lady in Merry Scotland"

Leather, 1912, p. 198. Sung by Mrs. Loveridge, Dilwyn, 1908. Noted by R. Vaughan Williams from phonograph recording.

p I

1. There lived a lady in merry Scotaland,
   And she had sons all three;
   And she sent them out into merry Eng-e-land,
   For to learn some English deeds.

2. They had not been in a-merry Eng-e-land
   For twelve months and one day,
   When the news came back to their own dear mother
   That their bodies were in cold clay.

3. "I will not believe in a man," she said,
   "Nor in Christ in eternity,
   Till they send me back my own three sons,
   And the same as they went from me."

4. And God put life all in their bodies,
   Their bodies all in their chest,
   And sent them back to their own dear mother,
   For in heaven they could take no rest.

5. As soon as they reached to their own mother's gates,
   So loud at the bell they ring,
   There was none so ready as their own dear mother,
   For to loose the children in.

6. The cloth was spread, the meat put on;
   "No meat, Lord, can we take,
   Since it's so long and many a day,
   Since we have been here before."

7. The bed was made, the sheets put on;
   "No bed, Lord, can we take,
   It's been so long and many a day,
   Since we have been here before."

8. Then Christ did call for the roasted cock,
   That was feathered with His only (holy?) hands;
   He crowed three times all in the dish,
   In the place where he did stand.

9. "Then farewell stick and farewell stone,
   Farewell to the maidens all.
   Farewell to the nurse that gave us our suck";
   And down the tears did fall.

GROUP Ca

4. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3260/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 154(F). Sung by Mrs. Zippo Rice, at Rice Cove, Big Laurel, N.C., August 15, 1916.

a Æ/P

There was a woman of the North
She had but only three babes
She sent them away to the priest of
the North
To learn their grammar through

5. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3616/2678, in different barring, starting after first note. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 156(J). Sung by Mrs. Minnie Pope, Clear Creek, Wasioto, Bell County, Ky., May 1, 1917.

a Æ/D

There was a lady, a lady gay,
Three babes, she has three.
She sent them off to the foreign country
For to learn both grammaree.

And on old Christmas times was drawing near
While the nights was dark and cold,
She fixed a table in her dining-room
And on it put cakes and wine.

She fixed a bed in her parlour
And on it put a linen sheet.
Come eat, come sleep, my three little babes,
Come eat, come sleep with me.

Mother, says the oldest one,
I cannot eat or sleep with you.
My Saviour's here and I must go,
A marble stone is at my head
And the green grass growing at my feet,
I cannot eat nor sleep with you.

6. "Three Babes"

Arnold, 1950, p. 56. Sung by Lena Hill, Lexington, Ala. From singer's MS., made in childhood.

a π^4

1. Once there was a fair and a beautiful bride
And of children she had three.
She sent them away to an Northing school
To study grammerree.

2. They had not been gone but a very short time
Just three months to a day,
When sickness came all over that land
And it took her little babes away.

3. There was a King in the heaven's above
Who choosed to wair a crown,
And I wish he would send home to see my babes
Tonite or in the morning soon.

4. The Christmus time was drawing nigh
And the nites both long and cold
When those little babes come runing home
All in to their mother's room.

5. She fixed the table in a backward room
And over it spred a snow white cloth,
And over it set each bread and wine
Where yonder her babes mite eat.

6. "Come eat, come eat, ye three little babes,
Come eat your bread and drink your wine."
"No, mamma, dear, we cannot eat your bread
No neither can we drink your wine."

7. She fixed the bed in a backward room
And over it spred a snow white sheet,
And over it run a golden cover
Where yonder her babes mite sleep.

8. "Wake up, wake up," said the older one
"For the fowls are crowing for day
And yonder stands our Savier dear
To Him we must retire.

9. Fairwell to mamma and papa, too
Fairwell to the Kitty and the queen
But as far as to be in this wickedsome world
I never expect to be."

1. There was a young and a lady bright,
Children* she had three;
She sent them away to the northest countree
To learn those grammar free.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About six months and a day
Till death come all over this old world
And swept those babes away.

3. When their dear mother heard of it
She wrung her hands and cried,
Saying: Send my three little babes back home
To-night or in the morning soon.

4. It were along about Christmas time,
When the nights were cold and long,
About middleways one of them cold nights,
Her three little babes came running home.

5. She fixed the table before her babes,
And on it set bread and wine,
Saying: Go along my three little babes,
And eat and drink of wine.

6. O no, mother, I don't want none of your bread,
Nor neither none of your wine,
For green grass growing at my feet
And clay lies at my head.

7. She fixed the bed in the backest room
And on it spread a white sheet,
And on top of that put a golden spread,
Saying: Go along, my three babes, and sleep.

8. O no, mother, it is almost day,
The chickens they'll soon crow,
And yonder stands our Saviour dear
And to him we must go.

* 1932: And children

7. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3582/2644. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 160(R), without variants. Sung by Mrs. King, Bird's Creek, Sevier County, Tenn., April 19, 1917.

a π^4

8. [A Woman Lived in a Far Country]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 123(B). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., October 21, 1941. Learned in Galena, Mo., c. 1900.

a π^4

1. A woman lived in a far country
And she had children three,
She sent 'em away to a far off town
For to learn their grammary.

2. They hadn't been gone but a week or two,
In fact it was not three,
Till death came a-walking o'er the land
And took her babes away.

3. It being close to old Christmas time
And the nights being long and cold,
She dreampt she saw her three little babes
Come a-running down the hall.

4. Lay my table white, lay my table fair
For my three little babes to dine,
Oh mother, we can eat none of your bread,
Neither can we drink your wine.

5. We cannot sleep on your golden sheets,
Neither eat your bread and wine,
For tomorrow morn at eight o'clock
With our Savior we must dine.

6. On a frozen pillow we must sleep
With the cold clods at our feet,
And the tears that you will shed for us
Will wet our winding sheet.

9. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3252/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 154(G). Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley, Carmen, N.C., August 11, 1916.

a π^4

10. "Three Little Babes," or "Lady Gay"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 122(A). Also in Randolph, 1931, p. 180. Sung by Mrs. Lee Stephens, White Rock, Mo., August 30, 1928.

a π^4

1. A lady lived in th' west country,
An' she had children three,
An' she sent 'em away to th' north country
For to learn their grammarie.

2. They hadn't been gone but a month or two,
I'm sure it wasn't three;
Till death come an' spread all over the land,
An' swept her babies* away.

3. It bein' close on to† Christmas time,
An' the nights bein' long an' cold,
She looked an' she seen her three little babes
Come a-runnin' down her mother's hall.

4. She made 'em a bed in the§ uppermost room,
Spread over with a clean white sheet,
Come, oh come my three little babes,
An' sleep in your mother's hall.

5. Rise you up, rise you up, says the§ oldest one,
Oh mother, we caint sleep here;
For three long hours before daylight
We must join# our Saviour dear.

6. A marble stone lays at our heads, mother,
An' cold clods lays at our feet,
An' the tears that you will shed, mother,
Will wet our windin' sheet.

* 1931: babes
† 1931: to ol'
§ 1931: th'
# 1931: jine

11. [Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3672/. Sung by Mrs. Mollie Broghton, at Barbourville, Ky., May 9, 1917.

a π^4

There was a lady she was bright,
And children she had three.
She sent them all to the North countree
To learn those grammaree.

12. [Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3854/. Sung by Mrs. Polly Patrick, Hart's Cove, Manchester, Ky., August 14, 1917.

a Æ/P

There was a knight and a lady bright
And children she had three
She sent them away to the Northering
State
To learn their grammaree.

13. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4588/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 159(O). Sung by Mrs. Effie Mitchell, at Burnsville, N.C., September 12, 1918.

a Æ/D

The Romish lady she had babes,
She only had three,
She sent them off to the North Counteree
For to learn those grammarees.

14. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4612/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 159(P). Sung by Mrs. Lucy Penland, Bolden's Creek, Burnsville, N.C., September 16, 1918.

a π^4

She fixed them a table in the dining room
And on it spread bread and wine;
Come one, come two, come three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine.

15. "The Three Little Babes"

Hudson, 1937, No. 17. Sung by Mrs. R. C. Jones and Mr. Frank Harmon, Oxford, Miss., between 1923 and 1930.

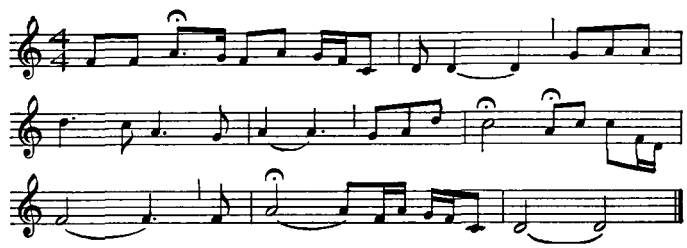
a π^4

There was a maid and she lived alone
And children she had three.
She sent them away to the northern land
To learn their grammaree.

16. "The Three Little Babes"

Owens, 1950, p. 33. Sung by Mrs. Ben Dryden, Sandy Creek Settlement, near Fred, Tex., June 1941.

a π^4



1. Once there was a poor widow woman
The mother of three little babes;
She sent her three little babes away
To learn their Bible Book.

2. They had not gone but about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four
Till there came a flood and washed her three little babes away
And she began to weep and mourn,

3. Saying, "Come to me, my three little babes,
Tonight or in the morning soon."
Her three little babes came wandering down
Into their mother's arms.

4. Saying, "We cain't come to you, dear mother,
But you can come to us,
For yander stands our dear Savior
And to Him we must obey."

5. She fixed them a table
All with bread and wine,
Saying, "Come and eat and drink with me,
Come on, my three little babes."

6. Up riz up the oldest one,
Saying, "We cain't eat your bread, dear mother,
Nor neither drink your wine;

7. "For yander stands our dear Savior,
And to Him we must obey."
She fixed them a bed all in the back room,
She fixed it with all clean sheets.

8. And on the top she spread a golden wand
To make them all sleep warm;
And on the top she spread a golden wand
To make them all sleep warm.

9. Up riz up the oldest one,
Early in the morning soon,
Saying,"Yander stands our dear Savior,
And to Him we must obey."

17. "The Three Little Babes"

Morris, 1950, p. 280. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla.; learned in girlhood in Adel, Ga.

a π^4

1. A lady, a lady fair
She had but three small children dear;
She sent them away to some merry-go land
To learn some grammaree.

2. They hadn't been there but a very short time,
Yet scarcely three months and a day,
Before a sickness fell all over the land
And takened her three babes away.

3. "O, is there any Lord in the heaven so kind
To send my babes back home?
O, is there any heaven and Lord so fine
To send my babes back home?"

4. She set her table both forth, both white,
And covered it with bread and wine,
To see if her babes would come and eat,
Yes, eat and drink of mine.

5. "I can't come in, my own dear Mother,
Nor eat and drink of yours;
For our Savior is standing, calling for us,
And we must go and join."

6. "Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one;
"Rise up all on your feet;
For our Savior is standing, calling for us,
And we must go and join."

7. She spread her beds all in the back room,
And there she put three white sheets;
And one of these was a golden one
To see if her babes could rest.

8. "I can't come in, my own dear Mother,
Nor stay this night with thee;
For our Savior is standing, calling for us,
And we must go and join.

9. "Green, green grass grows at our feet,
Cold clouds roll over our heads,
And the tears you've shed for us
Have wet our winding sheet.

10. "Go away, my own dear Mother,
Don't weep no more for us.
If you stay here till the day you're dead,
You'll see no more of us.

11. "Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"Rise up and let us in,
For our Savior is standing, calling for us,
And we must go and join."

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18. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3404/2498. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 151(B). Sung by Miss Linnie Landers, Carmen, N.C., September 5, 1916.

a π^4

1. They hadn't been there but a very short time,
Till children they had three.
They sent them away to North Carolina,
To learn their grammaree.

2. They hadn't been there but a very short time,
Scarcely six weeks and three days,
Till sickness came into that old town
And swept her babes away.

3. She dreamed a dream when the nights were long,
When the nights were long and cold.
She dreamed she saw her three little babes
Come walking down to her home.

4. She spread them a table on a milk-white cloth
And on it she put cake and wine.
Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,
Come and eat and drink of mine.

5. No mother, no mother, don't want your cakes,
Nor neither drink your wine,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
To take us in his arms.

6. She fixed them a bed all in the back side room
And on it she put three sheets,
And one of the three were a golden sheet,
Under it that the youngest might sleep.

7. Take it off, take it off, dear mother, they said,
For we haven't got long to stay,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
Where we must surely be.

8. Dear mother, dear mother, it's the fruit of your
poor pride heart
That caused us to lie in the clay.
Cold clods at their heads, green grass at their feet,
We are wrapped in our winding-sheet.

19. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4711/. Sung by Mrs. Sina Boone, Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N.C., September 28, 1918.

a π^4

She hadn't been married but a very short
while
Till she had three little babes;
She sent them away to the north countree
To learn their grammaree.

20. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3193/2340. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 153(D). Sung by Mrs. Dora Shelton, Allanstand, N.C., August 1, 1916.

a π^4

1. Pretty Polly hadn't been married but a very short
time
When she had her three little babes;
She sent them away to the North Country
To learn their grammary.

2. She dreamed a dream when the nights were long,
When the nights were long and cold,
She dreamed she saw her three little babes
Come walking down to the home.

3. She spread a table with a milk-white cloth
And on it she put bread and wine.
Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,
Come and eat and drink of wine.

4. Take it off, take it off, dear mother, said they,
For we hain't got long to stay,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
Where we must shortly be.

5. She spread a bed in the backside room
And on it she put three sheets,
And one of the sheets was a golden sheet
And under hit they must sleep.

6. Take it off, take it off, dear mother, said they,
For we hain't got long to stay,
For it was the pride of your own heart
That caused us under the clay.

7. We was buried on yonder old Blue Knob,
We was buried side by side;
Cold clods at our head, green grass at our feet,
We was wropped in a winding-sheet.

21. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3753/. Sung by Mrs. Talithah Powell, at Berea, Ky., May 28, 1917.

a π^4

There was a lady and a lady gay
The children she had three;
She sent them to North Amerikee
To learn their grammaree.

22. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4682/3258. Sung by Mrs. Julie Boone, Micaville, Yancey County, N.C., September 25, 1918.

a π^4

1. I knew a widow, she lived abroad,
And childred [*sic*] she had three;
She sent them away to the North country
To learn their grammaree.

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

3. She cries unto the King of Heaven
Who wears a starry crown
To send to me my three little babes
To-night or in the morning soon.

4. It just being about old Christmas time,
And the nights being long and very cold,
She dreamed she saw her three little babes,
Come eat and drink of mine.

5. I don't want none of your bread, one said,
I don't want none of your wine,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
Unto him we are bound.

6. She fixed the bed in the backside room,
And on it spread three clean sheets,
And one of them was a golden one,
Prepared for those babes to sleep.

7. Rise up, rise up, says the oldest girl,
About the first chicken crow,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
Unto him we must go.

8. Farewell, farewell, to Satan's race,
Farewell, farewell to all below.
Cold clods of clay lies at our feet,
Green grass growing over us.

23. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3174/2314. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 150(A). Sung by Solomon and Miss Virginia Shelton, Alleghany, N.C., July 29, 1916.

a π^4

1. She hadn't been married but a very short time
Until children she had three;
She sent them out to the north countree
To learn the grammaree.

2. They hadn't been there before a very short time,
Scarcely six weeks and three days,
Till sickness came into that old town
And swept her three babes away.

3. She dreamed a dream when the nights were long,
When the nights were long and cold;
She dreamed she saw her three little babes
Come walking down to their home.

4. She spread them a table all on a white cloth,
And on it she put bread and wines.
Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,
Come and eat and drink those wines.

5. Take it off, take it off, mother dear, cried they,
For we can no longer stay,
For yonder stands one, our Saviour dear,
To take us in his arms.

6. She spread them a bed in the backside room,
And on it she put three white sheets,
And one of the three was a golden sheet,
For the youngest one might sleep.

7. Take it off, take it off, mother dear, cried they,
For we can no longer stay,
For yonder stands one, our Saviour dear,
To take us in his arms.

8. Dear mother, it is the fruits of your own pride heart
That has caused us to lie in the clay.
Cold clods at our head, green grass at our feet,
We are wrapped in our winding-sheets.

24. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Eddy, 1939, p. 46. Sung by Mrs. James Robertson, Perrysville, Ohio. Learned from a hired man in Missouri.

a π^4

1. There was a lady in our town,
And children she had three;
She sent them away to a north countree
To learn their grammaree,
To learn their grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Just three weeks to a day,
Till death it spread all over the land
And swept her babes away,
And swept her babes away.

3. 'Twas all on a Christmas night,
And it was dark and cold;
Her three little babes came running home
Down to their mother's home,
Down to their mother's home.

4. She fixed her table all in the side room,
   And spread with bread and wine,
   Saying, "Come along, my three little babes,
   And eat and drink of mine,
   And eat and drink of mine."

5. She fixed her bed all in the back room,
   And spread with a clean sheet,
   And over the top spread a golden cloth
   The sweeter that they might sleep,
   The sweeter that they might sleep.

6. "Rise you up, rise you up," says the older one,
   "For it is almost day,
   And yonder stands our sweet Saviour,
   And him we must obey,
   And him we must obey.

7. "Cold clods of clay at our head,
   Green grasses at our feet,
   And the tears that our dear mother has shed
   Would wet our winding sheet,
   Would wet our winding sheet."

GROUP cb

25. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 64(A). Sung by Nathaniel Melhorn Morris, Harriston, Va., October 16, 1935.

a π^4

1. There was a woman lived near the North.
   Her babies she had three.
   She sent them far unto the North
   To learn them grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
   Not more than a month and a day.
   Before cold death came hastening by
   And stole her babes away.

3. "O", then she cried, "there's a King in Heaven,
   And he shall wear a crown,
   Pray send me home my three little babes
   This night or in the morning soon."

4. As Christmas time was a-drawing nigh,
   The nights both cold and dark,
   Her little babes came snowing down
   Right at their mother's door.

5. O then she spread her table wide,
   And on it she spread beer and wine.
   "Come eat, come drink, my three little babes,
   Come eat, come drink of mine."

6. "O mother I don't want your bread,
   Neither I don't want your wine,
   For yonder stands my Sweet Saviour,
   And to him I resign."

7. O then she maked up her bed,
   And on it she spread sheets so fine.
   And over them a golden spread
   As they may shelter warm.

8. "Waken up, waken up, said the oldest one,
   The chickens they do crow.
   And yonder stands my Sweet Saviour,
   And to him I must go."

9. "Waken up, waken up, said the second one,
   The chickens they do crow for day.
   And yonder stands my Saviour, and
   And I must haste away.

10. "Put a marble stone at my head, mother,
    And put cold clay at my feet.
    For the tears I shed for you dear mother,
    Would wet this winding sheet."

26. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 14(B). Sung by Mrs. Fred Hite, Thaxton, Va., October 13, 1936.

a D/Æ

27. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 68(C). Sung by Miss Polly Morris, Pirkey, Va., April 23, 1936.

a π^4

Once there was a lady gay,
And children she had three;
She sent them away unto the North
To learn their grammaree.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
No more than three weeks and a day;
Before cold death came hastening down,
And stole the babes away.

28. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 66(B). Sung by R. H. Mace, Grottoes, Va., October 30, 1935.

a D (—II)

1. Once there's a woman lived near the North,
And children she had three.
She sent them far unto the North
To learn them grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Not more than a month and a day;
Until death, cold death, came hastening by,
And stole her babes away.

3. Oh then! she cried, there's a King in Heaven,
And they shall wear a crown.
Pray send them back, my three sweet babes,
Tonight or in the morning soon.

4. Christmas time was drawing near,
The night being dark and cold.
Her three sweet babes came snowing down
Right at their mother's door.

5. She set a table in the back room hall,
On it were bread and wine.
Come eat, come drink, my three sweet babes,
Come eat and drink of wine.

6. Oh I don't want your bread dear mother,
Nor neither do I want your wine;
For yonder stands my sweet Savior
And to him I resign.

7. She set a bed in the back room hall,
On it put sheets so fine.
On top of that put a golden spread
That they might shelter warm.

8. Waken up, waken up; says the oldest one,
The chickens they do crow;
And yonder stands my sweet Savior
And to him I must go.

9. Waken up, waken up; says the middle aged one,
The chickens crow for day.
And yonder stands my sweet Savior
And I must haste away.

10. Waken up, waken up; says the youngest one,
The chickens they do crow.
And yonder stands my sweet Savior
And to him I must go.

29. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 14(A). Sung by J. Y. Anderson, Montebello, Va., October 11, 1936.

a π^4

GROUP CC

30. "Lady Gay"

Buell Kazee, Brunswick recording, No. 212.

a π^4

1. There was a lady and a lady gay
Of children she had three.
She sent them away to the North Country
To learn their grammarie.

2. They had not been there very long,
Scarcely six months and a day,
Till Death, cold Death came hasting along
And stole those babes away.

3. It was just about Old Christmas time,
The nights being cold and clear:
She looked and she saw her three little babes
Come running home to her.

4. She set a table both long and wide,
And on it she put bread and wine.
"Come eat, come drink, my three little babes,
Come eat, come drink of mine."

5. "We want none of your bread, Mother,
Neither do we want your wine.
For yonder stands our Savior dear,
And to Him we must resign.

6. "Green grass grows over our heads, Mother;
Cold clay is under our feet;
And every tear you shed for us,
It wets our winding sheet."

31. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3764/2779. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 155(I). Sung by Mrs. L. K. Flannery, Berea, Madison County, Ky., May 30, 1917.

a π^4

1. There was a lady and a lady gay,
And children she had three;
She sent them away to the North Amerikee
For to learn those grammaree.

2. They hadn't been there very long,
Scarce three months and a day,
When death, sweet death came hastening along
And took those babes away.

3. The lady dreamed a dream by night,
All in a backward room.
She dreamed that she saw her sweet little babes
Come walking in the light of the moon.

4. She spread her table broad and wide,
On it put bread and wine.
Come eat, come drink, my sweet little babes,
Come eat, come drink of mine.

5. We cannot eat your bread, mother,
Neither can we drink your wine,
For yonder stands our Saviour so dear.
Come eat, come drink of mine.

6. It was about old Christmas time,
The nights being long and cold,
When the lady spied her three little babes
Come walking into the room.

7. Let's go, says the oldest one,
For the chickens are crowing for day,
And yonder stands our Saviour so dear,
And we must fly away.

8. She spread her bed in the backward room,
And on it she put white sheets,
On top of that a golden spread
That they might the better sleep.

9. We cannot rest on your bed, mother,
We cannot sleep on your sheets.
For yonder stands our Saviour so dear,
And we must rest at his feet.

10. Marble stones at our heads, mother,
Cold clay upon our feet;
The tears that was shed over us last night
Would have wet our winding sheet.

32. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3787/. Also, revised, in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 156(K). Sung by Mrs. Vestie Thompson, at Pineville, Ky., June 2, 1917.

a D/Æ

There was a lady, and a lady gay,
And children she had three;
She sent them away to the Northern
Countree
To learn those grammaree.

33. "Lady Gay"

Davis, 1929, p. 576(L); text, p. 288. From Rockingham County, Va., March 2, 1916; singer unknown. Collected by Martha M. Davis.

a π^4

There was a lady fair and gay,
And children she had three;
She sent them far into the north
To learn their grammairie.

34. "Lady Gay"

McGill, 1917, p. 5.

a π^4 (inflected VII)

This copy is sung by Andrew Rowan Summers, on Columbia recording No. M. 408-8 (WCo 26447).

1. There was a lady, a lady gay,
Of children she had three;
She sent them away to the north countrie
To learn high gramarye.

2. They had been gone but a very little while,
Scarcelie three weeks to a day;
When death, cold death came hasting along,
And stole those babes away.

3. "If there is a King in heaven," she said,
"That wears the brightest crown,
Pray send to me my three little babes
Tonight or in the morning soon."

4. It was just about old Christmas time,
The nights being cold and clear;
She looked and saw her three little babes
Come running home to her.

5. She set a table both long and wide,
Put on it bread and wine;
"Come eat and drink, my three little babes,
Come eat and drink of mine."

6. "We do not want your bread, mother,
We do not want your wine;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
To Him we must resign."

7. She fixed a bed in the long back room,
Spread over it fine sheets,
And covered it with a cloth of gold,
That the sounder her babes might sleep.

8. Up rose the oldest one in the bed,
"The cock's a-crowing for day;
We're going never to come back again,
Away, and away, and away.

9. Green grass grows over our heads, mother,
Cold clay is under our feet;
And ev'ry tear that you shed for us
It wets our winding sheet."

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35. [Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3941/. Sung by Mrs. Berry Creech, Pine Mountain, Ky., August 29, 1917.

a P/Æ

There was a maid and a lady gay
And children she had three
She sent them away to the North
Amerikee
To learn those grammaree.

36. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4148/. Sung by Mrs. Rebecky Dunaway, St. Helen's, Ky., October 12, 1917.

a π^4

There was a lady and a lady gay
Those children she had three
She sent them away to the North Amerikee
For to learn their grammaree.

37. "The Wife of Usher's Well," or "The Three Babes"

Sharp MSS., 4190/3020. Sung by Clinton Fitzgerald, Royal Orchard, Afton, Va., April 28, 1918.

a π^4

1. There was a lady gay
And children she had three;
She sent them away to the far country
To learn their grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone very long,
Scarcely three weeks and a day,
Before grim death came a-hastening along,
And stole those babes away.

3. As Christmas time were drawing nigh
And the nights growing long and cold,
To see those babes come a-hastening along,
On down to their mother's home.

4. She spread a bed all in the back room,
And on it she spread a fine sheet,
And on it she spread a golden spread
That the better they might sleep.

5. Rise up, rise up, said the oldest one,
The chickens soon will crow,
And woe be to this wicked world,
And from it we must go.

6. Rise up, rise up, said the next oldest one,
Rise up, it's almost day;
O woe be to this wicked world,
And from it hence away.

7. She spread the table all in the front room,
And on it she spread bread and wine.
Come eat, come drink, my sweet little babes,
Come eat, come drink of mine.

8. We do not want your bread, mother,
Neither do we want your wine,
For yonder stands our sweet Saviour,
Who is always our design.

38. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4218/3039. Sung by Philander Fitzgerald, Nash, Va., May 7, 1918.

a π^4

1. There was a lady gay
And children she had three;
She sent them away to the north country
To learn their grammaree.

2. They had not been gone very long,
Scarcely six months and a day,
Before cold death came hastening along
And stole those babes away.

3. She cried aloud: There's a king in heaven,
They say he wears a crown.
Pray send me back my babes to-night,
Or in the morning soon.

4. When Christmas time was drawing nigh,
And the nights getting long and cold,
Those pretty little babes came hastening along
Down to their mother's home.

5. She set the table in the room
And on it spread bread and wine.
Come eat, come drink, my sweet little babes.
Come eat and drink of mine.

6. We do not want your bread, mother,
Neither do we want your wine,
For yonder stands our sweet Saviour,
He is always our design.

7. She set her bed all in the back-room,
And on it spread a fine sheet,
And on the top a golden spread,
That the better they might sleep.

8. Rise up, rise up, said the oldest one,
The chickens soon will crow,
And yonder stands our sweet Saviour,
And to him we will go.

9. Rise up, rise up, said the next oldest one,
This night you'll see no more.
Woe be unto this wicked world
And those who dwell below.

10. Place a marble stone at our head, mother,
And cold clay at our feet,
For the tears you have shed for us, mother,
Would wet our winding sheet.

39. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4281/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 157(M). Sung by Napoleon Fitzgerald, Beechgrove, Va., May 24, 1918.

a π^4

O there was a lady gay
And children she had three
She sent them away to the North
countree
To learn their grammaree.

40. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4533/3179. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 158(N). Sung by Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, Meadows of Dan, Va., August 29, 1918.

a π^4

1. There lived a lady, a lady gay,
Of* children she had three,
She sent them away to the northern school
To learn those† grammars three.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Scarcely three weeks and a day,
Till death, sweet death come hastening along
And stole those babes away.

3. There is a king in heaven, cried she,
A king of the third degree.
Send back, send back my three little babes,
This night send them back to me.

4. She made them a bed in the backward room,
And on it put a neat white sheet,
And over the top a golden spread,
Much better that they might sleep.

5. Take it off, take it off, cried the oldest one,
Take it off, take it off, cried he,
For what's to become of this wide wicked world
Since sin has first begun.

6. She spread them a table of bread and wine,
As neat as neat could be,
Come eat, come drink, my three little babes,
Come eat, come drink with me.

7. I cannot eat your bread, says one,
Neither can I drink your wine,
For my Saviour dear is standing near,
To him we must resign.

8. Cold clay, cold clay hangs over my head,
Green grass grows over my feet;
And every tear that you shed for me
Doth wet my winding sheet.

* 1932: O
† 1932: their

41. [Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3745/2771. Sung by H. D. Kinnard, Berea, Ky., May 27, 1917.

a π^4

1. A lady of children she had three
She sent them away to the North Amerikee
For to learn some grammaree.

2. They hadn't been long, so very long,
Scarcely three months and a day,
Till death, bold death come hastening along
And took her babes away.

3. Being Christmas time was rolling nigh,
And the nights were long and cold,
She looked out, saw three little babes
Come hasting along.

4. She spread the table both wide and long
And on it put cake and wines.
And come O come my three little babes,
And drink and eat of mine.

5. We cannot eat your bread, mother,
Neither we can drink your wines
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
And to him we must obey.

6. She spread her bed in the ward back room,
And on it put a white sheet,
Over the top a golden spread
For to make her babies sleep.

7. Take it off, take it off, says the oldest one,
Take it off, take it off, says she,
For woe be into this wide wicked world
Since pride has came in view.

8. Rise you up, rise you up, says the next oldest one,
(Rise you up, rise you up, says she,)
For the chickens are crowing for day,
And yonder stands our Saviour,
Unto him we must obey.

9. Put a marble stone at our head, mother,
Cold clay around our feet,
For the tears that you shed for us last night
Will wet our winding-sheet.

42. "Lady Gray [*sic*]"

Brown MSS., 16 a. Singer unknown.

a π^4

43. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3901/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 157(L), revised. Sung by George W. Gibson, Oneida, Ky., August 21, 1917.

a D/Æ

There was a lady and a lady gay,
And children she had three
O she sent them off to the Northern
School
For to learn their grammaree.

44. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4760/. Sung by Mrs. Mary J. Blankenshipp, Price's Creek, Burnsville, N.C., October 5, 1918.

a π^4

There was an old widow and she lived
abroad,
And children she had three,
She sent them away to the north country
To learn those grammaree.

45. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4558/. Sung by Mrs. W. L. Godfrey, Marion, N.C., September 4, 1918.

a π^4

The first very letter that they wrote
home
They sealed it up with black
They said that little Loney was gone
To never more come back.

46. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4606/. Sung by Mrs. Rosie Ayres, Burnsville, N.C., September 14, 1918.

a π^4

They hadn't been there but a very short
time,
Scarcely six weeks and three days,
Till sickness came through that old
town
And took her three babes away.

GROUP D

47. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3307/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 153(E). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

p D/Æ

Mrs. Gentry used the same tune when she sang "Young Hunting" for Sharp on the following day. (Cf. *ante*, No. 68, variant 35; Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 101). See also "The True Lover's Farewell," *op.cit.*, II, p. 115(E).

Come in come in my true little babes
And eat & drink with me
We will neither eat sweet mother dear
Nor neither drink of wine
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
And to him we must join
And to him we must join

"Repetition of first phrase irregular." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

GROUP Ea

48. "The Three Little Babes"

Davis, 1929, p. 576(J); text, p. 287. Sung by Mrs. James Sprouse, Lawyers, Va., March 20, 1915. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a π^1

There was a lady, lady gay,
Who had babies one, two, three;
She sent those babes to the north countrie
To learn their grammaree.

They hadn't been there but a month and a day
Before swift death came on,
Before swift death came on
And taken those babes away.

"There is a King who lives in Heaven
Who used to wear a crown;
Pray send me back those three little babes
Tonight or in the morning soon."

"Come in, come in, my three little babes,
And eat this bread and wine."
"O mother, I cannot eat your bread,
I cannot drink your wine."

49. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3386/2485. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 152(C), revised. Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

a M (inflected VII, —II)

1. There was a lady and gay was she
And children she had three.
She sent them away to the western country
To learn all grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Scarcely three weeks and a day,
Till death came along through them dark woods
And swept them all away.

3. There is a King in the Heavens all bright,
He used to wear a crown.
I hope he'll send me my three babes to-night
Or in the morning soon.

4. The beds was fixed in the back wall room,
Spread over with clean sheets,
And on the top was a golden cloth
That they might rest and sleep.

5. The table was set in the dining-room,
Spread over with cakes and wine.
Go sit down, my three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine.

6. Take it off, take it off, dear mother, said they,
Take it off, I say again,
For we'll not be here till the break of day;
My Saviour will call us away.

7. Rise up, rise up, said the oldest one,
I think it's almost day.
See my Saviour standing by
To welcome us three home.

50. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 3510/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 154(H). Sung by Mrs. Susan Sawyer, Black Mountain, N.C., September 19, 1916.

a M (but —II, VI)

There was a lady lived in York
Those children she had three
She sent them off to some north countree
To learn their grammaree.

51. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4739/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 160(Q). Sung by Sam Rathbone, Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N.C., October 1, 1918.

a M (but —II, VI, and inflected VII)

They hadn't been gone but a very short
time
Scarcely six weeks and three days
Till sickness came in that old town
And swept her babes away.

52. [Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4099/. Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Leslie County, Ky., October 1, 1917.

a I (—VI, inflected VII)

A lady gay, and a lady was she,
Small children she had three.
She sent them away to the North Amerikee
To learn their grammaree.

GROUP Eb

53. "The Three Babes"

Sung by I. G. Greer, Thomasville, N.C., 1941, with dulcimer accompaniment by Mrs. Greer. LC/AAFS, Album 7, rec. No. 34B (545). Collected by Fletcher Collins.

p π^1

1. There was a lady of beauty rare,
And children she had three.
She sent them away to the North Countree
For to learn their grammaree.

2. They hadn't been gone so very long,
Scarcely three months and a day,
When there came a sickness all over the land
And swept them all away.

3. And when she came this for to know,
She wrung her hands full sore,
Saying, "Alas, alas, my three little babes,
I never shall see any more.

4. "Ain't there a king in heaven," she cried,
"Who used to wear a crown?
I pray the Lord will me reward
And send my three babes down."

5. It was a-come near Christmas time,
The nights was long and cold,
When her three little babes come a-runnin' down
To their dear mammy's home.

6. She fixed them a bed in the backmost room,
All covered with clean white sheets,
And o'er the top a golden one
That they might soundly sleep.

7. "Take it off, take it off," said the oldest one,
"Take it off, we say again.
A woe, a woe, to this wicked world,
So long since pride began."

8. She spread a table for them there,
All covered with cakes and wine,
And said, "Come, eat, my three little babes,
Come, eat, and drink of mine."

9. "We do not want your cakes, mammy,
We do not want your wine,
For in the morning by the break of day
With the Savior we must dine."

54. "Lady Gray [*sic*]"

Brown MSS., 16 a. From I. G. Greer.

p π^1

55. "The Three Little Babes"

Brown MSS., 16 a 12. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 50(D). From T. Smith.

p π^1

There was a lady of beauty bright
And children she had three
But she sent them away to the North Countree
To learn their grammaree.

GROUP EC

56. [The Wife of Usher's Well]

Sharp MSS., 4042/. Sung by Mrs. Lucindy Pratt, Hindman, Ky., September 20, 1917.

m M (inflected VII)

The second strain belongs to the "House Carpenter" family (cf. No. 243).

There was a lady and a lady gay
Those children she had three
She sent them away to some far country
For to learn those grammaree.

GROUP F

57. "There was a Lady"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 402; text, p. 168. Sung by Elbert O'Quinn, Stevens Branch, Buchanan County, Va., c. 1932.

a I/M

1. There was a lady and a lady was she,
   And children she had three.
   She sent them away to the northern country
   To learn them grammary.
   They hadn't been there but a very little while,
   Scarcely three months and a day,
   Till death, sweet death, came a-hastening along
   And stole those babes away.

2. There is a king in heaven
   He wears a starry crown.
   Pray send me down my three little babes
   Tonight or tomorrow morn.
   She looked out her window and she saw
   Her three little babes a-coming,
   Come running to their mother's home.

3. Go fix a table in the little back room,
   On it place bread and wine.
   Come, eat and drink, my pretty little babes,
   Come, eat and drink of mine.
   Mamma, we don't want your bread,
   Nor neither do we want your wine,
   For yonder stands our Saviour dear.
   Unto Him we must resign.

4. Go fix a bed in the little back room,
   On it put clean-washed sheets,
   And over it put a golden spread
   For my three little babes in bed.
   Take it off, take it off, the oldest one cried,
   Take it off, take it off, said she.
   For the chickens will soon crow for day.

5. Take it off, take it off, said the next oldest one,
   Take it off, take it off, said she.
   For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
   Unto Him we must resign.
   Oh dig our grave both wide and deep,
   Put a marble stone at our head
   And cold clay at our feet.
   For tears, sweet tears, that our mother shed,
   Hath wet our winding-sheet.

GROUP G

58. "The Wife of Usher's Well"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 64. Also on LP recording, Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury College, Vt. Sung by Mrs. Phyllis Burditt, Springfield, Vt., October 11, 1951. Collected by Marguerite Olney. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a D/Æ

1. There lived a wife at Usher's Well
   And a wealthy wife was she;
   She had three stout and stalwart sons
   And sent them o'er the sea.
   They had not been a week from her,
   A week but barely one,

79. THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gone.

2. They had not been a week from her
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.
"I wish the wind may never cease
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come home to me
In earthly flesh and blood!"

3. It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are long and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came home
And their hats were on the birk.
It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh,
But at the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

4. "Blow up the fires, my maidens fair!
Bring water from the well!
For all my house shall feast this night
Since my three sons are well!"
And she has made for them a bed
She's made it long and wide;
And she's taken her mantle round about,
Sat down at their bedside.

5. Up then did crow the red, red cock
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
" 'Tis time we were away."
The cock he hadent crowed but once
And clapped his wings away
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"O, Brother, we must away!"

6. The cock doth crow, the day doth dawn,
The channerin worm doth chide;
"Gin we be miss out of our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.
Fare you well, my mother dear!
Farewell to barn and byre!
And fare you well, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

The text is line for line, though not word for word, from Scott's text in the *Minstrelsy* (Child's A).

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

CHILD NO. 81

THIS ballad is one of those quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (c. 1611), and it was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1630. The Gosson broadside printed by Child is little later, the Percy Folio text is of about the same date, and the A-text is of 1658. There has also survived a Scottish text earlier than any of these in the Panmure MS., as yet unprinted. None of these early texts, so far as I have learned, either preserves or names a tune. They are in ordinary ballad-quatrains, single or double, and without refrain; except that the A-text has an interpolated "Hay downe" after the first line. In this feature it is like the scrap quoted in *The Knight*, except that the latter has an extra "down." These may probably be an abbreviated indication of a fuller refrain such as is found at the same place in several of the Robin Hood ballads. Some of the latter add a similar indication after the fourth line. One may conjecture that the refrain as actually sung in these cases was of the "Three Ravens" pattern, appearing as the second, fourth, and seventh and eighth phrases of an eight-phrase tune. This is a normal form for country dances in the seventeenth century; and ballad-tunes adapted to dancing, usually in 6/8 time, were likely to be so extended. On the other hand, the tune of "Arthur-a-Bland," used with some of the Robin Hood ballads, had only this single interpolated phrase after the second line and may be the one here intended.

The earliest tunes actually reported as from tradition are of a far later date, being Motherwell's of 1827 and Chappell's of c. 1858. (Rimbault, in 1850, follows Motherwell with editorial alteration.) These are both variants of the same tune. All the other records are of the present century, and all except one are from this side of the Atlantic. It would almost seem as if this particular brand of *crime passionel* had come to strike the traditional singer across the water as too extreme, although there are certainly brutalities enough of a more sordid variety among the nineteenth-century broadsides.

At any rate, "Little Musgrave" has flourished in our own day all up and down the Atlantic seaboard. The melodic tradition divides pretty distinctly into two main branches, one confined to the North, the other centering chiefly in the South, but reaching North occasionally (as far even as Newfoundland) and West to Ohio and Michigan. The latter form would appear to be the more deeply rooted, and to it the Motherwell and Chappell tunes probably belong. It is by no means steady or consistent in its habits; and after dividing it into ten varieties, I am not very sure that all are properly classified. About a third of its variants have the mid-pause on the dominant, about a half are equally divided in choice between the second and (major) third. About half are plagal. An unusually large number appear to end on another note than the tonic: on the 5th, 6th, 3rd, and at the octave.* Among the variants, the familiar tunes of "Gypsie Laddie" and "Boyne Water" make a brief, if inevitable, appearance. The rhythm is nearly everywhere duple, if we choose to include the 6/8 variants, which constitute a third of the total. Nearly two-thirds are five-phrase tunes, repeating the last line of text in the fifth phrase. Much the greater number are in gapped scales, most frequently of the first pentatonic mode (lacking the fourth and seventh). In the same general scale system may be classed a half-dozen plagal major tunes and nearly as many hexatonic tunes. The central tradition is strongly major.

The members of the New England branch (Group B) seem all to be built out of the Scottish tune familiarly known in the late nineteenth and present centuries as "Drumdelgie." This tune has been a favorite with northern woodsmen, and is found with a variety of recent semi-popular texts. It is found with "Little Musgrave" in its complete eight-phrase state, and in all stages of dilapidation down to a two-phrase remnant. It is always in 6/8 rhythm, is plagal, or authentic with ending on the octave above, and has a mid-pause either on the tonic, the octave, or the fourth or fifth. Nearly all variants are majors. For the most part, the variants preserve the marks of their identity quite distinctly, no matter how worn down they may be. There are a half-dozen anomalous variants, including one of "The Little Red Lark," and another to "Yankee Doodle." A Jamaican variant is unique.

* Most of these variants may be almost indifferently treated as plagals with an unusually low range (*III* to III) or as authentics not descending to the tonic (III to 3), and ending on the octave above.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Little Mattie." Pleaz Mobley, Argonaut recording, private dubbing.
a. "Little Mathey Grones." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 53(B).
2. "Little Matha Grove." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 43.
3. "Little Matha Grove." W. Roy Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1928, pp. 392 and 27.
4. "Little Mathie Grove." Evelyn K. Wells, *BFSSNE*, No. 4 (1932), p. 12. Also in Wells, *Notes from the Pine Mountain Settlement School*, VII, No. 1 (1935), p. 7; and Wells, *The Ballad Tree*, 1950, p. 110.
5. "Little Massy Groves." Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 351(13) and 336.

GROUP Ab

6. "Lord Orland's Wife." George Lyman Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 309.
7. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4563/3188, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Snipes)
8. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4050/. (Smith)
9. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3125/?. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 166(D). (Smith)
10. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4700/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 182(Q). (Mitchell)
11. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3492/2576. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 168(F). (Ford)

b. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 55(G).
12. "Young Little Mathy Groves." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 126(C).
13. "Little Matthy Groves." H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 58. Also in Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 314; and in Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 177.
14. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3639/2699. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 178(K). (Sloan)
15. "Lyttle Musgrave." Jean Ritchie, *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, p. 135.
16. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3285/2392. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 161(A). (Griffin)
17. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3345/2493. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 168(E). (Stockton)
18. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3297/2402. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 162(B). (Gentry)
19. "Lord Donald." Sharp MSS., 3124/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 170(G). (Brewer)
20. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3367/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 172(H). (Coates)

GROUP Ac

21. "Lord Banner." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 164(Db).
22. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3347/2449. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 164(C). (Norton)
c. "Lord Daniel's Wife." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 55(F).
23. "Little Moth Grone." Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 47.
24. "Little Matty Groves." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 73.
25. "Little Musgrave." Sharp MSS., 1691/1553. (Collins)
26. "Little Matthigrews." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 I, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 54(C).
d. "Little Mathey Groves." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 56(H).

GROUP Ad

27. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3686/2742. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 175(J). (Knuckles)
28. "Lord Valley." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 46.
29. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3617a/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 181(L). (Taylor)
30. "Maddy Gross." Wayland D. Hand, *Western Folklore*, XVIII (1959), p. 44.
e. "Lord Daniel's Wife." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 53(A).
31. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, [1855], p. 170.
32. "Little Mushiegrove." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 21 and p. xxi. Also in Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 92.
33. "Lord Arnold." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 79, cutting 1, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard. (Cooley)
34. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4009/. (Dunagan)
35. "Little Musgrave." Sharp MSS., 3795/. (Wilson)
36. "Little Mose Groves." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 400 and 144.
37. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4090/2933. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 172(I). (Pratt)
38. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4171/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 182(P). (Mayo)
39. "Little Musgrove." Martha Beckwith, *PMLA*, XXXIX (1924), pp. 471-72-80-73.
40. "Lord Vanover." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 48.
41. "Lord Daniel's Wife." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 I. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 53(A); text, *Brown Collection*, II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 102.
42. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 3907/2844. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 181(M). (Jones)
43. "Lady Barnard and Little Musgrove." Sharp MSS., 3942/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 181(N). (Creech)
f. "Little Massey Grove." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 172(AA).
44. "Lady Barnard and Little Musgrave." Sharp MSS., 4140/. (Pace)
g. "Lord Barney." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 175(BB).

GROUP Ae

45. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 81. (Bayard transcription.) (Henry)
46. "Lord Arnold." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 86.
47. "Little Matha Grove." Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, [1933], p. 11.

GROUP Af

48. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Sharp MSS., 4043/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 182(O). (Pratt)
49. "Lord Darnell." George Korson, *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*, 1949, p. 32.

GROUP Ag

50. "Lord Arnold." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 78, cutting 1. (Bayard transcription.) (Harding)
51. "Little Mathew Grove." Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 311. Also, with different title, in Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs*, [1920], p. 22.
52. "Little Matthew." Marie Campbell, *Bulletin of the Tennessee Folklore Society*, III (1937), p. 95.
h. "Little Mathey Groves." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 54(B1).

GROUP Ah

53. "Little Matthy Groves." George Vinton Graham, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 3814 (A2).
54. "Lady Barnard and Little Musgrave." Sharp MSS., 3872/. (Hensley)

GROUP Ai

55. "Lord Arnold." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 84, cutting 1. (Editor's transcription.) (Tracy)
56. "Little Musgrave." Karpeles MSS., No. 5302 and p. 4851.
57. "Little Musgrave." Karpeles MSS., No. 5182 and p. 4720.

GROUP Aj

58. "Little Matty Groves." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 124(A).

GROUP B

59. "Lord Banner." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 156(B). (Bailey)
60. "The Red Rover." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 172(Gb). (Black)
61. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 77, cutting 2, and No. 83, cutting 3. (Bayard transcription.) (Buzzell)
62. (No title.) Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 80. (Bayard transcription, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 1.) (Merry)
63. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 82. (Bayard transcription.) (Russell)
64. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 4. (Black)
65. "Lord Banner." Helen Hartness Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 3 (1931), p. 7.
66. "Lord Banner." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 186(I). (Libby)
67. "Lord Banner's Wife." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 150(Aa). (McKay)
68. "Lord Banner." Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry, *The New Green Mountain Songster*, 1939, p. 135.
69. "Lord Benner." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 7 (1934), p. 9. (Roberts)
70. "Lord Benner's Wife." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 154(Ab). (Glidden)

APPENDIX A

71. "Little Musgrove and Lady Barnswell." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 173(H). (McGill)

APPENDIX B

72. "Lord Daniel's Wife." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 577(F) and 300.

APPENDIX C

73. "Lord Arnold's Wife." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 165(E). (Quimby)

APPENDIX D

74. "Little Musgrove." Beckwith, *PMLA*, XXXIX (1924), p. 473.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Little Mattie"

Sung by Pleaz Mobley, Argonaut recording, private dubbing.

p I/Ly

1. One low, one low, one holiday,
The lowest day in the year,
Little Mattie went down to the church that day,
The Holy Word to hear.

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

3. "I know you are Lord Daniel's wife
By the rings you doth wear."
"But if I am Lord Daniel's wife,
Lord Daniel's not at home."

4. Her little foot-speed was standin' by,
An' he heard ev'ry word they said.
"I must warn my master," the little speed said,
And he took to his heels and fled.

5. He ran, he ran to the waters wide
And he knelt down and swam.
He swam, he swam to the other side
And he took to his heels and ran.

6. He ran, he ran to Lord Daniel's gate
And tingled at the ring.
No one so ready as Lord Daniel himself
To rise and let him in.

7. "What news, what news, my little foot-speed?
What news have you brought to me?
Are any'f my castles tearin' down,
Or is my men astray?"

8. "There're none of your castles tearin' down,
There're none of your men astray:
Little Mattie's at home in your own house-door,
In the bed with your gay lady."

2. "Little Matha Grove"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 43. Sung by Stanley Williams, Ostrea Lake, N.S.

p I/Ly

1. It was a day and a high old day
The very best day in the year,
When Little Matha Grove went up to church
Some holy words for to hear,
Some holy words for to hear.

2. O some came there in velvet green
And others came there in pearl,
But among them was Lord Arnold's wife
The fairest of them all,
The fairest of them all.

3. O Little Matha Grove being standing by
On him she cast an eye,
She says, "This very night Little Matha Grove
In bed with me you'll lie,
In bed with me you'll lie."

4. "If you are whom I take you to be
I would not for my life,
By the look of the ring on your finger
You are Lord Arnold's wife,
You are Lord Arnold's wife."

5. "If I am now Lord Arnold's wife
Whom you take me for to be,
Lord Arnold's gone to St. James's Castle
King Henery for to see,
King Henery for to see."

6. O the little foot page being standing by
And hearing what was said,
"I'll hie away to St. James's
Lord Arnold for to tell,
Lord Arnold for to tell."

7. He run till he came to the riverside,
He knelt to his breast and he swum,
He swam till he came to the other side
And he took to his heels and he run,
And he took to his heels and he run.

8. He run till he came to St. James's Castle,
He knockèd at the ring,
There was no one as ready to arise
As Lord Arnold and let him in,
As Lord Arnold and let him in.

9. "What news? What news, my little foot page,
What news do you bring unto me?"
"This very night Little Matha Grove
Is to lie with your wedded lady,
Is to lie with your wedded lady."

10. "O if this be a lie, a lie,
A lie you tell unto me,
I will have a gallows to be rigged
And hangèd you shall be,
And hangèd you shall be."

11. "If this be a lie, a lie,
A lie I tell unto thee,
You'll need no gallows to be rigged
For I'll hang all on a tree,
For I'll hang all on a tree."

12. "But if this be the truth, the truth,
The truth you tell unto me,
I have one only daughter dear
Your wedded wife she'll be,
Your wedded wife she'll be."

13. O Lord Arnold called his merry men all
And he placed them in a row,
He caused not one word to be spoke
Or yet for a horn to blow,
Or yet for a horn to blow.

14. But there was one among them all
Who loved Little Matha Grove full well,
He put his horn unto his mouth
And he blew it loud and shrill,
And he blew it loud and shrill.

15. He put his horn unto his mouth
As much as for to say,
Who's ever in bed with another man's wife
It's time to be jogging away,
It's time to be jogging away.

16. Little Matha Grove he heard this horn
And jumpèd out of bed,
He says, "By the sound now of that horn
It is Lord Arnold's horn,
It is Lord Arnold's horn."

17. "Come back, come back Little Matha Grove
And keep me from the cold,
It's only Lord Arnold's shepherd boy
A-calling his sheep to the fold,
A-calling his sheep to the fold."

18. 'Twas there they tossed and tumbled
Till they fell fast asleep,
They never knew no more until
Lord Arnold stood at their feet,
Till Lord Arnold stood at their feet.

19. "Get up, get up Little Matha Grove
And put your garments on,
I would not have it to be said
I slew a naked man,
I slew a naked man."

20. "If I have now then to get up
And fight you for my life
When you have two swords by your side
And I have neither knife?
And I have neither knife?"

21. "If I have two swords by my side
They cost me deep in purse,
I'll give to you the best of them
And I will take the worse,
And I will take the worse.

22. "Now I'll give you the first good stroke
And I will take the other,
Any fairer than that I would not do
If it was to my own born brother,
If it was to my own born brother."

23. O Little Matha Grove took the first good stroke
And wounded Lord Arnold sore,
Lord Arnold took the next good stroke,
Little Matha could strike no more,
Little Matha could strike no more.

24. He took his fair lady by the hand
And placed her on his knee,
Saying, "Which one do you love the best,
Little Matha Grove or me?
Little Matha Grove or me?"

25. "O fine do I like Little Matha Grove
And fine do I like his chin,
And better do I like his malavering tongue
Than Lord Arnold and all his kin,
Than Lord Arnold and all his kin."

26. He took his lady by the hand
And laid her in the hall,
And neither one of them spoke one word
Till he split her head in twain,
Till he split her head in twain.

27. Now loud loud sings the nightingale,
Now loud loud sings the sparrow,
Lord Arnold killed his fair lady
And he'll be hung to-morrow,
And he'll be hung to-morrow.

3. "Little Matha Grove"

Mackenzie, 1928, p. 392; text, p. 27. Sung by Mrs. James Gammon, River John, N.S.

a I, ending on the octave

1. 'Twas on a day, a high holiday,
The best day of the old year,
When little Matha Grove he went to church
The holy word to hear.

2. Some came in in diamonds of gold,
And some came in in pearls,
And among them all was little Matha Grove,
The handsomest of them all.

3. Lord Arnold's wife was standing by.
On him she cast an eye,
Saying, "You little Matha Grove, this very night
I invite you to lie with me.

4. "Lord Arnold is away to the New Castle,
King Henry for to see,"
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

5. So the little foot-page was standing by,
And he heard all that was said,
And he took to his heels to the river side,
And he bended his breast and he swum.

6. And when he came to Lord Arnold's bower
He knocked so hard at the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Arnold
For to rise and let him in.

7. "What news, what news, my little foot page,
Do you bring unto me?"
"This very night little Matha Grove
Is in bed with your wedded lady!"

8. "If this be true, be true unto me,
Be true you bring unto me,
I have an only daughter dear
And your wedded lady she shall be.

9. "If this be a lie, a lie unto me,
A lie you bring unto me,
I'll cause a gallows to be rigged
And hangèd you shall be."

10. So he put the bugle to his mouth,
And he sounded loud and shrill:
"If there's any man in bed with another man's wife,
It is time to be hastening away."

11. So Lord Arnold he ordered up all his men,
And he placed them in a row.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

12. "What's that? what's that?" said little Matha Grove,
"For I know the sound so well.
It must be the sound of Lord Arnold's bugle,"
. . . . . .

13. "Lie still, lie still, you little Matha Grove,
And keep me from the cold.
It's only my father's shepherd boy,
That's driving the sheep down in the fold."

14. So they tossed and tumbled all that night
Till they both fell fast asleep,
And they never knew another word
Till Lord Arnold stood at their bed's feet.

15. "How do you like my bed?" said he,
"And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my wedded lady,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

16. "Well do I like your bed," said he,
"Well do I like your sheet,
Better do I like your wedded lady,
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

17. "Get up, get up, you little Matha Grove,
And some of your clothes put on,
That it can't be said after your death
That I slew a naked man."

18. "How can I get up," little Matha replied,
"And fight you for my life,
When you have two bright swords by your side,
And I have ne'er a knife?"

19. "If I have two bright swords by my side,
They cost me deep in purse,
And you shall have the best of them,
And I shall have the worst.

20. "And you shall have the very first blow,
And I shall have the other.
What more then could I do for you
If you were my own born brother?"

21. The very first blow that Matha Grove struck,
He wounded Lord Arnold sore.
The very first blow Lord Arnold struck,
Little Matha could strike no more.

22. "So cursèd be my hand," said he,
"And cursèd be my bride!
They have caused me to kill the handsomest man
That ever trod England's ground."

23. He took his lady by the hand,
He led her through the plain,
And he never spoke another word
Till he split her head in twain.

24. He put his sword against the ground,
The point against his heart.
There never was three lovers
That sooner did depart.

4. "Little Mathie Grove"

Wells, *BFSSNE*, No. 4 (1932), p. 12. Also in Wells, *Notes from Pine Mtn. Sch.*, VII, No. 1 (1935), p. 7; and Wells, *The Ballad Tree*, 1950, p. 110. Sung by "Singing Willie" Nolan, Incline, Harlan County, Ky., April 1928.

a π^1, ending on the octave.

The tune settles into its true pattern in the second stanza.

1. Holiday, holiday, on the very first day of the year, year,
On the very first day of the year,
Little Mathie Grove went to the church
The Holy Word for to hear, hear,
The Holy Word for to hear.

2. The first came in was Lily-white,
The next came in was a girl,
The next came in was Lord Daniel's wife,
The fairest one in the world, world,
The fairest one in the world.

3. She placed her eye on little Mathie Grove,
And said, Go home with me this night;
Go home with me, this night for to lie,
Go home with me this night.

4. I can't go home with you this night,
For fear I do lost my life,
For the rings that's on your fingers says
You are Lord Daniel's wife, wife,
Says you are Lord Daniel's wife.

5. But what if I am Lord Daniel's wife,
Lord Daniel's gone from home;
He has gone to the high King's house
To see his fences, sir, sir,
To see his fences, sir.

6. There stood that Little Foot page,
Hearing every word that they did say;
He says, Lord Daniel shall hear this
Before the break of day, day,
Before the break of day.

7. It was fourteen miles to the King's House,
And seven of them he run;
He run till he came to the broad river side,
He bowed to his breast and swum, swum,
He bowed to his breast and swum.

8. He swum till he came to the other side,
He buckled up his shoes and run, run,

He buckled up his shoes and run.
He run till he came to the high King's gate,
He rattled his bell and rung, rung,
He rattled his bell and rung.

9. The first came out was Lord Daniel,
Said, What news have you to tell?
Is your old scafel a-burning down,
Or is your tavern won, won,
Or is your tavern won?

10. My old scafel is not burnt down,
But neither is my tavern won,
But your wife is at home, in the bed,
With Little Mathie Grove alone, lone,
With Little Mathie Grove alone.

11. He had a trumpet and it would blow,
And every time that it would sound,
It seemed for to say,
Rise up and go, go,
It says, Rise up and go.

12. She says, No, no, lie still with me,
And keep me from the cold,
It is nothing but them shepherd boys
A-driving their sheep to the fold, fold,
Driving their sheep to the fold.

13. They turned then, to hugging and kissing,
Till they returned to sleep,
And when they wakened the next morning,
Lord Daniel was at their bed-feet, feet,
Lord Daniel was at their bed-feet.

14. Says, How do you like your blanket, Sir,
And how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like this fair young miss
That lies in your arms so sweet, sweet,
That lies in your arms so sweet?

15. Very well I do like my blanket, Sir,
Very well I do like my sheet,
Much better do I like this fair young miss
That lies in my arms asleep, sleep,
That lies in my arms asleep.

16. Get up, get up, put on your clothes,
And fight me like a man,
I can't have it said in the fairest land
That I slew a naked man, man,
That I slew a naked man.

17. How can I get up, put on my clothes,
And fight you for my life,
For I see you have two very bright swords
And me not as much as a knife, knife,
And me not as much as a knife.

18. Sir, I have two very bright swords,
Which cost me deep in purse,
And you can have the very best one,
And I will take the worst, worst,
And I will take the worst.

19. The very first lick Little Mathie stroke
He wounded him deep and sore,
But the very first lick Lord Daniel stroke,
Little Mathie couldn't fight no more, more,
Little Mathie couldn't fight no more.

20. He took this lady by the hand
And placed her on his knee,
Says, Which do you love the best,
Little Mathie Grove or me, me,
Little Mathie Grove or me?

21. Very well I do like your red rosy cheeks,
Much better do I like your chin,
Much better do I like Little Mathie Grove
Than you or any of your kin, kin,
Than you or any of your kin.

22. He took this lady by the lily-white hand,
He led her out in the lane,
He drew his sword from his side,
He split her head into twin, twin,
He split her head into twin.

23. O don't you hear them larkins say,
Don't you hear them sparrows cry,
Today I have slain two the fairest ones,
And tomorrow I will have to die, die,
Tomorrow I will have to die.

5. "Little Massy Groves"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 351(13); text, p. 336. Sung by John Rittenhouse, Mannington, W. Va.

p I/M (or a I/Ly, ending on V)

1. I walk-ied out one holiday,
Oh, the fairest in the year;
Oh, I went out to the old church house,
Oh, the holy words to hear,
Oh, the holy words to hear.

2. The first of the ladies were dressed in red,
Oh, the next came down in green;
Oh, the next came down Lord Arnold's wife,
As fair as any queen,
Oh, as fair as any queen.

3. "Come and go home with me, Little Massy,
Come and go home with me tonight."
"I know by the rings upon your hand,
Oh, you're Lord Arnold's wife,
Oh, you're Lord Arnold's wife."

4. Her little foot page was standing there,
Oh, a-hearin' what they'd say;
He made a vow Lord Arnold should know

Before the break of day,
Oh, before the break of day.

5. He had but sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he run;
He run till he came to the broken-down bridge,
Oh, he bowed his head and he swum,
Oh, he bowed his head and he swum.

6. He swum till he reached the other side;
Lord Arnold he did see;
"Bad news, bad news, I bring to you,
Bad news I bring to thee;
Oh, Little Massy Groves gone home with your wife,
Your wife I take it to be,
Oh, your wife I take it to be."

7. "If this be the truth that you bring to me,
Rewarded you shall be,
But if this be a lie that you bring to me,
On the gallows you will hang,
On the gallows you will hang."

8. "If this be a lie that I bring to you,
As you believe it to be,
You need not build a gallows for me,
Just hang me on a tree,
Oh, just hang me on a tree."

9. Lord Arnold drew his men in a row,
Bid them not to speak or to say a word,
Or nary a horn to blow,
Or nary a horn to blow.

10. Someone respected Little Massy Groves,
For they blew both loud and shrill,
For they blew both loud and shrill.

11. "I must git up and go," he said,
"I must git up and go;
Lord Arnold is a living man,
I hear his horn a-blow,
Oh, I hear his horn a-blow."

12. "Lie still, lie still, must you," she said,
"And keep me from the cold;
It's nothing but my father's shepherd boy
A-leadin' their sheep to the fold,
Oh, a-leadin' their sheep to the fold."*

13. He took his lady on his knee
And he said unto her,
"Which do you like the best?" he said,
"Oh, me or Massy Groves?
Oh, me or Massy Groves?"

14. "Very well do I like your cheek," she said;
"Very well do I like your chin;
But better do I like Little Massy Groves
Than you and all your kin,
Oh, than you and all your kin."

15. He took his lady by the hair of the head,
And he drug her over the plain;
He drew his sword, and one mighty blow,
He split her head in twain,
Oh, he split her head in twain.

16. Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Oh, sweetly sings the sparrow;
Lord Arnold slew his wife today,
And he will die tomorrow,
And he will die tomorrow.

* According to Musick, the singer filled in the story as follows: "And the story goes on, Lord Arnold woke him up early in the morning, and the Lord had a fine knife and things to fight with, and Massy Groves didn't have any. So they had a awful good fight, and Lord Arnold, he was the victor, and after Lord Arnold gained the victory he took his wife on his knee. . . ."

GROUP Ab

6. "Lord Orland's Wife"

Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 309. Sung by Hilliard Smith, Carr Creek, Knott County, Ky., 1916. Collected by Loraine Wyman.

a π^1, ending on the octave.

1. The first came in was a gay ladye;
The next came in was a girl;
The third came in was Lord Orland's wife,
The fairest of them all.

2. Little Mathew Grew was standing by;
She placed her eyes on him:
"Go up with me, Little Mathew Grew,
This livelong night we'll spend."

3. "I can tell by the ring that's on your finger
You are Lord Orland's wife."
"But if I am Lord Orland's wife,
Lord Orland is not at home."

4. The little footpage was standing by,
Heard all that she did say:
"Your husband sure will hear these words
Before the break of day."

5. He had sixteen miles to go,
And ten of them he run;
He run till he came to the broken bridge,
He smote his breast and swum.

6. He ran till he came to Lord Orland's hall,
He ran till he came to the gate,
He rattled those bells and he rung:
"Awake, Lord Orland, awake!"

7. "What's the matter, what's the matter, little footpage?
What's the news you bring to me?"
"Little Mathew Grew's in bed with your wife;
It's as true as anything can be."

8. "If this be a lie," Lord Orland he said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build a scaffold on the king's highway,
And hanged you shall be."

9. "If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you're taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the king's highway,
But hang me to a tree."

. . . . . .

10. At first they fell to hugging and kissing,
At last they fell to sleep;
All on the next morn when they awoke,
Lord Orland stood at their bed feet.

11. "O how do you like my curtains fine?
O how do you like my sheets?
O how do you like my gay ladye,
That lies in your arms asleep?"

12. "Very well I like your curtains fine,
Very well I like your sheets;
Much better I like your gay ladye,
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

13. "Get up, get up, little Mathew Grew,
And prove your words to be true.
I'll never have it for to say
A naked man I slew."

14. The first lick struck little Mathew Grew struck,
Which caused an awful wound;
The next lick struck Lord Orland struck,
And laid him on the ground.

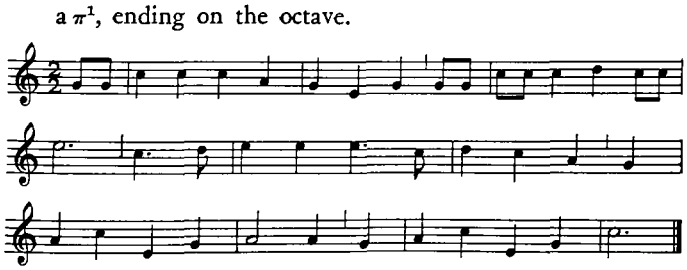
15. "O how do you like my curtains fine?
O how do you like my sheets?
O how do you like little Mathew Grew,
That lies on the ground and sleeps?"

16. "Very well I like your curtains fine,
Very well I like your sheets;
Much better I like little Mathew Grew,
That lies on the ground and sleeps."

7. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4563/3188. Sung by Mrs. Emily Snipes, Marion, N.C., September 5, 1918.

a π^1, ending on the octave.



Little Matthy Groves was going to church
On the very first day of the year;
Little Matthy Groves was going to church
The Holy Word to hear, hear,
The Holy Word to hear.

The first came down was a fair lady,
The next looked like St. Paul,
The next came down Lord Daniel's wife,
The fairest of them all.

. . . . . .

8. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4050/. Sung by Hilliard Smith, Hindman, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a π^1, ending on the octave

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

* So MS.; for "Orland's"?

9. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3125/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 166(D). Sung by Hilliard Smith, Hindman, Ky., August 10, 1909.

a I/M

The text of this variant is not among the typescripts of Sharp's MSS. at Harvard and is given from the 1932 edition. It differs considerably from Hilliard Smith's copy as collected by Loraine Wyman. There are fewer differences in the time. Cf. above.

1. The first came in were lily white,
The next were pink and blue,
The next came in Lord Vanner's wife,
The flower of the view.

2. This young Magrove a-being there,
Fair as the morning sun,
She looked at him and he looked at her,
The like was never known.

3. She stepped up to him and says: Kind Sir,
Won't you take a ride with me?

4. I dare not to, I dare not to,
I dare not to for my life;
From the ring that you wear on your finger,
You are Lord Vanner's wife.

5. Well, if I am Lord Vanner's wife,
Lord Vanner is not at home,
Lord Vanner is to redemption gone,
To King McHenry's throne.

6. This little foot-page a-being by,
Hearing every word they said,
He swore Lord Vanner should have the news
Before the rising sun.

7. He run till he came to the river side,
And he jumped in and swam,
He swam and he swam to the other side,
And he rose and run.

8. He run till he came to McHenry's throne,
He dingled so loud with the ring,
There's none so ready as Lord Vanner himself
To arise and let him in.

9. What news, what news? my little foot-page,
What news have you brought to me?
Has any of casten walls fell down,
Or any of my men false be?

10. There's none of your casten walls fell down,
Nor none of your men false be.
This young Magrove is in fair Scotland
In bed with your lady.

11. If this be lie you bring to me,
As I believe it to be,
I'll build a gallow just for you,
And hangen you shall be.

12. If this be lie I bring to you
As you believe it to be,
You needn't build any gallows for me,
Just hang me on a tree.

13. Lord Vanner calling up his best men,
By one, by two, by three,
Saying: Let's take a trip to fair Scotland,
This happy couple for to see.

14. They rolled and they rolled all over the bed
Till they fell fast asleep,
And when they woke Lord Vanner was there
A-standing at their bed feet.

15. It's how do you like my blanket, sir?
It's how do you like my sheet?
How do you like that fair lady,
That lies in your arms asleep.

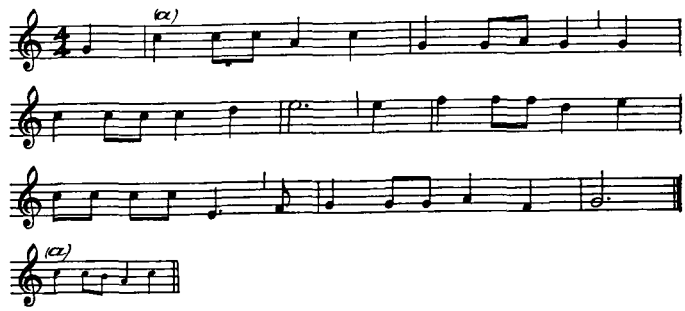
16. Very well I like your blanket, sir,
Very well I like your sheet,
Ten thousand times better I like this fair lady
Lies in my arms asleep.

17. Get up, get up, put on your clothes,
And fight me like a man;
Never should have been said in fair Scotland
I killed a naked man.

10. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4700/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 182(Q). Sung by Mrs. Effie Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 27, 1918.

a I/M, ending on V (Major VII in variant reading)



1932 ends on E, but the MS. reading is clearly G.

It's how do you like my fine feather bed?
And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my pretty little miss,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

11. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3492/2576. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 168(F). Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford, Black Mountain, N.C., September 18, 1916.

p I/Ly

Sharp indicates that toward the end of the song this singer went over into straight 6/8 timing. Karpeles, in printing this variant, transposes into A major, 2/2 time. The MS. reading of the second variant (a) is a third above the 1932 printing.

1. Go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
And keep me from the cold.

I wouldn't go home with you to-night
If I know'd it would save your life,
For I can tell by the rings on your fingers
That you're Lord Dannel's wife.

2. Well, if I am Lord Dannel's wife,
Lord Dannel is not at home;
He's gone over yonder to yon bright church
The Holy Word to hear.

3. His little foot-page was standing by,
He took to his heels and run;
He run till he came to the broken bridge,
And he laid upon his breast and swum.

4. O Lord Dannel, you'd better go home.
Little Matthy Groves in bed with your wife
Keeping her from the cold.

5. I heard Lord Dannel's bugle blow.
Lay still, lay still, little Matthy Groves,
And keep me from the cold,
For it's only my father's shepherd boy
Driving the sheep from the fold.

6. O how do you like my fine feather bed?
And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my pretty little wife,
That lies in your arms asleep?

7. Very well do I like your fine feather bed,
Very well do I like your sheet;
Much better do I like your sweet little wife
That lay in my arms asleep.

8. Get up from there, little Matthy Groves,
And put you on your clothes.
I wouldn't have it known in this native land
I'd slain a naked man.

9. I'll get up, put on my clothes,
I'll fight you for my life.
Your two bright swords hang by your side,
And me not even a knife.

10. My two bright swords hang by my side,
They cost me in my purse,
But you shall have the best of them
And I will take the worst.

11. You shall have the very first lick,
You strike it like a man,
And I will take the very next lick,
I'll kill you if I can.

12. Little Matthy had the very first lick,
He struck and hit the floor.
Lord Dannel had the very next lick,
Little Matthy struck no more.

13. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He laid her on his knee.
Which do you like the best of the two,
Little Matthy Groves or me?

14. Very well do I like your red rosy cheeks,
Also your dimpling chin,
Much better do I like little Matthy Groves
Than you or any of your kin.

15. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her in the hall.
He drew his sword, cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall.

In the MS., stanzas 6-7 follow 12.

12. "Young Little Mathy Groves"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 126(C). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., October 21, 1941.

a I/Ly, ending on VI

With this opening, cf. that of Child No. 40 (*ante*, Vol. I, p. 332).

On a high holiday, on a high holiday,
On the very first day of the year,
Young little Mathy Groves to the church-house came,
God's holy word to hear,
God's holy word to hear.

13. "Little Matthy Groves"

Belden, 1940, p. 58. Also in Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 314; and Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 177. Sung by Mrs. Eva Warner Case, Harrison County, Mo., 1916; remembered from childhood.

a I/Ly, ending on VI

1. On a high holiday, on a high holiday,
The very first day of the year,
Little Matthy Groves to church did go
God's holy word to hear, hear,
God's holy word to hear.

2. The first that came in was a gay ladie,
And the next that came in was a girl;
And the next that came in was Lord Arnold's wife,
The fairest of them all.

3. She* stepped right up unto this one
And she made him this reply,
Saying, "You must go home with me tonight
All night with me for to lie."

4. "I cannot go with you tonight,
I cannot for my life;
For I know by the rings that are on your fingers
You are Lord Arnold's wife."

5. "And if I am Lord Arnold's wife,
I know that Lord Arnold's gone away.
He's gone away to Old England
To see King Hen-e-ry."

6. A little footpage was standing by,
And he took to his feet and run;
He run till he came to the waterside,
And he bent on his breast and swum.

7. "What news, what news, my little footpage,
What news have you for me?
Are my castle walls all tor-en down,
Or are my castles three?"

8. "Your castle walls are not tor-en down
Nor are your castles† three,
But little Matthy Groves is in your house
In bed with your gay ladie!"

9. He took his merry men by the hand
And placed them all in a row,
And he bade them not one word for to speak
And not one horn for to blow.

10. There was one man among them all
Who owed little Matthy some good will,
And he put his bugle horn to his mouth
And he blew both loud and shrill.

11. "Hark, hark! hark, hark!" said little Matthy Groves,
"I hear the bugle blow,
And every note it seems to say
'Arise, arise and go!' "

12. "Lie down, lie down, little Matthy Groves,
And keep my back from the cold;
It is my father's shepherd boys
A-blowing up the sheep from the fold."

13. From that they fell to hugging and kissing
And from that they fell to sleep;
And next morning when they woke at the break of day
Lord Arnold stood at their feet.

14. "And it's how do you like my fine feather-bed,
And it's how do you like my sheets?
And it's how do you like my gay ladie
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

15. "Very well do I like your fine feather-bed.
Very well do I like your sheets
But much better do I like your gay ladie
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

16. "Now get you up, little Matthy Groves,
And all your clothes put on;
For it never shall be said in Old England
That I slew a naked man."

17. "I will get up," said little Matthy Groves,
"And fight you for my life,
Though you've two bright swords hanging by your side
And me not a pocket knife."

18. "If I've two bright swords by my side,
They cost me deep in purse,
And you shall have the better of the two
And I will keep the worse."

19. The very first lick that little Matthy struck
He wounded Lord Arnold sore.
But the very first lick that Lord Arnold struck
Little Matthy struck no more.

20. He took his lady by the hand
And he downed her on his knee,
Saying, "Which do you like the best, my dear,
Little Matthy Groves or me?"

21. "Very well do I like your rosy cheeks,
Very well do I like your dimpled chin,
But better do I like little Matthy Groves
Than you and all your kin."

22. He took his lady by the hand
And led her o'er the plain;
He took the broad sword from his side
And he split her head in twain.

23. "Hark, hark, hark, doth the nightingale sing,
And the sparrows they do cry;
Today I've killed two true lovers,
And tomorrow I must die!"

* 1917: He
† 1917: towers

14. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3639/2699. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 178(K). Sung by Mrs. Sudie Sloan, Barbourville, Knox County, Ky., May 6, 1917.

a π^1, ending on the octave

1. One day, one day, one holi, whole day,
The very first day in the year,
Lord Dannel's wife went to church that day,
She went both holy to hear,
She went both holy to hear.

2. The very first man she saw that day
Was little Matthy Grove.
Rise up, rise up, little Matthy Grove
And you go home with me.

3. Hark from the gold that's on your fingers
And from your golden cage,
Hark from the milk-white horses you have,
You are Lord Dannel's new wedding wife.

4. Now if I am Lord Dannel's wife,
Which you suppose me to be,
Lord Dannel's gone to the ship
For to sail upon the sea.

5. This little footy-page was a-standing around,
And he heard this bargain made.
He wheeled, he wheeled all around and around,
Fell to his feet and he run.

6. He run till he came to the broken-down bridge,
He leaned to his breast and he swum,
He swum unto the other side,
And he fell to his feet and he run.

7. He swum unto the other side,
He rattled that bell and it rung.
It rung, it rung both south and west,
And it rung both north and east.

8. What news, what news, my little footy-page?
What news have you brought to me?
There is a man in old England town
In the bed with your new wedded wife.

9. Now if this a lie, my little footy-page,
Which I expose it to be,
I have a gallows in old England town;
A-hanged you shall be.

10. Now if this the truth, my little footy-page,
Which I expect it to be,
I have a daughter in old England town,
Your new wedded wife shall be.

11. He called up his army of men
And told them for to go,
No narey word to speak,
Nor narey horn to blow.

12. Little Matthy had one friend in the flock,
He gave his horn a blow.
Then up spoke little Matthy Grove:
It's I must arise and go.

13. Lie still, lie still, little Matthy Grove,
And go to sleep with me,
It is just my father's shepherd
A-driving his sheep to fold.

14. Then they fell to hugging and kissing,
And then they fell to sleep.
The very next thing little Matthy knowed
Lord Dannel stood at his feet.

15. Says: How do you like my new feather-bed?
And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my new wedded wife
Lies in your arms asleep?

16. Very well I like your new feather-bed,
Very well I like your sheet,
Much better I like your new wedded wife
Lies in my arms asleep.

17. Rise up, rise up, little Matthy Grove,
And put your clothing on.
It shan't be said in old England town,
I slew a naked man.

18. Now I have two mighty sharp swords;
You may have the sharpest of them all;
You may have the very first lick
And I will take the next.

19. The very first lick little Matthy struck,
He hit a wounded blow;
The very next lick Lord Dannel hit,
Little Matthy hit to the floor;
Little Matthy can't hit no more.

15. "Lyttle Musgrave"

Ritchie, 1955, p. 135. Learned from singing of Uncle Jason Ritchie, Ball Fork, Troublesome Creek, Ky.

p π^1 (or a π^1, ending on the octave)

1. One day, one day, one fine holiday,
As many there be in the year,
We all went down to the preacher's house
Some glorious words to hear.

2. Lyttle Musgrave stood by the church house door,
The priest was at private mass,
But he had more mind of the fair women
Than he had for Our Lady's grace.

3. The first came in was a-clad in green,
The next was a-clad in pall,
And then came in Lord Arnol's wife
She's the fairest one of them all.

4. She cast an eye on Lyttle Musgrave
As bright as the summer sun,

And then bethought this Lyttle Musgrave,
This lady's heart have I won.

5. Quoth she, I have loved the Lyttle Musgrave
Full long and many a day.
Quoth he, I have loved you, fair lady,
Yet never one word durst I say.

6. I have a bower in the Buckelsfordberry,
It's dainty and it's nice,
If you'll go in a thither my Lyttle Musgrave,
You can sleep in my arms all night.

7. I cannot go in a thither, said Lyttle Musgrave,
I cannot for my life,
For I know by the rings on your fingers
You are Lord Arnol's wife.

8. But if I am Lord Arnol's wife,
Lord Arnol is not at home;
He has gone to the academie
Some language for to learn.

9. Quoth he, I thank thee, fair lady,
For this kindness thou showest to me,
And whether it be to my weal or my woe
This night I will lodge with thee.

10. All this was heard by a lyttle foot page
By his lady's coach as he ran,
Says he, I am my lady's foot page,
I will be Lord Arnol's man.

11. Then he cast off his hose and shoes
Set down his feet and ran,
And where the bridges were broken down
He smote his breast and swam.

12. Awake, awake now, Lord Arnol,
As thou art a man of life,
Lyttle Musgrave is in the Buckelsfordberry
Along with your wedded wife.

13. If this be true, my lyttle foot page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Buckelsfordberry
I freely will give it to thee.

14. But if it be a lie, thou lyttle foot page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the highest tree in the Buckelsfordberry
Then it's hanged you shall be.

15. He called up his merry men all,
Come saddle up my steed,
This night I am away to the Buckelsfordberry
For I never had greater need.

16. Some men whistled and some they sung,
And some of them did say,
Whenever Lord Arnol's horn doth blow,
Away Musgrave away.

17. I think I hear the noisy cock,
I think I hear the jay,
I think I hear Lord Arnol's horn
Away Musgrave away.

18. Lie still, lie still, my Lyttle Musgrave,
Lie still with me till morn,
Tis but my father's shepherd boy
A-calling his sheep with his horn.

19. He hugged her up all in his arms
And soon they fell asleep,
And when they awoke at the early dawn
Lord Arnol stood at their bedfeet.

20. O it's how do you like my coverlid,
And it's how do you like my sheet?
And it's how do you like my fair lady
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

21. O I like your handsome coverlid,
Likewise your silken sheet,
But best of all your fair lady
That lies in my arms and sleeps.

22. Arise, arise now, Lyttle Musgrave,
And dress soon as you can.
It shall not be said in my countree
I killed a naked man.

23. I cannot arise, said Lyttle Musgrave,
I cannot for my life,
For you have two broadswords by your side
And me with nary a knife.

24. I have two broadswords by my side,
They both ring sweet and clear,
You take the best, I'll keep the worst,
Let's end the matter here.

25. O the very first lick Lyttle Musgrave struck
He wounded Lord Arnol sore;
The very first lick Lord Arnol struck
Musgrave lay dead in his gore.

26. Then up and spoke this fair lady
In bed where as she lay,
Although you are dead, my Lyttle Musgrave,
Yet for your soul I will pray.

27. Lord Arnol stepped up to the bedside
Whereon these lovers had lain,
He took his sword in his right hand
And split her head in twain.

16. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3285/2392. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 161(A). Sung by Mrs. Becky Griffin, Big Laurel, N.C., August 17, 1916.

a π^1, ending on the octave

1. One day, one day, one high holiday,
The very first day in the year,
Little Matthy Groves went to the church,
The Holy Word to hear, hear,
The Holy Word to hear.

2. Lord Dannel's wife was standing by,
She cast her eye on him.
Go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
A wedded wife to be.

3. Hark, hark, hark, hark, said little Matthy Groves,
I cannot spare my life,
I know by the rings you wear on your fingers,
You are Lord Dannel's wife.

4. It's if I am Lord Dannel's wife,
It is nothing to you.
Lord Dannel's gone to Kentucky
King Georgie for to view.

5. Rise up, rise up, little Matthy Groves,
And men's clothing put on.
It never shall be said in the old Scotland
I slewed a naked man.

6. Hark, hark, hark, hark, says little Matthy Groves
I cannot spare my life,
It's you have swords by your side
And I have nary* a knife.

7. It's I've got swords by my side,
They cost me from my purse,
And you can have the very best
And I will have the worst.

8. The very first lick Lord Dannel struck,
He wound little Matthy deep;
And the very next lick [Lord Dannel]† struck
[Little Matthy]§ fell at his feet.

9. He took his lady by the right hand,
He set her on his knee.
Tell to me which you love best,
Little Matthy Groves or me.

10. Very well I like your red rosy cheeks,
Very well I like your chin,
But better I like little Matthy Groves
Than Lord Dannel and all his kin.

* 1932: ne'er
† 1932 reading. MS. has 'Little Matthy.'
§ 1932 reading. MS. has 'Lord Dannel.'

17. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3345/2493. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 168(E). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Hogskin Creek, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

C tonic, a I/Ly, ending on VI

It's holi-, holi-, holiday,
The very first day in the year.
Little Matthy Groves went to the church,
The holy word to hear, hear,
The holy word to hear.

If I am Lord Thomas's wife,
Lord Thomas is not at home.
He's gone away to his false taverin
His prentiss for to see.

18. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3297/2402. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 162(B). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

a π^1, ending on the octave

"The first phrase was often repeated where a stanza had extra lines." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

1. The first come down was a raven white,
And the next come down was a piley,*
And the next come down was Lord Thomas's wife
And she was the fairest of them all,†
And she was the fairest of them all.

2. Little Matthy Groves was a-standing by;
She placed her eyes on him,
Saying: You're the darling of my heart
And the darling of my life.

3. It's you no home, no place to lie,
Go home with me this night.

I think by the rings you wear on your fingers
You are Lord Thomas's wife.

4. True, I am Lord Thomas's wife
Lord Thomas is not at home.
The little foot-page was a-standing by,
These words heareth he,
And he licked to his heels and run.

5. He run, he run to the broken-down bridge,
He bent to his breast and swum;
He swum, he swum to the other, other side,
And he buckled up his shoes and he run.

6. He run, he run to Lord Thomas's gate
And he dingled at the ring and it rung,
And he dingled at the ring and it rung.
What news, what news, my little foot-page?
What news you've brought to me?
Little Matthy Groves is at your house
In the bed with the gay lady.

7. If that be a lie you've brought to me
And a lie I expect it to be,
If there is e'er a green tree in these whole worlds
A hangman you shall be.

8. If that be the truth you've brought to me,
And the truth I don't expect it to be,
You may wed my youngest daughter
And you may have all I've got.

9. Lord Thomas's wife raised up about half a doze asleep.
Lay still, lay still, little Matthy Groves says,
Lay still I tell to thee,
For it's nothing but your father's little shepherd boy
A-driving the wolves from the sheep.

10. When little Matthy Groves did wake
Lord Thomas was at his feet.
Rise up, rise up, Lord Thomas he says,
And put your clothing on,
For it never shall be known in old England
That I slew a naked man.

11. How can I rise up, he says,
When I am afeard of my life?
For you have two good broad-edged swords
And I have not so much as a knife.

12. True, I have two good broad swords
They cost me deep in the purse.
But you may have the very best one
And you may have the first lick.

13. The very first lick little Matthy Groves struck,
He struck him across the head,
And the very next lick Lord Thomas he struck,
And it killed little Matthy Groves dead.

14. He took his gay lady by the hand,
And he led her up and down.
He says: How do you like my blankets
And how do you like my sheets?

15. Well enough your blankets
And well enough your sheets,
But much better do I love little Matthy Groves
Within my arms asleep.

16. He took his gay lady by the hand
And he pulled her on his knee,
And the very best sword that he did have
He split her head into twine (twain).

* 1932: polly
† 1932 repeats this word

19. "Lord Donald"

Sharp MSS., 3124/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 170(G). Sung by Miss Laura Brewer, Clay County, Ky., 1909.

a I/M, ending on VI

1. Holi-, holi-, holiday,
On the very first day of the year,
Little Matthy Grove went down to the church
The Holy Word to hear, hear,
The Holy Word to hear.

2. First came down was the lady gay,
The next came down was a girl,
The next came down was Lord Donald's wife,
The flowers of the world.

3. She placed her arm on little Matthy Grove,
Says: Matthy, go home with me,
This night, this night,
This livelong night to sleep.

4. I am darsing of my life,
I can't go home with you.
I know you by your finger rings,
You are Lord Donald's wife.

5. If I am Lord Donald's wife,
Lord Donald is gone from home.
He's gone across the water side,
He's gone over there to stay.

6. Little Speedfoot was standing by
To see what he could hear,
And as he saw them both walk off,
He picked up his heels and run.

7. He ran till he came to the river side,
He bent his breast and swam,

Swam till he came to the other side
And he picked up his heels and ran.

8. He ran till he came to the high King Gate;
He rattled the bell and it rung.
What news, what news, little Speedfoot, he says,
What news do you bring me?

9. Is my old scaffold burned down?
Or is my tavern run?
Or is my lady gay put to bed,
With a daughter or a son?

10. No, your scaffold's not burned down,
Nor your tavern's not run;
Nor your lady gay is not put to bed
With a daughter or a son.
But little Matthy Grove is at your own house
In bed with your lady gay.

11. Little Donald he had two bright, keen swords,
Little Matthy he had none.
Lord Donald said to get up and put on his clothes
And fight him like a man—
That he couldn't fight a naked man.

12. Put on your clothes and fight me for your life.
How can I fight you and me not even a knife?

The text is not among Sharp's MSS. and is given from 1932.

20. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3367/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 172(H). Sung by Mrs. J. Gabriel Coates, Higgin's Creek, near Flag Pond, Tenn., September 1, 1916.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

One holiday one righteous day
One holiday in the year
Little Mathy Groves went out to church
The righteous word to hear
The righteous word to hear

GROUP AC

21. "Lord Banner"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 164(Db). From Thomas Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick. Noted by D. A. Nesbitt, c. 1929.

p π^1

1. Four and twenty fair maids
Assembled at a ball,
Lady Banner was the fairest one,
The fairest of them all;

2. She cast her eyes on little Mat Groves,
On little Mat Groves went she,
Saying, "What would you give, my sweet little Groves,
To sleep one night with me?"

3. "To sleep one night I dare not do,
Not for all my life;
For I think by the rings on your fingers
You are Lord Banner's wife."

4. "Oh, what if I am Lord Banner's wife?
The lord is not at home,
He has gone to fair England
To make a mend on a throne."

5. Then up spoke a little foot-page,
And an angry man was he,
Saying, "I can neither rest nor sleep
Till my master I do see."

6. He rode till he came to Lord Banner's hall
And tappèd at the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Banner himself
To rise and let him in.

7. "O, is there any of the buildings fell,
Or any of my towers three?
Or is there anything happenèd
Unto my gay ladie?"

8. "There is none of your buildings fell,
Nor none of your towers three,
But little Mat Groves of fair Scotland
Is in bed with your gay ladie."

9. "If this is a lie," Lord Banner says,
"That you do tell to me,
Tomorrow I will rig a gallows
And hangèd you shall be."

10. "If this is a lie," the little foot-page says,
"That I do tell to thee,
You need not rig a gallows,
But hang me on a tree."

11. Then he called his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three,
Saying, "Let us go to fair Scotland
Those fashions for to see."

12. They hadn't been more than an hour in bed,
Or yet fell fast asleep,
When up steps Lord Banner himself
And stood by their bed feet.

13. "O, how do you like my blankets, sir,
Or how do you like my sheets?
Or how do you like my false ladie
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

14. "Much I like your blankets, sir,
Much better I like your sheets,
Much better I like your fair ladie
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

15. "Rise up, rise up and dress yourself,
As quickly as you can;
It will never be said in fair Scotland
That I killed a naked man."

16. "Rise up, rise up, I dare not do,
Not for all my life,
For by your side hangs two broadswords
And I not a single knife."

17. "If by my side hangs two broadswords
They cost me deep in purse,
And you may have the better one
And I will keep the worst.

18. "And you may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second one
And kill you if I can."

19. Little Matt Groves struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner sore;
Lord Banner struck the second one
And laid him in his gore.

20. He took his fair lady by the hand
And gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of us do you love the best,
Little Matthew Groves or me?"

21. "O, much I liked his ruby lips,
Likewise his dimpled chin,
Much better I liked his little finger
Than you and all your kin."

22. He took the fair lady by the hands,
He threw her on the floor,
And with his sword dashed out her brains,
Lady Banner was no more.

23. He put the handle of the sword to the floor
And the point of it to his breast,
Saying, "There never was three lovers
So quickly sent to rest."

24. They dug their graves both long and wide,
And placed them side by side,
They laid Lady Banner on the sunny side,
Because she was fond of the men.

22. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3347/2449. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 164(C). Sung by David Norton, Rocky Fork, Flag Pond, Tenn., August 31, 1916.

p I/M

1. The next come down was dressed in red,
The next come down in green,
The next come down was a pretty little mistress,*
Dress'd finer than any queen, queen,
Dress'd finer than any queen.

2. She stepped up to little Matthy Groves
And says: Come and go with me.
I know by the rings that is on your fingers†
You are Lord Dannel's wife,
That you are Lord Dannel's wife.

3. It makes no difference by the rings on my hand,
Nor whose wife I am.
My husband he's not at home,
He's in some foreign land.

4. Little foot Dannel (page?) was standing by,
And he heard every word they were saying.
If I live till broad daylight
Lord Dannel shall know of this.

5. He had about fifteen miles to go
And ten of them he run;
He run till he came to the river
And he held his breath and swum.

6. He swum till he came to the grassy green grove,
He sprang to his feet and he run;
He run till he came to Lord Dannel's gate
And he rang his bells and rung.

7. Is my castle burning down,
Or what is a-going to be done?
No, your wife's with another man
And both of their hearts are one.

8. He gathered him up about fifty good men,
And done it with a good will.
He put his bugle to his mouth
And blowed it with a shrill.

9. How do you like my pillow, sir,
And§ do you like my sheet,
And how do you like the pretty little girl
That lies in your arms asleep?

10. Very well do I like your pillow, sir,
Very well do I like your sheet,
But very much better do I like the pretty little girl
That lies in my arms asleep.

11. Little Matthy Groves struck the very first lick,
Which made Lord Dannel sore.
Lord Dannel struck the very next lick
And killed little Matthy on the floor.

12. He took his wife by the lily-white hand
And he sat her upon his knee.
Said: Which one do you love best,
Little Matthy Groves or me?

13. He took his wife by the lily-white hand
And he led her through the hall.
He jobbed the pistol in her breast
And she fell with a special ball.

14. Go bury me on yonder church hill
With Matthy in my arms asleep.
. . . . . .
And bury Lord Dannel at my feet.

* 1932: Miss
† 1932: hand
§ 1932: How

23. "Little Moth Grone"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 47. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, N.S. Tune noted by Margaret Sargent.

m I (inflected III and VII)

1. It was a fine day and a holy day,
The very best day in the year,
When Little Moth Grone went to church
Some holy words to hear,
Some holy words to hear.

2. The first come down was dressed in silk,
The next come down in satin,
The next come down was Lord Daniel's wife
And her skin was as white as milk,
Her skin was as white as milk.

3. She looked all around with a velvish eye
And Little Moth Grone she did spy,
Saying, "Little Moth Grone this very night
In bed with me you must lie,
In bed with me you must lie."

4. "I couldn't nor I wouldn't nor I dare not do,
I couldn't for the power of my life,
By the looks of those rings upon your fingers
I think you're Lord Daniel's wife,
I think you're Lord Daniel's wife."

5. "Oh what if I am Lord Daniel's wife,
Oh what is that to thee?
Lord Daniel's gone to Newcastle
King Henery for to see,
King Henery for to see."

6. A little foot page was standing by
Listening to all that was said,
A little foot page was standing by
And he took to his heels and he run,
And he took to his heels and he run.

7. He ran till he came to the other side,
He laid on his breast and he swum,
He swum till he came to the other side
And he took to his legs and run,
And he took to his legs and run.

8. He run till he came to Lord Daniel's castle,
He twirled at the pin,
"What news, what news my little foot page,
What news have you brought to me,
What news have you brought to me?"

9. "Have any of my taverns wore,
Or any of my bridges broke down,
Has my fair lady brought to me
A daughter or a son,
A daughter or a son?"

10. "There are none of your bridges broke down
Nor none of your taverns wore,
But your fair lady she's in bed,
She's in bed with Little Moth Grone,
She's in bed with Little Moth Grone."

11. Lord Daniel he called all his men in a line
And stood them all in a row,
He ordered not a word to be spoken
Or a bugle not to blow,
Or a bugle not to blow.

12. Lord Daniel put his horn unto his mouth
And he blowed it loud and shrill,
Whoever's in bed with another man's wife
It's high time to be jogging away.

13. "Oh hark, oh hark, I hear footsteps
A-dancing near and near."
"Lay still, lay still my Little Moth Grone
And keep my back from the cold,
And keep my back from the cold."

14. "Oh hark, oh hark, I hear it again,
It's drawing nearer and nearer."
"It's only my father's blind shepherd boy
A-driving his sheep to the fold,
A-driving his sheep to the fold."

15. "Oh how do you like my good bed sir,
Or how do you like my sheets,

Or how do you like my good lady
That lays in your arms asleep?
That lays in your arms asleep?"

16. "Not much I like your good bed sir,
Not much I like your sheets,
But better I like your fair lady
That lays in my arms asleep,
That lays in my arms asleep."

17. Lord Daniel he sent and he brought two swords
Which cost him many's the pearl,
He gave Little Moth Grone the pick of them
And he did take the worst,
And he did take the worst.

18. The very first stroke that Little Moth Grone made
He wounded Lord Daniel full sore,
And the very next stroke Lord Daniel made
Little Moth Grone never rose no more,
Little Moth Grone never rose no more.

19. He says, "I've killed the finest lord
That ever England bore,
Likewise I've killed the finest lady
That ever the sun shone on,
That ever the sun shone on."

24. "Little Matty Groves"

Henry, 1938, p. 73. Sung by "Uncle" Sam Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tenn., August 1928.

p π^1 (—VI)

1. First come down was a raving white;
Next come down was a pilot;
Next come down was 'igh Donald's wife,
And she was the fairest of all, all,
She was the fairest of all.

2. Little Matty Groves was standing by;
On him she cast her eye:
"You are the darling of my heart
And the beauty of my eye, eye,
And the beauty of my eye."

3. Little Matty Groves was standing by;
He caught her in his arms.
Little foot-spade was standing by
And he tuk to his heels and he run, run,
And he tuk to his heels and he run.

4. He run till he come to the broken-down bridge,
And he bent to his breast and he swum;
And he swum till he come to the high dry land;
And he buckled up his shoes and he run, run,
And he buckled up his shoes and he run.

5. And he run; he come to 'igh Donald's gate;
And he dingle at the ring and it rung.
"What news, what news," 'igh Donald, he says,
"What news you brung to me, me,
What news you brung to me?"

6. "No news, no news," little foot-spade said,
"Only little Matty Groves in the bed with your gaily dee."
"That's a lie," 'igh Donald said, "a lie, I take it to be,
And if there air green tree in all of these wood,
A hang man you will be, be,
A hang man you will be."

7. He placed his men all in a row,
Not a horn or a bugle for to blow.
There was one man all in that row
That knowed little Matty Groves well, well,
That knowed little Matty Groves well.

8. He wound his horn unto his mouth
And blowed both loud and shrill.
"What's that, what's that," little Matty Groves says,
"That blows so loud and shrill, shrill,
That blows so loud and shrill?"

9. "Lie down, lie down," 'igh Donald's wife says,
"And keep the cold from me.
It's nothing but my father's little shepherd boy
Driving his sheep from the fold, fold,
Driving his sheep from the fold."

10. "How do you like my curtains?" he says,
"And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my gaily dee,
That's in your arms asleep, sleep,
That's in your arms asleep?"

11. "Very well I like your curtains," he says,
"And very well I like your sheet;
Much better do I like your gaily dee,
That's in my arms asleep, sleep,
That's in my arms asleep."

12. "Rise up, rise up," 'igh Donald, he says,
"Some clothing to put on.
It never shall be said in old England
That I slew you a naked man, man,
That I slew you a naked man."

13. "How can I rise," little Matty Groves says,
"How can I rise for my life?
And you have two good swords
And I not as much as a knife, knife,
And I not as much as a knife."

14. "I know I have two good swords;
They cost me deep in the purse.
You may have the very best one
And I will take the worst, worst,
And I will take the worst."

15. "You may have the very first lick
And strike it like a man
And I will take the very next lick
And I'll kill you if I can, can,
And I'll kill you if I can."

16. The very first lick little Matty Groves struck,
He struck him on the head.
The very next lick 'igh Donald struck,
He killed little Matty Groves dead, dead,
He killed little Matty Groves dead.

17. He tuk his wife by the hand
And pulled her down on his knee.
"How do you like my ruby lips?
How do you like my chin, chin?
How do you like my chin?"

18. "Well do I like your ruby lips,
Well do I like your chin,
Much better do I like little Matty Groves
Than you and all your kin, kin,
Than you and all your kin."

25. "Little Musgrave"

Sharp MSS., 1691/1553. Sung by Agnes Collins, Adelaide Road, May 16, 1908.

a I

O no, O no, cried little Musgrave,
Stroll down the gardings with me;
You shall gather those finest flowers
As ever your eyes shone on.

O no, O no, cried little Musgrave,
I dare not for my life.
You have gone to somewhere of my banden tree
And all this long night won't be home.

Then they laid, both sported and played
Till they both fell off to sleep
And in the morning when they awoke
Lord Barney stood at their feet.

The[n] they laid, both sported and played
Till they both fell off to sleep.
How did you like my new feather bed?
How did you like my sheets?
Mine better I liked your gay lady
Better than sleep out in the street.

26. "Little Matthigrews"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 I. From I. G. Greer. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 54(C).

p π^1

GROUP Ad

27. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3686/2742. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 175(J). Sung by Mrs. Delie Knuckles, Barbourville, Ky., May 16, 1917.

a π^2 (or p π^1)

1. There was four and twenty ladies there
A-dancing at the ball.
The first came in was a lily-white robe,
The next came pink and blue,
The third came in was Lord Banner's wife,
The flower of the view.

2. This little MacGroves a-being there,
All dressed in oil of green,
He looked at her, she looked at him,
The like was never seen.

3. She said to him: My sweet MacGroves,
Go home with me to-night;
There's waiting-boys plenty there,
And I'll ride by your side.

4. O no, O no, I dare not go,
I dare not for my life;
I know you by the ring you wear
You are Lord Banner's wife.

5. O if I am Lord Banner's wife,
Lord Banner's hain't at home;
Lord Banner he's Redemption gone,
He's on Queen Anna's throne.

6. This little foot-page a-being there,
Determined Lord Banner should know.
He turned his course to Lord Banner's hall
And dingled on the ring.

7. What news, what news, my little foot-page?
What news are you bringing to me?
Is any of my fine brick castles blown down,
Or any of my men false been?

8. There's none of your fine brick castles blown down,
Nor none of your men false been,
But little MacGroves in fair Scotland
In bed with your lady.

9. O if this be a lie your telling to me,
As O I take it to be,
I'll build me a gallows in fair Scotland,
And hanged you shall be.

10. If this be a lie I'm telling to you,
As O you take it to be,
You need not build no gallows at all,
Just hang me on a tree.

11. In calling all his merry men,
By one, by two, by threes,
Saying: Let's all go to fair Scotland
This young MacGroves to slay.

12. Then one of Lord Banner's foremost men
Who wished MacGroves no ill,
He drew his horn and he blew it loud,
He blew it loud and thrill.

13. What's this I hear, says little MacGroves,
It blew so loud and clear.
I think it's Lord Banner's horn.
O him how do I fear.

14. Lie down, lie down, my sweet MacGroves,
And keep me from the cold;
It's nothing but my father's horn
Calling the sheep to the fold.

15. They lay and slept, they slumbered and slept,
So sweetly they did sleep;
But when they woke who did they spy,
Lord Banner's at their feet.

16. Says: How do you like my own bedside?
Or how do you like my sheet?
Or how do you like my gay young wife
Lies in your arms asleep?

17. Very well I like your own bedside,
Much better I like your sheet,
But the best of all's your gay young wife
Lies in my arms asleep.

18. Rise up, rise up, you young MacGroves,
Rise up, draw on your clothes.
It shall never be said in the fair Scotland
I slain a naked man.

19. O no, O no, I dare not rise,
I dare not for my life,
For you have two big, new, keen swords,
I have ne'er a knife.

20. O if I have two new, keen swords,
They cost deep in purse,
And you can take the best of them
And I will take the worst.

21. You can strike the very first blow,
But strike it like a man;
And I will strike the second blow;
I'll kill you if I can.

22. The very first lick that MacGroves struck,
He wounded Lord Banner full sore;
The second lick Lord Banner struck,
MacGroves he spoke no more.

23. Rise up, rise up, my gay young wife,
Rise up, draw on your clothes,
And tell to me which you like best,
I or this young MacGroves.

24. If you lay struggling in your blood
As MacGroves he does now,
I'd kiss the lips of sweet MacGroves,
But I never would kiss yours.

28. "Lord Valley"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 46. Sung by Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, Mich., 1934.

p I

1. The first came in was the scarlet red;
The next came in was the blue;
And the very next one was Lord Valley's wife,
The flower amongst the crew.

2. She cast her eyes on little Ned Grove,
To him these words did say,
"If it causes my life and it causes my death,
This night with me you must stay."

3. "To stay with you, my pretty fair one,
How darest I upon my life?
For by the rings upon your fingers
You are Lord Valley's wife."

4. "What if I am Lord Valley's wife?
The Lord is not at home,
He's gone to the north part of Scotland tonight,
And I must lie alone."

5. Little McGrew stood by their side,
These words he heard them say.
"If it cause my life and cause my death,
My master shall know what they say."

6. And little McGrew took to his heels,
Took to his heels, and he ran
Until he came to the wide waters;
He jumped in and he swam.

7. And when he reached the other side,
He wrang his clothes and he ran
Until he came to King Henry's door.
He rapped so loud that it rang.

8. And when he reached King Henry's door,
He tingled so loud at the ring
There were none so willing as Lord Valley himself
To arise and let young McGrew in.

9. "O young McGrew, what brings you here?
O what are the tidings you've brung?
Are some of my castle walls torn down,
Or some of my victories won?"

10. "There are none of your castle walls torn down,
There is none of your victories won;
But little Ned Grove is at home with your wife,
The like before never was known."

11. "Now if this be a lie you are telling to me,
Which I suppose it to be,
A scaffold I'll build in fair Scotland
And hanged you shall be."

12. "Now if this be a lie I am telling to thee,
Which you all suppose it to be,
Don't go to the trouble of building a scaffold,
But hang me upon a tree."

13. Lord Valley called his merry men round,
By one, by two, and three;
And then they set sail
This pretty young couple to see.

14. One of Lord Valley's bugle men
Who wished Ned Grove no ill
. . . . . .
He blew the bugle horn loud and shrill.

15. "Hark, hark, my pretty fair one,
Are the cocks not crowing for day?
And while I'm in bed with another man's wife
I'd better be jogging away."

16. "Lie still, lie still, my little Ned Grove,
And keep me from the cold.
'Tis only my father's shepherd lad
Herding his flocks at the fold."

17. Long and sweet they conversed that night,
And at last they both fell asleep.
And when they awoke it was broad daylight;
Lord Valley he stood at their feet.

18. "O how do you like my blankets, sir?
O how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my fair false wife
Who lays in your arms asleep?"

19. "Right well do I like your blankets, sir,
Right well do I like your sheets;
But better I love this fair young one
That lies in my arms asleep."

20. "Now rise, young man, arise," says he,
"Arise and put your clothes on
That it ne'er can be said in fair Scotland
I slain a naked man."

21. "To arise, Lord Valley, I dar'st not do,
I dar'st not upon my life,
For there in your belt are two glittering swords,
And I have nary a knife."

22. "'Tis true in my belt I've two glittering swords,
They cost deep in my purse;
But you can have the very best one,
And I will keep the worst.

23. "And you may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man;
And I will strike the second one,
And I'll kill you if I can."

24. Little Ned Grove struck the first blow;
He wounded Lord Valley sore.
Lord Valley struck the second one
And brought little Ned dead to the floor.

25. "Now arise, young woman, arise," saith he,
"And get on your bended knees
And swear to God which you love best,
This little Ned Grove or me."

26. "Now my Lord Valley he stands at my feet,
All wounded and in his gore;
I ne'er could shed one tear for him,
For I love little Ned all the more."

27. He grasped her round her middle so sweet,
He kissed her two and three;
And in his right hand he grasped his sword
And pierced her fair body.

28. "Now I've just killed as fine a young gentleman
As e'er old Scotland could afford,
And just as fair a false young woman
As e'er the sun shone on.

29. "Now curse be on you merry men
Whom here all round me stand
To see me in such agony;
I die by my own hand."

29. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3617a/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 181(L). Sung by Mrs. Leanna Taylor, Clear Creek, Wasioto, Ky., May 1, 1917.

p π^1

One day one day, one holiday,
One holiday in the year,
Little Matty Grove he come to church
This Holy word for to hear hear
This Holy word for to hear.

30. "Maddy Gross"

Hand, *Western Folklore*, XVIII (1959), p. 44. Sung by Miss Mary G. Brown, Lake Arrowhead, Calif., August 7, 1957. Learned from her English family tradition.

p I/Ly

I took her by the lily-white hand,
I led her down the lane;
I asked her which she liked the best
Little Maddy Gross or me,
Little Maddy Gross or me.

"Now much I love your cheek, my dear,
Now much I love your chin;
Much better do I love Little Maddy Gross
Than you and all your kin,
Than you and all your kin."

I took her by the lily-white hand,
I led her down the lane;
I drew a sword from off my side,
And she never spoke again,
She never spoke again.

31. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Chappell, I, [1855], p. 170. From tradition.

p I

This copy aligns itself with English forms of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (Child No. 105).

As it fell out on a high holiday,
As many there be in the year,
When young men and maids together do go,
Their masses and matins to hear.

32. "Little Mushiegrove"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 21; text, App'x., p. xxi. Also in Rimbault, 1850, p. 92, but not faithfully reprinted. From A. Blaikie, Paisley.

p I (but inflected VII)

Cf. the Somerset forms of "The Unquiet Grave" (Child No. 78).

It fell upon a Martinmas time
When the nobles were a' drinking wine,
That little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go
For to see the ladies come in.

33. "Lord Arnold"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 79, ctg. 1. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard. Sung by Mrs. Eva Cooley, Exeter, Me.

a π^2 (or p π^1)

The words were not copied in transcribing.

34. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4009/. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Ky., September 9, 1917.

a M/D

The first came in was a lily white robe
The next was a pink and blue,
The next came in was Lord Bander's wife,
The flowers of the view.

35. [Little Musgrave]

Sharp MSS., 3795/. Sung by Mrs. Alice Wilson, Pineville, Ky., June 4, 1917.

a π^2

This, of course, is the "Gypsie Laddie" tune.

Very well very well I like your lips,
Likewise I like your chin.
But I wouldn't give little Matthy's flatt'ring
tongue
For you and all your kin, your kin,
For you and all your kin.

36. "Little Mose Groves"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 400; text, p. 144. Sung by Mrs. Mary N. Presley, Council, Va., c. 1932. Learned from her father-in-law.

a π^2 (but III appears once)

An unusually ornate form of the foregoing.

1. It happened on one holiday
The very best day in the year,
That little Mose Groves went to church
The holy word for to hear.

2. Some come dressed in satin fine,
And some in purple and blue,
But last stepped in Lord Barnett's wife,
Dressed the finest of the crew.

3. She looked all around herself
And smiled both pleasant and neat;
Says, "Little Mose Groves shall go home with me
With me this night for to sleep."

4. "How dare I for to go home with you?
How dare I risk my life?
For the ring you wear on your little finger
Shows you are Lord Barnett's wife."

5. His little foot-page was standing by
But hearing what they should say.
He says, "My master shall know of this
Before the break of day."

6. He had three long miles for to go
And two of them he run,
And when he come to the broken bridge shore
He bore on his breast and swum.

7. And when he came to the other side
He bent himself and run,
And when he came unto the yard gate
He tingled so loud at the ring.

8. "What news, what news, my little foot-page,
What news have you brought unto me?
That you should come this hour of night
Your master for to see?

9. "Is my castle late burned down,
Or is my power won?
Or is my wife confined to her bed
With a daughter or a son?"

10. "It's your castle late hit ain't burned down,
Not your power hit ain't won,
But you[r] wife's in bed with little Mose Groves
And their hearts are both as one."

11. "Let this be a lie, my little foot-page,
That you do tell to me,
A wooden gallow shall be made
And hang-ed you shall be."

12. "But this is no lie, my greatest master,
That I do tell unto thee.
No wooden gallows need not be made
But hang me on a tree."

13. Then calling up his merry, merry men
He made this story known.
He ordered a drum not to be beat,
A horn not to be blown.

14. But one of Lord Barnett's merry, merry men
Loved little Mose Groves so dear
He clapped his horn unto his mouth
And sounded loud and clear.

15. Hit's "Hark, hark, hark, what did I hear?
Come sounding loud and clear.
It's one of Lord Barnett's merry men's horns
A-sounding in my ear."

16. "Lay down, lay down, again," she said,
"And keep my back from the cold.
For it's only my father's little shepherd boy
A-driving the sheep to the fold."

17. Hit's he laid down, laid down again,
And at last they both fell unto sleep,
And nary one never woke again
Till he hollered at their bed-feet.

18. Hit's "How do you like my bed?" he said,
"Or how do you like my sheet?
Or how do you like my fair lady
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

19. Hit's "Very well I like your bed,
And very well your sheet,
And still I love your fair lady
Who lies in my arms asleep."

20. "Get up, get up," again he said,
"And put your clothing on.
It never shall be said through old England
That I slew a naked man."

21. "How dare I for to get up?" he said,
"And fight you for my life,
When you have two glittering swords
a-hanging by your side
And me not as much as a knife?"

22. "I know I have two glittering swords
A-hanging by my side,
And they cost me deep in my purse
But you shall have the very best one
And I will have the worst.

23. "And you may have the very first blow
And you may strike like a man,
And I will have the very next blow
And I will kill you if I can."

24. Little Mose Groves had the very first blow
And he wounded Lord Barnett full sore,
Lord Barnett he had the very next blow
And he killed him dead on the floor.

25. Then calling for his loving wife,
Said, "Come, sit on my knee,
And tell me which you love the best,
Little Mose Groves or me."

26. She looked him straight up to the eyes
And says, "It is plain to see
I love Mose Groves' little finger
Better than your whole body."

27. She had not time to speak again
Till he split her head full sore,
Then she fell off from his arms
And lay upon the floor.

28. "There is but one thing grieves me
That grieves my heart full sore,
That is to see my infant dear
A-dying on the floor."

37. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4090/2933. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 172(I). Sung by Mrs. Doc Pratt, Hindman, Knott County, Ky., September 22, 1917.

p π^1

1. Holiday, a holiday,
The very first one of the year;
I went down to the old churchyard,
The gospel for to hear, hear,
The gospel for to hear.

2. The first come was young ladies very fair,
The next come was Lord Darnel's wife,
The flower amongst the few.

3. After the meeting was over
She cast her eyes around;
Who did she spy but little Matthy Groves
As he passed through the town.

4. Come go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
Come go home with me to-night,
Come go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
And sleep with me till light.

5. I can't go, I can't go,
I can't go for my life,
For I know you are Lord Darnel's wife
By the rings that you wear on your fingers.

6. If I am Lord Darnel's wife,
Lord Darnel's not at home;
He has gone down to the high toll-gate
To call his hirelings home.

7. Little foot-page a-standing by
A-hearing what was said,

He swore Lord Darnel should hear
Before the sun did set.

8. And in the hurry to carry the news,
He buckled his shoes and he run.
He run till he come to the river-side,
Being deep and muddy.
In his hurry to carry the news,
He bowed (*pronounced* 'bode') his breast and swum.

9. He called out on the other side,
A-being wet and muddy.
In a hurry to carry the news,
He buckled his shoes as he run.

10. He run till he come to Lord Darnel's hall,
He jingled so loud at the ring.
No one at all so ready as he was
To rise and let him in.

11. What news, what news, little foot-page?
What news do you bring to me?
Is my castle fell,
Or is my lady dead?

12. Your castle has not fell,
Neither is your lady dead,
But little Matthy Groves sleeps this night
In the arms of your lady gay.

13. If this be a lie, little foot-page,
If this be a lie, said he,
I won't take time to make a gallows,
I'll hang you to a tree.

14. But if this be true, little foot-page,
If this be true, said he,
I'll give you all of the wee gay gold
That your horse can carry away.

15. He called all his men around,
And he counted two by three.
Then he gave command
That ne'er a horn should blow.

16. When they got all on the top of the mountain,
Being one man in the crowd that meant little
Matthy to know,
He put his horn up to his mouth,
And loudly he did blow.

17. Little Matthy he rose up in bed,
Saying: I must go, I must go,
For I hear Lord Darnel blowing.

18. Lie down, lie down, you foolish boy,
Lie down and keep me warm;
It's just my uncle's negroes
Herding my sheep to the barn.

19. Little Matthy he lie down
And took a nap of sleep;
But when he awoke, Lord Darnel's men
Were standing at his feet.

20. Saying: How do you like my feather bed?
And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my lady gay
That lies in your arms to sleep?

21. Very well I like your feather bed,
Very well I like your sheets,
Much better I like your lady gay
That lies in my arms to sleep.

22. Get up, little Matthy, and put on your clothes,
Get up, little Matthy, said he,
For it never shall be alleged to me
That I slew a naked man.

23. I can't get up, I can't get up,
I can't get up for my life,
For you have two long bitteren swords,
And me not a pocket-knife.

24. I know I have two long bitteren swords,
And they cost me deep in my purse;
But you may take the very best,
And I will take the worst.

25. You may strike the very first lick,
You must strike it like a man;
I will strike the very next lick;
I'll kill you if I can.

26. Little Matthy struck the very first lick,
He wounded deep and sore.
Lord Darnel struck the very next lick;
Little Matthy struck no more.

27. He took his lady by the hand,
He set her on his knee.
Now, which do you like best,
Little Matthy Groves or me?
I'd rather have a kiss from little Matthy's lips
Than you and all your money.

28. He pulled out his long bitteren sword
And slung it around and around;
And with the edge he chopped off her head
And stove it against the ground.

38. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4171/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 182(P). Sung by Mrs. Cleaver Mayo, Greenwood, Va., April 24, 1918.

a M, ending on the octave (inflected VII)

With this variant, cf. R. A. Smith, [1820-24], III, p. 92 ("May Colvin" [Child No. 4]) and Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 30 ("The Mermaid" [Child No. 287]).

And how do you like your pillow, said he,
And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your dala lay
That lies in y[ou]r arms asleep?

39. "Little Musgrove"

Beckwith, *PMLA*, XXXIX (1924), pp. 471-72-80-73. Sung by William Forbes, Accompong, St. Elizabeth Parish, Jamaica, c. 1921. Transcribed by Helen Roberts.

p I (tonic c, final on *V*?)

Little Musgrove did went to church an' saw de young Lady so gay,
An' de very firs' one his eye did 'spize was me Lord Barnaby wife.
Said "Come, go home, my Little Musgrove, I'll gi'e yo' one ob yo' own,
Fo' I got two beds both nice an' clean, I'll gi'e you one ob yo' own.
An' come, go home, my little Musgrove, fo' home you we shall go."
"Now raise up, raise up, my gay Lady, I t'ink it's time to go,
Fo' I t'ink I heah Lord Barnaby horn, was blowing so loud an' cleah,
Fo' I t'ink I heah Lord Barnaby horn was blowing so loud an' cleah,
Fo' I understan' dat little Footspeed can very well see an' can heah,
Fo' I understan' dat little Footspeed can very well see an' can heah."
"Oh, lie still, lie still, my little Musgrove, an' keep off de col' off ob me,
Oh, lie still, lie still, my little Musgrove, an' keep off de col' off ob me,
Fo' it's only my fadder's Yarmout' horn was blowing oveh de flock,
Fo' it's only my fadders's Yarmout' horn was blowing oveh de flock."
"So, raise up, raise up, my little Musgrove, an' put on yo' clo'es once mo',
So raise up, raise up, my little Musgrove, an' put on yo' clo'es once mo'.
I won' let de wud nobody to said, I kill a naked man,
I won' let de wud nobody to said, I kill a naked man."
"Now raise up, raise up, my gay Lady, an' put on yo' clo'es once mo'.
Now raise up, raise up, my gay Lady, an' put on yo' clo'es once mo'.
I won' let de wud nobody to said, I kill a naked woman.
I won' let de wud nobody to said, I kill a naked woman."

40. "Lord Vanover"

Eddy, 1939, p. 48. Sung by Mrs. John E. Smith and daughters, of Canton and Akron, Ohio.

p I, ending on *V*.

1. The first that came in was scarlet red,
The second was violet blue,
And the third that came in was Lord Vanover's wife,
The fairest of the few.

2. She cast her eyes upon young man Grove,
Bright shining as the sun;
She looked at him and he looked at her,
The like was never seen.

3. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"Oh, young man, would you be pleased, sir,
To go home with me tonight?"

4. "Oh, that I dare not do,
I dare not for my life,
For I can see by the rings that you wear
That you're Lord Vanover's wife."

5. "Well, what if I am Lord Vanover's wife,
Lord Vanover's not at home,
Lord Vanover's to the redemption gone,
King Henry for to see."

6. There was a young man a-standing by,
A-hearing all of this;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

7. So he took to his heels and he ran and he ran
Till he came to the water's side;
He leaped therein, and he swam and he swam
Till he came to the other side.

8. And he took to his heels and he ran and he ran,
Till he came to King Henry's gate;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. . . . . .
And he blew so loud and shrill,
No one was so ready to open the gate
As Lord Vanover was himself.

10. "What news, what news have you brought to me?
What news have you brought to me?

Is there any of my walls or castles torn down,
Or any of my men false be?" (*or,* Or any of them avenged?)

11. "There's none of your walls or castles torn down,
Nor any of them avenged,
But young man Grove is in bed with your wife
This night in fair Scotland."

12. . . . . .
"Oh, no, that cannot be,
For I have one of the very best wives,
And she loves none other but me.

13. "If this be a lie you're telling me,
As I suppose it to be,
I'll build a gallows in fair Scotland,
And hang-ed you shall be."

14. "If this be a lie I'm telling to you,
As you suppose it to be,
You need not build a gallows for me,
Just hang me on a tree."

15. "If this be the truth you're telling to me,
As now I suppose it to be,
I have only one daughter to marry,
And I'll wed her to thee."

16. Then he called to his merry men all,
One, two, and three;
"Let us two for Scotland go
This young couple for to see."

17. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And he blew so loud and shrill.

18. "Hark, hark, my dear, oh, what is that?"
. . . . . .
"Oh, that is nothing but the shepherd boy
A-calling his sheep from the yard."

19. "Oh, how do you like my bed, sir,
Oh, how do you like my sheep,
And how do you like my fairy queen
That lies in your arms asleep?"

20. "Oh, very well your bed, sir,
And very well your sheep,
But best of all your fairy queen
That lies in my arms asleep."

21. "Get up, get up," Lord Vanover said,
"And put your clothing on,
For I will not have it said in fair Scotland
I killed a naked man.

22. "And you may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the very next blow
And kill you if I can.

23. "Get up, get up," Lord Vanover said,
"And down upon your knee,
And tell me which you love the best,
This young man Grove or me."

24. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Then he took a sword from his side,
And pierced her fair bod-ee.

25. "I've killed as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on,
Likewise as brave a man
As ever Scotland bore.

26. "Oh, cursed be ye merry men all,
Who now around me stand,
And saw me in such angry blood
And ne'er did stay my hand."

41. "Lord Daniel's Wife"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 I. From Mrs. Byers. Possibly collected by Thomas Smith. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 53(A); text, Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 102.

p π^1 (or a π^1, ending on the octave)

1. Holly, holly, holliday!
The very first day of the year
Little Mattly Groves he went to church
God's holy word to hear, hear,
God's holy word to hear.

2. The first to come down was a gay ladye,
The next to come down was a girl,
The next to come down was Lord Daniel's wife,
The fairest of them all, all, all,
The fairest of them all.

3. On Little Mattly Groves she cast her eye,
Saying, 'You must go home with me this night
For to lie, lie, lie,
You must go home with me for to lie.'

4. 'I cannot go,' Little Mattly said,
'I cannot go for my life,
For I see by the ring that you wear on your finger
That you are Lord Daniel's wife, wife, wife,
That you are Lord Daniel's wife.'

5. 'If I am Lord Daniel's wife,
Lord Daniel's not at home;

He's gone away to old England
King Henry for to see, see, see,
King Henry for to see.'

6. Little Swift-foot he was standing by;
He heard the news and he ran
Till he came to the deep river side,
And he took off his shoes and he swam, swam, swam,
And he took off his shoes and he swam.

7. He swam till he came to the high dry land,
And he buckled on his shoes and he ran, ran, ran,
And he buckled on his shoes and he ran,

8. Till he came to the King's high gate;
And he pulled at the bell till it rang, rang, rang,
And he pulled at the bell till it rang.

9. 'What news? What news?' Lord Daniel said,
'What news have you brought from home?
Has my wife gone to bed with a daughter,
Or has she gone to bed with a son, son, son,
Or has she gone to bed with a son?'

10. 'She has neither gone to bed,' Little Swift-foot said,
'With a daughter or a son,
But has gone to bed with Little Mattly Groves,
And that is why I have come, come, come,
And that is why I have come.'

11. Lord Daniel mounted his trusty horse
And he rode till he came to his home.
He entered and found Little Mattly Groves
In bed with his wife in his room, room, room,
In bed with his wife in his room.

12. 'How do you like my coverlets?
How do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my gay ladye
Who lies in your arms asleep, sleep, sleep,
Who lies in your arms asleep?'

13. 'Very well I like your coverlets,
Very well I like your sheets;
Much better I like your gay ladye
Who lies in my arms asleep, sleep, sleep,
Who lies in my arms asleep.'

14. 'Rise up! Rise up!' Lord Daniel said,
'And put your clothing on.
It shall never be said in old England
That I slew an unclothed man, man, man,
That I slew an unclothed man.'

15. 'If I must rise up,' Little Mattly said,
'If I must fight for my life,
I see you have two broadedged swords,
And me not as much as a knife, knife, knife,
And me not as much as a knife.'

16. 'It's true I have two broadedged swords,
They cost me deep in the purse.
You can have the best of them
And I will take the worst, worst, worst,
And I will take the worst.'

17. The very first lick Little Mattly struck
He wounded deep and sore;
But the very first lick Lord Daniel struck
Little Mattly fell to the floor, floor, floor,
Little Mattly fell to the floor.

18. Lord Daniel took his wife on his knee,
Saying, 'How do you like my rosy cheeks,
And how do you like my chin?
And how do you like Little Mattly Groves
Who lies before you slain, slain, slain,
Who lies before you slain?'

19. 'Very well I like your rosy cheeks,
Very well I like your chin;
Much better I like Little Mattly Groves
Than you and all your kin, kin, kin,
Than you and all your kin.'

42. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 3907/2844. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 181(M). Sung by Mrs. Cis Jones, Goose Creek, Manchester, Ky., August 24, 1917.

a π^1, ending on the octave

1. The first one came down was Lord Diner's wife,
The finest among them all.
Little Matthy Groves was standing by,
He fixed his eyes on her.
Says: You must go home with me to-night,
Lord Diner's gone away.

2. I will not go, nor I shall not go,
Not for my very life,
For I know by the rings on your left hand
That you're Lord Diner's wife.

3. Little foot-page was standing by,
He took to his heels and he run,
He run till he came to the old salt sea,
He leaned to his breast and he swum.

4. He swum till he came to the other shore side,
And he took to his heels and he run,
He run till he came to King Henry's white hall,
He rattled the bell and it run.

5. What news, what news, my little foot-page?
What news have you brought to me?
Little Matthy's going home to-night
With your lady.

6. If this a lie, my little foot-page,
A lie you tell to me,
The very first tree will bear you up,
It's hanged you shall be.

7. He mustered up his sixteen men,
He strung them all in a row,
He ordered for not one word to be spoken
And the bugle not to be blown.

8. There were a man a-standing by,
He knew little Matthy well,
He fixes the bugle up to his mouth,
He blows it loud and swift.

9. Little Matthy says to the lady:
I am surrounded with fear.
O, she says, that's my father's two little boys
A-calling sheep to the stall.

10. From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
From that they fell to sleep.
The very next morning they woke up
Lord Diner was at their feet.

11. O how do you like my blanket, said he,
Or how do you like my sheet,
Or how do you like my gay lady
That lies in your arms to sleep?

12. I like your blanket very well,
O well do I like your sheet,
Still better I like your gay lady
That is in my arms to sleep.

13. O rise you up, little Matthy Groves,
And put it's on your clothes;
I will never have it said in this town
I killed a naked man.

14. I will not rise, nor I shall not rise,
For my very life,
For you have two bright swords in hand
And I have ne'er a knife.

15. The very first lick little Matthy made
He wounded Lord Diner bad;
The very first lick Lord Diner made,
Little Matthy said no more.

16. He took his lady by the hand,
He set her on his knee:
Which one of these two men you like best,
Little Matthy Groves or me?

17. I love Lord Diner very well,
. . . . . .
I love little Matthy's little finger
Better . . . . . .

18. He took his lady by the hand,
He led her through the street,
He drew his sword out from his side,
He laid her down to sleep.

43. [Lady Barnard and Little Musgrove]

Sharp MSS., 3942/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 181(N). Sung by Mrs. Berry Creech, Pine Mountain, Ky., August 29, 1917.

a π^1, ending on the octave

One day, one day, one high holiday,
The highest day in the year,
Little Matthy Groves went to the church
The Holy word to hear, hear,
The Holy word to hear.

44. [Lady Barnard and Little Musgrave]

Sharp MSS., 4140/. Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Ky., October 9, 1917.

p π^1

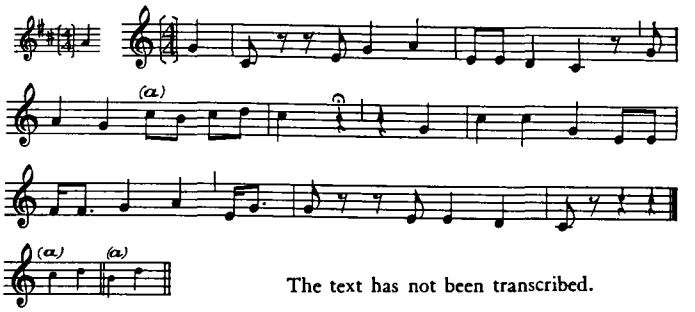
The first that come in was a gaily dame
The next that come in was a girl
The next that come in was Lord Arnold's wife
And she was the fairest of all, all
And she was the fairest of all.

GROUP Ae

45. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 81. Sung by C. E. Henry. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard (simplified).

a I



The text has not been transcribed.

46. "Lord Arnold"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 86. Sung by George J. Edwards, July 27, 1933. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

m I

1. It was on one fine, one fine holiday,
The finest day in the year,
That Mottha Grow to the church did go
The Holy Word to hear.
The Holy Word to hear.

2. The ladies fine, they all came in,
In satin and in blue.
The last of them all was Lord Arnold's wife,
The finest of the whole crew.

3. She looked around, she looked around,
She look-ed him upon,
Saying, "Mottha Grow, to my home must go,
And along with me shall come."

4. "I dare not, I dare not," said Mottha Grow,
"I dare not for my life,
For I know by the rings on your fingers,
That you are Lord Arnold's wife."

5. "And what if I am Lord Arnold's wife,
And what is that to thee?
Lord Arnold has gone to the Hampshire Court,
King Henry for to see."

6. A little foot page, a-standing near,
Heard all they had to say,
Thought, "I will tell Lord Arnold of this
Before the break of day."

7. "O, gold your head shall crown," Lady Arnold said,
"And silver your feet shall be,
If you will not tell Lord Arnold of what was said
Between Mottha Grow and me."

8. "O, gold will not crown my head," said he,
"Nor your silver will I take,
But I will tell Lord Arnold of this
Ere another day shall break."

9. He had many long miles to go
And some of them he ran,
And when he came to a broken bridge,
He down on his breast and swam.

10. And when he came to the Hampshire Court,
So loudly he did ring,
And none so ready as Lord Arnold himself
To arise and let him in.

11. "Are either of my towers burned,
Or is my castle won,
Or is my fair lady brought to bed,
With a daughter or a son?"

12. "There are neither of your towers burned,
Nor is your castle won,
Neither is your fair lady brought to bed
With a daughter or a son."

13. "What news, what news, my little foot page,
What news have you brought to me?"
"I have brought you the news that Mottha Grow
Is at home with your fair lady."

14. "If this be a lie," Lord Arnold, he said,
"That you have told to me,
I will have a wooden gallows made,
And hanged you shall be."

15. "If this be a lie," said the little foot page,
"That I have brought to thee,
You need not have a wooden gallows made,
But hang me on a tree."

16. "If this be true," Lord Arnold said,
"That you have told to me,
I have an estate in Northumberland
Which thy reward shall be."

17. Lord Arnold he summoned his merry men all,
By ones, by twos and by threes,
He ordered them not a drum should be beat,
Nor a bugle sounded be.

18. But there was one of Lord Arnold's men
Who loved his lady well,
He raised his bugle to his lips
And he sounded it loud and shrill.

19. "Hark, O hark!" said Mottha Grow,
"What's that I think I hear?
Methinks I hear Lord Arnold's bugle horn,
A-sounding in my ear.

20. "And ever as the bugle blows
It seems to me to say,
'Arise and dress ere it's too late,
And away, Mottha Grow, away.'"

21. "Lie still, lie still, my Mottha Grow,
And keep me from the cold,
It is nothing but a shepherd boy
A-driving his sheep to the fold."

22. Lord Arnold he strode through the castle halls
And opened the door so wide.
They did not know Lord Arnold had come
Till he stood by their bedside.

23. "How do you like my bed," Lord Arnold said,
"And how do you like my sheets,

And how do you like my lady so fair
Who lies at your side so sweet."

24. "I like your bed very much," said he,
"I also like your sheets,
But much better do I like Lady Arnold so fair,
Who lies at my side so sweet."

25. "Arise, arise, you Mottha Grow,
And put your clothing on,
For I'll never have it said in Old England
That I slew a naked man."

26. "Must I arise?" said Mottha Grow,
"And fight you for my life,
While you have a glittering sword by your side
And I have not a knife?"

27. "Yes, I have a sword here at my side
And others in their place.
You shall have the best one of them
And I will take the worst.

28. "And you shall have the first full blow,
And strike it like a man,
I will have the next full blow
And I'll kill you if I can."

29. Mottha Grow he had the first full blow.
It wounded Lord Arnold sore.
Lord Arnold had the next full blow,
Mottha Grow could strike no more.

30. Lord Arnold then he looked around,
He look-ed him upon,
Saying, "I have killed the handsomest man
That ever the sun shone on."

31. Lord Arnold he took his lady by the hand
And sat her on his knee,
Saying, "Which do you like the very best now,
This Mottha Grow or me."

32. "Very well do I like your cherry cheeks,
Very well do I like your chin,
Better, much better do I like that Mottha Grow
Than Lord Arnold and his whole kin."

33. Lord Arnold he took his lady by the hand
He led her o'er the plain,
She never spoke another full word,
For he split her head in twain.

34. Sing on, sing on, ye nightengale,
Sing on, sing on, ye sparrow,
Lord Arnold has slain his wife to-day
And he shall be hung to-morrow.

47. "Little Matha Grove"

Creighton, [1933], p. 11. Sung by Mrs. William McNab, Halifax, N.S.

a π^1

He took his lady by the hand
And sat her on his knee,
And said, "Come tell to me which you love best,
Is it Little Matha Grove or me?"

"It's well do I like his cheek," said she,
"And it's well do I like his chin,
And it's better do I like his little finger
Than Lord Arnold and all his kin."

He took his lady by the hand
And led her o'er the plain,
And he never spoke another word
Till he split her head in twain.

Lord Arnold has killed his wife to-day
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.

GROUP Af

48. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Sharp MSS., 4043/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 182(O). Sung by Mrs. Lucindy Pratt, Hindman, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a I (—VI) (compass of a sixth)

Lie down, lie down, little Matthy Groves,
Lie down & keep me warm,
It was my uncle's horn you heard
A-herding the sheep to the barn, barn,
A-herding the sheep to the barn.

49. "Lord Darnell"

Korson, 1949, p. 32. Sung by Amos Riggle, near Claysville, Washington County, Pa., 1943. Noted by S. P. Bayard.

p I/M

81. LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

1. I walked out one hallow day,
The best day in the year.
I walked down to yonders church
The holy word to hear,
Oh, the holy word to hear.

2. Some come from the broad waterside,
And some come from the hall;
In len'th in came Lord Darnell's wife,
The fairest of them all,
Oh, the fairest of them all.

3. She lookéd high and she lookéd low,
She lookéd high and low;
In len'th she spied little Mathy Grove,
And on him she fixed her eye, etc.

4. You must go home with me this night,
You must go with me, she says,
For of all the men that is living be,
You are my heart's delight.

5. I cannot go nor I will not go,
No, not for my sweet life,
For by the ring that is on your hand
You are Lord Darnell's wife.

6. Well, if Lord Darnell's wife I am,
Lord Darnell's wife I be;
Lord Darnell himself to the castle is gone
King Henry for to see.

7. The little foot-page a-hearing this,
He clapt to his heels and he run;
He run till he come to the broad waterside;
There he bowed his breast and he swum.

8. He swum till he come to the other side,
Where there Lord Darnell he sees:
Bad news, bad news, I bring to thee,
Bad news I bring to thee!
Little Mathy Grove is at thy house,
In bed with the gay ladie.

9. If this be the truth that you do tell,
Rewarded you shall be,
But if it be a lie that you tell to me,
You shall hang on the gallows tree.

10. He took his men at his command,
He placed them in a row;
He bid them not a word to speak,
Nor not a horn to blow.

11. There was one amongst the rest
Who thought well of little Mathy Grove;
He placed his horn up to his mouth
And he blew both loud and shrill.

12. I must git up, said little Mathy Grove,
And in haste, and I must go,
For if Lord Darnell living be,
I heard his horn to blow.

13. Oh, no, my dear, lie still, she says,
And keep me free from cold:
For it's nothing but my father's shepherd boy,
He's driving the sheep to fold.

14. So still they lie in sport and play
Till they both fell asleep.
Who was so ready to wake them up?
—Was Lord Darnell, at their feet!

15. How do you like my bed, he says,
Or how do you like my sheets?
Or how do you like my gay ladie
That lies in your arms asleep?

16. It's well I like your bed, he says,
And better I like your sheets,
But woe be to your gay ladie
That lies in my arms asleep!

17. You must get up, says Lord Darnell,
And put your clothing on,
For it never shall be said when I am dead
That I slew a naked man.

18. Must I get up, says little Mathy Grove,
And fight for my sweet life,
While you have got your two good swords,
And I have nary knife?

19. Well, if I have got two good swords,
They cost me deep in purse;
I'll give to you the best of them,
And I will take the worst.

20. And you may strike the first good blow,
And I will strike the other;
I could not do no more for you
If you was my own brother.

21. Little Mathy struck the first good blow—
He wound' Lord Darnell sore;
Lord Darnell struck the next good blow—
Poor Mathy could do no more.

22. He took his lady on his knee,
He gave her kisses three,
Saying, Which do you like the best,
Little Mathy Grove or me?

23. It's well I like your cheeks, she says,
And better I like your chin,
But I would not give little Mathy Grove
For you and all your kin!

24. He took his lady by the hand,
He led her o'er the plains;
He did not speak but a word or two
Till he split her head in twain.

25. It's sweet-lye sings the nightingale,
And sweet-lye sings the sparrow;
Lord Darnell killed his wife today,
And he'll be hung tomorrow.

GROUP Ag

50. [Lord Arnold]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 78, ctg. 1. Sung by Mrs. S. M. Harding. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard.

p I/Ly

The words were not transcribed.

51. "Little Mathew Grove"

Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 311. Also in Wyman and Brockway, [1920], p. 22. Sung by Sallie Adams, Letcher County, Ky., 1916. Collected by Loraine Wyman.

p π^1, ending on *VI*

1. First came down dressed in red;
   Next came down in green;
   Next came down as Lord Daniel's wife,
   As fine as any queen.

2. She stepped up to little Mathew Grove;
   She says, "Go home with me to-night."
   "I can tell by the little ring you have on your hand,
   You are Lord Daniel's wife."

3. "It makes no difference whose wife I am,
   To you nor no other man:
   My husband's not at home to-night;
   He's in some distant land."

4. The little footpage was standing by,
   Heard every word was said:
   "Your husband surely will hear these words
   Before the break of day."

5. He had sixteen miles to go,
   And ten of them he run;
   He run, he run to the broken broken bridge,
   He smote on his breast and swum.

6. He run till he came to Lord Daniel's hall,
   He run till he came to the gate,
   He rattled those bells and he rung.
   . . . . . .

7. "What's the matter, what's the matter, little white footpage?
   What's the news you bring to me?"
   "There's another man in bed with your wife,
   As sure as you are born."

8. "If this be a lie," Lord Daniel said,
   "That you have brought to me,
   I'll build me a scaffold on the king's highway road,
   And hanged you shall be!" (*bis*)

9. "If this be a lie I bring to you,
   Which you're taking it to be,
   You need not build a scaffold on the king's highroad,
   But hang me to a tree."

10. He gathered up an army of his men,
    And he started with a free good will;
    He put his bugle to his mouth,
    And he blowed both loud and shrill.

11. "Get up, get up, little Mathew Grove;
    Get up, then put on your clothes!"
    "Lord Daniel surely comes home this night,
    For I hear his bugle blow."

12. "Lie still, lie still . . . . .
    And keep me from the cold!
    It's nothing but my father's shepherd,
    Blowing of his sheep to the fold."

13. From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
    From that they fell asleep,
    And when they waked up, Lord Daniel
    Was standing at their feet.

14. "How do you like your pillow, sir?
    How do you like your sheet?
    How do you like the gay ladye
    That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

15. "Very well I like your pillow, sir;
    Very well I like your sheet;
    Much better I like your gay ladye,
    That lies in my arms and sleeps."

16. "Get up, get up, little Mathew Grove;
    Get up and put on your clothes!
    It never shall be said in this wide world
    A naked man I slew."

17. "You have two bright swords," he said,
    "Me not so much as a knife."
    "You may have the very best sword,
    And I will take the worst."

18. "You may take the very first lick,
    And make it like a man;
    And I will take the very next lick,
    And kill you if I can."

19. Little Mathew struck the very first lick,
Lord Daniel struck the floor;
Lord Daniel took the very next lick,
Little Mathew struck no more.

20. He took the ladye all by the hand,
Says, "Come sit on my knee!
Which of those men you love best—
Little Mathew Grove or me?"

21. "Much better I like your rosy cheeks;
Much better I like your chin:
Much better I like little Mathew Grove
As you and all your kin."

22. . . . . .
. . . he led her to the hall;
He drew his sword and cut off her head;
He stove it against the wall.

52. "Little Matthew"

Campbell, *BTFLS*, III (1937), p. 95.

p π^1

The first came in was all in red,
The next came down in green,
The next came down was Lord Orland's wife,
As fine as any queen.

GROUP Ah

53. [Little Matthy Groves]

Sung by G. V. Graham, San Jose, Calif., December 3, 1938, who learned it from an aunt in Ohio, c. 1873. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3814(A2). Collected by Sidney Robertson.

a π^3

The "Boyne Water" family.

"Lie still, lie still, you Little Mathy Grove
And keep my back from the cold.
It's nothing but my father's proud shepherd boy
A-driving his flock to the fold."

54. [Lady Barnard and Little Musgrave]

Sharp MSS., 3872/. Sung by Mrs. Sophie Annie Hensley, Oneida, Ky., August 17, 1917.

p π^4

The last phrase is marked doubtful by Sharp in his MS. Cf. the preceding variant for the usual ending.

How do you like your bed and pillow
How do you like your sheet?
And how do you like this fair, pretty
maid
That lies in y[ou]r arms asleep?

GROUP Ai

55. "Lord Arnold"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 84, ctg. 1. Sung by Frank Tracy, Brewer, Me., June 10, 1934. Transcribed by Editor.

p D

I thought I heard Lord Arnold's horn
I thought I heard his fold (?)
. . . . . .
Driving his flock to wold,
. . . . . driving to wold.
[*Remainder undeciphered.*]

56. [Little Musgrave]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5302; text, p. 4851. Sung by George Taylor, Grole, Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, July 23, 1930.

p D

1. 'Twas on one day and a high holiday,
The high day in the year,
Lord Dannel himself he went to church,
Some holy words to hear,
Some holy words to hear.

2. What news, what news, my little post boy,
What news thou brought-est me?
Bad news, bad news and very bad news,
The worst of news to thee.

3. Is any of my buildings down,
Or any of my bowers gone,
Or is my wife now in the bed
With a daughter or a son?

4. There is none of your buildings down,
Nor none of your bowers gone,
This very night young Marshal Grones
Is in bed with your gay lady.

5. Is this the truth that art telling to me,
It will be the better for thee,
If this a lie that art telling to me,
I'll hang thee on a tree.

6. I would not and I dare not,
I would not for my life,
The rings she had on her fair finger,
I know 'twas Lord Dannel's wife

7. Lord Dannel call-ed all his men,
He ordered them all in his room,
He ordered not a word to be spoke,
Nor yet the horn to blow.

8. But one of his men went against his will,
He holloed both loud and shrill:
A man that's in bed with another man's wife,
'Tis time to be jogging away.

9. I thought I hears Lord Dannel's voice,
I thought I heard him say:
A man that's in bed with another man's wife,
'Tis time to be jogging away.

10. Huddle me up and cuddle me in
And shelter me from the cold,
It's only the old blind shepherd
Just driving his sheep to fold.

11. He huddled her up and he cuddled her in,
They both fell off to sleep.
Early next morning when they awoke
Lord Dannel stood at the bedside.

12. How do you like my bed, he said,
And how do you like my sheet,
And how do you like my gay lady
That lies in your arms asleep?

13. It's well I like your bed, he said,
And better I like your sheet,
But the best of all is the gay lady
That lies in my arms asleep.

14. Arise, arise, young Marshal Grones,
Some raiment to put on,
I'd never have it to say in my life
That I kill-ed a naked man.

15. I have two swords all by my side,
Which cost me right of my purse,
And you may take the best of them
And I will take the worst.

16. And you may strike the very first blow,
And I will strike the other;
I cannot say any fairer than that
If it was my true born brother.

17. The very first blow Marshal gave,
He wounded Lord Dannel full sore;
The very first Lord Dannel gave,
Marshal Grones can't rise no more.

18. He took his gay lady on his knee,
Saying between Marshal Grones and she,
I'd rather have Marshal Grones' little finger
Than all thy whole body.

19. Then the little birds they sang for joy
The bells did toll of sorrow;
Lord Dannel he kill-ed his wife today,
And he's going to be hung tomorrow.

57. [Little Musgrave]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5182; text, p. 4720. Sung by William Snow, Harbour Grace, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 12, 1929. Learned from an English sailor on the *Labrador*.

p D/Æ

1. It being of a day and a noble day,
The very best day in the year,
Young Matthy Groves to the play-house went
Some funny words to hear O
Some funny words to hear.

2. Some were dressed in robes of satin
And more were dressed in silk,
And who should come in but Lord Allen's wife
And her skin as white as milk.

3. She looked up and she looked down
And who should she spy
But this very night young Matthy Groves
In bed with me must lie.

4. He said: I would not, nor I cannot,
Nor I would not for my life,
For by the ring that's on your finger
You are Lord Allen's wife.

5. She said: If I am Lord Allen's wife,
What is that to thee?
For Lord Allen is gone to Newcastle
King Henry for to see.

6. The little foot-page was standing by,
He took to his heels and run
And when he got to the riverside
He fell to his breast and swum.

7. He swum till he come to King Henry's door,
And he knocked so loud at the ring,
And nobody so ready as Lord Allen himself
For to let that foot-page in.

8. Is there any of my castles fallen down,
Or any of my towers won,
Or is my fair lady put to bed
With a daughter or a son.

9. There's none of your castles fallen down,
Nor none of your towers won,
But this very night young Matthy Groves
In bed with your lady's come.

10. He called up all his merry men
And placed them in a row,
And he ordered not one word to be spoken
Nor neither a horn to blow.

11. But one of his merry men
To gain his mistress' will
He put a horn all to his mouth
And he blowed both loud and shrill.

12. I think I hear Lord Allen's horn,
And I think I hears him say:
A man is in bed with another man's wife
And it's time to be jogging away.

13. You do not hear Lord Allen's horn
Nor you do not hear him say:
A man is in bed with another man's wife,
You can sleep till the break of day.

14. Come cuddle me, come cuddle me,
And keep me from the cold,
For it is like father's shepherd's boy
A-putting his sheep in fold.

15. He huddled her, he cuddled her,
Till they both fell fast asleep.
And when they woke to her surprise
Lord Allen stood at their feet.

16. Then how do you like my bed, he said,
And how do you like my sheet,
And how do you like my fair lady
Lies in your arms to sleep?

17. Very well I like your bed, he said,
But better I like your sheet,
And better I like your fair lady
Lies in my arms to sleep.

18. Then rise, O rise, young Matthy Groves,
And some of your clothes put on,
For it'll never be said when I am dead
I killed a naked man.

19. I would not nor I cannot,
Nor I would not for my life,
For you got two swords by your side
And I got ne'er a knife.

20. If I got two swords by my side
I paid for them in my purse,
Then you can take the best of them
And I will take the worst.

21. You can take the very first blow,
And I will take the other,
And what fairer could Lord Allen say,
If you do not he would burn both.

22. The very first stroke young Matthy he made
He wound Lord Allen sore,
The very next stroke Lord Allen made
Young Groves he was no more.

23. Then he called up his fair lady,
And daddled her on his knee,
Saying: You choose, you choose, my fair lady,
Between young Groves and me.

24. Then will I like your lips,
But better I like your chin,
But better I like you in the bed
Than all your chief or king.

25. The bells did ring, the birds did sing,
. . . . . .
Lord Allen killed his wife today
And he will be hanged tomorrow.

GROUP Aj

58. "Little Matty Groves"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 124(A). Sung by Mrs. Catharine Baring, Joplin, Mo., June 24, 1933, who learned it from her mother in Arkansas.

If tonic E, p P
If on C, a I, ending on III

1. Little Matty Groves he went to the church,
   An' merry may be in the year,
   Little Matty Groves he went to the church,
   The holy words to hear.

2. The first come down all dressed in red,
   The next come down in green,
   The next come down was Lord Arnold's wife,
   She was took to be some queen.

3. A little foot-page . . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   He run till he come to the white water side,
   An' he bowed upon his breast an' swum.

* * * * * * *

4. It's how do you like the bed? says he,
   An' how do you like the sheets?
   An' how do you like my lady gay
   A-layin' in your arms to sleep?

5. The very first lick little Matty Groves struck
   It wounded him deep an' sore,
   The very first lick Lord Arnold struck
   Little Matty didn't fight no more.

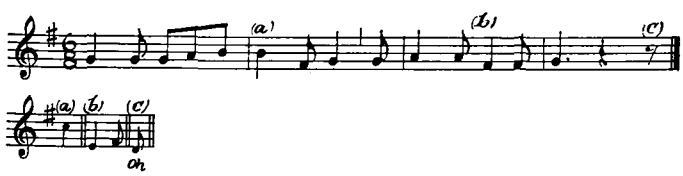
6. Lord Arnold he taken his other bright sword,
   Amongst the quality all,
   . . . . . an' he cut off her head
   An' throwed it against the wall.

GROUP B

59. "Lord Banner"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 156(B). Written text from Mrs. Myrtle Bailey, Monticello, Me., September 1927; tune recorded in 1928 by George Herzog. Learned from her mother, of Gott Island, Me.

a I (IV, V, VI only in variant readings)



This is an abraded form of "Drumdelgie," as are all the variants in this group.

1. Four and twenty ladies
   Were playing at a ball,
   Lord Banner's wife a-being there,
   The fairest of them all.

2. Young McGrover of old Scotland,
   As fair as the setting sun,
   She looked at him, he blushed at her,
   The likes were never known.

3. "Oh, won't you go home with me?" said she.
   "I dare not for my life,
   For I see by the rings on your fingers
   That you are Lord Banner's wife."

4. "What if I am Lord Banner's wife?
   Lord Banner is not at home,
   He has gone to redemption
   To fetch young Henry his throne."

5. One of his pages being there,
   Hearing all that was said and done,
   He swore Lord Banner should hear of it
   Before the setting sun.

   ["He goes and finds Lord Banner"]

6. "O, is there any of my houses down,
   Or yet my castles three,
   Or has there anything happenèd
   Unto my fair ladye?"

7. "Oh, no, there's none of your houses down,
   Nor yet your castles three,
   But young McGrover of old Scotland
   Is in bed with your fair ladye."

   . . . . . .

8. "How do you like my blankets fine,
   How do you like my sheets,
   How do you like my fair ladye
   That lies in your arms asleep?"

9. "Quite well I like your blankets,
   Quite well I like your sheets,
   But better by far is your fair ladye
   That lies in my arms asleep."

10. "Arise, arise, put on your clothes,
    As quick as ever you can,
    For I won't have it said in old Scotland
    That I fought with a naked man."

11. "Arise, arise, I dare not do,
    I dare not for my life,
    For by your side you have two broadswords
    And I've not a single knife."

12. "Yes, by my side I have two broadswords
    That cost me deep in purse,
    And you may choose the very best
    And I will take the worst.

13. "And you may strike the very first blow
    And strike it like a man,
    And I will strike the second blow
    And kill you, if I can."

14. McGrover he struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner full sore,
Lord Banner he struck the second blow
And left him in his gore.

15. Then turning to his fair lady
He gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of us do you like the best,
Young McGrover or me?"

16. "Quite well I like your ruby lips,
Quite well I like your chin,
But young McGrover is better far
Than you or any of your kin."

17. And taking her by her curly locks
He split her head in twain,
There she lay bleeding at his feet,
Never to rise again.

18. "Go, dig my grave, go, dig my grave,
And dig it long, wide and deep,
And by my side place my fair lady,
McGrover at my feet."

19. Then laying his sword against his side,
With the hilt upon the floor,
Saying, "There never were two lovers
So easily slain before."

60. "The Red Rover"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 172(Gb). Sung by Mrs. Sarah Robinson Black, Southwest Harbor, Me., September 1928. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley. Tune recorded by George Herzog.

p I

He called his servants one by one,
He called them by two and by three.

"Arise, arise, put on your clothes
As quick as ever you can,
It won't be said of old Scotland
That I fight with a naked man."

"And you shall have the very first blow,
. . . . . .

61. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 77, ctg. 2, and No. 83, ctg. 3. Sung by Emory Buzzell. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard.

p I

Bayard has meticulously transcribed 29 repetitions of the tune, each with alteration, great and small. The words have not been transcribed.

62. [No title]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 80. Sung by H. L. Merry. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard (simplified).

a I, ending on the octave

63. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 82. Sung by Mrs. J. S. Russell. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard (simplified).

a I, ending on the octave

64. [Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard]

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 4. Sung by Mrs. Sarah Robinson Black, Southwest Harbor, Me., June 9, 1932. Transcribed by P. Barry.

p I/Ly

The words are not given with the notes, but cf. Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 170(Ga), for a version said to have been learned from Mrs. Black's mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley.

1. Four and twenty ladies fair, all being at a ball,
Lord Banner's wife, she being there, the fairest of them all.
And Young Lagrue from Scotland as fair as the rising sun,
She looked at him and he looked at her, and the like it was never known.

2. Says she, "Oh, will you take a ride, oh, will you take a ride?
You shall have servants to wait on you and a fair lady by your side."
"Oh, no, oh, no, I dare not do it, I'll not, for all of my life,
For by the ring on your forefinger you are Lord Banner's wife."

3. "What if I am Lord Banner's wife? Lord Banner is not at home;
He has gone over to Convention to take Young Henry's throne."
But one of his pages being there, which heard and see all that was done,
He swore that his master should hear of this before the next rising sun.

4. He ran till he came to the river's side and he ploughed to his breast and swam;
He swam till he came to the other side and he took to his heels and run.
He ran till he came to the castle there; so loud he rapped at the door;
And who was there so ready as Lord Banner to let him in.

65. "Lord Banner"

Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 3 (1931), p. 7. Sung by Orlon Merrill, Charlestown, N.H., February 3, 1931; learned from his mother in Quebec. Collected by Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders. Transcribed from dictaphone by George Brown. From *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 3 (1931), edited by Phillips Barry; copyright 1931 by the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast.

p I, ending on the octave

5. "Oh, is there any of my towers down nor any of my towers three,
Or has there anything happened unto my fair lady?"
"Oh, no, there's none of your towers down, and there's none of your towers three,
But Young Lagrue from Scotland is in bed with your fair lady."

6. "If this be a lie you tell to me, which I suppose it to be,
I will rig a gallows and hangèd you shall be."
"If this be a lie I tell to you, which you suppose it to be,
You need not rig a gallows, but hang me on a tree!"

7. And he called by one of his merry, merry men, by one, by two, by three,
Saying, "We will ride over to old Scotland this fair couple for to see."
"What's this I hear so loud in my ear that sounds so loud and drear?"
"It is Lord Banner's bugle, and he will soon be here!"

8. "Lie still, lie still and keep me warm and keep me from the cold,—

It's only Lord Banner's shepherd boy
a-driving the sheep to the fold."
They huddled and they cuddled; they both
fell fast asleep,
And when they awoke in the morning,
Lord Banner, he stood at their feet.

9. "How do you like my blankets fine, and
how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like that fair maid that
lies in your arms asleep?"
"Quite well I like your blankets fine, quite
well I like your sheets,
But I like this fair maid better that lies in
my arms asleep."

10. "Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes as
quick as ever you can,
I'll never have it said in old Scotland that
I fought with a naked man."
"Oh, no, oh, no, I dare not do it, oh, not
for all of my life,
For by your side you have two broad-
swords while I have nary a knife."

11. "What if I have the two broadswords—
they cost me deep in purse!
You shall have the very best one, and I will
take the worst,
And you may strike the very first blow
and strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second blow and I'll
kill you if I can."

12. Young Lagrue he struck the very first
blow, that wounded Lord Banner sore;
Lord Banner struck the second blow and
laid him in his gore.
Then he took his fair lady by the lily-white
hand and he gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of the two do you love
best; this Young Lagrue or me?"

13. "Quite well I like your rosy cheeks, quite
well I like your chin,
But I'd ten times rather have Young
Lagrue than you or all of your kin!"
He grabbed her by the hair of the head and
he split her head in two;
She sank upon her bended knees by the
side of Young Lagrue.

14. Then he put the heel of the sword to the
floor and the point unto his breast,
Saying, "Was there ever three lovers more
easily laid at rest?
Go dig my grave, go dig my grave, go dig
it both wide and deep,
And place my fair lady by my side and
Young Lagrue at my feet."

66. "Lord Banner"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 186(I). Sung by Mrs. D. J. Libby, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, March 1929. Tune recorded by D. A. Nesbitt.

a I, ending on the octave

1. Four and twenty gay ladies,
Obeying at a ball,
Lord Banner's lady she was there,
The gayest of them all,
And young Magrue from Scotland too,
As bright as the rising sun;
He looked at her, she winked at him,
The likes was never known.

2. "Oh, will you take a ride with me,
Oh, will you take a ride?
You will have servants to wait on you
And a fair lady by your side."
"To take a ride I dare not do it,
Oh, not for all my life;
For by the ring you wear on your finger
You are Lord Banner's wife."

3. "Oh, what if I am Lord Banner's wife,
Sure he is not at home;
He has gone to fair England
To take King Henry's throne."
One of his foot-pages standing near
Heard what had been said and done.
He said, "My master shall have the news
Before the rising sun."

4. He ran till he came to the river's side,
There he jumped in and he swam,
He swam till he came to the other side,
He took to his heels and he run.
He ran till he came to the cottage door,
He rapped both loud and shrill;
There is none so ready as Lord Banner
To let this fair page in.

5. Saying, "Is there any of my castles down,
Or any of my towers three,
Or has there anything happenèd
To my fair Lady?"
"Oh, no, there's none of your castles down,
Or none of your towers three,
But young Magrue from Scotland
Is in bed with your fair Lady."

6. "If that is a lie you tell to me,
As I suppose it to be,
I will rig a gallows
And hangèd you shall be."
"If this be a lie I tell to you,
As you suppose it to be,
You need not rig any gallows,
You can hang me on a tree."

7. Then he called down his Army Men,
By one, by two, by three,
Saying, "We will go over to fair Scotland
Those fancies for to see."
"Oh, what is that," said young Magrue,
"That sounds so loud in my ear?
It is Lord Banner's bugle
That sounds so loud and clear."

8. "Lay down, lay down and keep me warm,
Pray keep me from the cold;
It is Lord Banner's shepherd boy
Driving the sheep to the fold."
He huddled her and he cuddled her
And they both fell fast asleep,
And early the next morning
Lord Banner stood at their feet,

9. Saying: "How do you like my blankets fine,
And how do you like my sheets,
And how do you like my false lady
That lays in your arms and sleeps?"
"It's well I like your blankets fine,
And well I like your sheets,
But best of all your fair lady
That lays in my arms and sleeps."

10. "Rise up, rise up and put on your clothes
As quick as ever you can,
For they never shall say in fair Scotland
I fought with a naked man."
"To put on my clothes I dare not do it,
Not for all my life;
For by your side you have two broadswords
And I not a single knife."

11. "If by my side I have two broadswords,
They cost me deep in purse,
But you may take the best one
And I will take the worst;
And you may strike the very first blow
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second
And kill you if I can."

12. Magrue he struck the very first blow,
He wounded Lord Banner sore;
Lord Banner struck the second
And left him in his gore.
He caught his fair lady by the waist,
He gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of us do you like the best,
Young Magrue or me?"

13. "It's well I like your rosy cheeks
And your dimpled chin;
Far better I like young Magrue
Than you or any of your kin."
He caught her by the hair of the head,
He split her brains in twain,
He threw her on the floor
Where she never rose again.

14. He put the hilt of the sword
Unto the floor, the point was to his breast;
There never was three lovers
So quickly sent to their rest.

67. "Lord Banner's Wife"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 150(Aa). Sung by Fred McKay, Bangor, Me., 1928. Tune recorded by George Herzog; text communicated by Frank E. Carr of Monmouth, Me., 1928. Learned from Mrs. George W. Glidden, Brewer, Me., about fifty years earlier. Her parents were English and Scots. Cf. *post*, variant 70.

1. Four and twenty ladies
All being at a ball,
Lord Banner's wife amongst them,
The fairest of them all.

2. She looked at him and he looked at her,
The like it never was seen.
"Oh, won't you take a ride with me,
Oh, won't you take a ride?
You can have a footman at your command
And a fair lady by your side."

3. "I dare not take a ride with you,
I dare not for my life,
For by the ring on your fore-finger
I know you are Lord Banner's wife."

4. "Well, what if I am Lord Banner's wife!
Lord Banner is not at home,
Lord Banner has gone to Indemption
To get an emerald throne."

5. One of our fair pages standing by
He heard what was said and done;
He says, "My master shall hear of this
Before the rising sun."

6. He ran till he came to the riverside,
He smote on his breast and swum,
He swum till he came to the other side,
Then took to his heels and run.

7. He ran till he came to Lord Banner's hall,
He gave a loud rap at the ring,
And who should be glad as Lord Banner himself
To let the fair page in.

8. "What news, what news do you bring unto me,
What news, what news, I say?
Is any of my castles down,
Or any of my towers three?"

9. "None of your castles are down, Sir,
Or none of your towers three,
But Young Grover of Scotland is in bed
With your fair lady."

10. "If this be a lie you tell unto me,
As I suppose it to be,
I will rig-it a gallows
And hangèd you shall be."

11. "If this is a lie I tell unto you,
As you suppose it to be,
You need not rig-it a gallows
But hang me at a tree."

. . . . . .

12. "Lie down, lie down, pray keep me warm,
Pray keep me warm from the cold,
It's nothing but the shepherd boy
Driving his sheep to fold."

13. They huddled and they cuddled
Until they was fast asleep,
But early the next morning
Lord Banner stood at their feet.

14. "Oh, how do you like my blankets fine,
And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like the fair lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"

15. "Right well I like your blankets fine,
Right well I like your sheets,
But better I like the fair lady
That lies in my arms asleep."

16. "Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes,
As quick as ever you can,
For it never was said in Scotland
That I fought with a naked man."

17. "To rise, to rise I dare not,
I dare not for my life,
For by your side are two bright shining swords,
And I not a single knife."

18. "Well, what if I have two bright shining swords,
They cost me deep in purse;
You may take the very best one,
And I will take the worst.

19. "And you may strike the very first blow,
And do it like a man,
And I will strike the second,
And kill you, if I can."

20. Young Grover struck the very first blow
That caused him grief and pain;
Lord Banner struck the second,
And laid him in his gore.

21. He took his fair lady by the hand,
He said to her this a plea:
"Which do you like the best, my dear,
Young Grover Scott or me?"

22. "Right well I like your ruby lips,
Right well I like your chin,
But better I like Young Grover
Than you or any of your kin."

23. He took his fair lady by the hair,
He split her head in twain,
There she lay bleeding on the floor,
She never got up again.

24. He took the sword from off the floor,
He ran it through his breast,
"Go dig my grave, go dig my grave,
Go dig it wide and deep,
Place the fair lady by my side
And Young Grover at my feet."

68. "Lord Banner"

Flanders, and others, 1939, p. 135. Sung by Mrs. Phyllis M. Burditt, Springfield, Vt., whose father migrated as a child from Edinburgh, Scotland. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. Transcribed from dictaphone by Marguerite Olney. From *The New Green Mountain Songster*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry; copyright 1939 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a I, ending on the octave

The transcription in smaller notes is by P. Barry, from an independent recording of Mrs. E. C. Burditt's singing, made October 21, 1931, in Springfield, Vt. (*BFSSNE*, No. 7 [1934], p. 10).

1. Four and twenty ladies,
They being at a ball,
Lord Banner's wife, she being there
Was fairest of them all.

2. And Young LaGrove from Scotland
As fair as the rising sun.
He looked at her, she looked at him,
And then their love begun.

3. "Oh, won't you take a ride," said she,
"Oh, won't you take a ride?
And you shall have servants to wait on you
And a fair lady by your side."

4. "No, no, I'll not take a ride," said he,
"Not on my very life
For the ring that you wear on your finger now
Makes you Lord Banner's wife."

5. "Well, what if I am Lord Banner's wife?
Lord Banner is not at home.
He has gone to the London Convention for
To seat King George on his throne."

6. Lord Banner's valet hearing this
And seeing all that was done,
He swore that his master should hear of this
Before the next rising sun.

7. Lord Banner's valet knowing this,
He took to his heels and ran;
He ran till he came to the water's edge
Then he breasted the stream and swam.

8. And when he came to the castle walls,
How fiercely the bells did ring;
There was no one so eager as Lord Banner
To arise and let him in,

9. Saying, "Are any of my castles over
Or any of my towers down
Or has my fair lady been taken ill
Since I have left the town?"

10. "There are none of your castles over—
I swear it by my life—
But Young LaGrove from Scotland
Is making love to your wife."

11. "If this be a lie that you tell to me—
As I suppose it to be,
I will erect a gallows high
And hang-ed you shall be."

12. "If this be a lie that I tell to you,
As you suppose it to be,
You need not erect a gallows high
But may hang me to a tree."

13. Lord Banner then called up his martial men;
He called them one, two and three,
Saying, "Come we'll ride over to Scotland
This happy couple to see."

14. "Oh, what is that? Oh, what is that?
It fills my soul with fear,
I fear 'tis Lord Banner's bugle call.
I fear he is drawing near."

15. "Lie down, lie down and keep me warm
And keep me from the cold.
'Tis only Lord Banner's shepherd boy
Calling his sheep to fold."

16. They huddled and they cuddled
And they soon fell fast asleep
And when they awoke in the morning
Lord Banner stood at their feet,

17. Saying, "How do you like my blankets fine
And how do you like my sheets
And how do you like my fair young bride
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

18. "Very well do I like your blankets fine
And well do I like your sheets
But better by far your lady fair
Who lies in my arms asleep."

19. "Get up, get up and put on your clothes
As fast as ever you can
For it ne'er shall be said in old Scotland
That I fought with a naked man."

20. "No, I will not get up and put on my clothes
As fast as ever I can
For you have two broadswords by your side
While I have my naked hands."

21. "What if I have got two broadswords.
They are each with pearl inlaid
And you may have your choice of these
For each is a trusty blade.

22. "And you may strike the very first blow
But strike it like a man
And I will strike the second blow
And I'll kill you if I can."

23. LaGrove he struck the very first blow
And he wounded Lord Banner full sore.
Lord Banner struck the second blow
And he laid him in his gore.

24. He took his fair lady by the hand
And he gave her kisses three
Saying, "Why do you love this young LaGrove
So much better than you do me?"

25. "Very well do I like your ruby lips,
Very well do I like your chin
But better I love this young LaGrove
Than you or any of your kin."

26. He took her by her long yellow hair
And he cleft her head in twain.
Lady Banner fell upon her knees
Never to rise again.

27. "Go dig my grave," Lord Banner cried,
"And dig it broad and deep
And lay my fair lady by my side
And Young LaGrove at our feet."

28. Lord Banner then fell upon his sword
After giving his love one last kiss.
Have you ever heard of three lovers dying
So tragic a death as this?

69. "Lord Benner"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 7 (1934), p. 9. Sung by Fred Roberts, South Portland, Me., June 1932.

a I, ending on the octave

1. Four and twenty fair ladies being at the ball,
Lord Benner's lady being there, the flower of them all,
And young McGrew of Scotland, as fair as the rising sun;
She looked on him, he looked on her—the likes were never none.

2. Saying, "Will you take a ride with me, and will you take a ride?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, no, I dare not ride with you; oh, no! for all of my life,
For the ring which you have on your finger there, you are Lord Benner's wife."

3. "For what if I am Lord Benner's wife, and he is not at home,—
He has gone to a *condemsion*, to serve at Henry's throne."
When one of Lord Benner's servant boys watched all that was said and done,
"Say now that I mean that Lord Benner shall know before the rising sun."

4. He ran until he came to the riverside,—then he jumped in and swam;
And when he reached the other side, he took to his heels and ran.
And when he came to the castle door, he knocked so loud and shrill,
No one half so ready as Lord Benner to rise and let him in.

5. Saying, "Is there any of my castles down or none of my towers three?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, no, there are none of your castles down and none of your towers three,
But young McGrew of Scotland is in bed with your fair lady."

6. "If this be a lie which you tell to me which I suppose it to be,
Then I will build a gallows and hangèd you shall be."

"If this be a lie which I tell to you and you suppose it to be,
You need not rig a gallows, but hang me to a tree."

7. Then he called up his merry men, by one, by two, by three,
Saying, "We will ride down to Scotland, this fair couple for to see."

8. "What is that noise that now I hear, that sounds so loud in my ear?"

. . . . . .

"Lie down, lie down and keep me warm, and keep me from the cold,
For 'tis only Lord Benner's shepherd boy driving his sheep into the fold."

9. They huddled up and cuddled up and both fell fast asleep,
And on the very next morning Lord Benner stood at their feet.
Saying, "How do you like my blankets fine, and how do you like my sheets,
How do you like my fair lady that lies in your arms asleep?"

10. "It's well I like your blankets fine, it's well I like your sheets,
But best of all the fair lady that lies in my arms asleep."
"Arise! Arise! Put on your clothes,—and quick as ever you can!
I would ne'er have it said in Scotland that I fought with a naked man."

11. "As for to get up and put on my clothes, I dare not for all of my life,
For you have two broadswords in your sheath, and I not a single knife."
"What if I have two broadswords? They cost me deep in purse,
And you shall take the very best, and I shall take the worst.

12. "And you may strike the very first blow, and strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second one, and kill you if I can."
McGrew he struck the very first and struck Lord Benner full sore;
Lord Benner he struck the second blow and left him in his gore.

13. He ran unto his lady fair as you may plainly see,
And clasped his arms around her and gave her kisses three.

. . . . . .

Saying, "Which one do you like the best,—young McGrew or me?"

14. "It's well I like your ruby lips—it's well I like your hair,

It's more I like my young McGrew, for he
is twice as fair."
He grasped her by the hair of the head, and
dragged her on the floor;
And cut her head from her shoulders! She
never arose any more.

15. Then he took back to the hilt of his sword,
and the point of it to his breast,
Saying, "There never was three lovers sent
to a more peaceful rest.
Go dig me a grave! Go dig me a grave!
And dig it long, wide and deep,
And place my fair lady at my side and
young McGrew at my feet."

70. "Lord Benner's Wife"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 154(Ab). Sung and noted by Miss Mary Glidden, Brewer, Me., April 25, 1928; she learned it from her mother, Mrs. George W. Glidden.

a I, ending on the octave

1. "If this be a lie you are telling me,
As I suppose it to be,
I'll rig for you a gallows
And hang you from a tree."

. . . . . .

2. They huddled and they cuddled
Till they were fast asleep,
And early in the morning
Lord Benner stood at their feet.

. . . . . .

3. "How do you like my blankets fine?
And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my Lady fair,
Who lies in your arms asleep?"

4. "Right well do I like your blankets fine,
Right well do I like your sheets,
But best of all your Lady fair,
Who lies in my arms asleep."

5. "Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes,
As quick as ever you can,
For it ne'er'll be said in Old England
I fought with a naked man."

6. "To rise, to rise, I dare not,
I dare not for my life;
For by your side you have two bright swords,
And I not a single one."

7. "What if I have got two bright swords?
They cost me deep in purse;
You may take the very best one
And I will take the worst.

8. "You may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second blow
And kill you, if I can."

9. Musgove [*sic*] struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Benner full sore;
Lord Benner struck the second blow
And laid him in his gore.

APPENDIX A

71. "Little Musgrove and Lady Barnswell"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 173(H). Sung by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, February 1928; learned from her grandmother in Scotland. Tune recorded in 1928 by George Herzog.

m I/Ly

This is "The Little Red Lark" of Irish folksong.

1. There were nine ladies o' the East
Assembled at a ball;
The first to come in was Lord Barnswell's ladye,
The fairest amongst them all.

2. She cast her eyes on Little Musgrove,
And Little Musgrove on she;
"How much will ye take, ye Little Musgrove,
Tae tarry ae nicht wi' me?"

3. "Tae tarry ae nicht wi' thee, fair ladye,
Would cause no end of war,
For I know ye are Lord Barnswell's ladye
By the gold rings that ye wear."

4. "An' what if I be Lord Barnswell's ladye,
This nicht I mean him to beguile,
For he is away tae fair England,
And he'll no' be back for a while."

5. Then up and spake the little page-boy,
An angry boy was he,
"I will neither eat nor sleep
Till my master I shall see."

6. He has rode off to his master's castle,
An' tingled at the ring,
There nair was one but Lord Barnswell himself
That let his page-boy in.

7. "Is my castle burned?" he says,
"Or any o' my tenants wrong?
Or is my ladye brought to bed
Wi' a daughter or a son?"

8. "Your castle is not burned," he says,
"Nor any o' your tenants wrong,
But Little Musgrove is in bed wi' your ladye,
An' will ye tae come home."

9. "If this be true ye tell tae me,
A greevèd man am I;
If this be lies ye tell tae me,
Tomorrow ye sall die."

10. He's called up his merry men a'
By ane, by twae an' by three,
An' stead o' bein' the foremost man,
The very last man was he.

11. "What is that I hear?"
Says Little Musgrove.
"No, no, it is but the wind
As it stirs the leaves on the tree.

12. "Lie still, lie still, thou Little Musgrove,
And shield me from the cauld,
'Tis not, 'tis not but a little shepherd boy
As he drives his sheep tae the fauld."

13. Then up cam Lord Barnswell an' his men,
And tingled at the ring,
"Rise up, rise up, thou Little Musgrove,
Rise up an' let me in."

14. An' he's ta'en aff the coverlet,
An' he's ta'en aff the sheet,
"O now, O now, my Little Musgrove,
Dost thou find my ladye sweet?

15. "Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrove,
An' a' thy clothes put on;
It sall ne'er be said o' Lord Barnswell
That he killed a naked man.

16. "There are two swords on my bed end,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

17. The first blow that Musgrove gave
He wounded Lord Barnswell sore,
The very first blow that Lord Barnswell gave
An' Little Musgrove was no more.

18. She lifted up his dying head
An' kissed him frae cheek to chin,
"I'd rather ha' thee, O Little Musgrove,
Than Lord Barnswell an' a' his kin."

19. He's turned himsel' roun' tae his fair ladye
An' stabbed her tae the heart.
"Since in this life ye've lovers been,
In death ye sall not part.

20. "Go bury these twa lovers in ae grave,
Go bury them kith an' kin;
But put my ladye on the top,
She's of a nobler kin."

APPENDIX B

72. "Lord Daniel's Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 577(F); text, p. 300. Sung by Mrs. Nancy Kitts and Miss Rosa Tickle, Bland, Va., November 30, 1923. Mrs. Kitts' text. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel; noted by Daisy Wingfield.

p π^1 (—II)

1. Down came a lady,
Down came two,
Down came Lord Daniel's wife,
And she was dressed in blue.

2. She spied Little Mathy
By the light,
"I must invite you
To lie with me tonight."

3. "I cannot, I will not,
By my life;
By the ring on your finger,
You are Lord Daniel's wife."

4. "If I'm Lord Daniel's wife,
Lord Daniel ain't at home;
He's gone away to the little bonnie brown cabin
Old Mackie for to see."

5. The little page was standing by,
He took to his heels and run.

6. And when he came to the river,
He smote his breast and swum;
And when he got to dry land,
He took to his heels and run.

7. "If it's a lie,
As I suppose may be,
Build me a gallows,
And hanged you shall be."

8. "If it be a lie,
As you suppose may be,
You need not build a gallows,
But hang me on a tree."

* * * * * *

9. He put a horn to his mouth,
And blew it loud and clear.

10. "Lie still and keep me
From the cold;
It is my father's horn,
Blowing his sheep to the fold."

11. They locked and they linked
And at last they fell asleep;
The first time Little Mathy woke,
Lord Daniel was at his feet.

12. "How do you like your bed, sir?
How do you like my sheet?
How do you like my gala dame
That lies in your arms asleep?"

13. "Very much I like your bed, sir;
Very much I like your sheet;
But best I like your gala dame
That lies in my arms asleep."

14. "Rise up, rise up, Little Mathew,
And put you on some clothes;
It never shall be said of me
That a naked man I slew."

15 He took Mrs. Daniel by the hand,
And led her through the hall;
He drew his sword, cut off her head,
And threw it against the wall.

APPENDIX C

73. "Lord Arnold's Wife"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 165(E). Sung by Mrs. Della A. Quimby, Bucksport, Me.; derived from her paternal grandmother. Tune recorded in 1928 by Miss Ella Poole, Canton, Mass.

p I

"Yankee Doodle." N.B. the "Drumdelgie" pattern of the last phrase.

1. 'Twas a holy day, a high holiday,
The best day of the year,
Little Matthew Grove he went to church
The Holy Word to hear.

2. The first came down was in scarlet gay,
The next came down was in pearl,
The next that came was Lord Arnold's wife,
She's the handsomest of them all.

3. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"Lay up, lay up, my Little Matthew Grove
And keep me from the cold."

4. "Get up, get up, you Little Matthew Grove
And put some clothing on;
It never shall be said, when you are dead,
That I killed a naked man."

5. Sweetly sings the nightingale
And sweetly plays the band,
Lord Arnold has killed the handsomest man
That ever trod England's land;

6. Sweetly sings the nightingale
And sweetly sings the sparrow;
Lord Arnold has killed his fair lady
And he will be hung tomorrow.

APPENDIX D

74. [Little Musgrove]

Beckwith, *PMLA*, XXXIX (1924), p. 473. Sung by some maroons from Accompong, Jamaica, c. 1921. Transcribed by Helen Roberts.

? m I

Lie still, my pretty young man,
Lie still, my pretty young man,
Lie still, my pretty young man.
My father's driving his sheep, all dem
make a deal ob noise . . .
Who is dere goes away,
Who is dere goes 'way,
Who is dere goes away,
It's a murder will be dere,
It's a murder will be dere . . .

Child Maurice

CHILD NO. 83

"Child [or Gil] Morice" received a large share of the literary limelight about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Home's tragedy, *Douglas*, based on the ballad, made northern patriots ask, "Whaur's yer Wully Shakespere noo?" The ballad was also the foundation of a now forgotten poem, "Owen of Carron," by John Langhorne. Thomas Gray, without losing his head over its literary progeny, or his admiration for Shakespeare, thought the ballad "divine." What text he had secured to make him so exclaim is not clear; but it may most easily have been one or other of the two printed by Foulis at Glasgow, the second one in 1755. This latter was reproduced, with "improvements," in Percy's *Reliques* a decade later, and in the meantime it had appeared with music in R. Bremner's *Thirty Scots Songs*, of uncertain date. (Glen dates this work 1757; the Harvard copy, formerly owned by Alfred Moffat, is dated in pencil 1749.) It is said to have been the opinion of Burns's friend Riddell that the piece was modern; and Burns himself attributed the air to William McGibbon. Stenhouse, who mentions those facts in his notes to the *Scots Musical Museum* (ed. 1853, IV, pp. 192ff.), confidently denies their accuracy. He declares that he had talked to Lord Woodhouselee on the subject, and that the latter, who had known McGibbon well, was of the opinion (like Stenhouse himself) that the air was one of the most ancient of Scottish melodies. Stenhouse further asserts that the piece was in none of McGibbon's published works. It is, however, in McGibbon's *Select Collection of Scots Tunes*, n.d., Bk. IV, p. 106. (Glen dates this work 1768, on what ground I do not know: the Harvard Library copy, formerly owned by Alfred Moffat, is dated in pencil, 1742-1755, but this may be by confusion with McGibbon's earlier collections with similar titles.) According to Glen, the tune is also in Oswald's twelfth book of the *Caledonian Pocket Companion* (without a text), and in Peacock's *Fifty Favorite Scotch Airs*, 1762, neither of which has been accessible to me. Fairly certain it is that wherever a tune has been recorded with the ballad, from that day to the present, it has been some form of the one appearing in the mid-eighteenth-century collections.

No outward evidence is forthcoming to carry the tune's record any farther back. It is of the text that Motherwell speaks when he says in 1827 that he "can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape at least a century ago." In a form equally authentic the text is carried back still another century in the Percy Folio MS. This is a respectable age, in the record alone, apart from whatever calculation we may make of the ballad's prehistoric existence. The geographical range is narrow, and there is little evidence that "Child Maurice" has traveled traditionally outside its northern home. No problem of continental affiliations has arisen, and the ballad, I believe, has very rarely appeared in tradition on this side the Atlantic (Greenleaf and Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p. 25). With one exception, the tune-variants all come from Scotland, and the exception stems from the same root: Hipkins, d. before 1905, took down his copy (*JFSS*, II, No. 7 [1905], p. 110) from his grandmother's singing; she was Mrs. Grant (1770-1838) and probably learned the song as a child from her mother, Mary Fraser, of Inverness (and Edinburgh).

I can offer no conjectures on the real age of the tune. Its modal identity is debatable in over half of the extant examples, two of the variants appearing to end on the fifth above, two on the lower dominant. The modal differentiation is from I/Ly to π^4. It is clear that every one of the Scottish copies down to Motherwell was from a single original, for not one of them differs from the earliest by a note, except in the matter of key. That is to say, none is taken directly from tradition, unless the first. The nineteenth century, except Motherwell and Christie, followed the same example. But Greig's variants, indisputably authentic, prove at least that a genuine melodic tradition had developed out of the same material. It is noteworthy, however, that no dependable copy of the tune is of more than four phrases, whereas the earliest copy, reprinted again and again, has six phrases with a repetition of the last two to take an eight-line stanza. We may conjecture that the repeat was arbitrarily imposed to accommodate the double quatrain. For the fifth and sixth phrases are themselves a repetition (with slight initial variation in five) of the third and fourth. This is not the way of two-strain melodies. The double quatrains could, of course, be separated at will; and in fact they are printed in both forms in the early copies. But the favorite text began with a six-line stanza. If that was to be reconciled, either of two means could be used: the second half of every succeeding quatrain could be repeated to the tune to make six lines, or the last two phrases of the tune could be sung twice in order to get ahead with the text. The ballad was long, and the latter alternative was preferred. The only other extended pattern is Christie's tune, which is confessedly "arranged." Christie's fifth phrase repeats the third, his sixth repeats the fourth, but alters the ending to close on the real tonic (probably an editorial change). He then adds a full second strain, cobbled out of ideas in the first; and thus swallows twelve lines at a time. Here, as almost always in Christie, we have every right to discard the second strain.

There are variants in 3/4 at either end of the series, but the duple is, in my judgment, the basic rhythm. Here, as frequently elsewhere, triple rhythm is not genuinely triple: it is, like five-time in British folksong, an alternating even-odd or odd-even rhythm. The word-accent imposes this alternation and the music solves it by the compromise of one-two-one, one-two-one, or by one-one-two, one-one-two. In the second case the first beat is divided, so that the next accented syllable can come on the second beat of the bar, as may be seen in the last variant of the series. Otherwise, and more often, the third beat is divided in order to carry a stressed and an unstressed syllable, as in the first two variants. So we have a rhythm fundamentally duple, though uneven.

In one of its forms, as Keith has noted, the tune is habitually associated with "Sir James the Rose" (Child No. 213). This, in turn, is apparently related to the "Boyne Water" pattern. I am aware of no other analogies.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Gill Morice." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, III, [1790], No. 203, p. 212 (repr. 1853). Also in William McGibbon, *A Select Collection of Scots Tunes*, n.d., IV, p. 106; Robert Bremner, *Thirty Scots Songs*, [1757], p. 30;

Dale's Collection of Sixty Favourite Scotch Songs, n.d., I, p. 29; Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, II, p. 157; Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], III, p. 106; Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 96; *The British Orpheus*, n.d., p. 343; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 280, p. 140; and George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 86.

2. "Gill Morice." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. From Duncan MS., No. 334. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 67(3). (Innes)

3. "Gil Morice." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 158.

4. "Babe Norice." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x, No. 6 and p. xvi.

5. "Gill Morice." Greig MSS., III, p. 205, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 67(2). (Robb)

6. "Gil Morice." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 110.

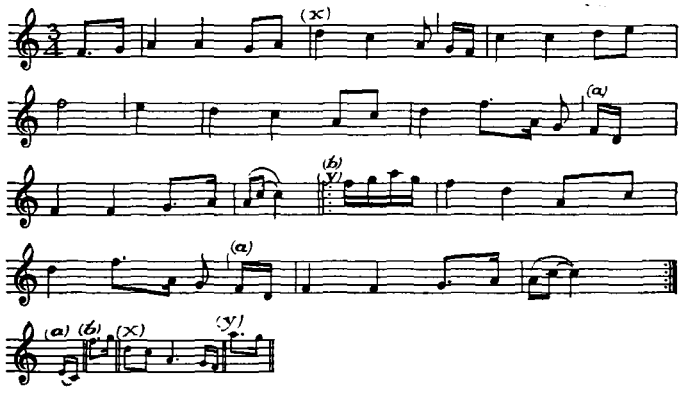
7. "Gill Morice." Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker); from Duncan MS., No. ?334. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, pp. 67(1) and 64. (Duncan)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Gill Morice"

Johnson, III, [1790], No. 203, p. 212 (repr. 1853). Also in McGibbon, n.d., IV, p. 106; Bremner, [1757], p. 30; *Dale's Collection*, n.d., I, p. 29; Ritson, 1794, II, p. 157; Smith, [1820-24], III, p. 106; Rimbault, 1850, p. 96; *British Orpheus*, n.d., p. 343; Maver, 1866, No. 280, p. 140; and Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 86.

a I/Ly, ending on V



The variant readings (a) and (b) are in the Rimbault copy; (x) and (y) appear in Eyre-Todd. The tune is given in various keys by the several editors.

1. Gill Morice was an earle's son,
   His name it waxed wide,
   It was na for his great riches,
   Nor yet his mickle pride;
   But it was for a lady gay,
   That liv'd on Carron side.

2. Where will I get a bonny boy,
   That will win hose and shoon,
   That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
   And bid his lady cum.
   Ye maun rin this errant, Willie,
   And ye may rin wi' pride;
   When other boys gae on their feet,
   On horseback ye sall ride.

3. Oh no! oh no! my master dear!
   I dare na for my life;
   I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
   For to tryst furth his wife.
   My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
   My dear Willie, he said,
   How can ye strive against the stream,
   For I sall be obey'd.

4. But, oh my master dear, he cry'd,
   In green wood ye're your lain;
   Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
   For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.
   Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
   Bid her come here wi' speed;
   If ye refuse my high command,
   I'll gar thy body bleed.

5. Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
   'Tis a' goud but the hem;
   Bid her cum to the good green wood,
   And bring nane but her lain;
   And there it is, a silken sark;
   Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
   And bid her cum to Gill Morice;
   Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

6. I will gae your black errand,
   Tho' it be to thy cost;
   Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
   In it ye sall find frost.
   The baron he's a man of might,
   He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
   As ye will see before it's night,
   How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

7. Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
   Sae sair against my will,
   I'se make a vow, and keep it true,
   It sal be done for ill.
   And when he came to broken brigg,
   He bent his bow and swam;
   And when he came to grass growing,
   Set down his feet and ran. &c. &c. &c.

2. "Gill Morice"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript); from Duncan MS., No. 334. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 67(3). Sung by George Innes, Portgordon, Banffshire.

a π^1, ending on V

Gill Morice was an Earl's son,
His name it waxèd wide O,
It wasna for his great riches
Nor for his muckle pride O.

3. "Gil Morice"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 158. Learned from a singer in Portgordon, Banffshire. "Arranged."

a I/M (sharp VII in 2nd strain)

Gil Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide,
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his mickle pride;
But it was for a lady-gay,
That lived on Carron side.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's copy is "epitomized" from Percy's text.

4. "Babe Norice"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 6; text, App'x., p. xvi. From A. Blaikie, Paisley, c. 1825.

p D/Æ, ending on *V*

Babe Norice is to the Greenwud gane,
He's awa wi the wind;
His horse is siller shod afore
In the burning gowd ahind.

5. "Gill Morice"

Greig MSS., III, p. 205. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 67(2). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

a π^4, ending on the octave.

Gill Morice was an Earl's son.
His name it waxed wide;
It was not for his riches great
Nor for his muckle pride.

6. "Gil Morice"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 110. Communicated by A. J. Hipkins, whose grandmother, Mrs. Grant (1770-1838), learned it as a child.

a Æ (inflected II)

Gil Morice sat in good greenwood
He whistled and he sung
"Oh, what means all these people coming?
My mother tarries long—"

7. "Gill Morice"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript); from Duncan MS., No. ?334. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 67(1); text, p. 64. G. F. Duncan learned it from his parents in Buchan, c. 1850.

p π^4

As Keith notes, this form of the tune is found with "Sir James the Rose" (Child No. 213).

83. CHILD MAURICE

1. Gill Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxèd wide;
It wasna for his great riches,
Nor for his muckle pride.

2. His face was fair, lang was his hair,
In the wild wood where he stayed,
But his fame was by a lady fair
That lived on Carron-side.

3. "Where will I get a bonnie boy
That will win hose an' shoon,
That will go to Lord Bernard's ha',
An' bid his lady come?

4. "O ye maun rin for me, Willie,
An' ye maun rin wi pride;
When other boys rin on their feet,
On horseback ye shall ride."

5. "O no, O no, my master dear,
I dare not for my life:
I'll not go to the bauld baron's
For to tryst forth his wife."

6. "My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie," he said,
"How can ye strive against the stream?
For I shall be obeyed."

7. "But O, my master dear," he cried,
"In greenwood ye're your lane,
Gie ower sic thoughts, I would you pray,
For fear ye should be taen."

8. "O haste, haste, I say, go to the ha',
An' bid her come wi speed.
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

9. "O bid her take this gay manteel,
It's a' gowd but the hem,
Bid her to the greenwood here,
An' bring nane but her lane.

10. "An' there it is, a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her to the greenwood here,
Spier nae bauld baron's leave."

11. "Yes, I will go your black errand,
Though it be to my cost,
Since ye by me will not be warned,
In it ye shall find frost.

12. "The baron he's a man o might,
An' ne'er could bide a taunt,
As ye shall see before it's night
How sma' ye hae to vaunt.

13. "Now since I maun your errand rin,
Sair, sair against my will,
I'll make a vow an' keep it true,
It shall be done for ill."

14. An' when he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow an' swam,
An' when he cam to grass growin,
Set down his foot an' ran.

15. An' when he cam to Bernard's ha',
Would neither chap nor ca',
He set his bent bow to his breast
An' lightly leapt the wa'.

16. He would tell no man his errand,
Though twa stood at the gate,
But straight into the ha' he cam,
Where great folk sat at meat.

17. "Hail, hail, my gentle sire an' dame,
My message winna wait:
Dame, ye maun to the greenwood gang,
Before that it be late.

18. "Ye're bidden take this gay manteel,
It's a' gowd but the hem:
Ye maun go to the greenwood there
E'en by yoursel alane.

19. "There it is, a silken sark,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Ye maun come speak to Gill Morice,
Spier nae bauld baron's leave."

20. The lady stampit wi her foot,
An' winket wi her e'e,
But all that she could say or do,
Forbidden he would not be.

21. But all that she could say or do,
Forbidden he would not be;
"It's surely to my bower woman,
It ne'er could be to me."

22. Then up an' spake the wily nurse
(The bairn upon her knee),
"If it be come from Gill Morice,
O dearly it's welcome to me."

23. "Ye lee, ye lee, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee:
I've brought it to Lord B[e]rnard's lady,
I trow ye be not she."

24. Then up an' spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He's taen the table wi his foot,
In flinders gart it flee:

25. "Gae bring a robe o yon clothing
That hangs upon the pin,
An' I will to the greenwood gae,
An' speak wi your leman."

26. "O bide at hame now, my good lord,
I warn you, bide at hame,
Nor wyte a man wi violence
That ne'er wyte you wi nane."

27. Gill Morice sits in yon greenwood,
He whistled an' he sang;
"O what mean a' those folk comin?
My mother tarries lang."

28. When the baron cam to the greenwood,
Wi muckle dool an' care,
It's there he saw brave Gill Morice
A-kaimin his yellow hair.

29. "No wonder now, Gill Morice brave,
My lady loes ye weel;
The fairest part o my body
Is blacker than your heel.

30. "Yet ne'ertheless now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye'll rue the day that ye were born,
That head shall go wi me."

31. Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
An' slait it on the strae,
An' through Gill Morice' fair body
He gart cauld iron gae.

32. An' he has taen Gill Morice' head
An' set it on a spear,
The meanest man in a' his train
He got the head to bear.

33. An' he has taen Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steed,
An' brought him to his painted bower,
An' laid him on a bed.

34. The lady sat on castle wa',
Beheld baith dale an' down,
An' there she saw Gill Morice' head
Come trailin to the town.

35. "Far mair I loe that bloody head
But an' that bloody hair,
Than Lord Bernard an' a' his lands,
As they lie here an' there."

36. An' she has taen Gill Morice up,
An' kissed baith mouth an' chin:
"I aince was fu' o Gill Morice
As hip is o the stane.

37. "I got thee in my father's ha',
Wi' muckle grief an' shame,
An' brought thee up in greenwood
Under the heavy rain.

38. "Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
An' seen thee soundly sleep,
An' now I'll go about thy grave
The saut tears for to weep."

39. An' she has kissed his bloody cheek,
An' syne his bloody chin:
"Better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith an' kin."

40. "Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill death may ye dee;
Gin I had kent he was your son,
He'd ne'er been slain by me."

41. "Upbraid me not, Lord Bernard,
Upbraid me not for shame,
Wi that same sword O pierce my heart,
An' put me out o' pain.

42. "Since nothing but Gill Morice' head
Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to you did ill.

43. "To me nae after days or nights
Will e'er be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air wi heavy sighs
An' greet till I am blind."

44. "Enough o blood by me's been spilt,
Seek not your death from me;
I'd rather it had been mysel
Than either him or thee.

45. "Wi wae sae wae I hear your plaint,
Sair, sair I rue the deed,
That e'er this cursed hand o mine
Did gar his body bleed.

46. "Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
Ye saw his head upon my spear,
His heart's blood on the ground.

47. "I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill,
The feet that bare me wi such speed
The comely youth to kill.

48. "I'll aye lament for Gill Morice
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain."

Bonny Barbara Allan

CHILD NO. 84

THIS little song of a spineless lover who gives up the ghost without a struggle, and of his spirited beloved who repents too late, has paradoxically shown a stronger will-to-live than perhaps any other ballad in the canon. It is still universally known. By one of those odd cycles of history, even as our first knowledge of its existence comes from Pepys' happy record of hearing an actress sing it (January 2, 1666), so in our own day it has again been brought back to the stage and has acquired a fresh vogue in the singing—unco strange to folksong, be it confessed—of Maxine Sullivan and other popular entertainers. Dissemination by phonograph and radio is a new kind of oral circulation, which is likely to have an effect on folk-tunes comparable to that of the broadside press on folk-texts.

The number of recorded variants of "Barbara Allan" is somewhat unsteadying. They appear to me to fall into four distinguishable types, of which the first and third seem to have a good deal in common. The first class is quite consistently major, heptatonic, and fairly equally divided between authentic and plagal examples. It is mainly English, and many variants lean to 5/4 time, especially Sharp's tunes from Somerset. Its first-phrase final is likely to fall on the tonic. The authentic tunes move in the first phrase from tonic to dominant and back, rising in the second phrase to the octave, but falling back for the middle cadence from VII to V, with feminine ending. The melodic curve of the third phrase imitates that of the second, and that of the fourth follows the first; but there is seldom an exact repetition, the pattern remaining ABCD. The plagal cases prefer a middle cadence rising from lower seventh to the second degree, but there is some variety here, and also in the first-phrase cadence.

The second class is mainly confined to Scotland. It moves between the Dorian and Æolian modes, and generally favors common time, with a dotted metre somewhere before the second stress (that is, the third beat). It shows little consistency in its first-phrase cadence, but prefers a rising inflection at the middle cadence, typically from the lower dominant to the tonic, or lower flat seventh to tonic, with feminine ending. The final cadence is typically identical with the middle cadence. Melodic affiliates are found with a number of other ballads, notably, "Binorie" (No. 10), "The Cruel Mother" (No. 20), "Geordie" (No. 209), "Yarrow" (No. 215), and "Tifty's Annie" (No. 233). All of these have the characteristic feminine ending at the second and fourth lines, an effect to which the proper names conduce.

The third class centers in the pentatonic scale which lacks its fourth and seventh (π^1) and is composed, with few exceptions, of plagal tunes. Its most consistent features are a somewhat chaconne-like rhythm, with a held note at the second stress of the phrase, and a middle cadence, with feminine ending, that rises from the major third to the fifth. The query is answered in the final cadence. Most of the first-phrase finals are on the tonic. The metre may appear as 3/4, 5/4, or 3/2.

The fourth class is composed entirely of American variants, and belongs to the ubiquitous "Boyne Water" family. Rhythmically, its variants are indifferently in duple or some form of triple time. Its modality is by no means easy to decide, and is perennially debatable. The tune may be described in either of two ways, with almost equal propriety: as a π^8 melody with its first half referring entirely to the upper dominant as if tonic (hence quasi-π^4 in that half); or as a π^4 plagal tune with a fallen close on the lower fourth, taking the true tonic to be the final of the mid-cadence. But since the tune was originally the second half of "Boyne Water," we are perhaps historically justified in taking our final as the true tonic, and designating the mode as π^8. A good many variants show the sixth and are therefore D/M. The middle cadence commonly falls either the distance of a fourth or of a minor third, that is, from the octave or flat seventh to the dominant, when the tune is taken as π^8 or D/M. The cadence of the first phrase may fall either on the subdominant or on the dominant.

It may be noticed that, in the parallel case of the "Gypsy Laddie" tune, to feel the final—a fourth below the other possible tonic—as the true tonic is harder than to do so here, where the final is a fifth below. Compare Group B of Child No. 4.

There is a comparatively small number of anomalous variants, in particular two or three Somersetshire instances of the tune Sharp found with "The Cruel Mother." One South Carolina version presents the "Gypsy Laddie" tune in its full length—a rare phenomenon. For the rest, the persistence with which these four varieties manifest their underlying identities under innumerable superficial changes is striking support for the hypothesis that while a ballad is in a continuously flourishing state, its tune does not drift into unrecognizable forms, even over long stretches of time.

It is pertinent to observe, as it seems not to have been observed, that tradition has gradually but surely transformed the character of the heroine. In the earliest of our texts (on broadsides), unexplained obduracy was her characterizing trait, as reflected in the song-title "Barbara Allen's Cruelty." It has been a main effect of transmission to rationalize and minimize this quality. The popular sensibility has been unable to stomach her stony-heartedness, and has gone to work on motivation. In the black-letter broadside of Pepys's day, she had stopped the funeral procession to look at her victim:

> With scornful eye she looked downe,
> Her cheeke with laughter swellin.

Only later is she suddenly struck with remorse. But the popular mind has recoiled from such coldness. Fifty years later, in the earliest Scottish text, that of Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, she is not cold but filled with vindictive resentment. She leaves the death-bed with a sigh of reluctance, and goes home to forecast her imminent death. Thereafter, in many American copies, occur verses like the following:

> The more she looked, the more she grieved,
> She busted out to crying.
> "I might have saved this young man's life
> And kept him from hard dying."

Sometimes self-reproach changes to self-exculpation:

> "O mother dear, you caused all this;
> You would not let me have him."

Little by little, and partly through simple abridgment and condensation—as by omission of her anticipative refusal to soften, before she leaves her dwelling—a kindlier, more sympathetic image has replaced the cruel one that gave original point to the object-lesson. If, as Phillips Barry believed, Barbara was once a "real person," a historic character, she has unquestionably mellowed with age.

84. BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

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3. "Barbara Allen." W. Percy Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 111.
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5. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 1236/. (Starkey)
6. "Barbara Allen." Mr. Rew, Folkways LP recording, No. FW 8871(B6).
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8. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 1356/. (Walters)
9. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 437/. (Nott)
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25. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 1081/. (Chapman)
26. "Barbara Allen." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 119, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard (Barry-Bayard MS., p. 62). (Wilson)
27. "Barbara Hellen." Percy Grainger MS., No. 187, New York Public Library.
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29. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 4163/. (MacDonald)
30. "Barb'ra Allyn." Elizabeth Cronin, Gordon-Pickow Collector Ltd. Eds., LP recording, LP 1210(A8), coll. and ed. Jean Ritchie.
31. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 611/. (Durkin)
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60. "Barbara Allen." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 69(A), University of Virginia.
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124. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 337/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 17(4). (Glover)
125. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 861/. (Lawrance)
126. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 4865/. (Williams)
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y. "Barbara Allen." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 61(B).
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170. "Barbara Allen." Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 110. (Bayard transcription, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 53). (Drake)
171. "Barbara Allen." Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 129(G). Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 580(I I).
172. "Barbry Allen." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 131(E).
173. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 3602/2664. (Parsons)
174. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 4069/. (Kelly)
175. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 3848/. (Jones)
176. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 3376/2470. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 188(E). (Norton)
177. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 3765/. (Flannery)
178. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 3224/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 191(G). (E. Hensley)
179. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 4601/. (Bennett)
180. "Barbara Ellen." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 387(F) and 92(G).
181. "Barbara Allen." Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 65(N).
182. "Barbara Allen." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 579(DD) and 344.
183. "Barbry Ellen." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 386(B) and 85.
184. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 3514/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 191(H); and Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 581(JJ). (Chisholm)
185. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 3708/. (Droghon)
186. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 4105/. (Melton)
cc. "Barbra Allen." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 198(HH*).
187. "Barbara Allan." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 52(B).
188. "Barbara Allen." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 195(A). (Young)
189. "Barbara Allen." Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 129(E). Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 578(U) and 333.
190. "Barbara Allen." Barry MSS., II, No. 84D; tune also in IV, No. 81. (Carter)
191. "Barbara Ellen." Mary O. Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 343. Also in Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 52(A).

APPENDIX

192. "Barbara Allen." Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 130(A).
193a. "Barbara Allen." Sharp MSS., 236/. (Richards)
193b. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 400/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 16(3). (Richards)
194. "Barbara Ellen." Sharp MSS., 1595/. (Emery)
195. "Barbara Allen." Dr. John Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 28 (1924), p. 157.
196. "Barbary Allen." Earl J. Stout, *Folklore from Iowa*, 1936, p. 8.
dd. "Barbara Allen." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 58(A2).
197. "Barbara Allen." Barry MSS., II, No. 84B; also IV, No. 243. (Ravois)
198. "Barbara Allen." Barry MSS., II, No. 84A; also IV, No. 88. (Cobleigh)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 101/98. Also in Sharp and Marson, 1st Series, 1904, p. 44; Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 15(6); and Sharp, 1916, p. 20. Sung by Mrs. Louie Hooper, Hambridge, December 28, 1903.

a I/Ly

The lady she died on Saturday
At twelve o'clock in the noon
And the lord he died on Sunday followin'
Just as evening prayer was done.

They both was buried in our church yard,
They both lay in one squi-er,
And out of her spring a red rose-bud
And out of he sweet briar.

They growed up to the high church wall (or, chancel top)
Till they could not grow no higher
And back they returned in a true love's knot
Red roses and sweet briar.

The first stanza appears to come from "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (No. 74). In Sharp's music MS., this was first titled "The Wealthy Squire of Islington." The following text, printed in the *Journal*, corresponds in its last two stanzas.

1. In Scotland I was born and bred,
In Scotland is my dwelling;
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.

2. She went to his bedside and said,
"Young man, I think you're dying";
"A dying man! pray don't say so,
One kiss of yours will cure me.

3. "You go around to my bed's foot
And see that pool a-standing,

That pool of blood that I have shed,
For the love of Barbara Ellen."

4. "As I was going across the fields
I heard some bells a-telling,
And as they rung I sim they said,
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!

5. "Hard-hearted girl I must have been
To the lad that loves me nearly;
I wish I had my time again,
I'd love that young man dearly.

6. "As I was going through the street
I saw some corpse a-coming;
Yon corpse of clay lay down, I pray
That I may gaze all on 'ee."

7. The more she looked the more she laughed
Until she burst out laughing;
Till all her friends cried out: "For shame!
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

8. So she went home, "Dear mother," she says,
"Make my bed soft and easy,
My young man died on one good day
And I shall die on another."

9. "You make my bed, dear mother," she said,
"You make it long and narrow,
My young man died for love," she cried,
"And I shall die for sorrow."

10. They both were buried in one churchyard,
They both lay in one squier,
And out of her sprang a red rosebud,
And out of him sweet briar.

11. They growed up to the high church wall
Till they could grow no higher,
And back they returned in true love's knot,
Red roses and sweet briar.

2. "Barbara Allen"

Sharp MSS., 179/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 16(2). Sung by Mrs. Jane Wheeler, Langport Union, April 12, 1904.

a I/Ly

'Twas in the merry month of May
When flowers were all a budding
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the sake of Barb'ra Allen

3. "Barbara Allen"

Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 111. Sung by Henry Hills, Shepperton, Sussex; learned from a laborer and his wife at Upperton. Text from a broadside, Manchester, c. 1780-90.

a I/Ly

1. 'Twas in the pleasant month of May,
The flowers they were springing,
When a young man on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. "Come look you down to my bed's foot,
You'll see a basin standing;
There's all the blood I shed for love—
For the love of Barbara Allen.

3. "Come, look you up to my bed's head,
You'll see a box a-hanging;
There's your gold ring and my watch chain,
Give them to Barbara Allen."

4. As I was walking up the grove
I met the corpse a-coming:
"Come, set him down, my little hearts,
That I may once more gaze on him."

5. Oh, one was buried in the vault,
The other in the mire;
The one sprung up in roses red
And the other in sweet briar.

6. It grew, it grew, it grew so high
Till it could reach no higher;
They tied each other in a true-lover's knot,
And entangled round the sweet briar.

4. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1391/. Sung by Mrs. Ware, Aley, Over Stowey, August 10, 1907.

a I

5. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 1236/. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Starkey (73), at Over Stowey, January 24, 1907.

a I

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

A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbra Ellen

6. "Barbara Allen"

Sung by Mr. Rew, Sidbury, Devonshire. Folkways LP rec., FW 8871(B6), collected by Jean Ritchie.

a I

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There lived a fair maid dwelling
Made every youth cry well-a-way,
Her name is Barbara Allen.

2. All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Groves on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

3. Then slowly slowly she came on
And slowly she came nigh him
For all she said when there she came
"Young man, I think you're dying.

4. "Father, Father, dig my grave,
O dig it long and narrow.
My own true love is buried today,
For I shall die tomorrow.

5. "Farewell," said she, "you virgins all
And shun the fault I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

7. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 2834/. Sung by Mrs. Hezeltine, Camborne, May 9, 1913.

a I

8. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1356/. Sung by Mrs. Walters, Bridgwater, April 10, 1907.

m I/Ly

9. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 437/. Sung by William Nott, Meshaw, September 14, 1904.

a I

In Scotland I was born and bred
And England is my nation
For a young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen

10. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 484/. Sung by Mrs. Sarah Anne Palfrey, Rackenford, January 6, 1904.

a I

The one was a-buried in a vault
The other in a choir
The one sprung up with roses red
And the other with sweet briar.

11. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1093/. Sung by William Stokes, Chew Stoke, August 29, 1906.

a I

12. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 901/973. Sung by Jim and Francis Gray, Enmore, April 17, 1906.

a I

1. In Scotland I was born and bred,
In Scotland I was dwelling,
When a young man on his death-bed lay
For the sake of barb'rous Allen.

2. He sent his servant to her house,
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying: You must come to my master's house
If your name is barbarous Allen.

3. So slowly she put on her clothes,
So slowly she came to him,
And when she came to his bedside,
She says: Young man, you're dying.

4. A dying man, O don't say so,
For one kiss from you will cure me.
One kiss from me you never shall have
While your poor heart is breaking.

5. If you look up at my bed head
You will see my watch a-hanging.
Here is my gold ring and my gold chains
I give it to Barbrous Allen.

6. And if you look down at my bed's foot
You will see my bowl a-standing
And in it is the blood that I have shed
For the sake of Barbrous Allen.

7. As I was walking down the fields
And heard some birds a-singing,
And as they sung they seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbrous Allen.

8. As I was walking down the lane
And heard some bells a-tolling,
And as they tolled they seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbrous Allen.

9. As I was walking up the groves
And met his corpse a-coming:
Stop, stop, said she and steam (?) awhile
That I may gaze all on you.

10. The more she gaze the more she smile
Till she burst out a-laughing,
And her parents cried out: Fie for shame,
Hard-hearted Barbrous Allen.

11. Come mother, make up my bed,
Make it both long and narrow,
My true love died for me yesterday
And I will die for him to-morrow.

12. And he was buried in diamond stone,
And she was buried in cold harber,
And out of him sprung roses red
And out of her sweet briar.

13. It grew and grew so very high
Till it could grow no higher,
And around the top growed a true lover's knot
And around it twined sweet briar.

13. "Barbary Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 623/. Sung by Mrs. Anne Lacey (86), Drayton, August 31, 1905.

a I

'Twas in the merry month of May
When the flowers they were springing
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the sake of Barbary Ellen

14. [Barbara Allen]

Chappell, II, [1859], p. 538. Also in Rimbault, 1850, p. 98, with slight differences; Moffat and Kidson, 1901, p. 132; Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 128(B); and doubtless frequently elsewhere.

a I

"A common traditional tune, well known in the northern counties of England." [*Rimbault*]

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
   There was a fair maid dwellin',
   Made ev'ry youth cry, Well-a-day!
   Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. All in the merry month of May,
   When green buds they were swellin',
   Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
   For love of Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his man unto her then,
   To the town where she was dwellin';
   You must come to my master dear,
   Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

4. For death is printed on his face,
   And o'er his heart is stealin';
   Then haste away to comfort him,
   O lovely Barbara Allen.

5. Though death be printed on his face,
   And o'er his heart is stealin',
   Yet little better shall he be
   For bonny Barbara Allen.

6. So slowly, slowly, she came up,
   And slowly she came nigh him;
   And all she said, when there she came,
   Young man, I think you're dying.

7. He turn'd his face unto her straight,
   With deadly sorrow sighing;
   O lovely maid, come pity me,
   I'm on my death-bed lying.

8. If on your death-bed you do lie,
   What needs the tale you're tellin';
   I cannot keep you from your death;
   Farewell, said Barbara Allen.

9. He turn'd his face unto the wall,
   As deadly pangs he fell in:
   Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
   Adieu to Barbara Allen.

10. As she was walking o'er the fields,
    She heard the bell a knellin';
    And every stroke did seem to say,
    Unworthy Barbara Allen.

11. She turn'd her body round about,
    And spied the corps a coming;
    Lay down, lay down the corpse, she said,
    That I may look upon him.

12. With scornful eye she looked down,
    Her cheek with laughter swellin';
    Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
    Unworthy Barbara Allen.

13. When he was dead, and laid in grave,
    Her heart was struck with sorrow,
    O mother, mother, make my bed,
    For I shall die to-morrow.

14. Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
    Who loved me so dearly:
    O that I had been more kind to him
    When he was alive and near me!

15. She, on her death-bed as she lay,
    Begg'd to be buried by him;
    And sore repented of the day,
    That she did e'er deny him.

16. Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
    And shun the fault I fell in:
    Henceforth take warning by the fall
    Of cruel Barbara Allen.

Chappell's text follows Percy's, *Reliques*, III, Bk. II, No. 5.

15. "Barb'ry Allum"

Fox, n.d. [c. 1861], p. 39. Also in Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 198.

a I

1. In Scarlet-town where I was born,
   There was a fair maid dwelling,
   Made every youth say well aware,
   And her name was Barb'ry Allum.

2. All in the merry month of May,
   When the green buds they were swelling,
   Young Jimmy Groves on his death-bed lay,
   For love of Barb'ry Allum.

3. He sent his man unto her then,
   To the town where she was dwelling;
   You must come to my master dear,
   If your name is Barb'ry Allum.

4. For death is painted on his face,
   And o'er his heart is stealin';
   Yet little better shall he be
   For lovely Barb'ra Allum.

5. Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
   Who loved me so sincerely:
   Oh that I had been more kind to him,
   When he was live and near me.

6. When on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And so repented of the day,
That she did ever deny him.

7. Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ry Allum.

16. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 4819/. Sung by Florence Richards, Sitclaus [? Sithney], Cornwall. Contributed by Dr. Jenner, June 1921.

a I

In Scotland I was born & bred
In Scotland was my dwelling
I courted there a fair pretty maid
Her name was Barbra [Ellen]

17. [Barbara Allen]

Fox, *JIFSS*, I (1904), p. 45. Sung by Ann Carter, County Galway, Ireland, 1904.

a I

18. "Barbary Ellen"

Mackenzie, 1928, p. 393(C); text, p. 39. Sung by Mrs. Jacob Langille, Marshville, N.S.

a I

1. It was the very month of May,
And the green buds they were swelling.
Young Jimmy Groves on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbary Ellen.

2. He sent his man down to the town
In the place where she was dwelling:
"Make haste and come to my master's house,
If your name is Barbary Ellen."

3. Slowly, slowly she got up,
And so slowly she came nigh him.
"I cannot keep you from your grave;
Young man, I think you're dying."

4. He turned his back unto her then,
A deadly swound he fell in;
He bid adieu to all his friends,
And adieu to Barbary Ellen.

5. As she was walking in the plain
She heard the death-bell tolling,
And every stroke it seemed to say,
"O cruel Barbary Ellen."

6. As she was walking on the road
She met the corpse a coming.
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."

7. The more she looked the more she laughed
For the love that he had for her,
While all of her friends cried out, "For shame,
O cruel Barbary Ellen!"

8. When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow:
"O mother, mother, make me a bed,
For I will die to-morrow.

9. "Hard-hearted creature that I was,
Who lovèd me so dearly.
O that I had more kinder been
When he was alive and near me.

10. "Come young and old, both great and small
And shun the fall I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbary Ellen."

19a. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1022/. Sung by James Lockyer, Middleray, September 15, 1906.

a I

Cf. "Ay Wakin' O" (e.g., G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland*, 1848-49, III, p. 66.)

19b. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1475/. Sung by James Lockyer, Middleray, September 7, 1907.

On the second visit, Lockyer commenced phrase two with a G instead of initial B. No other variation was noted—a rare instance of note-for-note fidelity. Sharp did not record the words on either occasion.

20. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1154/. Sung by Alfred Chard, Chew Magna, January 10, 1907.

p I

21. [Barbara Allen]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 266(2). Sung by Mr. Thomas, Wakefield; derived from a farm laborer in the West Riding.

a I

Look out, look out, at the back door,
You see a coach a-standing;
It once was mine, but now it's thine,
O cruel Barb'ra Allen.

Oh mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it soft for sorrow,
For a young man died for me last night,
And I will die to-morrow.

22. [Barbara Ellen]

Eddy, 1939, p. 54(C). Sung by Mrs. Anna E. Housley, Canton, Ohio, who heard it in Pennsylvania.

p I/M

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There lived a fair maid dwelling;
Made every youth cry, "Well away!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

2. All in the very month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from the western states
And courted Barbara Allen.

3. It was all in the month of June,
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

4. He sent his name unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling;
"You must come and see my master dear
If your name be Barbara Allen."

5. Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
"Oh, lovely maid, come pity me,
I'm on my deathbed lying."

6. "If on your deathbed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're telling?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

7. He turned his face unto the wall,
With deadly sorrow sighing;
"Adieu, adieu, adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

8. As she was going o'er the field,
She heard the bells a-knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

9. She turned her body round about
And spied the corpse a-coming;
"Lie down, lie down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."

10. With scornful eyes she looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
Whilst all her friends cried out a mine,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

11. On Monday morning she took sick,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"Oh, mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

12. "Farewell, farewell, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in,
And all take warning by the fall
Of poor Barbara Allen."

23. "Barbara Allen"

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 266(3). Sung by Mrs. Vaisey, Adwell, Oxfordshire, 1892.

p I

1. In Reading town where I was born,
   A fair maid there was dwelling,
   I chose her out to be my bride,
   Her name is Barbara Allen, Allen,
   Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. 'Twas in the pleasant month of May,
   When green leaves they were springing,
   A young man on his sick bed lay
   For the love of Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his servant to the house,
   To the place where she was dwelling,
   Saying, "You are to come to my master's house,
   If your name is Barbara Allen."

4. So slowly she put on her clothes,
   So slowly she came to him;
   Soon as she came to his bed-side,
   She said, "Young man, you're dying."

5. "A dying man! oh, don't say so!
   One kiss from you would cure me!"
   "A kiss! No kiss, no kiss from me!
   No kiss from Barbara Allen!

6. "Do you remember, last Saturday night,
   You were at the alehouse drinking?
   You drank the health of all that was there,
   But *not to Barbara Allen*!"

7. He turned his head towards the wall,
   As death approached all on him,
   "Adieu to all! Adieu to all!
   Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

24. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1812/. Sung by George Say (66), of Churchill, at Axbridge Union, August 29, 1908.

p I/Ly

As I was going along the lane
I saw the corpse a-coming
I put it down and I looked around
And the man I gazed upon it

25. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1081/. Sung by Mrs. Jane Chapman, West Harptree, August 28, 1906.

p I

Cf. Mrs. Chapman's "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (Child No. 74) sung on the same day (Sharp MSS., 1082/).

26. [Barbara Allen]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 119. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 62. Sung by Mrs. Wilson, Springfield, Vt.

p I

27. "Barbara Hellen"

Grainger MS., No. 187. Sung by James Horsby, ratpoisoner, Crosby, Lincolnshire, July 30, 1906.

p I/M

1. In Scotland I was bred aden (and) born,
   In Scotland was è my dwellin';
   And there I cörted (courted) a prutty mád (pretty maid);
   And her name was Bäbrė (H)Ellen.

2. I courted her for a month or two,
   Thinkin' I should gain her favor,
   Then I went a servant to her house,
   The house that she did dwell in,
   Sāhin' (saying), "My master wants to speak to you,
   If your name be Bäbrė (H)Ellen."

3. Ô, then so slowly she went to his bedside,
   (So slowly she went?) creepin';

. . . . . .
And she says, "Young man you are adyin'."

4. Then he stretched out his lily-white arms,
Thinkin' to pull her to him;
She turned her back and went awáà (away);
Then he cried, "Hard-hearted Bäbrė (H)Ellen."

5. As she was walkin' the high churchyard
She heard his deathbell tollin';
And every toll it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Bäbrė (H)Ellen."

6. As she was walkin' the streets alōng
She met his curpse (corpse) a comin'.
"Lie down, lie down, this curpse of clá (clay),
That I may gaze épun (upon) him."

7. And ė when she saw his lily-white face,
She could not forbēr (forbear) smilin';
Then her parents cried, they cried and said,
"Hard-hearted Bärbrė (H)Ellen."

8. She cėried and said, "O mother dear,
Make me a bed both soft and shallow,
For my trü (true) love has died todáà (day)
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

9. Her mother dear she máàde a bed,
Both soft and fit for dyin;
"For O I rēü (rue), for O I rēü,
I rēü that I denied him."

10. She made a bed both soft and shallow;
She turned her pale white face to the wall,
And death came creepin' on her.

11. The one was buried in the high churchyard,
And the other in the qúīėr (choir);
The one sprung up a red rose bud,
And the other a green brīėr (briar).

12. Then they grēü (grew), till they grēü to the high church top,
And could not get any higher;
And they met and tied of a trēü (true) lover's knot,
For all the world to admīėr (admire).

28. [Barbara Allen]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 265(1). Noted by Mrs. Grahame, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, from the daughters of a Kentish squire, the last of whom died in 1865.

p I

In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made ev'ry heart cry "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

29. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 4163/. Sung by Mrs. Macdonald, Afton, Va., April 23, 1918.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

'Twas in the very, merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling
My master sent for you today
If your name be Barb'ra Ellen.

30. "Barb'ra Allyn"

Sung by Elizabeth Cronin, Macroom, Cork, Ireland. Gordon-Pickow Collector Ltd. Eds., LP rec., LP 1201 (A8), coll. and ed. Jean Ritchie.

p I, ending on II

It was early early in the summer-time
When the flowers were freshly springing,
A young man came from the North Country,
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allyn,
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allyn,
A young man came from the North Country,
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allyn.

He fell sick and very very bad
And [? more inclined to] dying.
He rode till he [?'ruv] to the old house [? room]
To the place where she was dwelling,
To the place where she was dwelling,
He rode till he [?'ruv] to the old house [? room]
To the place where she was dwelling.

Very slowly she got up
And slowly she came to him
The first word she spoke when she came there
Was, "Young man, I fear you're dying,
Young man, I fear you're dying,"
The first word she spoke when she came there
Was, "Young man, I fear you're dying."

"Dying, dying doesn't matter at all," he said,
"One kiss from you would cure me."
"One kiss from me you ne'er shall see,
If I thought your heart was breaking,
If I thought your heart was breaking,
One kiss from me you ne'er shall see,
If I thought your heart was breaking."

31. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 611/. Sung by William Durkin, Ilminster, August 30, 1905.

p I

All in the merry month of May
When green leaves were a-springing
This young man on his death-bed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen Allen
For the love of Barb'ra Allen

32. "Barbara Allen"

Kidson, 1891, p. 38(3). Sung by A. Wardill, Goathland, in the North Riding, Yorkshire.

p I

1. In Reading town, there I was born,
   In Scotland was my dwelling;
   O, there I courted a pretty, fair maid—
   Her name was Barbara Allen.
   O, there I courted, etc.

2. I courted her for months and years,
   Thinking that I should gain her;
   And I oft times vowed and did declare
   No other man should have her.

3. I sent a man to yonder town,
   To ask for Barbara Allen,
   Saying, "You must come to my master's house,
   If your name be Barbara Allen."

4. So slowly she put on her clothes,
   So slowly she came to him;
   And when she got to his bedside,
   "Young man," she said, "you're dying."

. . . . . .

5. If you look under my pillow,
   You'll find a napkin lying,
   And it is soaked with my heart's blood,
   For the love of Barbara Allen.

6. He put his hand right out of bed,
   Thinking to draw her nigh him;
   But she whipped her heels and away she ran,
   Straightway from him she flew.

7. So he turned his face unto the wall,
   And death came slowly to him;
   "Adieu, adieu to all my friends,
   Farewell to Barbara Allen."

8. As she was walking across yon fields,
   She heard his death-bell tolling,
   And every toll it seemed to say—
   Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

. . . . . .

9. "O, dear mother, make me my bed,
   And make it fit to die on;
   There's a young man died for me to-day,
   And I'll die for him to-morrow."

. . . . . .

10. And he did die on one good day,
    And she died on the morrow;
    O, he did die for the love of her,
    And she did die for sorrow.

33. "Barbara Allen"

Kidson, 1891, p. 37. Benjamin Holgate learned it from an English girl in Ghent, c. 1850.

p I

According to Kidson, the variant ending was used in the West Riding.

In Reading town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry, "Well-a-day!"—
Her name was Barbara Allen.
Etc., etc.

34. [Barbara Allan]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 98. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard. Sung by S. F. Harmon.

p I

35. "Barbra Allen"

Sandburg, 1927, p. 57. Tune from H. L. Davis, Oregon, who learned it in Georgia; text from R. W. Gordon collection.

p I

Compare with Kidson, 1891, p. 37, No. 33 above.

1. In London City where I once did dwell, there's where I got my learning,
I fell in love with a pretty young girl, her name was Barbra Allen.

2. I courted her for seven long years, she said she would not have me;
Then straightway home as I could go and liken to a dying.

3. I wrote her a letter on my death bed, I wrote it slow and moving;
"Go take this letter to my old true love and tell her I am dying."

4. She took the letter in her lily-white hand, she read it slow and moving;
"Go take this letter back to him, and tell him I am coming."

5. As she passed by his dying bed she saw his pale lips quivering;
"No better, no better I'll ever be until I get Barbra Allen."

6. As she passed by his dying bed; "You're very sick and almost dying,
No better, no better you will ever be, for you can't get Barbra Allen."

7. As she went down the long stair steps she heard the death bell toning,
And every bell appeared to say, "Hard-hearted Barbra Allen!"

8. As she went down the long piney walk she heard some small birds singing,
And every bird appeared to say, "Hard-hearted Barbra Allen!"

9. She looked to the East, she looked to the West, she saw the pale corpse coming;
"Go bring them pale corpse unto me, and let me gaze upon them.

10. "Oh, mama, mama, go make my bed, go make it soft and narrow!
Sweet Willie died today for me, I'll die for him tomorrow!"

11. They buried Sweet Willie in the old church yard, they buried Miss Barbra beside him;
And out of his grave there sprang a red rose, and out of hers a briar.

12. They grew to the top of the old church tower, they could not grow any higher,
They hooked, they tied in a true love's knot, red rose around the briar.

36. "Barbery Allan"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 52(C). Sung by Lloyd A. Sanford, East Walton, N.S.

p I

1. 'Twas early early in the spring
The flowers they were blooming
A young man on his death bed lie
For the love of Barbery Allan.

2. He wrote a letter to the town
Where this fair maid was dwelling,
He wrote it wide and he wrote it long
Addressed to Barbery Allan.

3. It's slowly, slowly she arose
And it's slowly she went to him,
And when she got to his bedside
She said, "Young man you're dying."

4. "A dying man I know I am,
One kiss from you might save me."
"One kiss from me you ne'er shall get
While your false heart is breaking."

5. He turned his pale face to the wall
And quietly fell a-sighing,
And all the words that he could say
Was, "God have mercy on me."

6. It's slow, slowly she arose
And slowly she went from him,
And when she got two miles from home
She heard the death bells tolling.

7. And straightway straightway home she went
And straightway to her father,
"My true love died for me to-day
I'll die for him to-morrow."

8. This couple they lie side by side
In a little churchyard yonder,
And from his grave there grew a rose
And from her grave a briar.

9. They grew and grew to the steeple top
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they tied a true lover's knot
The gentle rose and briar.

37. "Barbara Ellen"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 53(D). Sung by Dorothy Hyson, Mill Cove.

p I

1. 'Twas early early in the spring
When all the flowers were changing,
A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

2. He wrote a note and sent to her
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying, "Here's a note for the . . .
For you dear Barbara Ellen."

3. Then slowly, slowly she arose
And slowly she went to him,
But when she got by his bedside
Says she, "Young man you're dying."

4. "A dying man I know I am,
One kiss from you should cure me."
"One kiss from me you never shall get
If your false heart is breaking.

5. "Do you remember the other night
While in a tavern drinking,
You drank your health to all your friends
And slighted Barbara Ellen."

6. "If you look up above my head
You'll see a napkin hanging,
In it is my gold watch and chain
For you dear Barbara Ellen.

7. "Oh you look up by my bedside
You'll see a basin standing,
It is filled with tears that I have shed
For you dear Barbara Ellen."

8. Then slowly, slowly she arose
And slowly she went from him,
But the only words they heard her say
Was, "The Lord have mercy upon him."

9. He turned his pale face to the wall
And then began a-sighing,
"Adieu adieu to all my friends,
Be good to Barbara Ellen."

10. She had scarcely gone a mile from the town
When she heard his death bells tolling,
And in each tone each seemed to say
"Oh you cruel Barbara Ellen."

11. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She saw his poor corpse coming,
She begged the carriers to lay him down
That she might gaze upon him.

12. She pressed his cold corpse to her breast
And then she began sighing,
"My true love died for me to-day
I'll die for him to-morrow."

13. Then straight to her father's home she went
And there began a-sighing,
"Go dig my grave, go dig it deep,
Yes, dig it long and narrow."

14. They both were buried in one churchyard
And there they dwell together,
Out of his grave there grew a rose
And out of hers a briar.

15. They grew and grew till they reached the
church spire,
Till they could grow no higher,
They twined themselves in a true lovers' knot
For all true lovers to admire.

38. "Barbara Ellen"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 54(E). Sung by Mrs. Dennis Greenough, West Petpeswick, N.S.

p I

O early in the month of May,
The birds were sweetly singing,

A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

He turned his back unto the wall.

Out of her sprung a red rose bush
And out of his a briar,
Then they grew up to the high church wall
Till they could grow no higher,
And back they returned in a true lover's knot,
Red roses and sweet briar.

39. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1108/. Sung by John Stook, Winelliscombe, September 4, 1906.

p I

This singer sang "O Once I was a Shepherd's Boy" (Sharp MSS., 1107/) to the customary 5/4 Somerset form of "Barbara Ellen."

GROUP B

40. [Bonny Barbara Allan]

Johnson, III, [1790], No. 221, p. 230 (repr. 1853). Also in Ritson, 1794, II, p. 196; Smith, [1820-24], II, p. 80; Thomson, [1822-23], III, p. 35; Graham, 1848-49, II, p. 16; Rimbault, 1850, p. 99; Maver, 1866, No. 66, p. 33; and in Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 188.

a D/Æ, ending on the octave

This tune may make an earlier appearance in Oswald's *A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes*, [1740], p. 3, and in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, II, [c. 1745], p. 27, which I have been unable to compare. Cf. also Johnson, V, [1796], No. 420, p. 433 (repr. 1853), "Young Jamie pride of a' plain," where a form of the tune is named "The carlin of the glen."

1. It was in and about the Martinmas time,
   When the green leaves were a falling,
   That Sir John Graham in the west countrie
   Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

2. He sent his man down thro' the town,
   To the place where she was dwelling;
   O haste and come to my master dear,
   Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

3. O hooly, hooly rose she up,
   To the place where he was lying,
   And when she drew the curtin by,
   Young man, I think youre dying.

4. O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
   And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
   O the better for me ye's never be,
   Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

5. O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
   When ye the cups was fillin
   That ye made the healths gae round and round,
   And slighted Barbara Allan.

6. He turn'd his face unto the wa',
   And death was with him dealing,
   Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
   And be kind to Barbara Allan.

7. And slowly, slowly raise she up,
   And slowly, slowly left him;
   And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
   Since death of life had reft him.

8. She had nae gane a mile but twa,
   When she heard the deid-bell knelling,
   And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell geid,
   It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan!

9. O mother, mother, mak my bed,
   O make it saft and narrow;
   Since my love died for me to-day,
   I'll die for him to-morrow.

Johnson's text follows Ramsay's (Child's A).

41. "Barbara Allan"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 88. This variant, from Buchan, dates as far back as 1775.

a Æ, ending on the octave

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin',
That Sir John Graham in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan,
That Sir John Graham in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.
[*Etc.*]

42. "Barbara Allan"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 78. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 69(1a). Sung by John Johnstone, New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

a D/Æ, ending on the octave

43. [Barbara Allan]

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), from Duncan MS., No. 8. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 70(2); text, p. 68. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, 1905, and by Mrs. Petrie, Alford, 1906.

p D/Æ

This form is found also with "Twa Sisters" (No. 10), "The Cruel Mother" (No. 20; Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 22[1]), and "The Rantin Laddie" (No. 240).

1. It fell about a Martimas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin,
That Sir John Grahame from the west countrie
Fell in love wi Bawbie Allan.

2. He sent his men down through the town
To the place where she was dwallin;
"Oh haste an' come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Bawbie Allan."

3. O hooly, hooly, rase she up,
Till she cam where he was lyin,
An' when she drew the curtains roun,
Said, "Young man, I think ye're dyin."

4. "I am sick an' very very sick,
An' it's a' for Bawbie Allan."—
"But the better for me ye never shall be
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin.

5. "O don't you mind, young man," she said,
"When in the tavern callin,
Ye made the toasts gang roun an' roun,
But ye slighted Bawbie Allan."

6. "A kiss o you would do me good,
My bonnie Bawbie Allan."—
"But a kiss o me ye sanna get,
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin."

7. He's turned his face untae the wa',
For death was wi him dealin,
Said, "Fare ye weel, my kind friends a',
But be kind to Bawbie Allan.

8. "Put in your han at my bedside,
An' there ye'll find a warran,
Wi my gold watch an' my prayer book,
Gie that to Bawbie Allan.

9. "Put in your han at my bedside,
An' there ye'll find a warran,
A napkin full o my heart's blood,
Gie that to Bawbie Allan."

10. Slowly, slowly, rase she up,
An' slowly, slowly, left him,
An' sighin said she could not stay,
Since death o life had reft him.

11. She hadna gane a mile but ane,
When she heard the dead bell knellin,
An' ilka toll that the dead bell gae
Said, Woe to Bawbie Allan.

12. In then cam her father dear,
Said, "Bonnie Bawbie, tak him."—
"It's time to bid me tak him noo
When ye know his coffin's makin."

13. In then cam her brother dear,
Said, "Tak him, Bawbie, tak him."—
"It's time to bid me tak him noo
When his grave-claes is a-makin."

14. Then in cam her sisters dear,
Said, "Bonnie Bawbie, tak him."—
"It's time to bid me tak him noo,
When my heart it is a-brakin.

15. "O mother dear, O mak my bed,
An' mak it saft an' narrow;
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

44. [Barbara Allan]

Greig MSS., III, p. 48. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 69(1b). Sung by J. Quirrie, September 1906; learned from his mother.

a D, ending on the octave

45. "Bawbee Allan"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-624 (B3), ed. K. S. Goldstein. From the singing of MacColl's mother.

a D/Æ, ending on the octave

1. It fell aboot the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves they were fallin',
Then Sir John Graeme, o' the North Countrie,
Fell in love wi' Bawbee Allan.

2. He's sent his man a' through the toon,
Tae the place where she was dwellin',
"Come doon, come doon, to my master dear,
Gin ye're name be Bawbee Allan."

3. O, hooly, hooly rose she up,
And slowly she gaed to him,
And when she cam' to his bed-side—
"Young man I think you're dyin'."

4. "It's I am sick and very sick,
And it's a' for Bawbee Allan."
"It's better for me ye'll never be,
For bonnie Bawbee Allan.

5. "When ye were in the tavern, sir,
And at the wine was swillin',
Ye made the toasts gang roond and roond,
And ye slighted Bawbee Allan."

6. He's turned his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealin',
"Then fare ye weel, my dear friends a',
But be kind to Bawbee Allan.

7. "Then pit your hand aneist the wa',
And there you'll find a token,
Wi' my gold watch and my gold ring,
Gie that to Bawbee Allan.

8. "Then pit your hand aneist my side,
And there ye'll find a warran';
And there'll you'll get my blood red sark,
It bled for Bawbee Allan."

9. She hadna gane a step, a step,
When she heard the deith bell knellin',
And ilka clap the deid-bell gied,
Said 'Wae to Bawbee Allan.'

10. "O, mither dear, you'll mak' my bed,
Ye'll mak' it saft and narrow;
My love has died for me this day,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

46. "Barbara Ellen"

Joyce, 1905, p. 79.

a D

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

And every toll that the death-bell gave
Was "I died for you *Barbara Ellen*."

47. [Barbara Allan's Cruelty]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 86. Sung by a native of the Enzie, Banffshire.

p D/Æ

In Scarlet town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry, Wel-a-waye:
Her name was Barbara Allen.
[*Etc.*]

48. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3632/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 194(L). Sung by Mrs. Alice Sloan, Barbourville, Ky., May 6, 1917.

p D/Æ

Cf. the opening with "Poor Wayfaring Stranger."

All in all in the month of May,
When the flowers they were blooming,
When this young man was ataken sick
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.

49. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3661/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 194(M). Sung by Bin Henson, Barbourville, Ky., May 9, 1917.

p π^4

One day, one day, in the month of May,
When the red buds they were swellin'
I fell in love with a pretty little girl;
And her name be Mary Ellen.

50. "Bob'ry Allen"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, X (1935), p. 23. Sung by Mrs. John N. Fredin, Brownville, Me., June 8, 1934.

Anomalous

This grotesque variant appears to me a product of bad intonation.

O mother, mother, look under my bed,
And there you'll see a napkin;
And in that napkin a diamond ring;—
Give that to Bob'ry Allen.

O Mother, mother, look under my bed,
And there you'll see a basin;
And in that basin a drop of blood—
'Twas shed for Bob'ry Allen.

GROUP C

51. "Barbary Allen"

Campbell, *BTFLS*, III (1937), p. 92.

a I/Ly

In Scotland I was bred and born,
In Scotland was my dwelling,
And there I loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Barbary Allen.

52. "Barbary Allen"

Campbell, *BTFLS*, III (1937), p. 92.

p π^1

It seems probable that the last three bars contain errors of transcription which may be safely emended as above.

He sent his servant down to say
In the place where she was dwelling,
Oh, come, oh come to my master's bed,
If your name be Barbary Allen.

53. "Barbara Ellen"

Eddy, 1939, p. 53(B). Sung by Mrs. Brady Ports, Perrysville, Ohio.

p π^1

1. It was all in the month of June,
When those green buds were swellin',
I courted one to be my own,
If her name be Barb'ra Ellen.

2. I sent a servant to the town
Where she had been dwellin';
"A young man's sick and sent for you,
If your name be Barbara Ellen."

3. Oh, slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she went to him,
And slowly drew the curtains down;
"Young man, you look like dyin'.

4. "Do you remember in Yandles town,
Where you all was drinkin',
You drank the glass and tossed it around,
And slighted Barbara Ellen?"

5. "Oh, yes, I remember in Yandles town,
Where I was always drinkin',

I drank to the ladies all around,
But my heart was for Barbara Ellen."

6. He turned his pale face to the wall;
"I think now I'm dyin',
But as for all the others, there's only you;
Your name be Barbara Ellen."

7. He was buried in the old church yard,
And she was buried in another;
But out of his grave grew a red rose bush,
And out of hers a brier.

8. And there they grew, and there they grew,
Till they could grow no higher,
And then they tied in a lovers' knot,
For his heart was for Barbara Ellen.

54. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3325/. Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry (54), Hot Springs, N.C., August 25, 1916.

p π^1

55. [Barbara Allen]

Belden, 1940, p. 62(G). Sung by Mark Skidmore, Springfield, Mo., 1908; learned in Tennessee.

p π^1

56. [Barbara Allen]

Collected by the Editor. Sung by Robert Bays, a native of Scott County, Va., at Camp Nelson, Calif., June 27, 1934.

p π^1

'Twas earlie earlie in the Spring
The small buds they were swelling;
I fell in love with a charming girl,
Her name 'twas Barbrie Allen.

57. [Barbara Allen]

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 71. Sung by Miss Clara J. McCauley, Knoxville, Tenn., July 1937. Learned from her father, of Orange County, N.C.

p π^1

All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet William Grove on his death bed lay,
For the love of Bar'bra Allen.

58. [Barbara Allen]

Sung by Mrs. Virginia Meade, of Paris, Tex., in Hollywood, Calif., June 3, 1939. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3343 (A1,A2). Collected by Sidney Robertson.

p π^1

1. One morning in the month of May
When all green trees were blooming
A young man on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent a servant in great haste
To the place where she was aboding
Saying, "My master is sick and says you must come
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she rose up
And slowly she went to him
And slowly she pulled the curtains aside
Saying, "This is Barbaree Allen.

4. "Oh, don't you remember last Christmas night?
When we were at the tavern
You drank their health to the ladies all
And slighted Barbaree Allen."

5. "Oh yes, I remember last Christmas night
When we were at the tavern
I drank their health to the ladies all
But loved my Barbaree Allen."

6. "Oh mother, mother, go make my bed
Go make it long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow."

59. "Lady and her Children Three (Barbara Allen)"

Brown MSS., 16 a H. From Fletcher (?D. W. Fletcher, Durham?)

p π^1

A nearly identical copy of this, in C, and marked with a query as from Greer, is among Brown's MSS. 16 a 4 D; and another, from Greer or Mrs. Sutton, is classed 16 a 4 H. The latter is apparently Schinhan's S(1), in *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 64.

Early one morning in the month of May,
The buds were all a-swelling
Sweet William lay on his death bed
For the love of Barbra Allen.

60. [Barbara Allen]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 69(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Morris, Harriston, Va., October 16, 1935.

m π^1

1. 'Twas in the merry month of May,
The green buds they were a-swelling,
Young Jimmy mourned on his death bed,
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

2. He sent his men unto her then,
In the town where she was dwelling,
You must go to my master,
If your name be Barb'ra Allen.

3. So slowly she put on her clothes,
So slowly came anigh him,
The word she said when she got there:
Young man I think you're dying.

4. He turned his back onto her then,
And death was on him dealt;
Adieu, adieu, to my friends all,
Fare well to Barb'ra Allen.

5. So many miles she went from there,
She heard the bells a-knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say:
Hard hearted (horns on) Barb'ra Allen.

6. She turned her body round and about,
She spied the corpse a-coming,
Sit down, sit down, the body: says she
That I may look upon it.

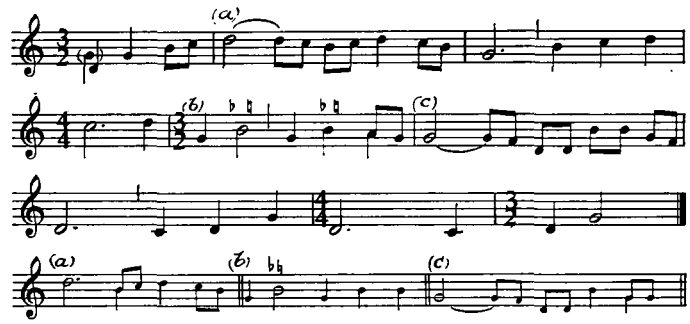
7. So scornful she did look at him,
His cheeks were not a-swelling,
Her friends were crying out for shame,
Hard Hearted Barb'ra Allen.

8. Young Jimmy died, it might be today,
And Allen died tomorrow,
Young Jimmy died for pure, pure love,
Young Allen died for sorrow.

61. [Barbara Allen]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 71(B). Sung by Mrs. Tom Hall, Altavista, Va., October 20, 1935.

p M (—VI)



1. 'Twas once I lived in a scornful town,
'Twas there I got my learning.
'Twas there I courted a pretty fair miss.
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

2. I courted her for pure true-love,
She said she would not marry.
She turned me down and broke my heart,
Hard hearted Barb'ra Allen.

3. Soon this young man was taken very sick,
And sent for this young lady.
So slowly she walked up the street,
To see this young man dying.

4. Young man, young man, I see you're very sick,
And now I see you're dying.
One kiss from you would ease my pain,
Hard hearted Barb'ra Allen.

5. One kiss from me you shall not have,
Although I see you're dying.
He turned his pale face to the wall,
And there he lay a-crying.

6. Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barb'ra Allen on Sunday.
And the mothers died for the love of both,
And were buried on Easter Monday.

7. They carried them down to the old church yard,
And buried them there together.
And from his grave grew a beautiful rose,
And out of hers a brier.

8. They grew and grew to the old church top,
And could not grow no farther.
They linked and tied in a true-lovers knot,
And lived and died together.

62. [Barbara Allen]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 16(C). Sung by Mrs. Leona Tomlin Critzer, Charlottesville, Va., October 21, 1936.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. 'Twas early, early in the spring,
When the green buds they were swelling.
Young Johnny lay on his death-bed,
For the love of Barb'ry Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
To the place where she were dwelling,
Saying, You must come to your master's call,
If your name be Barb'ry Allen.

3. 'Twas slowly, slowly she got up,
And 'twas slowly she anigh him;
And slowly she laid those curtains back:
Young man, I think you are dying.

4. Yes, I know I'm sick and very sick,
And death within me a-dwelling;
But never more will I rise from here,
If I don't get Barb'ry Allen.

5. Say don't you remember last Easter night,
When we was both at the town together?
You drink a health to the ladies round,
And slighted Barb'ry Allen.

6. He turned his face over to the wall,
And he burst out a-crying;
Saying, Good-bye friends, to you one and all,
It's for your sake I am dying.

7. As she was going across the field
She heard the church bells ringing;
And every stroke did seem to say:
Hard hearted Barb'ry Allen.

8. As she was coming down the street,
She saw the corpse a-coming.
Let down, let down the corpse, I say,
That I might look upon him.

9. Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
And dig it deep and narrow;
Young Johnny died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

10. Young Johnny were laid in the old church yard,
And Barb'ry laid by the side of him;
And out of Johnny's grave grew a red, red rose,
And out of Barb'ry's a brier.

11. They grew and grew to the church steeple's top,
And 'twas there they could grow no higher;
They plaited a twist, 'twas a true love's knot.
One died for the love of the other.

63. [Barbara Allen]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 73(C). Sung by R. H. Mace, Grottoes, Va., October 30, 1935.

a π^1

1. It was in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swelling.
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

2. He sent the message thru' the town
Where this young girl was dwelling.
You must unto my master go
If your name be Barb'ra Allen.

3. Oh slowly, slowly, she got up
And slowly she went to him.
And when she came to his bed-side,
Young man I believe you're dying.

4. Oh do you remember in yonder's town?
In yonder's town a-drinking?
You passed your glasses all around
And slighted Barb'ra Allen.

5. He turned his pale face to the wall
And sorrow was his leaving.
Adieu, adieu to the pretty girls all
Adieu to Miss Barb'ra Allen.

6. Oh she went walking thru the town,
She heard the church bell tolling.

And every tone it seemed to say
Hard hearted Barb'ra Allen.

7. Oh she went raging thru the town,
She saw the corpse a-coming.
Set down, set down, those corpse: she said,
And let me gaze upon him.

8. The more she looked the worse she cried,
The farther she got from him.
Said: If I had a been more kind to you
When I were closer to you.

9. Young Jimmy was buried in the new church-yard,
Barb'ra Allen was buried in the choir.
Out of young Jimmy's grave, there sprung a red rose,
Out of Barb'ra Allen's grave a green brier.

10. They growed, they growed to the church steeple top,
Till they could grow no higher.
They linked and tied in a true-lover's knot,
The rose wrapped around the brier.

64. [Barbara Allen]

McIntosh, 1935, p. 14. Sung by Frances Barbour, Carbondale, Ill., 1933.

p π^1

1. He sent his servant down to tell
The town where she was dwellin'
Saying, "Come, oh come, to my master's bed
If your name be Barbary Allen,

2. "For death is printed in his face,
And o'er his heart am stealin',
And none the better will he be
Till he sees Barbary Allen."

3. "If death be printed on his lips
And o'er his heart am stealin',
Then none the better will he be
While my name's Barbary Allen."

4. As she was walking in the fields,
She heard the death bells pealin',
And every stroke they seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen."

5. She turned her body round and round
And spied the corpse a-comin'
Saying, "Let him down, oh let him down
That I may gaze upon him."

6. The more she looked the more she cried;
Her heart was filled with sorrow
Saying, "Mother, oh Mother, go fix my bed;
I'm bound to die tomorrow."

7. Saying, "Mother, oh Mother, go fix my bed
And fix it soft and narrow;
Sweet William died for me to-day;
I'll die for him tomorrow."

8. From her breast there sprang a red rose;
From his there sprang a briar;
They climbed and climbed to the church steeple top,
And there they tied in a true lover's knot, the
rose around the briar.

65. [Barbara Allen]

Sung by Rebecca Tarwater, of Rockwood, Tenn.; recorded in Washington, D.C., 1936. LC/AAFS, Album 1, rec. No. 2B(17), collected by C. Seeger (Editor's transcription). Also, from the same singer at a later date, in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 68(HH).

p π^1

1. 'Twas in the lovely month of May,
The flowers all were bloomin';
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbry Allen.

2. He sent his servant to her door,
He sent him to her dwellin':
"My master's sick and he calls for you,
If your name be Barbry Allen."

3. Then slowlye, slowlye, got she up,
And to his bedside goin':
"My master's sick and he called for you,
If your name be Barbry Allen."

4. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursted out a-cryin':
"Adieu, adieu to all below,
And adieu to Barbry Allen!"

5. Sweet William died on a Saturday night,
And Barbry died a Sunday.
Their parents died for the love of the two;
They was buried on a Easter Monday.

6. A white rose grew on William's grave,
A red rose grew on Barbry's;
They twined and they twined in a true-lover's knot,
A-warnin' young people to marry.

66. "Barbara Allen"

Morris, 1950, p. 284. Sung by Mrs. Ruth Simmons, whose mother learned it from an aunt.

p π^1

1. It was in the new year in the month of May
When roses and pinks were budding,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For loving Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant from the field
To town where she was dwelling;
"Young massa's sick; he sent for you
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she rose up,
And slowly she goes to him,
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm very sick;
My heart is almost fainting;
A kiss or two from your sweet lips
May keep me from that dying."

5. "Do you remember the other day
When we were at the tavern,
You drank your health to the ladies round
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

6. He turned his pale face to the wall
His back to Barbara Allen;
"Adieu, adieu to relations all,
Farewell to Barbara Allen."

7. She went a-traipsing through the field;
She heard his death bell ringing;
The farther she went, the louder it rang,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!

8. She scarcely came to her dwelling place,
She saw his corpse a-coming;
"Pray hand to me that cold lump of clay
And let me lie upon it."

9. "O Mother, O Mother, go fix my bed;
Go fix it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today;
I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. Sweet William died on Saturday,
And Barbara died on Sunday;
The old lady died for the love of them both,
And was buried on Easter Monday.

11. Sweet William was buried at the height of the church,
And Barbara was buried close by him;
Up from his grave sprung a red rose,
And up from hers a briar.

12. They grew and they grew to the top of the church;
They could not grow any higher.
They wrapped and they twined in a true-lovers' knot,
The big red rose and the briar.

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67. "Sweet William"

Owens, 1950, p. 51. Sung by Bob Brown, Sour Lake, Tex., 1938.

p π^1

1. In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry, "Way-la-way,
Oh here comes Barbara Allen."

2. 'Twas in the merry month of May,
The green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

3. They sent a servant to the town
Where Barbara was a-dwelling,
Saying, "Rise, oh, rise you up and go
If your name be Barbara Allen."

4. So slowly, slowly she rose up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And these the words she said to him,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

5. "Oh, yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is on me dwelling,
And one sweet kiss would comfort me
From the lips of Barbara Allen."

6. "Oh, yes, you're sick and very sick,
And death is on you dwelling,
But one sweet kiss you never will have
From the lips of Barbara Allen.

7. "Oh, don't you remember on a wedding night
When we were at the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies round,
But you slighted Barbara Allen?"

8. "Oh, yes, I remember on a wedding night
When we were at the tavern,
I drank a health to the ladies round,
But my heart was Barbara Allen's."

9. He turned his face to the pale cold wall,
And death was on him dwelling;
"Farewell, farewell to all false maids,
And woe to Barbara Allen."

10. When she was walking in the field
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every toll, it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

11. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
And she saw the cold corpse coming.
"Lay down, lay down that cold, cold corpse
That I may gaze upon him."

12. The more she looked, the more she mourned
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,
Saying, "Pick me up and carry me home,
For I am now a-dying.

13. "Oh, mother, mother, go make my shroud,
Go make it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

14. "Oh, father, father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me for love,
I'll die for him for sorrow."

15. They buried her in the lone church yard,
Sweet William lay a-nigh her,
And out of his grave grew a red, red rose,
And out of hers grew a briar.

16. They climbed, they climbed to the tall church top,
Till they could go no higher,
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
The rose wrapped around the briar.

68. "Barbara Allen"

Morris, 1950, p. 285. Sung by Mrs. E. I. Irish, Sanford, Fla.; learned from her mother, of Georgia.

p π^1

1. It was in the merry month of May
And all the birds were singing;
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servants to the town;
He sent them to her dwelling;
"My master's sick; he says go there,
Please, Miss Barbara Allen."

3. So slowly, slowly, she got up
And slowly she went to him;
And the first words she spake to this young man was
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Oh yes, oh yes, I'm very sick,
And death is near my dwelling;
No better, no better, I'll ever be
If I can't get Barbara Allen."

5. "Oh yes, oh yes, you're very sick,
And death is near your dwelling;
No better, no better you'll never be
Because you can't get Barbara Allen."

6. He turned his pale face to the wall
And burst out into crying;
He bid farewell to the ladies all around
And adieu to Barbara Allen.

7. She wheeled, she wheeled, she turned all 'round,
And started off a-laughing.
She scarcely got a mile away,
When she heard the death bell tolling.

8. She stopped and looked up and down the street
And saw his coffin coming;
She cried, "Oh Lord, what shall I do,
Shall I go and met his coffin?"

9. "Unfold, unfold that lily-white sheet,
And let me kiss my darling;
Sweet William died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara died on Sunday.
Her mother died for the love of her
And died on Easter Sunday.

11. Sweet William was buried in the king's church yard,
And Barbara was buried beside him.
From William's grave sprang a milk-white rose,
From Barbara's sprang a briar.

12. They grew, they grew so very tall
That they couldn't grow any taller;
They lapped and they tied in a true lovers' knot
For all true lovers to admire.

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69. "Barbara Allen"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 351(14); text, p. 338. Sung by Mr. Keener; learned from Mrs. Lemley, Wetzel County, W.Va.

p π^1

1. In a scarlet town where I was born,
There was an ill-famed dwelling;

A tavern house where all men drank
The toast of Barbara Allen.

2. No fairer maid has ever lived,
Nor bore so much of sorrow,
For wagging tongues and idle hearts
Her love from her did borrow.

. . . . . .

6. Said, "Barbara, I am dying."
But from his bed she turned her head,
For he was surely lying.

7. They told her how he drank a toast
To evil Eva Baylor;
And not a toast he drank to her,
Her lover, he had failed her.

8. When he was dead and in his grave,
Her heart was filled with sorrow;
"Oh, Mother, Mother, take my head,
I die for him tomorrow.

9. "Those evil tongues have lied to me,
And I believed a liar;
Upon my grave will grow a briar,
And on his grave a flower."

70. "Barbara Allen"

Sung by Bill Nicholson, Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946. LC/AAFS, Album 14, rec. No. 1410[66A]. Collected by Artus M. Moser.

p π^1

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry "Wel-a-way,"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. 'Twas in that merry month of May
When green buds were a-swellin',
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

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

4. Then slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
But all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dyin'.

5. "Do you remember in yonder town
When we were at the tavern,
You drank to the health of the ladies all around
But slighted Barbara Allen?

6. "Oh, yes, you're sick, you're very sick,
And death on you is dwellin',
But no better, no better you never can be
For you can't have Barbara Allen."

7. As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the death bell knelling,
Each stroke it took it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

8. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She saw the pale corpse a-comin',
"Go bring the pale corpse over here to me,
That I may gaze upon him."

9. The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a-cryin',
Saying, "Take me up and carry me home
For I think that I'm a-dyin'.

10. "Father, oh father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

11. They buried him (her) there in the old church yard,
And buried William nigh her,
On William's grave grew a big red rose
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

12. They climbed and they climbed on the old church tower
Till they couldn't climb no higher,
They tied at the top in a true-loves' knot,
The red rose around the green briar.

71. "Barb'ra Allen"

Major, *PTFLS*, X (1932), p. 147. Sung by Newton Gaines, Fort Worth, Tex. Learned from his mother-in-law.

p π^1

1. Dark and gloomy there was a town
Where three maids were dwelling,
And one of these I call my own;
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

2. 'Twas in the merry month of May
The birds were sweetly singin';
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

3. They sent a message to her house,
They sent it to her dwelling,
"Sweet William's sick and sends for you
If your name be Barb'ra Allen."

4. Oh slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly, slowly did she go,
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I fear you're dying.

5. "Oh, don't you remember the other day,
When seated in your tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies all
And slighted Barb'ra Allen?"

6. "Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is near my dwelling.
I never more the time will see
If I can't get Barb'ra Allen."

7. Sweet William died on Saturday,
And Barb'ra died on Sunday.
And for the love and sake of both
Her mother died on Monday.

8. They buried William in one churchyard
And Barb'ra in another;
From William's breast there sprang a rose,
From Barb'ra's sprang a brier.

9. And then they grew to the old church top
Till they couldn't grow no higher,
And there they tied a true love's knot—
The rose wrapped 'round the brier.

72. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4537/. Sung by Mrs. Clara Plegné, Winston-Salem, N.C., September 1, 1918.

m π^1

'Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swelling
Young Jemmy Groves on his death-bed lay
For love of Barb'ra Ellen.

73. "Barbara Allen"

Smith, 1928, p. 132(B). Communicated by Miss Martha M. Davis, of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C. Learned from her student, Miss Elizabeth Sharp, Leslie, S.C., in whose family both tune and text were traditional.

p π^1

1. 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.

2. '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.

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

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

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

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

7. He turned his face toward the wall,
His back upon his darling.
"I know I shall see you no more,
So goodbye, Barbara Allen."

8. 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.

9. "O 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.

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

11. 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 morning.

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

13. They grew and they grew to the steeple top,
And there they grew no higher;
And there they tied in a truelover knot,
The rose clung round the brier.

74. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4738/. Sung by Sims Rathbone, Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N.C., October 1, 1918.

p π^1

In Starling Town where I was born,
Where all fair maids were dwelling,
You drunk a health to the ladies around
And slighted Barb'ra Ellen.

75. "Barbara Allen"

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 129(D). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 579(AA); text, p. 341. Sung by Mrs. H. W. Adams, Altavista, Va., June 21, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

m π^1

1. 'T was all in the merry, merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jamie Grove on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. "My uncle's sick and very sick,
And death is dwelling near him;
No better, no better will he ever be
Till he gets you, Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she went to him,
And what she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Oh yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is hovering near me;
No better, no better will I ever be
Till I get you, Barbara Allen."

5. "No better, no better will you ever be,
For you'll not get Barbara Allen.
Remember the time that you passed the merry wine,
But you slighted Barbara Allen."

6. She had not gone more than a mile from town
Till she saw the cold corpse coming.
"Stop, oh stop, and open the corpse,
And let me gaze upon him."

7. The harder she gazed, the harder she wept
She said, "I'll die of sorrow.

8. "Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave,
And dig it long and narrow;
My true love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

9. A red, red rose grew on his breast,
And from hers there grew a brier;
They grew and they grew to the church steeple door,
And then they went no higher.

10. They doubled and they twisted in a true lover's knot,
Never to part any more;
They doubled and they twisted in a true lover's knot,
Never to part any more.

76. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3442/2535. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 187(D). Sung by Mrs. Ellie Johnson, Hot Springs, N.C., September 14, 1916.

m π^1

The variant reading in the third phrase is inadvertently indicated in the MS. for bars two and three.

1. Sweet William was down to his dwell today,
He's down to his dwell a-drinking.
He* passed his wine to ladies all,
He slighted Barb'ra Ellen.

2. There stands three† ladies so fair,
They're dressed in every colour.
There's not but one that I call my own
And that is Barbara Ellen.

3. It wasn't very long before William taken sick,
Death was all he dreaded.
Sent his love for Barbara to come,
She come, she come a-running.

4. And all she said when she got there:
Young man, I think you're dying.
O yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick
And never be no better.

5. It wasn't very long till Barbara started home.
She heard the corpse bells ringing.
She looked East, she looked West
And saw the pale corpse coming.

6. Unfold, unfold those lily-white sheets
And let me look upon him.
Sweet William died for me to-day,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

7. Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara on Sunday.
The old woman died for the love of both,
She died on Easter Monday.

8. On William's grave a turtle dove,
On Barbara's grave a sparrow.
The turtle dove is the sign of love,
The sparrow was for sorrow.

* 1932: He'd
† 1932: three young

77. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3705/. Sung by Mrs. Joe Vanhook, Berea, Ky., May 21, 1917.

p π^1

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
When everything was blooming
Sweet Willie on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

78. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 3932/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 195(N). Sung by John Lewis, Pine Mountain, Harlan County, Ky., August 29, 1917.

p π^1, ending on *V*

Early early in the spring
The green buds they were swellin
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbra Ellen.

79. [Babie Allan]

Harris MS., No. 14. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 416.

p π^1, with ending on *VI* (if final tonic, a π^4, but unlikely)

In the MS. the notes are double the length of the above.
This tune recalls parts of Christie's "The Place where my Love Johnnie Dwells" (*Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 144; Child No. 219).

It fell aboot the Martmas time
When green leaves they war fallin';
That Sir John Graham o'th North Kintrie
Fell in love wi Bawbie Allan.

80. [Barbara Allen]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84G; also IV, No. 129. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXV (1912), p. 282. Sung by Miss Agnes Conners, native of Antigonish, N.S., in Boston, Mass., March 8, 1912. Noted by Phillips Barry.

a I/M

81. "Barbara Allen"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 12. Sung by Mrs. J. E. Schell, Banner Elk, N.C., July 1933.

m π^1 (—II)

1. One bright day in the month of May,
When all the flowers were blooming,
This young man was taken sick
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to her town;
He sent him to her dwelling,

Saying, "Here's a message for the lady fair,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went to him,
But all she said when she got there
Was, "Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Oh, yes, I'm sick, very sick,
And I feel very much like dying.
I shall never see my time again
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

5. "Oh, yes, you're sick and very sick,
And you look very much like dying,
You never shall see your time again
For you'll never get Barbara Allen.

6. "Oh, don't you remember at yonders town,
At yonders place of tavern,
You treated all the ladies 'round
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

7. "Oh, yes, I remember at yonders town,
At yonders place of tavern,
I gave a treat to the ladies 'round
But my heart to Barbara Allen."

8. He turned his pale face to the wall,
He turned his back upon them:
"Adieu, adieu, fair friends to all,
Be good to Barbara Allen."

9. Slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she went from him.
She had not gone but a mile in town,
Till she heard his death-bell tolling.

10. As she was riding towards towards her home
She heard the birds a-singing.
They sang so loud and whistled so clear:
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

11. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She saw the corpse a-coming—
"Lay down, lay down that deathly frame
And let me look upon it."

12. The more she looked, the more she wept,
Until she burst out crying:
"I might have saved one young man's life
If I'd a done my duty.

13. "Oh, mother, dear mother, go make my bed,
And make it soft and easy;
Sweet William died for me today;
I'll die for him tomorrow."

14. Sweet William died on Saturday eve,
And Barbara died on Sunday;
Her mother died for love of both—
She died on Easter's Monday.

15. William was buried in the new church yard,
And Barbara was buried beside him.
Out of William's grave sprang a blood-red rose,
And out of Barbara's a briar.

16. And there they grew to the new church door,
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they tied in a true lover's knot—
The rose ran 'round the briar.

82. "Barbara Allen"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 63 (O), with text supplied 1953. Sung by Dr. I. G. Greer, Boone, Watauga County, N.C.

p π^1

1. It was in the merry month of May,
When the fiery buds were swelling,
Young Willie Grey on his death-bed lay
For the love of Bar'bry Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
To tell her to come and see him.
And slowly, slowly she arose,
And slowly went to see him.

3. And when she got there, all she said,
"Young man, I think you're dying.
And die, oh die, oh die you may!
You can't get Barbara Allen."

4. "I'm low, I'm low, I'm low indeed,
And death is in me dwelling.
But never better will I be
If I can't get Barbara Allen."

5. "Don't you remember the other day
When we were at the tavern drinkin',
You drank a toast to the ladies all
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

6. "Yes, I remember the other day
When we were at the tavern drinkin';
I drank a toast to the ladies all
And three to Barbara Allen."

7. "Do you remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing,
You gave your hand to the ladies all
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

8. "Yes, I remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing,
I gave my hand to the ladies all
And my heart to Barbara Allen."

83. "Barbra Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 1343/. Sung by Mrs. Emma Callow (73), April 9, 1907.

p I/Ly

84. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 1872/. Sung by Charles Ash, Crowcombe, September 9, 1908.

p π^1 in feeling, but strictly p I/M

85. "Barbery Ellen"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 50(A). Sung by William Nelson, Kinsac, Nova Scotia.

p I

A strange young man from the north country
Fell in love with Barbery Ellen
And he took sick and very very sick
And there was no one to cure him,
And there was no one to cure him,
And he took sick and so very very sick
And there was no one to cure him.

So then he sent for his own true love
In the place where she was dwelling,
So then he sent for his own true love
In the place where he was dwelling,
So then he sent for his own true love
In the place where he was dwelling.

Slowly, slowly she put on her clothes,
Slowly she came to him,
And the very first words she said unto him,
"Young man you are a-dying,"
And the very first words she said unto him,
"Young man you are a-dying."

"A dying man," he says, "I am,
One kiss from you will cure me,"
"One kiss from me you'll never never get
If I thought your heart was breaking,
One kiss from me you'll never never get
If I thought your heart was breaking."

86. "Barb'ry Allen"

Arnold, 1950, p. 8. Sung by Miss Callie Craven, Gadsden, Ala., 1945.

p π^1

1. Lonely lonely was a town
Where three fair maids were dwelling;
There was but one that I called my own
And that was Barb'ry Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
Where these fair maids were dwelling,
"My master's sick and he's very sick
And for your sake he's dyin'."

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

4. He turned his pale face to the wall
His back towards his darling,
"Adieu, adieu to the friends around
Be kind to Barb'ry Allen."

5. As she was walking through the field
She heard a death bell tolling;
She looked to the east and she looked to the west
And saw the corpse a-coming.

6. "Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may kiss upon him."
The more she kissed and the more she grieved,
And bursted out a-cryin'.

7. "Oh mother, oh mother, make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow."

8. Sweet William died on Saturday night
And Barb'ry died on Sunday;
The old lady died for the love of both
And was buried Easter Monday.

9. Sweet William's buried in one church yard
And Barb'ry in another;
A rose bud sprang from one church yard
And a brier from the other.

10. They grew and they grew until they grew so tall
They could not grow any higher;
They linked and tied in a true love's knot
That all true lovers might admire.

87. "Barbara Ellen"

Tolman and Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 343. Sung by Mrs. Brannan, Lily, Ky.

p π^1

In Story Town where I did live,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
A young man on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

88. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3165/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 183(A). Sung by Miss Lula McCoy, Chicopee County, Ga., 1914.

p π^1

In the MS., Sharp tries alternatively a straight 3/2 barring for the second half of the tune, beginning at *only*.

1. In yonders town where I was born
There lived three maidens dwelling;
The only one that I called my own,
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

2. I was taken sick, so very sick,
Death on my brows were dwelling.
I sent for the only one I loved,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

3. I am sick, so very sick,
Death on my brows are dwelling,
And none of the better will I ever be
Till I get Barbara Allen.

4. You remember the day, the bright groom day,
When you passed your dranks so willing?
You gave your dranks to the ladies all,
But you slighted Barbara Allen.

5. I remember the day, the bright groom day,
When I passed my dranks so willing.
I gave my dranks to the ladies all,
And my love to Barbara Allen.

6. He turned his pale face to the wall
And bursted out to crying.
She turned her back on Sweet Willie's bed
And tipped downstairs a-smiling.

7. I had not got but a mile from the place
Till I heard his death-bells ringing,
And as they rung they seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

8. I looked to the East, I looked to the West,
I saw his coffin coming.
Lay down, lay down his cold, clay corpse
And let me gaze upon him.

9. I went right home to my mother dear,
Says: Make my death bed long and narrow.
Sweet Willie has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

10. Sweet Willie he died like as to-day,
And Barbara as tomorrow;
Sweet Willie died with the purest love,
And Barbara died with sorrow.

11. Sweet Willie was buried in one churchyard,
And Barbara in another.
A rose bud sprang from Willie's grave,
And a briar from Barbara Allen's.

12. They grew and they grew to the tall church door;
They could not grow any higher.
They linked and tied in a true love's knot
And the rose wrapped around the briar.

This text, which is not among Sharp's MSS., is taken from the 1932 edition.

89. "Barbara Allen"

Davis, 1929, p. 577(G); text, p. 316. Sung by Mrs. Seely Ann Kegly, Altavista, Va., September, 1915. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

p π^1

1. It was in the fall season of the year,
When yellow leaves were falling,
Sweet William he was taken sick
By the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
The town where she was dwelling,
"My master's sick and very sick,
For the love of Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she rose up,
And slowly she went to him.
She drew the curtains from his bed,
"Young man, I think you're dying.

4. "You're low, you're low, you're low indeed,
And death is in you dwelling;
And the better never will you be
By the getting of Barbara Allen.

5. "Do you remember in yonders town,
In the town where you were all drinking,
You drank a health to all around
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

6. "Yes, I remember in yonders town,
In the town where we were drinking,
I drank a health to all around,
And my love to Barbara Allen."

7. He turned his pale face to the wall,
She turned her back upon him.
"Adieu, adieu, to all around,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

8. As she was a-walking along the street,
She heard the death-bell ringing.
She thought she heard her own heart say,
"Come here, Barbara Allen."

9. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She spied the corpse a-coming.
"Lie down, lie down, your master called,
And let me look upon him."

10. The more she looked, the more she grieved,
She bursted out a-crying.
"I might have saved this young man's life
By using my endeavor.

11. "Go mother, go mother, go make my bed,
And make it soft and narrow;
For my true love has died today,
And I shall die tomorrow."

12. They taken them both to the new church yard,
And there where they were buried,
And out of his grave grew a white rose,
And out of hers a brier.

13. They met and tied in a true love's knot
Till they could not grow any higher;
They met and tied in a true love's knot,
The rose around the brier.

90. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 4039/. Sung by Mrs. Lucindy Pratt, Hindman, Knott County, Ky., September 20, 1917.

It was late in the season of the year
When the yellow leaves were falling
Sweet William was taken sick
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen

91. "Barbara Allen"

Cox, 1925, p. 523(G); text, p. 104. Sung by Josiah Keely, Kayford, Kanawha County, W.Va., December 27, 1917.

1. 'Twas early in the month of May,
The roses all were bloomin';
Sweet William cou'ted a fair young maid,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. He cou'ted her six mont's or mo',
An' was 'bout to gain her favor;
"Young man, young man," she says to him,
"Young men has mines to waver."

3. He went right home an' taken sick,
An' he sent for Barbara Allen;
So slow she walk, so slow she came,
She found her true love dy-i-n-g.

4. She walked along by his bedside
An' gazed down upon him;
"Young man, young man," she says to him,
"I believe you is a-dy-i-n-g."

5. "In vain, in vain my love has called,
For love of you I's dy-i-n-g
Then he turned his face to the milk-white wall,
An' his back on Barbara Allen.

6. "Look under my head, when I am dead,
An' you'll find three rolls of money;
Go share 'em wid those ladies 'round,
An' done slight Barbara Allen."

7. "Dear mother, dear mother, go make my bed,
Go make it soft an' easy;

Sweet William died to-day for love,
An' I's gwine die to-morrow.

8. "Dear father, dear father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and norrow,
To-day Sweet William died for love,
An' I's gwine die of sorrow."

9. They buried him in the new churchyard,
An' Barbara in the other;
An' from his grave there grew a sweet red rose,
But from her grave a brier.

10. They grew and clumb to the steeple top,
Tell they could not grow any higher;
Then they wropped and tied and withered and died,
The rose wropped round the brier.

92. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4564/3189. Sung by Mrs. Emily J. Snipes, Marion, N.C., September 5, 1918.

p π^1

Cf. Mrs. Snipes' version of "The Cruel Mother" (Child No. 20), Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 62(M), (*ante*, Vol. I, p. 291).

1. Dark and gloomy is the town
Where these three maids were boarding.
There was but one I called my own,
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
Where these three maids were boarding.
My master says for you to come there
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

3. Slowly, slowly rose she up
And slowly went she to him,
And slightly laid the curtain back,
Saying: Young man, you're dying.

4. Yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is near me dwelling;
I never can see my time again
If I don't get Barbara Ellen.

5. Yes, you're sick and very sick
And death is near you dwelling;
You never can see your time again,
For you can't get Barbara Ellen.

6. He turned his face towards the wall
And burst-ed out a-crying.
Adieu, adieu to all my friends,
But woe to Barbara Ellen.

7. Quickly, quickly rose she up,
And quickly went she from him.
She had not got more than half a mile
Till she saw his old corpse coming.

8. She looked to the East, she looked to the West,
She heard those death bells ringing,
And every knock it seemed to say:
Cruel Barbara Ellen.

9. Mother, mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me to-day
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

10. They buried him at the head of the church,
They buried her in the mire;
And out of his breast there sprung a red rose,
And out of her a briar.

11. They grew and grew to such an extent,
They could not grow any higher;
They met and tied in a true love's knot,
And the rose-bush robbed the briar.

93. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4550/. Sung by Mrs. W. L. Godfrey and her daughter Louise (10 or 11), Marion, N.C., September 3, 1918.

p π^1

The variants a and b are from Louise.

Slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly went she to him,
She slightly pulled the curtain back,
Saying: young man you are dying.

94. "Barbara Allen"

Kidson, 1891, p. 38(2). From the Northallerton district, Yorkshire.

p π^1

In Scotland I was born and bred,
O, there it was my dwelling;

I courted there a pretty maid,
O, her name was Barbara Allen.

I courted her in summer time,
I courted her in winter;
For six long years I courted her,
A-thinking I should win her.
. . . . . .

95. "Barbro Allen"

Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 37. Sung by Joseph Simpson, Flotta, Orkneys, Summer, 1938.

p I

In Oxford I was bred and born,
In London I was dwelling.
I fell in love with a nice young girl
And her name was Barbro Allen, Allen,
And her name was Barbro Allen.

96. "Barbary Allen"

Brown MSS., 16 a H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 64(S).

p π^1

And it was in the month of May
When green buds they were swelling
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbary Allen.

97. "Barbara Allen"

Brocklebank and Kindersley, 1948, p. 22. Sung by Henry Way, Stoke Abbott, between 1905 and 1908. Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.

p I

1. In Scarlet Town where she was born,
The house where she was dwelling,
I choosed her out to be my bride
If her name was Barbara Allen, Barbara Allen,
If her name was Barbara Allen.

2. I sent my servants all to her house,
The house where she was dwelling,
Saying: you must come to my master's house
If your name is Barbara Allen.

3. So slowly she put on her clothes,
So slowly she went to him
Until she came to his bedside,
She said "Young man, you're dying."

4. "A dying man, O! don't say so,
One kiss of thine will cure me."
"One kiss of mine you never shall have
And if thy poor heart is breaking.

5. "O! don't you remember last Saturday night,
When you was in the alehouse drinking,
You was drinking a health to all pretty maids
But none to Barbara Allen."

6. "Look up, look up to my bed's head
There's my gold watch a-hanging,
There's my gold watch and my gold chain,
Give it unto Barbara Allen.

7. "Look down, look down to my bed's foot
There's nine gold bowls a-standing
A-full of blood I've shot for you,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

8. As I was walking through the street
I saw his corpse a-coming
With six young men: pray pitch him down
That I may gaze all on him.

9. And the more she gazed the more she laughed
Till she drew further from him
Till all her friends cried out for shame:
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

10. As I was walking through the grove
I heard the bell a-tolling
And it seemed to me the bell did say:
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

11. Hard-hearted girl I know I am
Else I should have been more kinder,
Else I should have been more kinder to him,
To the lad that loved me dearly.

12. "O mother, mother come make my bed
And make it soft and narrow
For my true love died for me to-day
And I will die to-morrow."

13. They both were buried all in one grave,
All in one grave together,
And out of him there sprang a rose
And out of she a sweet briar.

14. They sprang so high as the churchyard wall,
They could not spring no higher,
They turned back in a true lover's knot
For all young men to admire.

98. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 4827/. Sung by Mr. Bent, Ross Workhouse, August 31, 1921.

p I/Ly (Pentatonic feeling)

In Reading town I was born and bred
In Reading town I was dwelling
There was a man come picked me up
And her name was Barbra Ellen.

99. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 4854/. Sung by Eliza Wellack, Ross Workhouse, September 3, 1921.

p I/Ly

Cf. "The Girl I left behind me."

100. "Barbara Allen"

Hudson, 1937, No. 15. Sung by T. A. Bickerstaff, in Mississippi, between 1923 and 1930.

m π^1

Bar two is a beat short in the previous printing also.

It was about the Martimas time
When green leaves were a-falling,
Sir John Graham of the West Country
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allen.

101. "Barbara Allen"

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 128(F). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 577(H); text, p. 317. Sung by Mrs. John Maxie, Altavista, Va., June 29, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

p π^1

1. 'T was in the merry month of June,
Sweet flowers they were bloomin';
Sweet William lay on his death-bed
For love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
The town where she was dwellin',
Saying, "Master's sick and very sick,
All for the love of Barbara Allen."

3. And slowly, slowly she rose up,
And got her bonnet and started;
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

4. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursted out a-cryin',
Saying, "Yes, I'm sick and very sick,
All for the love of Barbara Allen."

5. "You drank your health in the greatest of wealth,
You drank to the ladies all round you;
You drank your health in the greatest of wealth,
And slighted me, Barbara Allen."

6. "I drank my health in the greatest of wealth,
And I drank yours, Barbara Allen."
She turned her pale face towards the sky
And bursted out a-cryin'.

7. She mounted to her stage on high,
And through the town went sailin';
And every door as she passed by,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

8. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She spied the pale corpse comin';
"Father, oh father, go dig my grave,
And dig it long and narrow.

9. "And on my breast place a mournful dove
To prove to the world I died in love;
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. Sweet William died on Easter Friday,
And Barbara died on Saturday;
They both were driven to the new church yard
And buried there together.

11. From his breast there sprung a red rose,
And from hers grew a brier;

They grew and they grew to the new church top,
And then they could grow no higher.

12. There they tied in a true lover's knot,
They lived and died together;
There they tied in a true lover's knot,
They lived and died together.

102. "Barbara Ellen"

Davis, 1929, p. 578(I); text, p. 318. Sung by Texas Gladden, near Salem, Va., May 27, 1917. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

p π^1

CONJECTURAL READING

1. "Way down yonder in London town,
That's where I got my learning,
I fell in love with a nice young girl,
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

2. "I courted her for seven long years,
She said she would not marry."
Sweet Willie went home and taken down sick,
And sent for Barbara Ellen.

3. She dressed so slow for she hated to go,
"Go tell him I am coming."
As she went walking through the room,
She heard some birds a-singing.

4. She walked up to Sweet Willie's bedside:
"Young man, I think you're dying."
He turned his face to the cold, cold wall
And busted out a-crying.

5. "Do you remember the other day,
We were down at the tavern a-drinking,
You drank your health to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Ellen?"

6. "Oh no, oh no, oh no," said he,
"I think you are mistaken;
I drank my health to the ladies all around,
My love to Barbara Ellen."

7. She went walking to the road,
She heard some birds a-singing,
And every one it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

8. She looked to the East and then to the West,
She spied a corpse a-coming.
"Oh, bring him here and lay him down,
That I might look upon him."

9. The more she looked the more she wept,
She busted out to crying.
"I might have saved this young man's life
And kept him from hard dying.

10. "Oh mother, make my bed
And make it long and narrow;
Sweet Willie died for the love of me,
And I shall die for sorrow."

11. They buried Sweet Willie in the new church yard
And Barbara in attire;
In Willie's grave sprang a bright red rose
And on Barbara Ellen's a green brier.

12. They grew as tall as the new church top,
They could not grow any higher;
They wrapped and tied a true bow-knot,
And the rose ran down the brier.

103. "Barbro Allen"

Edmands, *JAF*, VI (1893), p. 132. From Roan Mountain, N.C.

m π^1

1. One Monday morn, in the month of May,
When all gay flowers was swellin',
Sweet William he was taken sick
For the love of Barbro Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
After Barbro Allen,—
Slowly she did get ready,
Slowly she did travel.

3. She pulled the curtains round his bed,—
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."
"I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
For the love of Barbro Allen.

4. "One sweet kiss from your precious lips
Would save my soul from dyin'."
"Before you get a kiss from my precious lips,
I'll see your heart's blood spillin'.

5. "Do you remember last Saturday night,
When all the ladies was treated?
You treated the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbro Allen."

6. He turned his pale face to the wall,
His back upon Barbro Allen,—
"Adew, adew, to the ladies around;
Be kind to Barbro Allen."

7. She rode, she rode, about three miles,
She heard the death bells ringin':—
The further she rode, the louder they rang,
Saying, "Stop thou, Barbro Allen."

8. She looked back, she looked back,
She saw his cold corpse a-comin'.
"Go sit him down, go sit him down,
That I may look upon him."

9. They sot him down, they sot him down,
And she looked right upon him;
The more she looked, the louder she mourned,
Till she busted right out a-cryin'.

10. "Sweet William died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow;
Sweet William died of pure true love,
Barbro Allen died for sorrow.

11. "Go dig his grave in the old churchyard,
Barbro Allen's by the side of it."
And out of his grave there sprung a green briar,
A red rose out of Barbro Allen's.

12. They grew and grew to the old church tower
Till they couldn't grow no higher,
They warped and tied in a truelove knot,
And lived and died together.

104. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 3566/. Sung by Mrs. Matilda Hornby, Bird's Creek, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tenn., April 17, 1917.

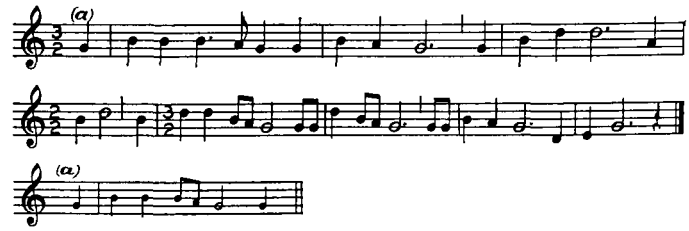
p π^1

'Twas in the early months of May
When the red rose buds were swelling
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.

105. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4345/. Sung by Mrs. Tina Dooley, Montvale, Va., June 6, 1918.

p π^1



The first day of last May
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jimmy Grew on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.

106. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3246/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 191(I). Sung by Miss Wonnie Shelton, Carmen, N.C., August 11, 1916.

p π^1

There is a perhaps inadvertent dot at the mid-cadence, making a 5/4 bar.

107. "Barbara Allen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 387(C); text, p. 87. Sung by Polly Morris, Yellow Branch, Pirkey, Va.; from her "ballet" box.

p π^1

1. In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwelling,
And every youth cried Well away,
And her name was Barbara Allen.

2. All in the month of merry May
When green buds were a-swelling,
Young Jimmie on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his man unto her then
To the town where she did dwell in,
Saying you ride to my master
If your name be Barbara Allen.

4. For death is printed on his face
And over his heart is stealing.
So haste away to comfort him,
Oh, you lonely Barbara Allen.

5. Slowly, slowly she rose up
And slowly she came nigh him.
And all she said when there she came,
Young man, I think you're dying.

6. Recollect, recollect, recollect, young man
When I boarded at your tavern
You drank, you walked with the ladies round
And you slighted Barbara Allen.

7. Oh, yes, oh, yes, oh, yes, oh, yes,
When you boarded at my tavern,
I made the health go round and round,
My love to Barbara Allen.

8. He turned his face unto her then,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
Saying, Come, pretty maid and pity me,
For I'm on my death bed lying.

9. If you on your death bed lie
What need the tale you're telling?
No better will you ever be,
For your bonnie Barbara Allen.

10. As she was cruising over the field
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

11. She turned her body round about,
She spied his corpse a-coming.
Lay down, lay down the man, she said,
And let me gaze upon him.

12. With a sorrowful eye she looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
While the neighbors cried all in a moan,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

13. When he was dead and in his grave
She was strickn down with sorrow.
Mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

14. Mother, mother, go dig my grave,
And dig it long and narrow.
Young Jimmy has died for me today.
I'll die for him tomorrow.

15. When she on her death bed lay
She beged to be buried by him,
And sorrowful repented of the day
She ever did deny him.

16. Fare well, she said, ye virgins all
And shun the fate I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fate
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

17. Young Jimmie was buried in one church yard
And Barbara in another,
And out of her grave sprung a rose
And out of his a brier.

18. They grew and grew to the church top
Until they could grow no higher,
They locked and tied in a true love's knot
The rose and the brier.

108. "Barbara Allen"

McIntosh, 1935, p. 10. Sung by R. H. Finley, Carterville, Ill., May 19, 1934.

m π^1

Sweet William died on Friday night.
Barbara died on Sunday.
Mother died for the love of both;
She died on Easter Monday.

109. "Barb'ra Allen"

Hudson, 1937, No. 14. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. and Miss Mary Ila Long, Mississippi, between 1923 and 1930.

m π^1

1. One morning early in the May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jimmy on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

2. He sent his man unto her then,
To the place where she was dwellin',
"Come to young Jimmy's bed," he said,
"If your name be Barb'ra Allen."

3. So slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly she drew near him,
The first reply when she got there,
"Young man I think you're dyin'."

4. He turned his pale face unto her,
While death was o'er him stealin',
"Come pretty maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lyin'."

5. "If you be on your death-bed lyin',
Why do you call upon me?
I cannot keep you from your death,
Farewell," said Barb'ra Allen.

6. He turned his pale face to the wall,
He turned his back upon her,
"Adieu, adieu, young ladies all,
Adieu, to Barb'ra Allen."

7. While she was walking in the field,
She heard the death bell tollin',
At every stroke it seemed to say:
"Hard-hearted Barb'ra Allen."

8. She turned her body round about,
And saw the corpse a comin',
"Lay down, lay down the corpse" she said,
"That I may look upon him."

9. While she was looking on the corpse,
Her heart it filled with sorrow,
"My true-love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. Young Jimmy was buried in the new church yard,
Young Barb'ra was buried by him,
From Jimmy's grave sprang a sweet red rose,
From Barb'ra's a thorny briar.

11. They grew to the new church steeple top,
They could not grow any higher,
They tied at the top in a true love's knot,
A sweet red rose and a briar.

110. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3788/2790. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 192(K). Sung by Miss Carrie Howard, Pineville, Bell County, Ky., June 3, 1917.

m π^1

1. Down in London where I was raised,
Down where I got my learning,
I fell in love with a pretty little girl;
Her name was Barb'ra Ellen.

2. He courted her for seven long years,
She said she would not have him.
Pretty William went home and took down sick
And sent for Barbara Ellen.

3. He wrote her a letter on his death-bed;
He wrote it slow and moving.
Go take this to my pretty little love,
And tell her I am dying.

4. They took it to his pretty little love;
She read it slow and mourning.
Go take this to my pretty little love,
And tell him I am coming.

5. As she walked on to his bed-side,
Says: Young man, young man, you're dying.
He turned his pale face toward the wall
And bursted out a-crying.

6. He reached his lily-white hand to her.
O come and tell me "howdey."
O no, O no, O no, says she,
And she would not go about him.

7. Do you remember last Saturday night
Down at my father's dwelling?
You passed the drink to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Ellen.

8. Yes, I remember last Saturday night
Down at your father's dwelling,
I passed the drink to the ladies all around,
My heart to Barbara Ellen.

9. As she walked down those long stair-steps,
She heard some death-bells ringing,
And every bell it seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen,
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

10. As she walked down that shady grove,
She heard some birds a-singing,
And every bird it seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen,
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

11. As she walked out the very next day,
She saw his corpse a-coming.
O lay him down, O lay him down,
And let me look upon him.

12. The more she looked the worse she felt,
Till she bursted out a-crying:
I once could have saved pretty William's life,
But I would not go about him.

13. O mother, O mother, go make my bed,
Go make it soft and narrow;
Pretty William has died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die for sorrow.

14. O father, O father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow;
Pretty William he* died for me to-day,
And I shall die to-morrow.

15. A rose grew up from William's grave,
From Barbara Ellen's a briar.
They grew and they grew to the top of the church-house
Till they could not grow any higher.

16. They grew and they grew to the top of the church-house
Till they could not grow any higher,
And there they tied in a true love's knot,
And the rose wrapped round the briar.

* 1932: has

111. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4173/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 195 (O). Sung by Cleaver Mayo, Greenwood, Va., April 24, 1918.

m π^1

One Monday morn in the month of May
When all green buds were swelling
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

112. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3286/. Sung by Mrs. Becky Griffin, Big Laurel, N.C., August 17, 1916.

m π^1

113. [Barbara Allen]

Sulzer, 1936, I, p. 16. From Breathitt County, Ky.

m π^1

1. All thru the month of May,
When the lonesome buds were swelling,
Sweet William lay on his death-bed,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servants thru the town,
To her own father's dwelling,
"Sweet William's sick and sent for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly, she went to him,
But all she said when she got there,
Was "Young Man I think you're dying."

4. "I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death within me's dwelling,
I ne'er will see my time any more,
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

5. "Oh, don't you remember in yonder town,
At your own father's dwelling,
When you treated all the ladies around,
And you slighted Barbara Allen."

6. "Yes, I remember in yonder old town,
At my own father's dwelling,
I treated all the ladies around,
But I love only Barbara Allen."

7. Slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly she went from him,
She had not gone more than three miles or more,
Till she heard the death-bells ringing.

8. They rung so loud, they spoke so plain,
"Heart-hearted Barbara Allen,"
She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
Till she saw the pale corpse coming.

9. "Oh, bring me here that lovely corpse,
Till I can gaze upon him,
Sweet William died for love today,
And I must die for sorrow."

10. "On yonder point go dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today,
And I must die tomorrow."

11. Sweet William was buried in the old church-yard,
And Barbara not far from him.
From sweet William's grave sprang a red, red rose,
And a greenbriar out of Barbara's.

12. They grew and they grew to the old church top,
Till they could not grow any higher,
They wrapt and they bound in a true lover's knot,
Red rosie and greenbriar.

114. "Barbry Allen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 127(A). Also in Randolph, 1931, p. 183. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Lillie Chapman, Rockaway Beach, Mo., July 3, 1931. Learned from her mother in the late 1890's.

p π^1

1. 'Twas in the merry month of May,
When the green leaves they were buddin',
Sweet William Gray on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbry Allen.

2. He sent his servant unto her,
To the place where she was a-dwellin',
My master's sick and he sent for you
If your name is Barbry Allen.

3. Slowly, slowly she arose,
And slowly she went to him,
And all she said when she got there
Was my love, I'm afraid you're a-dyin'.

4. He turned his pale face to the wall,
She turned her back upon him,
He bid adieu to the ladies around,
Be kind to Barbry Allen.

5. She had not rode a mile from town
Till she heard the death bells tollin',
She cried aloud for to set him down
That she might look upon him.

6. The more she looked, the more she wept,
Until she burst out cryin',
Sweet William died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

7. They buried Sweet William 'neath the high church tower,
And by him Barbry Allen,
And out of his grave grew a lily-white rose,
And out of her grave grew a brier.

8. They grew and they grew to the high church tower,
And there they couldn't grow any higher,
And there they tied in a true lovers' knot,
Both the lily-white rose and the brier.

115. "Barbary Allen"

Sharp MSS., 3403/. Sung by Mrs. Kitty Gwynne (28), Rocky Fork, Tenn., September 5, 1916.

m π^1

Early early in the spring
When the green buds they were a-swelling
Sweet William he did take down sick
For the love of Barbar[y] Allen

116. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3162/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 184(B). Sung by Miss Florence MacKinney, Habersham County, Ga., May 28, 1910.

p π^1

The MS. reading is as above, except that the note-values are there half as long. 1932 gives the second and third notes as E and G.

1. 'Twas in the merry month of May,
When all gay flowers were blooming,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay,
For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
He sent him to her dwelling,
Saying: Master's sick and very sick,
And for your sake he's dying.

3. Slowly, slowly, she gets up,
And to his bedside going,
She drew the curtains to one side
And says: Young man, you're dying.

4. He reached out his pale, white hands
Intending for to touch her.
She jumped, she skipped all over the room,
And says: Young man, I won't have you.

5. He turned his pale face to the wall
And bursted out a-crying,
Saying: Adieu to thee, adieu to all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

6. She had not more than reached the town,
She heard the death bells tolling.
She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
And saw his pale face coming.

7. Hand down, hand down that corpse of clay
And let me gaze upon him.
The more she gazed, the more she grieved,
And she bursted out a-crying.

8. Cursed, cursed, be my name,
And cursed be my nature,
For this man's life I might have saved
If I had done my duty.

9. O mother, O mother, go make my bed,
And make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

10. Sweet William died on Saturday night,
Miss Barbara died on Sunday,
The old lady died for the love of both,
She died on Easter Monday.

11. Sweet William was carried to one churchyard,
Miss Barbara to another.
A briar grew out of one of their graves,
A rose tree out of the other.

12. They grew as high as the old church top,
They could not grow any higher.
They bound and tied in a true love's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

The text, which is not among Sharp's MSS., is given from 1932.

117. "Barbara Allen"

Henry, *JAF*, XLII (1929), p. 270. Also in Henry, 1938, p. 81(A). Sung by Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, N.C.

p π^1

1. It was a pleasant morning in May
When all the green buds were swelling:
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent a servant into the town
And unto Barbara's dwelling
Saying, "Your master's sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen."

3. It's slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went to him,
But all she said when she got there:
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Oh, yes, I'm sick and very sick
And sorrow within me dwelling
And no better, no better I never will be
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

5. "It's no better, no better you never will be,
For you can't get Barbara Allen."
He turned his face unto the wall;
He turned his back upon her.

6. "It's young man, young man, to remember when we
Were in yonder town a-drinking;
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen!"

7. "Oh, yes, oh, yes, I do remember when we
Were in yonder town a-drinking;
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
And my love to Barbara Allen."

8. And when she had got a mile away from town
She heard his death bell tolling.
And every toll it seemed to say:
"Stop there, Barbara Allen."

9. She turned around to view the ground,
She saw his corpse coming.
"Stop there, lay him down, down,
That I may look upon him;
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. Sweet William was buried in the old church-yard
And Barbara was buried beside him;
And out of his grave sprang a deep red rose
And out of Barbara's a briar.

11. They grew and grew to the old church top
And, of course, they could grow no higher.
They wrapped and tied in a true love-knot,
The rose wrapped round the brier.

118. "Barbare Allen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 388(H); text, p. 89(E). Ettamae H. De Welse of Saluda, N.C., wrote this in a gift book for Clementine Douglass of Asheville (?), N.C., c. 1932.

p π^1

1. 'Twas early in the month of May
the flowers they were blooming
Sweet Willie Grey come from the east
come courting Barbare Allen.

2. He sent his waiting-boy out
With a message calling
My master's sick and sends for you
if your name be Barbare Allen.

3. Slowly slowly she got up
and slowly she went to see him
young man you're sick and you're very sick
and you look very much like dying.

4. Oh, yes I'm sick and I'm verry sick
And I feel verry much like dying
But none no better will I ever be
till I get you Barbare Allen.

5. Young man you're sick and you're verry sick
you feel verry much like dying
but none no better will you ever be
for you'll never get Barbare Allen.

6. he turned his pale face toward the wall
he turned his back upon her
the verry last words that he ever said
was be kind to Barbare Allen.

7. as she rode her high way home
she heard his death bells ringing
they rang and rang and seemed to say
hard-hearted Barbare Allen.

8. she looked east she looked west
she saw his corpse a-coming
she cried out loud go bring him here
that I may gaze upon him.

9. oh, mother, oh, mother go dig my grave
go dig it long and narrow
Sweet Willie died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow.

10. Sweet Willie lies in the new church yard
and Barbare Allen by him
up out of his grave sprong a little red rose
and out of her a Brier.

11. They grew and they grew in the old church yard
till they could grow no higher
they linked and locked in a true lover's knot
the rose clings to the Brier.

119. "Barbara Allen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 136(M). Sung by Mrs. Lillian Short, Cabool, Mo., May 30, 1941. Learned from Lucy Short Dillard, Crane, Mo.

p π^1

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry well away,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

3. And death was printed on his face,
And o'er his heart was stealin',
Then haste away to comfort him,
Oh lovely Barbara Allen.

4. So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
Young man, I think you're dyin'.

5. He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighin',
Oh pretty maid, come pity me,
I'm on my deathbed lyin'.

6. If on your deathbed you do lie,
What need the tale you're tellin'?
I cannot keep you from your death,
Farewell, says Barbara Allen.

7. As she was walking o'er the field
She heard the bells a-knellin',
And every stroke did seem to say:
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

8. She turned her body round about
And spied the corpse a-comin',
Lay down, lay down the corpse, she said,
That I may look upon him.

9. With scornful eyes she then looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swellin',
While all her friends cried out a main,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

10. When he was dead and in his grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
Oh mother, oh mother, come make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

11. Hard-hearted creature him to slight
Who loved me all so dearly,
Oh that I'd been more kind to him
When he was alive and near me!

12. She on her deathbed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

13. Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in,
Henceforth take warning of the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

120. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4579/. Sung by Mrs. Dorah Seagle, Clinchfield, N.C., September 9, 1918.

p π^1

O mother, mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

121. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 3234/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 192(J). Sung by Miss Donna Shelton, Alleghany, N.C., August 9, 1916.

p π^1

122. "Barbara Ellen"

Grainger MS., No. 54. Also in Grainger, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 80(1). Sung by Joseph Taylor, Brigg, Lincolnshire, April 11, 1905.

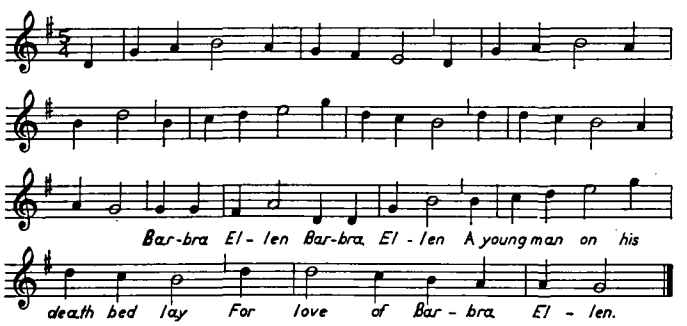
p I

As I was walking up the street,
I met his cold corpse coming
"Set down, set down his corpse of clay,
That I may gaze upon him."

123. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1040/. Sung by James Thomas, Cannington, August 17, 1906.

m I



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Barbra Ellen Barbra Ellen
A young man on his deathbed lay
For love of Barbra Ellen.

124. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 337/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 17(4). Sung by Mrs. Glover, at Huish Episcopi, August 20, 1904.

p I

In the pleasant month of May
When flowers they were springing
A young man on his sick bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen* Barbra Ellen
For the love of Barbra Ellen

* *JFSS*: Edelin (repeated)

125. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 861/. Sung by Mrs. Lawrance, Somerton, April 11, 1906.

p I

126. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 4865/. Sung by Mrs. Kathleen Williams, at Wigpool Common, September 6, 1921.

m I

This variant seems to have crossed with "Geordie" (Child No. 209).

As I was a-going down the street
I heard the death bells tolling
And every toll it seemed to say
Hard Hearted Barbarue Ellen

127. "Barbara Allan"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 35; text, Bk. 772, LXII, p. 34. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 70(4). Sung by Mrs. Cruickshank, Greciehill.

p I

The second half of the tune suggests "Rio Grande."

1. In Scotland I was born and bred,
   In London I was dwelling;
   I fell in love wi' a nice young girl
   And her name was Barbara Allan, Allan,
   And her name was Barbara Allan.

2. I courted her for seven long years,
   Till I could court no longer;
   I grew sick and very very ill
   I sent for my own true lover, lover,
   I sent for my own true lover.

3. Slowly she put on her clothes,
   And slowly she came walking
   And when she came to my bedside
   She said Young man, you are dying, dying,
   She said Young man, you are dying.

4. Dying my love, that cannot be,
   One kiss from you would cure me;
   One kiss from me that never shall be,
   While your hard heart lies aching, aching,
   While your hard heart lies aching.

5. He turned his back towards the wall,
   And his face to Barbara Allan,—
   Adieu to you, and adieu to all,
   And adieu to Barbara Allan, Allan,
   And adieu to Barbara Allan.

6. Look ye up to my bedside,
   There you will see hanging,
   A guinea gold watch and a silver chain
   And give that to Barbara Allan, Allan,
   And give that to Barbara Allan.

7. Look ye down to my bedside
   There ye will see standing
   A china basin full of tears,
   And give that to Barbara Allan, Allan
   And give that to Barbara Allan.

8. She had not gone a mile or two
   When she heard the church bells tolling,
   And every toll it seemed to say—
   Hard-hearted Barbara Allan, Allan.
   Hard-hearted Barbara Allan.

9. Oh mother, you'll make my bed for me
   You will make it soft and narrow;
   My love has died for me to-day,
   And I for him to-morrow, morrow,
   And I for him to-morrow.

10. Her mother then she made her bed
    Wi' muckle grief and sorrow;
    She laid her down to rise no more,
    And she died for her own true lover, lover
    And she died for her own true lover.

128. "Barbara Allan"

Greig MSS., III, p. 55. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), p. 63. Sung by Miss H. Rae, Sandhaven, February 1908.

p I

He sent his man down thru the tune [toun]
To the place where [s]he was dwellin'
Oh haste and come to my master dear
Gin ye be Barb'ra Allan, Allan,
Gin ye be Barb'ra Allan.

129. [Barbara Ellen]

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 80(2). Sung by Mrs. Bennefer, King's Lynn, Norfolk, January 1905.

p I

This variant commences like "The Dark-eyed Sailor."

130. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1470/. Sung by William Tucker, Ashcott, September 6, 1907.

p I

131. "Barbara Allen"

Vernon Dalhart, Brunswick recording, No. 117-B. [?1927].

a I

This copy looks untraditional, though related melodically. But see the Florida copy following, and the omitted one from North Carolina (in List of Variants, variant y).

1. It was in the merry month of May,
When flowers were a-bloomin',
Sweet Willy on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.
He sent his servant to the town,
The town where she did dwell in,
Sayin' "Master dear has sent me here,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

2. Then slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she went to him;
And all she said when she got there:
"Young man I think you're dyin'.
Oh don't you remember the other day,
When we were in the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies there
And slighted Barbara Allen."

3. He turned his face unto the wall,
He turned his back upon her.
"Adieu, adieu to all my friends,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."
She went on through and through the town,
She heard his death-bells ringin',
And every stroke they seemed to say,
"Oh, cruel Barbara Allen!"

4. She looked to the East, she looked to the West,
She saw his corpse a-comin'.
"Oh set him down for me," she cried,
"That I may gaze upon him."
The more she looked, the more she grieved,
She busted out to cryin',
Sayin' "Pick me up and carry me home,
For I feel like I am dyin'."

5. They buried Willy in the old church-yard
And Barbara in the new one;
And from Willy's grave there grew a rose
And from Barbara's a green briar.
They grew, they grew to the old church wall
And could not grow any higher,
And there they tied in a true-love's knot,
The rose-bush and the briar.

132. "Barbara Ellen"

Morris, 1950, p. 287. Sung by Mrs. C. S. McClellan, High Springs, Fla.; learned from her mother, of Starke, Fla.

a I

1. A way low down in London town
Is where I got my learning;
I fell in love with a pretty little girl
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

2. I co'ted her for seven long years;
She said she would not marry;
Little Willie went home with a broken heart
Took sick and seemed to be dying.

3. He wrote her a letter on his death bed;
He wrote it slow and mourning;
So slow she read, so slow she said,
"Go tell him I am coming."

4. When she got there these words she said,
"Young man, I see you're dying."
He turned his pale face to the wall,
And bursted out a-crying.

5. He reached her out her lily-white hand,
"Oh, come and tell me howdy."
"Oh, no, no," she staunchly said,
And she would not go about him.

6. "Do you remember last Saturday night,
When we were at the tavern,
You gave your hand to the ladies all?"
"My heart to Barbara Ellen."

7. She started at the Shady Grove,
She heard some birds a-singing.
And every bird did seem to sing,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

8. Oh she looked east and she looked west,
Till she saw the corpse a-coming.
"Please lay him down, please lay him down,
And let me look upon him."

9. The more she looked the more she wept,
Till she bursted out to crying,
"I once could a saved that young man's life,
And kept him from his dying.

10. "Oh mama, oh mama, go fix my bed;
Go fix it long and narrow;
Little Willie died with a pure heart,
And I will die for sorrow."

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133. "Barbara Ellen"

Sharp MSS., 4937/3369. Sung by William Pittaway, at Burford, Oxfordshire, May 19, 1923.

p I/M

1. 'Twas in the merry month of May
The small birds they were singing,
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the sake of Barbara Ellen.

2. He sent one of his servants down
To the house where she was dwelling,
Saying: You must come to my master,
If your name i[s] Barbara Ellen.

3. Slowly she put on her clothes,
And slowly she came to him,
And when she came to his bedside,
Says she: Young man, you're dying.

4. I'm not a-dying now just yet,
One kiss of thine will cure me.
One kiss of mine you never shall have,
So fare away, young Edwin.

5. Now you look over my bedside,
You'll see my waistcoat hanging
With my gold watch and silver chain.
Give these to Barbara Ellen.

6. So she looked over his bedside
And saw the waistcoat hanging
That shall be mine for I won't be thine,
So fare away, young Edwin.

7. Now you look out to the region (raging) sea,
You'll see my five ships sailing.
They shall be yours if you'll be mine,
For I love you, Barbara Ellen.

8. Now she looked out to the region sea
And saw those five ships sailing.
They shan't be mine for I won't be thine,
So fare away, young Edwin.

9. As she was a-walking through the church-yard
She heard the big bell tolling,
And every toll it seemed for to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

10. As she was walking up the street
She saw the corpse a-coming.
She cried: Put him down a little while
That I might gaze upon him.

11. The more she gazed the more she smiled
And the nearer she came to him,
Until her friends cryed out for shame:
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

12. Now he was buried in the tomb
And the other in the church.
And out of him there sprang a rose
And growed from her sweetbriar.

13. It growed and growed till it reached the top
And it could grow no higher.
They tied it in a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

134. [Bonny Barbara Allan]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84F; also IV, No. 109. Tune from O. F. A. Conner, Harrisburg, Pa., n.d.

p I/M

CONJECTURAL READING

The notation of the original is given for the sake of its feeling, and in order to correct the editor's guesses.

135. [Barbara Allen]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 128(B). Sung by Miss Laura Thornton, Pineville, Mo., December 11, 1927.

p I/M

There is justifiable doubt whether this copy should not have been written in 3/4 time.

1. 'Twas in th' merry month of May,
Th' green buds they was swellin',
Young Belfry on his death-bed lay
For th' love of Barbry Allen.

2. Now this young man was very sick,
An' in a low condition,
All he could say, both night an' day,
Was send for Barbry Allen.

3. Oh slowly, slowly, she drawed nigh
The place where he was lyin',
Young man, young man, you're a-goin' to die
Cause you slighted Barbry Allen.

4. Do you remember once in town,
A-drinkin' at the tavern,
You drinked to all the girls around,
But you slighted Barbry Allen.

5. In vain, in vain, my love has called,
An' now I am a-dyin',
Then he turned his face to the milk-white wall,
An' his back to Barbry Allen.

6. He turned his face to the milk-white wall,
He turned his back upon her,
Adieu, adieu, to the pretty fair maids,
Be kind to Barbry Allen.

7. They buried her in the old church yard,
They buried him beside her,
An' out of his breast grew a red rose bush,
An' out of hers a green brier.

8. They grew to the top of the old church tower,
They could not grow no higher,
An' there they tied in a true love knot,
The red rose an' the brier.

136. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3164/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 185(C). Sung by Miss Roxie Gay, Chicopee County, Ga., February 1914.

p I/M

1. One cold and cloudy day in the month of May,
When the roses was a-budding,
A young man lay on his deathbed
In love with Barb'ra Ellen.

2. He sent his servants after her
And for his sake he sent them:
My master's sick and about to die
And for your sake he's dying.

3. Slowly, slowly, she got up,
And went away unto him,
Saying: Kind Sir,
You are pale looking.

4. O yes, my love, I'm mighty sick,
A kiss or two
From your sweet lips
Would save me from this dying.

5. He turned his pale cheeks toward the wall;
She turned her back upon him,
Saying: Kind sir, you're none the better of me,
If your heart's blood was a-spilling.

6. Slowly, slowly she gets up
And goes away and leaves him.
She hadn't rode but a mile in town,
She heard his death bells ringing.

7. They rung so clear unto her ear
That she commence lamenting.
She looked to the East and she looked to the West,
She saw his cold corpse coming.

8. Go bring him here as cold as clay
And let me look upon him.

9. Go and tell to my parents most dear,
Who would not let me have him.
Go and tell to the rest of my kin folk,
Who caused me to forsake him.

10. Sweet Willie was buried on Saturday night,
Barbara was buried on Sunday.
Both of the mothers died for them,
Was buried on Easter Monday.

11. Sweet Willie was buried in the new churchyard,
Barbara was buried close beside him.
A red rose grew from sweet Willie's breast,
A briar grew from her feet.

12. They grew as high as the new church house,
They could not grow any higher;
They grew and tied in a true love knot,
A rose grew on the briar.

This text, absent from Sharp's MSS., is given from 1932.

137. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4271/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 195(P). Sung by Aunt Maria Tomes, Nellysford, Va., May 22, 1918.

p M (—VI)

Sweet William died choked up in love
I'll die for him in sorrow
Sweet William died choked up in love
I'll die for him in sorrow

"Aunt Maria is an old coloured woman, aged 85, who was a slave belonging to Mr. Coleman who freed her after the war and gave her the log cabin in which she now lives, which used to be the overseer's house. I found her sitting in front of her cabin smoking a pipe. We sang her The Sinnerman which delighted her beyond anything and made her dub me 'A soldier of Christ!' She sang very beautifully in a wonderfully musical way and with clear & perfect intonation." [*Sharp's MS. note*].

GROUP D

138. "Barbary Allen"

Cox, 1925, p. 523(F); text, p. 103. Sung by G. W. Cunningham, who learned it many years before. Collected by Prof. Walter Barnes, Fairmont, W.Va., 1915.

a D/M

* I take B♭ to be a misprint, on the strength of other variants. The original signature ought to have been two flats rather than three.

1. 'Twas early in the month of May,
When the green buds were swelling,
This young man on his death bed lay,
In love with Barbary Allen.

2. He sent his butler to the place
Where his true love was dwelling.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

3. So slowly, slowly she came there,
So slowly she drew nigh him;
And all she said when she came near:
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Yes, I am sick and very sick,
In love with Barby Ellen;
But one sweet kiss from your tender lips
Will save me from this dying."

5. "O do you not remember the day,
. . . . . .
You drank a health to the ladies all,
But slighted Barbary Allen?"

6. He turned his face unto the wall,
His back to Barbary Allen,
And said, "Adieu, adieu to kind friends all,
But a woe to Barbary Allen!"

7. She scarcely went one mile from town,
Till she heard his death knell ringing;
And every toll it seemed to say:
"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen."

8. "O mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it straight and narrow;
Young Johnnie Green died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him to-morrow.

9. "O bury him in the churchyard,
And bury me in the choir;
And out of him shall a red rose spread,
And out of me a green brier."

10. They buried him in the churchyard,
They buried her in the choir;
And out of him a red rose spread,
And out of her a green brier.

11. They grew and grew to the church-steeple top,
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they twined in a true-love knot,
With the rose around the brier.

139. [Barbara Allen]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 15(B). Sung by Mrs. Fred Hite, Thaxton, Va., October 13, 1936.

a π^3

O I am sick, so very sick,
Death on my brows are dwelling,
And none of the better will I ever be
Till I get Barb'ry Allen.

140. "Barbara Allen"

Morris, 1950, p. 289. Sung by Mrs. L. V. Scoldes, Macclenny, Fla.

a π^3

1. 'Twas in the pleasant month of May,
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. They sent a servant to the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
"My master's sick and says go there
If you please, Miss Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly, from her chair she rose,
And slowly she went to him,
But all she said when she got there,
Was, "Young man you look like dying."

4. "O, yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is on me dwelling;
No better, no better I'll ever get
Till I get Miss Barbara Allen."

5. "O Mother, O Mother go make my bed,
Go make it soft and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

6. I never got but a mile from town
'Fore I heard death bells a-ringing;
They rang, they rang, they scarcely rang;
They rang for Barbara Allen.

7. I looked to the east and then to the west,
And saw the pale corpse coming.
I turned around to the ladies all
And wished to the Lord I had him.

8. They buried Sweet William in the new church yard,
And Barbara Allen by him.
There sprung a white rose on Sweet William's grave,
And a brier on Barbara Allen's.

9. They grew, they grew to the top of the wall;
They could not grow no higher.
They locked in the top in a true love's knot,
And the rose ran round the brier.

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141. [Barbara Allen]

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 128(C). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 580(HH). Sung by some old people, Rockingham County, Va., December 1914. Collected by Martha M. Davis.

a D/M

142. "Barbry Ellen"

Ritchie, 1955, p. 184. Also in Ritchie, 1953, p. 53. As sung by the Ritchie family, Viper, Ky. Copyright Broadcast Music, Inc.

a π^3

Jean Ritchie sings this inimitably on Westminster LP recording, WLP 6037(A8), 1956.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin
Made every youth cry well-a-day
And her name was Barbry Ellen.

2. All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swellin,
Young William Green on his deathbed lay
For love of Barbry Ellen.

3. He sent his servant to the town
To her own father's dwellin,
Sayin Master's sick and he bids you to come
If your name be Barbry Ellen.

4. So slowlye, slowlye, she got up
And slowlye she came nigh him,
And all she said when she got there,
Young man I believe you're dying.

5. O yes I'm sick and I'm very sick
And I never will be any better,
Until I gain the love of one
The love of Barbry Ellen.

6. O yes you're sick and you're very sick
And you never will be any better,
For you never will gain the love of one
The love of Barbry Ellen.

7. O don't you remember in yonders town,
In yonders town a-drinkin?
You drunk the health of the ladies all round,
And you slighted Barbry Ellen.

8. O yes, I remember in yonders town,
In yonders town a-drinkin;
I gave my health to the ladies all round,
But my heart to Barbry Ellen.

9. He turned his pale face to the wall,
For death was on him dwellin,
Farewell, farewell you good neighbors all,
Be kind to Barbry Ellen.

10. As she was going across the field
She heard the death-bells knellin;
And every stroke they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbry Ellen.

11. As she was going through the woods
She saw the pale corpse comin;
Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
That I may look upon him.

12. The more she looked, the more she grieved
At last she burst out a-cryin,
O take him away, O take him away,
For I myself am dyin.

13. O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed,
Go make it both long and narrow,
Sweet William has died for the love of me,
And I shall die of sorrow.

14. O Father, O Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both long and narrow,
Sweet William has died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

15. O she was buried in the old church-yard,
Sweet William was buried a-nigh her
And out of his grave sprung a red, red rose,
Out of Barbry's grew a greenbriar.

16. They grew and they grew up the old church tower
Till they couldn't grow any higher,
And there they tied a true-lovers knot,
Red rose around greenbriar.

143. "Barbara Allen"

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 15(A). Sung by T. M. Snead, Montebello, Va., October 11, 1936.

a π^3

'Twas early, early in the spring
When the green buds were swelling,
Came a young John Gray from the West countries,
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allen.

144. [It was in the Month of May or June]

Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 22. Sung by Mrs. Pearl Jacobs Borusky, Bryant, Wis., September 9, 1937.

a D/M

It was in the month of May or June,
And the green buds they were swellin'.
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbry Allen.

[*Mrs. Jacobs adds, 9/6/38:*]

He turned his face to-ward the wall
And softly went to crying
"Adieu, adieu to all the world,
And adieu to Barbry Allen."

145. [Barbara Allan]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84E; also IV, No. 161. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 74. Sung by Mary E. Hall, St. Mary's, Pa., June 27, 1907; learned from her mother.

a D/M

146. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3624/. Sung by Mrs. Townsville, at Pineville, Ky., May 2, 1917.

a D/M

Twas all in the fall of the year
And the oaken leaves was falling
Kind William he was taken sick
For the love of Barbra Ellen.

147. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS, 3983/. Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Lee County, Ky., September 6, 1917.

a D/M

In Starlings Town, where I was born,
I saw a many maids a dwelling.
I chose me one to be my bride,
And her name was Barbree Ellen.

148. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4689/3268. Sung by Mrs. Julia Boone, Micaville, Yancey County, N.C., September 25, 1918.

a D/M

1. In yonders town where I am bound
Where three fair maids were dwelling,
Adieu, adieu to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Ellen.

2. He turned his pale face towards the wall.
He turned his back upon her.
She hopped, she skipped all over the room,
Says: Young man, you're dying.

3. She started on that long road home.
She hadn't got more than one mile from town
Till she heard his death-bell ringing.
She looked to the East and she bowed to the West.
She saw his corpse a-coming.

4. Go lie him down, this corpse of clay
And let me gaze upon him.
The more she gazed, the more she wept,
Till she burst-ed out a-crying.

5. O mammy, O mammy, go fix my bed,
Fix it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me to-day,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

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

7. Go bury Sweet William in the new churchyard,
And Barbara by the side of him.
And out of his grave sprung a blood-red rose
And out of hers a briar.

8. They grew, they grew to the highest of the church,
They could not grow any higher.
The rose it wrapped in a true lover's knot,
The rose it wrapped round the briar.

149. "Barbara Ellen"

Thomas, 1931, p. 94. From Kentucky.

a D/M

1. So this young man he were taken sick,
He lay in a low condition;
All he said both night and day
Was "Send for Barbara Ellen."

2. So they sent a servant to the town
Where Barbara were a-dwelling.
"Arise, arise you, up and go
If your name be Barbara Ellen."

3. So slowly, slowly she arose
And slowly she drew nigh him;
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man, I think you are a-dying."

4. "Oh yes, oh yes, my pretty little miss,
I lay in a low condition;
One sweet kiss would comfort me,
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

5. Oh, he turned his pale face to the wall
His back be all unto her;
"Adieu, adieu to all pretty maids
But woe to Barbara Ellen."

6. As she walked out through an open field,
She heard a death bell ringing;
The more it ringed it seemed for to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

7. Oh, she looked and she looked to the west,
She spied a corpse a-coming;
"Lie down, lie down those ice cold corpse
That I may gaze upon it.

8. "Oh mother, Oh mother, go make my shroud,
Go make it long and narrow;
Johnny Green has died for love
And I may die for *sorry*."

9. So they buried her in the lower church yard,
They buried him in the square;
And out of hers grew a red, red rose
And out of his grew a brier.

10. So there they grew to the church steeple tops
And there they could grow no higher;
There they tied in a true lovers' knot
The rose and the green brier.

150. "Barbara Allen"

Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 310, as sung by Mrs. A. W. Corn, from her grandmother, Mrs. Aseveth M. Barrett. Also in Brewster, 1940, p. 106(D), as noted by Miss Lucile Wilkin from the singing of Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, or her daughter, Edith Del Hopkins, Boonville, Ind., 1935.

a D/M

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made many a youth cry "well-a-day";
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. 'Twas early in the month of May
When the green buds were a-swelling,
Young William on his deathbed lay
In love with Barbara Allen.

3. He sent a servant to the place
Where Barbara was a-dwelling:
"My master says for you to come there
If your name be Barbara Allen."

4. Then slowly, slowly she rose up
And slowly she went to him,
But the only words she had to say
Were, "Young man, I think you're dying."

5. "I know I'm sick and very sick
And death is in me dwelling,
And I shall never see my time again
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

6. "I know you're sick and very sick
And death is in you dwelling,
And you never will see your time again,
For you won't get Barbara Allen.

7. "You remember on the other day
When you were all a-drinking
You filled your glass and you handed it around,
And you slighted Barbara Allen."

8. He turned his pale face to the wall;
He turned his back upon her:
"Adieu, adieu, to the ladies all,
And woe unto Barbara Allen."

9. She mounted on her milk-white steed
And she rode through town a-sailing,
And every house that she passed by
Said "Woe unto Barbara Allen!"

10. She scarce had gone one mile from town
When she heard the death-bell tolling;
She looked to the east and she looked to the west
And she spied the cortege coming.

11. "O Mother, Mother, make my bed,
And make it soft and narrow;
My truelove died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

12. They carried them both to the old churchyard;
They buried them both together.
And out of his grave there grew a wild rose
And out of hers a brier.

13. They grew so high and they grew so tall
That they could not grow any higher;
Then they wound themselves in a truelove knot,
And the rose twined round the brier.

In 1940, p. 108, another text (E) of sixteen stanzas, without a tune, is given as Mrs. Corn's.

151. "Barbara Allen"

Wyman and Brockway, [1916], p. 1; text, p. 5. From Knott County, Ky.

a π^3

This variant might better perhaps have been timed 3/2.

1. All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling,
William Green on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling
Saying "Love, there is a call for you
If your name is Barbara Allen."

3. She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going,
The only words she said to him
Were "Young man I think you're dying.

4. "Don't you remember the other day
When you were in town a-drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

5. "O yes, I remember the other day
When I was in town a-drinking,
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
But my love to Barbara Allen."

6. He turned his pale face to the wall
And death was in him dwelling;
"Adieu, adieu, to my friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

7. When she got in two miles of town
She heard the death bells ringing:
They rang so clear, as if to say
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

8. So she looked east and she looked west
And saw the cold corpse coming,
She says "Come round you nice young man
And let me look upon you."

9. The more she looked the more she grieved
Until she burst out crying
"Perhaps I could have saved that young man's life
Who now is here a-lying.

10. "O Mother, O Mother, come make my bed
O make it both soft and narrow,
For sweet William died to-day
And I will die to-morrow.

11. "O Father, O Father, come dig my grave
O dig it deep and narrow,
For sweet William died in love
And I will die in sorrow."

12. Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,
Barbara Allen was buried in the yard;
Out of William's heart grew a red rose,
Out of Barbara Allen's grew a brier.

13. They grew and grew to the old church tower
And they could not grow any higher;
And at the end tied a true lover's knot
And the rose wrapped around the brier.

152. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 3163/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 190(F). Sung by Miss Ada B. Smith, Knott County, Ky., Dec. 16, 1907.

a π^3

In the MS. the time-values are half those printed above.

1. 'Twas in the merry month of May,
The green buds were swelling,
Poor William Green on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying: Love, there is a call for you,
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

3. She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going,
And all she said when there she come:
Young man, I believe you're dying.

4. O yes, I know I'm very bad,
And never will be any better
Until I have the love of one,
The love of Barbara Ellen.

5. He turned his pale face toward the wall,
And death was in him dwelling.
Adieu, adieu, adieu to my dear friends.
Be kind to Barbara Ellen.

6. When she got in about two miles of town,
She heard the death bells ringing.
She says: Come around, you nice young men,
And let me look upon you.

7. O mother, O mother, come make my bed,
Come make it both soft and narrow
For sweet William died to-day,
And I will die tomorrow.

8. O father, O father, come dig my grave,
Come dig it both deep and narrow,
For sweet William died in love,
And I will die in sorrow.

9. Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,
Barbara Ellen was buried in the yard.
Out of sweet William's grave grew a green, red rose,
Out of Barbara Ellen's a briar.

10. They grew and grew to the old church top
And still they couldn't grow any higher,
And at the end tied a true love-knot,
The rose wrapped around the briar.

The text, not among Sharp's MSS., is given from 1932.

153. "Barbara Allen"

Raine, 1924, p. 115.

a π^3

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made ev'ry youth cry, "Well-a-day,"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from the western states
And courted Barbara Allen.

3. It was all in the month of June
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

4. He sent his servant to the town,
Where Barbara was a-dwelling,
My master is sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen.

5. And death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

6. So, slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when she got there,
Young man, I think you are dying.

7. Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,
For death is on me dwelling;
No better, no better I never can be,
If I can't get Barbara Allen.

8. Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,
And death is on you dwelling,
No better, no better you never will be,
For you can't get Barbara Allen.

9. Oh, don't you remember in yonder town
When you were at the tavern
You drank a health to the ladies all 'round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?

10. Oh, yes, I remember in yonder town,
In yonder town a-drinking,
I gave a health to the ladies all 'round,
But my heart to Barbara Allen.

11. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu to my friends all around,
Be kind to Barbara Allen.

12. As she was on her highway home,
The birds they kept a-singing,
They sang so clear they seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

13. As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

14. She looked to the east and she looked to the west,
She spied his corpse a-coming.
Lay down, lay down, the corpse of clay,
That I may look upon him.

15. The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,
Saying, Take me up and carry me home,
For I am now a-dying.

16. O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die for sorrow.

17. O Father, O Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

18. She was buried in the old church yard,
And he was buried a-nigh her.
On William's grave there grew a red rose,
And on Barbara's grew a green brier.

19. They grew to the top of the old church wall,
Till they couldn't grow any higher;
They lapped and they tied in a true lover's knot,
And the rose grew around the brier.

154. "Barbara Allen"

McGill, 1917, p. 39.

a π^3

1. All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling;
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town,
The town where she was dwelling;
"Fair maid there is a call for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3. So slowlie, slowlie she got up,
And slowlie she went to him;
But all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is with me dealing;
No better will I ever be
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

5. "O don't you remember in yonder town,
When the red wine you were filling;
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

6. "O yes, I remember in yonder town,
When the red wine I was filling;
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
But my love to Barbara Allen."

7. He turned his pale face to the wall
While death was with him dealing;
"Adieu, adieu to my dear friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

8. As slow-lie, slow-lie she got up,
As slow-lie she went from him;
The birds they sang so clear in her ear,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

9. As she were walking o'er the fields,
She heard those death bells knelling,
And every stroke it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

10. As she were walking through the streets,
She saw the corpse a-coming;
"Take off, take off that winding sheet,
And let me look upon him."

11. The more she looked, the more she grieved,
Till she bursted out a-crying:
"O pick me up and take me home,
For surely I am dying.

12. "O mother, mother, make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Young Jemmy died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

13. "O father, father, dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow;
Young Jemmy died for me through love,
I'll die for him through sorrow.

14. "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fate
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

155. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 4047/. Sung by Hilliard Smith, Hindman, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a π^3

It was all in the month of May
And the green buds they were swelling,
Young Jimmy Green on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbry Ellen

156. "Barbru Allan"

Sung by Jimmy Stewart, Forfar, Scotland, n.d. Gordon-Pickow Collector Ltd. Eds., LP rec., LP 1201(A7), coll. and ed. Jean Ritchie.

a π^3

1. (In) London I was bred and born,
(In) Scotland was my dwellin, O,
I fell in love with a nice young girl
And her name was Barbru Allan, O,
And her name was Barbru Allan, O.

2. I courted her for seven long years;
I could nae court her langer, O,
But I fell sick and very ill
And I sent for Barbru Allan, O,
And I sent for Barbru Allan, O.

3. It's when she came tae my bed-side
She says, "Young man, You're dying, O."
"O dying," I said, "it cannot be,
One kiss from you wull cure me, O."
"One kiss from me you'll never get,
Long's your hard heart's a-breakin, O,
Long's your hard heart's a-breakin, O."

4. "O turn my back untae the wa'
And my face frae Barbru Allan,
It's adieu to me and adieu to you,
Be kind tae Barbru Allan, O,
Be kind tae Barbru Allan, O.

5. "But look ye up at my bed-heid
And you'll see what you'll see hangin there,
A guinea gold watch and a silver chain,
Gae that tae Barbru Allan, O,
Gae that tae Barbru Allan, O.

6. "But look ye doun at my bed-fet
And you'll see what you'll see stan'in there,
A china basin fu' o' tears
Was shed for Barbru Allan, O."

7. She was not one mile frae the toun
She heard the deid bells tollin, O,
And every toll they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbru Allan, O,
Hard-hearted Barbru Allan, O.

8. "O Mother, Mother, make my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
My true love died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow."

157. [Barbara Allen]

Barry MSS., IV, No. 201. Communicated by H. M. Belden, from the singing of Miss Colquitt Newell.

a π^3

158. "Barbara Allen"

Belden, 1940, p. 64(M). Sung by Mrs. Eva Warner Case, Harrison County, Mo., 1916; learned in childhood. From Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee.

a D/M

The variant reading (a) is that of Belden's MS. in Harvard College Library: 25241.64F.

In Lexington, where I was born,
There was a young man dwelling;
He was taken sick and very sick,
For the love of Barbara Allen,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

159. "Barbara Ellen"

Belden, 1940, p. 63(K). Sung by Mrs. Chandler, Farmington, St. Francis County, Mo., 1912; from her mother, who learned it from an aunt.

a D/M

1 All in the early month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

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

3. Then slowly, slowly she rose up,
And she did come a-nigh him,
And all she said when she got there
Was, "Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "It's true I'm sick, and very sick,
And death lies in my dwelling;
And I do know that I will die
If I don't get Barbara Ellen."

5. "It's true you're sick, and very sick,
And death lies in your dwelling;
But don't you remember when the cup went round
And slighted Barbara Ellen?"

6. Then slowly, slowly she rose up
And slowly she did leave him;
She sighing said she could not stay
Since the breath of life had left him.

7. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And he began a-crying,—
"And I do know that I will die
If I don't get Barbara Ellen."

8. Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara died on Sunday.
Her mother died for the love of both—
She died on Easter Monday.

9. Sweet William was buried in the high churchyard
And Barbara was buried in the squier;
And out of his heart there grew a red rose,
And out of hers a briar.

10. They grew till they tied in a true love's knot,
This red rose and this briar;
They grew till they tied in a true love's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

160. [Barbara Allen]

Eddy, 1939, p. 58(E). Sung by Mrs. Willard Darling, Perrysville, Ohio; learned from her mother.

a D/M

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
Till they couldn't grow up any higher,
Then they twined themselves in a true lovers' knot
For lovers true to admire.

161. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 3665/. Sung by the Sloan sisters, Barbourville, Ky., May 9, 1917.

m D/M

This, in its first half, is the type of "The Daemon Lover" or "House Carpenter" tunes (Child No. 243).

Dont you remember the other night
When you were in your dwelling,
You passed the cups to the ladies all
around
And you slighted Barb'ra Ellen.

162. "Barbra Allen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 137(N). Sung by Miss Louise McDowell, Reeds Spring, Mo., August 25, 1941. From her father, who learned it in Stone County, Mo., in the late 1880's.

a P/Æ

1. In the early fair days of May,
When the green buds they were swelling
Sweet Willie on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbra Allen.

2. Oh I was sent to the place
Where Barbra was dwelling,
Saying my master's sick and he wants you quick
If your name be Barbra Allen.

3. Oh slowly she rose up
And so slowly she went to him,
But all she said when she got there
Was young man, I think you're dying.

4. Oh yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is in my dwelling,
And never better will I be
Until I get Barbra Allen.

5. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Then no better you will be,
You'll never get Barbra Allen.

6. For don't you remember in yon little town,
Where in the tavern dwelling,
You drank your health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbra Allen.

7. Yes, I remember in yon little town,
Where in my tavern dwelling,
I drank my health to the ladies all around
Yet I love Barbra Allen.

8. Slowly she rose up,
And slowly she went from him,
She hadn't gone but a mile or so
Till she heard the death bells ringing.

9. She looked to the east and she looked to the west,
She saw the pale corpse coming,
Oh lay down, lay down those pale corpse
And let me gaze upon him.

10. Oh mother dear, come fix my bed,
Come fix it long and narrow,
Sweet Willie died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

11. Sweet Willie was buried in the old church yard,
And Barbra beside him,
And around sweet Willie grew a rose,
And by Barbra grew a brier.

12. They grew in len'th and they grew in stren'th
Till they could grow no higher,
And then they tied in a love bow knot,
For the love of Barbra Allen.

163. "Barbry Allen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 134(J). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., December 10, 1936. Learned from her mother, in Stone County, Mo., in the early 1890's. Noted by Sidney Robertson.

p π^4

'Twas in th' merry month of May,
Th' green buds were a-swellin',
Young William on his death bed lay,
For th' love of Barbry Allen.

They sent a servant to the town
Where Barbry was a-dwellin',
Arise, arise you up an' come
If your name be Barbry Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
His nose gushed out a-bleedin',
Adieu, adieu to the gals all round,
Be kind to Barbry Allen.

164. "Barbara Allen"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 351(15); text, p. 339. Sung by Mrs. Glasscock, W.Va., who learned it as a child from her grandmother.

a Æ

One may suspect the last three bars of going awry either in singing or transcription.

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

165. [Bonny Barbara Allen]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84(C); also IV, No. 85. Sung by Mrs. L. Clark [? Miss M. L. Clark], Vineland, N.J., March 1907; learned from her elder brother.

a M

Oh mother mother make my bed,
Make it long and narrow
For Jimmie dies for me to-day
And I'll die for him to-morrow.

166. [Barbara Allan]

Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 70(3), from Duncan MS., No. 5. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, 1905.

p D

Greig found 22 variants of this tune with "Yarrow" (Child No. 214). Cf. also "Willie's Drowned in Gamrie" (No. 215), "Geordie" (No. 209), and "Tifty's Annie" (No. 233).

167. [Barbara Allan]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 283.

a Æ (basically π^4)

With this tune, printed in an appendix, Christie gives no text.

168. [Barbara Ellen]

Scarborough, 1937, p. 388(G); text, p. 93(H). Sung by Clara Callahan, Saluda, N.C.

a I

This is a twisted form of "Boyne Water."

1. All in the merry month of May
When the green buds were swelling,
Young William Green on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
The place where she was dwelling,
Saying, there is a call for you,
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

3. Slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly came she nigh him,
The only words she said while going,
Young man, I think you're dying.

4. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was in him dwelling,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu to you all,
Be kind to Barbara Ellen.

5. As she was going through the town
She heard the death bells tolling
And every stroke that seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

6. She look-ed, east, she look-ed west,
And saw the cold corpse coming.
Go bring him in and set him down
And let me look upon him.

7. The more she looked, the more she grieved
Until she burst out crying.
Go take him away, go take him away,
For I am now a-dying.

8. Oh, mother, oh, mother, come make my bed,
Come make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today
And I for him tomorrow.

9. Oh, father, oh, father, come dig my grave
Come dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet William died for me in love,
And I for him in sorrow.

10. Sweet William was buried in the old church yard
And Barbara Ellen beside him.
And out of his grave a red rose grew,
And out of hers a brier.

11. They grew and they grew to the old church top
They could not grow any higher.
And at the end they tied in a true lover's knot,
The rose wrapped round the brier.

169. "Barbara Allen"

Davis, 1929, p. 578(Y); text, p. 339. Sung by Ed Davis, Shipman, Va., November 15, 1915. Collected by John Stone.

a I/Ly

Normally, this variant should end on D or A, rather than C: it has however developed its own inner logic.

1. 'T was early in the month of May,
The rosebuds they were swelling,
Sweet Jimmy on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.
Sweet Jimmy on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He called his servant to his side:
"Go to the town she's dwelling;
Say, 'My master's sick and sent for you,
For you, Miss Barbara Allen.' "

3. So slowly, slowly she did ride,
And slowly she went to him,
And all she said when she got there
Was, "Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "Oh yes, oh yes, I'm very sick,
The pain of death's upon me;
I know I'll never see another well day
Unless I get you, Barbara Allen."

5. He turned his pale face to the wall,
She turned her back upon him.
"Adieu, adieu, to all my friends,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

6. As she was riding through the town
She heard the bells a-tolling,
And every sound seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

7. She looked to the east and looked to the west,
She saw the corpse a-coming,
"Driver, drive over to my side
That I may gaze upon him."

8. The more she looked the more she sighed,
And finally burst out crying.
"Mother, father, take me home,
For, mother, I am dying."

9. Sweet Jimmie died on Saturday night,
Barbara Allen died on Sunday,
The mother died the love of them both,
And was buried on Easter Monday.

10. They both were carried to the same graveyard
And they were buried together,
And on one grave sprung a red rose
And on the other a briar.

11. They grew and grew to the church steeple top,
They could not grow any higher;
They linked and twined in a true lover's knot
For all true lovers to admire.

170. [Barbara Allen]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 110. From Miss Drake. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 53.

a I/Ly

171. [Barbara Allen]

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 129(G). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 580(II). Sung by Mrs. N. W. Hough, Lynchburg, Va., December 12, 1914. Collected by Martha M. Davis.

a π^1

This tune, like the preceding, strikes away from the normal final; but C is a reasonable tonic.

172. "Barbry Allen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 131(E). Sung by Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Mo., November 7, 1926.

a π^3

1. 'Twas early in th' month of May,
   Th' flowers all was bloomin',
   Young Belfry lay on his death bed,
   For th' love of Barbry Allen.

2. He sent his servant to her house,
   Where this fair maid was dwellin',
   Young Belfry bids you come to him,
   For he thinks that he's a-dyin'.

3. So slowly, slowly she got up,
   An' slowly went unto him,
   An' all she said when she got there
   Was young man, I hope you're a-dyin'.

4. He turned his face to-wards the wall,
   An' then to-wards her dwellin',
   An' all the friends an' neighbors cried,
   Hard-hearted Barbry Allen.

5. They placed 'em in the old church yard,
   Beneath the old church tower,
   An' there they planted a true lovers' vine
   For all fond hearts to admire.

173. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3602/2664. Sung by Miss Alice Parsons of Letcher County, Ky., at Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn., April 27, 1917.

a π^3

1. 'Twas early in the month of May
   The flowers were a-blooming,
   Sweet Williams came from a Western State
   And courted Barbara Ellen.

2. 'Twas early in the month of June,
   The peach trees were a-bearing,
   Sweet Williams on his death-bed lay
   For the sake of Barbara Ellen.

3. He sent his servant to the town
   Where Barbara was a-dwelling,
   My master's sick and sent for you,
   Your name is Barbara Ellen.

4. So slowly, slowly, she got up,
   So slowly she went to him.
   When she got there she said: Kind sir,
   Kind sir, I think you're dying.

5. O yes, I'm sick and very sick
   And death is on me dwelling.
   No better, no better I ever will be
   If I can't get Barbara Ellen.

6. O yes, you're sick and very sick
   And death is on you dwelling.
   No better, no better you ever will be,
   For you can't get Barbara Ellen.

7. Do you remember the other night
   When we were all out together,
   You treated all the ladies all around,
   You slighted Barbara Ellen.

8. O yes, I remember the other night
   When we were all out together,
   I gave my health to the ladies all around,
   My heart to Barbara Ellen.

9. He turned his pale face to the wall,
   His back he turned upon her.
   Adieu, adieu to my friends all around,
   Be kind to Barbara Ellen.

10. As she was on her highway home,
    The birds flew singing around her,
    In spite of all they seemed to sing:
    Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

11. She looked to the East and she looked to the West,
    She saw his corpse a-coming.
    O go lay down that lovely corpse,
    That I may look upon him.

12. The more she looked the better she liked,
    She fell to the ground a-crying:
    O Mamma, O mamma, you are to blame,
    You would not let me have him.

13. Go dig my grave, go dig it deep,
    Go dig it long and narrow.
    Sweet Williams died for me in love,
    I'll die for him in sorrow.

14. Sweet Williams was buried in the old churchyard,
    Barbara Ellen they laid beside him;
    And out of his grave there grew a red, red rose
    And out of her a green briar.

15. They grew to the top of the old church wall,
    Perhaps a little higher,
    And tied themselves to true love's knots,
    For all true lovers to admire.

174. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 4069/. Sung by Miss Polly Anne Kelly (15), Hindman School, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a π^3

175. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 3848/. Sung by Mrs. Cis Jones, at Goose Creek, Manchester, Ky., August 14, 1917.

a π^3

Early, early in the spring
When the flowers just a-blooming
Johnny Green took sick to die
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen

176. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3376/2470. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 188(E). Sung by Alfred H. Norton, Rocky Fork, Tenn., September 2, 1916.

a M (—VI)

The alternative barring of the first phrase is in Sharp's MS.

1. All in the month, the month of May,
The green buds they were swelling.
They swelled till all pretty birds choose* their mates
And Barbary her Sweet William.

2. He sent a letter through the town
To Barbary Allen's dwelling,
Saying: Here's a young man sick and he sends for you,
For you to come and see him.

3. She walked in, she walked in,
She placed her eyes upon him.
The very first word that she said to him:
Young man, I think you're dying.

4. I know I'm sick and very sick,
And sorrow it is dwelling with me.
No better, no better I never will be
Until I get Barbary Allen.

5. I know you're sick and very sick,
And sorrow it is dwelling with you.
No better, no better you never will be,
For you'll never get Barbary Allen.

6. He turned his pale face to the wall,
He burst out a-crying,
Saying: Adieu, adieu to the ladies all around,
Farewell to Barbary Allen.

7. Don't you remember last Saturday night
When I were at your tavern,
You swang you treated the ladies all around,
You slighted Barbary Allen.

8. She rode, she rode a mile from town
The small birds they were singing,
They sung so loud, they sung so swift,
Hard-hearted Barbary Allen.

9. She looked East, she looked West,
She saw the cold corpse coming,
Saying: Lay him down on this cold ground
And let me look upon him.

10. The more she looked the more she mourned
Till she burst out a-crying,
Saying: I could have saved this young man's life
If I'd a-tried my true endeavour.

11. O mother, O mother, O fix my bed,
Go fix it long and narrow.
Sweet William he died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

12. O father, O father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet William he died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

13. They buried Sweet William in the old churchyard
And Barbary close by the side of him.
At the head of Sweet William's grave there sprung
a red rose
And Barbary Allen's was a briar.

14. They grew, they grew to the top of the church
And they could not grow any higher.
They leaned and tied in a true lover's knot
And the rose hanged on to the briar.

* 1932: chose

177. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 3765/. Sung by Mrs. L. H. Flannery, Berea, Ky., May 30, 1917.

a π^3

178. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3224/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 191(G). Sung by Miss Emma Hensley (13), Carmen, N.C., August 8, 1916; derived from her maternal grandmother.

a π^3

The hold after the mid-cadence equalled exactly two beats.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swelling
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbra Allen

179. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 4601/. Sung by Mrs. Virginia Bennett, Burnsville, N.C., September 13, 1918.

a π^3

Sharp notes that the singer often fell into the metre of the variant (a).

As I was crossing London Bridge,
The Maple buds were swelling,
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbra Ellen.
For the love of Barbra Ellen.

180. "Barbara Ellen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 387(F); text, p. 92(G). Sung by Ora Keene Bowerman, Russell Fork, Council, Va., c. 1932; learned from her father.

a π^3

1. All in the merry month of May
   When green buds were swelling,
   Young William was lying on his death-bed
   For the love of Barbara Ellen.

2. He sent his name all in the town,
   In the town where she was dwelling,
   Come pity me, my own true love,
   For I'm on my death-bed lying.

3. She came slowly, slowly up,
   To the place where he was lying.
   The only words she seemed to say,
   Young man, I fear you're dying.

4. If I had a kiss from your precious lips,
   Would save my soul from dying.
   Before you would have a kiss from my lips,
   I'd see your heart blood flowing!

5. He turned his pale face toward the wall,
   His back upon the people,
   The only words he seemed to say,
   Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!

6. As she was out in the fields walking,
   She heard the death bells jolting,
   Jolted, jolted as if to say,
   Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!

7. She walked on a piece further,
   She spied his corpse a-coming.
   Oh, pray! oh, pray! do let him down
   Till I look upon him.

8. Oh, pray, Oh, pray! go dig my grave,
   Be sure to dig it narrow.
   Young William died for me today.
   I must die for him tomorrow.

9. William died on Saturday night,
   Barbara Ellen died on Sunday.
   The old woman died for love of them both,
   And buried on Easter Monday.

10. A green-brier sprung from William's grave,
    A red rose from Barbara Ellen's.
    They grew and they grew in a true lover's knot,
    And lived and died together.

181. "Barbara Allen"

Belden, 1940, p. 65(N). Sung by Mrs. L. D. Ames, Columbia, Mo.; derived from her great-grandparents, of Virginia and Kentucky.

a M/D (—III)

The timing has been slightly readjusted by the present editor in bars 5-7, and further revision is indicated throughout.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

182. "Barbara Allen"

Davis, 1929, p. 579 (DD); text, p. 344. Sung by Mrs. C. A. Dickson, Trimble, Va., November 3, 1920. Learned many years before from an old lady, Mrs. Millway. Collected by John Stone.

a π^3

It was early in the month of May,
When the buds they were a swelling,
Young Johnny lay on his death-bed
For the love of Barbara Allen.
Young Johnny lay on his death-bed
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He turned his pale face to the wall,
When death came creeping o'er him.
"Adieu, adieu, to all my friends,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

183. "Barbry Ellen"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 386(B); text, p. 85. Sung by Laura Keen, Murphy's Hollow, Buchanan County, Va., c. 1932.

a D/Æ

1. It was all in the month of May
When the red-buds they were swelling,
He sent his servant John to town
For the wants of Barbry Ellen.

2. Sweet William sent for you to come down
That your name be Barbry Ellen;
She dressed herself in haste for to go
And hated to deny him.

3. The very first words when she got there,
Young man, I believe you're dying.
Oh, yes, I'm sick and mighty sick
And death it is a-dwelling.

4. No better, no better will I ever be
If I don't get Barbry Ellen.
Oh, yes, you're sick and mighty sick
And death it is a dwelling.
No better, no better will you ever be
Because you can't get Barbry Ellen.

5. He turned his pale face to the wall
His back upon the army.
Adieu, adieu to the ladies all around,
Be kind to Barbry Ellen.

6. She fell up against his bed-side
A-screaming and a-crying.
I might have saved this young man's life
If I only had been a-trying.

7. She had not got more than one mile to town
Till she heard them death bells ringing.
They ring so clear they seemed for to say
Hard-hearted Barbry Ellen.

8. She had not got more than two mile to town
Till she saw the pale corpse coming.
Lie down, lie down, you pale corpse you,
Let me take my last look upon you.

9. They tuck them both to the Van Cathellic church
And buried them side by side.
A rose growed on Sweet William's breast
And a brier on Barbry Ellen's.

10. They growed as high as the Van Catholic church
And could not grow any higher.
They tangled all round in a true lover's knot
And no one could untie them.

184. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3514/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 191(H); and in Davis, 1929, p. 581(JJ). Sung by N. B. Chisholm, Woodridge, Va., September 21, 1916.

a D/Æ

The MS. dots the last half-note.

185. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 3708/. Sung by Fitzhugh Droghon, Berea, Ky., May 22, 1917

a D/Æ

All in the merry month of May
The green buds they were a swelling
Young William Green on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

186. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 4105/. Sung by Mrs. Leona Melton, Mackintosh Creek, Hyden, Ky., October 2, 1917.

a D/Æ

Twas all in the month of May,
When May buds was a-swelling,
Sweet William came from the Western
State
And courted Barbra Ellen.

187. "Barbara Allan"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 52(B). Sung by Mrs. Allan McClellan, Bad Axe, Mich., 1935.

a Æ

This is a resourceful way of achieving tonal unity.

'Twas in the autumn, the moist time of the year,
When all the leaves were falling,
A strange young man from the west countree
Fell in love with Barb'ra Allan.

188. [Barbara Allen]

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 195(A). Sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me.; learned from her mother. Tune recorded by George Herzog, c. 1928.

a D

The same singer used the tune also for "Braes of Yarrow" (No. 214).

1. In Scarlet Town where I did dwell,
   There was a fair maid dwelling;
   Young Jemmy Grove did love her well,
   And her name was Barbara Allen.

2. 'Twas on the fifteenth day of May,
   And the green fields were a-blooming,
   This young man on his death bed lay,
   For the love of Barbara Allen.

3. So slowly she put on her gown,
   So slowly she went to him;
   And all she said when she got there
   Was: "Young man, you're a-dying.

4. "For Death is printed in your face
   And Sorrow on your bearing;
   You never will be none the better for me,
   Nor the love of Barbara Allen."

5. She had not got far out of town
   Before the bells were tolling,
   And with the tolling of the bells
   Laughed cruel Barbara Allen.

6. She turned about to get her breath
   And spied the funeral coming;
   She laughed to see him pale in death,
   O cruel Barbara Allen.

7. When he was buried in his grave,
   Her heart did burst with sorrow:

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow!"

8. "Now, maidens all, a warning take,
And shun the ways I fell in,
Or else your heart like mine may break;
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

189. "Barbara Allen"

Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 129(E). Also in Davis, 1929, p. 578(U); text, p. 333. Sung by Mr. Hall, Altavista, Va., May 28, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a I

1. It was one lovely month of May,
Sweet flowers they were blooming;
Sweet Willie is now on his death-bed,
In love with Miss Barbara Allen,
In love with Miss Barbara Allen.

2. He sent his servant to the town
To search in every tavern,
"My master is sick and sends for you,
If your name is Miss Barbara Allen."

3. Slowly, slowly she arose,
And slowly she went to him;
And all she said when she got there,
"Sweet Willie, I think you're dying."

4. "Yes, I am now so very sick,
I think that death is on me;
I can not live another day
Without you, Miss Barbara Allen."

5. She jumped into her fine carriage
And through the town she traveled;
And every tavern she passed by,
"There goes Miss Barbara Allen."

6. She has not driven but a mile from town,
She heard the death-bells ringing;
And all that they did seem to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

7. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She saw the corpse a-coming.
"Stop, oh stop, and open the corpse,
And let me look upon him.

8. "Oh mother, oh mother, dig my grave,
Dig it deep and narrow;
Sweet Willie died for me today,
And I will die for him tomorrow.

9. "Sweet Willie died for pure true love,
And I will die for sorrow."
Both were buried in the old church yard,
And both were buried together.

10. From one grave there sprang a rose,
The other was a brier.
They grew, they grew to the steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher.

11. And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
And lived and died together.
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
And lived and died together.

190. "Barbara Allen"

Barry MSS., II, No. 84D; tune also in IV, No. 81. Sung by Jonathan Carter, Vineland, N.J., March 18, 1907. Learned from his father.

a I

What hath tradition wrought! or hath it?

All in the merry month of May
When green buds were a-swelling
Young Henry on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

"If on your death-bed you do lie,
Why needs the tale the telling?
I cannot keep you from your death.
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

191. "Barbara Ellen"

Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 343. Also in Eddy, 1939, p. 52(A). Sung by Mrs. Melissa Moores, Perrysville, Ohio.

a Æ

The familiar assurance of the second half makes one hesitate to challenge as unintentional the Dorian modality of the first.

1. In Storytown where I did live
There was a fair maid dwelling;
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

2. He sent his servant man away
To the place where she was dwelling;
"My master dear has sent me here
In the name of Barbara Ellen."

3. But slowly, slowly she arose,
And slowly she came to him,
But all she said when she came to him:
"Young man, I think you're dying.

4. "For death is pictured on your brow,
And sorrow in your dwelling,
But none the better will you be
For loving Barbara Ellen."

5. He turned his back unto this maid,
His face unto the wall;
Said he: "Adieu to all good friends,
But woe unto Barbara Ellen."

6. She hadn't gone three miles from town
Until she heard the death bells tolling,
And under the tolling of it cried
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen.

7. Then she looked east and she looked west,
She saw his corpse a-coming;
"Come, lay you down cold corpse of clay,
That I may look upon you.

8. "Oh, hell must be my name," said she,
"Oh, hell must be my future;
I might have saved this young man's life
By trying my endeavor.

9. "Oh, pick me up and carry me home,
For death has on me seized;
My true love died for me yesterday,
I will die for him tomorrow."

10. They were buried in the new churchyard,
She was buried by his side,
And out of her grave there grew a rose,
And out of his a brier.

11. They grew in length, they grew in strength,
Until they could grow no higher,
Then they met at the top and tied in a true lovers' knot,
Both of the rose and the brier.

APPENDIX

192. "Barbara Allen"

Smith, 1928, p. 130(A). Sent by W. B. Compton, Aiken County, S.C., 1913. Derived from his wife's mother, Mrs. Martha O'Neall Day, b. 1829.

a π^2

This is the "Gypsie Laddie" tune entire (No. 200).

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry wail away,
Her name was Barbara Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds then were swelling,
Young Jamie Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

2. And death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin';
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.
So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him:
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

3. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin'.
"Adieu, adieu, my friends all,
Adieu Barbara Allen!"
As she was walkin' o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a-knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

4. She turned her body round about,
She spied the corpse a-coming;
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."
With scornful eyes she looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

5. When he was dead and in his grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"Oh, mother, mother, make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow.
Hardhearted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly,
Oh that I'd been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me."

6. She on her deathbed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did ere deny him.
"Farewell," she said, "ye maidens all
And shun the fault I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

193a. [Barbara Allen]

Sharp MSS., 236/. Sung by Harry Richards, Curry Rivell, July 29, 1904.

a M

Sharp got this tune from another singer with "The Cruel Mother" (No. 20). Cf. *ante*, I, p. 287, no. 31.

In Scotland I was born and bred
And England has my nature
For a young man on his death-bed lay
Love sick of Barb'ra Allen

193b. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 400/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 16(3). Sung by Harry Richards, Curry Rivell, September 5, 1904.

a M (inflected III)

In Scotland I was born and bred
And England is my nation
For a young man on his death-bed lay
For the sake of Barbara Edelin

194. [Barbara Ellen]

Sharp MSS., 1595/. Sung by Alfred Emery (78), Othery, April 4, 1908.

a M

And out of him spring roses red
And out of him spring roses red
And on the top was a true lover's knot
That many young men admire

195. [Barbara Allen]

Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 28 (1924), p. 157. Sung by Ellen Creer, Castletown, Isle of Man.

a I/M

Cf. "Young Beichan" (No. 53), for many examples of this scheme.

196. "Barbary Allen"

Stout, 1936, p. 8. Sung by John W. Stanley; traditional in his family. (Iowa and Illinois.)

a I

This is borrowed from the convivial "For he's a jolly good fellow," itself sufficiently old.

1. In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
And every youth cried well-a-way
Her name was Barbary Allen,
Her name was Barbary Allen,
Her name was Barbary Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swellin',
Young Jenny Groves on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbary Allen.

2. He sent his man unto her then
To the town where she did dwell in,
Saying, "You must come to my master,
If your name be Barbary Allen,
If your name be Barbary Allen,
If your name be Barbary Allen.
For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin',
Then haste away to comfort him,
Oh! lovely Barbary Allen."

3. Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart be stealin',
Yet little better shall he be
For bonny Barbary Allen,
For bonny Barbary Allen,
For bonny Barbary Allen.

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
"Oh! pretty maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying,
I'm on my death-bed lying,
I'm on my death-bed lying."
"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What need's the tale you're telling?
I cannot keep you from your death;—
Farewell!" said Barbary Allen.

5. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin',
Adieu, adieu, my friends all,
Adieu to Barbary Allen,
Adieu to Barbary Allen,
Adieu to Barbary Allen.
As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin',
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbary Allen."

6. She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming,
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him,
That I may look upon him,
That I may look upon him."
With scornful eyes she looked down,
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
"Unworthy Barbary Allen!"

7. When he was dead and in his grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
"O Mother, Mother, make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow,
For I shall die tomorrow,
For I shall die tomorrow.
Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly;
O! that I'd been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me."

8. She on her death-bed as she lay
Begged to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him,
That she did e'er deny him,
That she did e'er deny him.
"Farewell!" she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth, take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbary Allen."

197. [Barbara Allen]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84B; also IV, No. 243. Sung by Mrs. George Ravois, Vineland, N.J., January 10, 1907. Learned from Thomas Quinn, a peddler in Philadelphia, Pa.

a I

"Mrs. Ravois remembers that in the ballad was a stanza telling how the young man's heart burst, filling a basin with his blood,—at which hard-hearted Barbara Allen laughed." [*Barry's MS. note.*]

198. [Barbara Allen]

Barry MSS., II, No. 84A; also IV, No. 88. Tune sung by Mrs. R. A. Cobleigh, Newbury, Vt. From Vermont tradition.

p I/Ly (—VI)

George Collins (Lady Alice)

CHILD NO. 85

So FAR as the music of this little song is concerned, the variants are all relatively close to one another and all stay within the ambit of π^1, the pentatonic lacking its fourth and seventh. This comprises the Lydian, Ionian, and Mixolydian modes and hexatonic forms lying between. The favored cluster-point for our ballad is probably the hexatonic pattern lacking the seventh, in the plagal range. It is an odd fact of probably little significance that in roughly a quarter of the total number of variants recorded the sixth is also lacking. This lack does not affect the modality. The metre is usually triple (or compound duple). The range is often narrow, and, apart from phrasal upbeats on the lower dominant, stays within the tonic and fifth or sixth.

The tune belongs to one of the commonest families in the register, and in one variety or another is found with many of the most familiar of our songs. Americans all know "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean," a very typical example which is actually found with the present ballad; and many know Ophelia's song of "Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day." Although there is, I believe, no actual record of the latter tune with Shakespeare's words and contemporary with Shakespeare, the stage tradition for it is strong and there is good reason to suppose it unbroken. At any rate, the tune of "A Souldiers Life" which appears in the first (1650) and succeeding editions of Playford's *English Dancing Master* is a form of the same tune, and by this title it is carried back into the late sixteenth century. (Cf. Chappell, I, [1855], p. 144.)

Whether the ballad text is anywhere nearly so old as the tune is another matter. If the argument of Barbara M. Cra'ster in *JFSS*, IV, No. 15 (1910), p. 106, which points out a possible relationship with "Clerk Colvill" (No. 42), were to be accepted as proved—and its plausibility makes a strong appeal—we should be able to credit the little song with a high antiquity. "But oh! how fallen! how changed!" Already by the end of the eighteenth century in some quarters it had been reduced to the level of a nursery burlesque. But it is still sung widely in America as a serious ballad. The hero is usually called George Collins, as in the English versions which point to a connection with Colvill or Colven by involving him with a water-sprite; but in one version he is simply George, a hobo dying in an empty box-car. His true-love, however, has not lost all trace of her former brightness: she inhabits a "hall" and sews her silken seam so fine. In fact, by the time she reaches him, George himself has been shrouded in fine linen, which the attendants are enjoined to lay back, that he may receive the last kisses. Still, the box-car is a far cry from the milieu of the Knight of Staufenberg, of whom the tale is told in 1310.

Two interesting articles on this ballad are: S. P. Bayard, "The 'Johnny Collins' Version of 'Lady Alice'," *JAF*, LVIII (1945), pp. 73-103; and Harbison Parker, "The 'Clerk Colvill' Mermaid," *JAF*, LX (1947), pp. 265-85. Also to be consulted is T. P. Coffin's discussion, in *The British Traditional Ballad in North America*, 1950, pp. 90-92.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "George Collins." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 394(C) and 120.
2. "George Collins." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 582(E) and 350.

a. "George Collins." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 205(CC).

3. "George Collins." Sharp MSS., 3577/2641, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (King)

b. "George Collins." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 69(B).

c. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 70(B 1).

4. "George Colon." Maurice Matteson and Mellinger Edward Henry, *Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads*, 1936, p. 2.

d. (Unnamed). Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 206(DD).

5. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 3273/2385. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 199(E). (V. Norton)

e. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 71(B 2).

6. "George Collins." Sharp MSS., 3986/. (Thomas)
7. "Lady Alice." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 75, University of Virginia.
8. "Lady Alice." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 18(A).

f. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 73(G).

9. "George Collum." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 7.
10. "George Collins." Dorothy D. Horn, *Bulletin of the Tennessee Folklore Society*, IV (1938), p. 75.
11. "George Collins." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 394(E) and 121.
12. "She followed him up." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a H, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 74(O), and *Brown Collection*, II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 139.
13. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 3199/2343. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 196(A). (D. Shelton)
14. "George Collins." Sharp MSS., 3135/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 197(C). (McKinney)
15. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 3479/2563. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 197(B). (House)
16. "George Collins." Sharp MSS., 3233/. (M. Shelton)
17. "George Collins." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 71(D, anonymous version).

g. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 71(D).

18. "Georgie Collins." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 33.
19. "George Collins." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 394(B) and 119.

20. "George Collins." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 292.
21. "George Collins." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9474(B3).
22. "George Collins." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 393(A) and 118.
23. "George Collins." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 89(A).
24. "George Collins." J. F. Guyer and G. B. Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13(1909), p. 301(3).
25. "Giles Collins." Josiah Combs, *Folk-Songs from the Kentucky Highlands*, 1939, p. 8.
26. "Giles Collins." Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 291.
27. "George Collins." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 139.
h. "George Collins." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 203(AA).
28. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 3360/2458. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 198(D). (D. Norton)
29. "George Collins." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 582(D, II) and 349.
30. "The Dying Hobo." Kelly Harrell, Victor recording, No. 20527A.
31. "George Collins." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 582(D, I) and 349.
32. "George Collins." Davis, 1929, pp. 581(C) and 348.
33. "Johnnie Collins." Anna Davis Richardson, *JAF*, XXXII (1919), p. 500.
34. "George Collins." Guyer and Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), pp. 299(1) and 300.
35. "George Collins." Guyer and Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 301(2).
36. "Giles Collins." Karpeles MSS., No. 5135 and p. 4645a.
37. "Whose corpse is that a-coming this way?" Asher E. Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 47.
38. "Giles Collin." M. H. Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, 1878, p. 46.
39. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 2078/1928. (Sister Emma)
40. "Lady Alice." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 19(B).
i. "George Collins." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 204(BB).
41. "Johnny Collins." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 581(B) and 347.
42. "Giles Collins." Sharp MSS., 4638/3235. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 199(F). (Bailey)
43. "George Collins." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 72(E).
j. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 72(E 1).
k. "George Collins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 73(E 2).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "George Collins"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 394(C); text, p. 120. Sung by Ethel Mae Shiflett, Ragged Mountains, Va.

p I/M

George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
George Collins rode home so fine.
George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
And then taken sick and died.

2. "George Collins"

Davis, 1929, p. 582(E); text, p. 350. Sung by Mrs. Dan Maxie (*née* Holland), Altavista, Va., March 2, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

p I (—VI)

1. George Collins drove home one cold winter night,
George Collins drove home so fine,
George Collins drove home one cold winter night,
And was taken sick and died.

2. Sweet little Nellie in yonder hall,
Sewing her silk so fine;
But when she heard that George was dead,
She laid her silk aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him around,
She followed him to his grave,
And there she fell on her bended knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. "Oh daughter, Oh daughter, what makes you weep so?
There's more young boys than George."
"Oh mother, Oh mother, he has my heart,
And now he's dead and gone.

5. "Set down the coffin, unscrew the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
And let me kiss his clay-cold lips,
For I'm sure he will never kiss mine.

6. "Don't you see that lonely little dove
A-sitting on yonder pine?
He's mourning for his own true love,
And why not I for mine?"

3. "George Collins"

Sharp MSS., 3577/2641. Sung by Miss Barbara Hannah King, Mt. Smokey Academy, Sevier County, Tenn., April 19, 1917.

p I

1. George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
And then took sick and died.

2. There sits little May in yonders hall,
A-sewing her silk so fine,
And when she heard George Collins was dead
She laid her silk aside.

3. I'll follow George Collins day by day,
I'll follow George Collins to his grave.
She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And on her bended knees, she wept,
she mourned, she praye[d].

4. O daughter, O daughter, what makes you weep?
There's more young men than George.
O mammy, O mammy, George has won my heart,
And now he's dead and gone.

5. Set down the coffin, take off the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
And let me kiss his sweet little lips,
For I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

6. She kissed him on the dairy (deary?) cheeks,
And then she kissed his chin,
And then she kissed his cold, clay lips,
For I'm sure there's no breath within.

7. Don't you see that lonesome little dove
Just hopping from pine to pine?
It's weeping for its lost true love
Just like I weep for mine.

4. "George Colon"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 2. Sung by Nathan Hicks, Sugar Grove, Beech Mountain, N.C., July 31, 1933.

p π^1 (—VI)

George Colon rode home one cold winter night,
George Colon rode home so fine;
George Colon rode home one cold winter night,
George Colon took sick and died.

He left poor Omy in yonder room
A-sewing her silks so fine,
But when she heard that George was dead,
She laid her fine silks aside.

Unscrew the coffin, take off the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
And let me kiss his cold clay lips,
For I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

5. [Giles Collins]

Sharp MSS., 3273/2385. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 199(E). Sung by Miss Viney Norton (17), Big Laurel, N.C., August 16, 1916.

p I/M

Go hand me down my looking-glass,
Go hand me down my comb,
And let me comb little George's hair
For I know he'll never comb mine.

George Collins rode home one stormy night,
He taken sick and died;
Mrs. Collins was sewing a seam of silk
She laid it down and cried.

She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to the grave,
And there she stood on her bended knees
While they buried Georgie then.

Unscrew the coffin, push back the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, clay lips
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

6. "George Collins"

Sharp MSS., 3986/. Sung by Miss Bessie Thomas (10), St. Helen's Ky., September 6, 1917.

p I/M

George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter's night
And taken sick and died.

7. [Lady Alice]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 75. Sung by Mrs. Kit Williamson, Evington, Va., October 19, 1935.

p I

George Collins rode home on a cold winter night,
George Collins rode home so fine;
George Collins rode home on a cold winter night,
And was taken sick and died.

8. [Lady Alice]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 18(A). Sung by Mrs. Katherine Black, Batesville, Va., October 20, 1936.

p I

1. George Allen rode home one dark stormy night,
George Allen rode home so fine;
George Allen rode home one dark stormy night,
Was taken sick and died.

2. His Mary was sitting in yonders hall,
Sewing on her silk so fine;
But when she found that George was dead,
She threw her silk aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to the grave;
She fell down on her bended knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. Throw back the coffin lid, said she,
Throw back the linen so fine;
That I may kiss his pale cold lips,
I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

5. When you see a turtle dove,
Flying from pine to pine;
It mourns the loss of its own true love,
And why not I for mine.

9. "George Collum"

Hudson, 1937, No. 7. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long and Miss Mary Ila Long, Miss., between 1923 and 1930.

p I/M

1. George Collum rode home one cold winter night,
George Collum rode home so fair,
George Collum rode home one cold winter night
When he took sick and died.

2. There was a girl in yonder land,
That wore the silk so fine,
But when she heard that George was dead,
She laid her silks aside.

3. She followed him up she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And down upon her bended knees
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. "Open up the coffin, screw off the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
That I may kiss his cold clay lips,
For I know he'll never kiss mine."

5. "Oh daughter, oh daughter, why do you weep?
There are plenty more boys except George."
"Oh mother, oh mother, he has my heart,
And now he's dead and gone."

6. "Oh don't you hear those lonesome doves?
A-flying from pine to pine?
They weep and mourn for their own true love,
Just as I mourn for mine."

10. "George Collins"

Horn, *BTFLS*, IV, No. 3 (1938), p. 75. Sung by O. Hamby, Unaka, N.C.

a π^1 (compass of a sixth), ending on II

George Collins rode home one cold winter night;
George Collins rode home so late.
George Collins rode home one cold winter night
And taken sick and died.

11. "George Collins"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 394(E); text, p. 121. Sung by Cecil Knight, Blue Ridge Mts., Va., c. 1932.

a I/M

George Collins rode home one cold winter's night,
George Collins rode home so far.
George Collins rode home one cold winter night
And taken sick and died.

12. [She followed him up]

Brown MSS., 16 a H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 74(O). Second stanza of text from Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 139. From Nancy Maxwell.

a I/M

She followed him up, She followed him up
She followed him to the grave
And there she bent her cold sweet lips [?]
She wept she cried she prayed

'Oh, dig up the coffin and take off the lid,
Draw back those sheets so fine;
And let me touch those cold, proud lips,
For I know they'll never touch mine.'

13. [Giles Collins]

Sharp MSS., 3199/2343. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 196(A). Sung by Mrs. Dora Shelton, Allanstand, N.C., August 2, 1916.

p I/M (—VI)

1. George Collins come home last Friday night,
And there he take sick and died;
And when Mrs. Collins heard George was dead,
She wrung her hands and cried.

2. Mary in the hallway, sewing her silk,
She's sewing her silk so fine,
And when she heard that George were dead,
She threw her sewing aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And there all on her bended knee
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. Hush up, dear daughter, don't take it so hard,
There's more pretty boys than George.
There's more pretty boys all standing around,
But none so dear as George.

5. 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.

6. Set down the coffin, lift up the lid,
And give me a comb so fine,
And let me comb his cold, wavy hair,
For I know he'll never comb mine.

7. Set down the coffin, lift up the lid,
Lay back the sheetings so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, sweet lips,
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

14. "George Collins"

Sharp MSS., 3135/?. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 197(C). Sung by Miss Mary McKinney, Henderson County, N.C., 1914.

a I/M (—VI) (compass of a fifth)

1. George Collins came home last Wednesday night
And there took sick and died;
And when Mrs. Collins heard George was dead,
She bowed her head and died.

2. His own little bride was in the hall,
Sewing her silk so fine,
And she heard that George was dead,
She threw it all aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And there upon her bended knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. O daughter, O daughter, the mother then said,
There is more young men than George;
There is more young men standing round
To hear you weep and mourn.

5. O mother, O mother, the daughter then said,
There is more young men than George;

There is more young men standing round,
But none so dear as he.

6. Sit down the casket, take off the lid,
Fold back the sheets so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, sweet lips,
I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

7. Look away over yonder at the lonesome dove,
It flies from pine to pine,
Mourning for its own true love.
Why shouldn't I mourn for mine?

The text, which is not among Sharp's MSS., is taken from 1932.

15. [Giles Collins]

Sharp MSS., 3479/2563. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 197(B). Sung by Mrs. Hester House, Hot Springs, N.C., September 16, 1916.

a I (—VI)

The copy is written a fourth lower in the MS. (key of D major).

1. George Collins came home last Friday night
And then took sick and died.
His girl sat in the next door side
A-sewing her silk so fine.

2. And when she heard George Collins was dead
She laid her silk aside,
And fell down on her trembling knee
And wept and mourned and cried.

3. O Mary, O Mary, what makes you weep,
What makes you weep and mourn,
What makes you weep when you ought to be asleep?
O Lord, I've lost a friend.

4. God bless the dove that mourns for love
And flies from pine to pine.
It mourns for the loss of its own true love.
O why not me for mine?

5. I followed George Collins by day, by day,
I followed him to his grave.
Lay off, lay off those coffin lids
And spread the sheets so fine.

6. Lay off, lay off, those coffin lids
And spread the sheets so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, clay lips.
O Lord, he'll never kiss mine.

16. "George Collins"

Sharp MSS., 3233/. Sung by Memory Shelton, Alleghany, N.C., August 9, 1916.

p I/M (—VI)

George Collins left home last Wednesday night
And then took sick and died
When Mrs. Collins heard George was dead
She bowed her head & cried

17. "George Collins"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 71(D, anonymous version).

p I/M (—VI)

George Collins rode home on a cold winter night;
George Collins rode home so gay
George Collins rode home on a cold winter night
George Collins rode home to die.

18. "Georgie Collins"

Chappell, 1939, p. 33. Sung by Mrs. John Squire Chappell, Tyner, N.C., 1938.

p I/M

1. Georgie Collins came home one cold winter night,
Georgie Collins came home so bright,
Georgie Collins came home one cold winter night,
He was taken sick and died.

2. There was a fair lady in yonders town
Who was clothed in silk so fine,

But when she heard that Georgie was dead
She laid it down and cried.

3. Dear daughter, dear daughter, what makes you do so?
There's plenty of men besides George.
O mama, mama, he's got my heart
And now I'm left alone.

4. Lay down the coffin, take off the lid,
Place back the linen so fine
And let me kiss his clay cold lips,
I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

5. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And there she knelt on her bending knee,
She wept, she mourned, she cried.

19. "George Collins"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 394(B); text, p. 119. Sung by Ethel Mae Shiflett, Ragged Mountains, Va., c. 1932.

p I/Ly

This more than suggests "My bonny lies over the ocean."

1. George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
Was taken sick and died.

2. Little Mary was in her parlor room
Sewing her silks so fine,
And when she heard poor George was dead
She hung her head and cried.

3. Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, what makes you weep so?
There's plenty more boys besides George.

. . . . . .

4. Oh, Mother, oh, Mother, can't you see that dove
Flying from pine to pine?
It is mourning for his own lost true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

5. Look up, look down that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry.
The rest of the friends have had their time,
So now it's you and I.

20. "George Collins"

Morris, 1950, p. 292. Sung by Mrs. J. A. Hart, Newberry, Fla. Learned from a relative in Georgia.

p π^1

1. George Collins came home on Wednesday night,
Was taken sick and died.
His only true love in the next door room
Was sewing her silks so fine.

2. And when she heard George Collins was dead,
She laid her silks aside;
She fell upon her bended knee;
She wept, she mourned, she cried.

3. "Take off, take off that coffin lid,
And raise that sheet so fine,
And let me kiss his cool little lips,
For I know he'll never kiss mine."

4. His Mary was sitting in yonder hall,
Sewing her silks so fine,
But when she heard poor George was dead
She laid her silks aside.

5. She followed him here, she followed him there,
She followed him to the grave;
And there upon her bended knee,
She wept, she moaned, she prayed.

6. "Oh daughter, oh daughter, oh get away,
And let me reason with you,
For don't you see that sad young man,
Is seeing you weep and mourn?"

7. "Pray mother, pray mother, oh leave me alone,
For I know I've lost a friend,
For the happiest hours I ever spent,
Was by George Collins' side.

8. "Don't you see that lonely dove,
A-flying from pine to pine,
A-mourning for its little self,
As I am mourning for mine.

9. "I'll follow George Collins day by day,
And I'll follow him to his grave;
For the happiest moment I ever spent,
Was spent by George Collins' side."

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21. "George Collins"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford; learned from Lois Whitehead [?], a student at Leicester High School, Blue Ridge Mts., N.C., in 1926. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9474(B3). Recorded by Duncan Emrich, Washington, D.C., 1949.

p I/M (—VI)

1. George Collins came home last Saturday night,
   He was taken down sick an' died;
   His true love was in the next room door,
   Sewing her silk so fine.

2. When she heard George Collins was dead,
   She laid her silks aside,
   She got down on her bended knees,
   She wept, she mourned, she cried.

3. "Oh, Mary, oh, Mary, get up from there,
   Why do you weep an' mourn?
   For there are other young men around,
   To see you weep and mourn."

4. "Mother, Oh, Mother, I know there are
   Other young men aroun'
   I'll follow George Collins by night and by day,
   I'll follow him to his grave.

5. "Lay off, lay off that coffin lid,
   Unfold those sheets so white,
   So I may kiss those cold pale lips,
   For I'm sure they'll never kiss mine.

6. "God pity the dove that mourns for her love,
   And flies from pine to pine,
   And may you be as true to your love
   As I have been to mine."

22. "George Collins"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 393(A); text, p. 118. Sung by Paul Osborne, Hoot Owl Hollow, Drill, Va., c. 1932.

a I/M (—VI) (compass of a fifth)

1. George Collins drove home one cold winter night,
   George Collins drove home so fine;
   George Collins drove home one cold winter night,
   And taken sick and died.

2. Miss May was a-sitting in yonders room,
   Sewing her silks so fine,
   When she heard poor George was dead,
   She laid her silks aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
   She following him to his grave,
   And down on low on bended knees
   She weeped, and she moaned and she prayed.

4. Sit down the coffin, screw off the lid,
   Lay back the linen so fine,
   For I want to kiss his pale cold lips
   For I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

5. Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, what makes you weep?
   There are more boys than one.
   Oh, Mother, George has won my heart
   And now he's dead and gone.

6. See that lonesome dove a-flying,
   Flying from pine to pine;
   Weeping for its own true love
   Just like I weep for mine.

23. "George Collins"

Henry, 1938, p. 89(A). Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tenn., August 12, 1930.

p I/M (—VI)

The timing here should pretty certainly be 6/8, as above; but the original is given in 4/4 with (apparently) a triplet on the second beat of each bar.

1. George Collins rode home
   One cold winter night
   And taken sick and died.

2. Little Nellie being in the other room
   A-sewing on her silk so fine,
   And when she heard her George was dead,
   She lay her silk aside.

3. She weeped, she moaned for her true-love,
   . . . . . .
   "O daughter, O daughter, what makes you weep?
   There are more pretty boys than George."

4. "O mother, O mother, I know that's true,
   But he's got this heart of mine.
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

5. "Set down the coffin, unscrew the lid,
   And roll back the linen so fine,
   And let me kiss his cold clay lips.
   I'm sure he'll never kiss mine."

24. "George Collins"

Guyer and Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 301(3). Sung by Henry Stansbridge (58), Lyndhurst, Hampshire, September 27, 1906.

p I

This version is sung by A. L. Lloyd on Riverside RLP 12-623(A4), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

Miss Broadwood finds a relationship between this and "The Wealthy Farmer's Son" (*English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 26).

George Collins walked out one May morning,
When may was all in bloom,
There he espied a fair pretty maid
A-washing her marble stone.

25. "Giles Collins"

Combs, 1939, p. 8.

p I/M

1. Giles Collins said to his mother one day,
"O Mother, come bind up my head;
For tomorrow morning ere it is day,
I am sure that I shall be dead.

2. "O Mother, O Mother, if I should die,
And I am sure that I will,
I will not be buried in our churchyard,
But under Lady Alice's wall."

3. His mother made him some water gruel,
And stirred it with a spoon;
Giles Collins ate but one spoonful,
And died before it was noon.

4. Lady Alice was sitting in her window,
All dressed in her night-gown;
She saw as pretty a corpse go by
As she had ever seen in her life.

5. "What bear you there, you six tall men;
What bear you there on your shoulders?"
"We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who was once a true-lover of yours."

6. "Down with him, down with him on the grass,
The grass so pretty and green;
For tomorrow morning before it is dawn,
My body by his shall lie."

7. Her mother made her some plum gruel,
With spices all of the best;
Lady Alice ate but one spoonful,
And the doctor ate up the rest.

8. Giles Collins was laid in the lower chancel,
Lady Alice up in the higher;
There grew a rose from Lady Alice's breast,
And from Giles Collins' a brier.

9. They grew and they grew to the very church-top
Until they could grow no higher,
And twisted and twined in a true-lover's knot,
Which made all the parish admire.

26. "Giles Collins"

Morris, 1950, p. 291. Sung by Mrs. Lucy Holt Harrison, Gainesville, Fla., 1950; traditional in family.

p I/Ly

1. Giles Collins said to his mother one day,
"Oh! Mother come bind up my head,
And make me a pot of water-gruel,
For tomorrow I shall be dead, dead, dead, dead, dead,
For tomorrow I shall be dead."

2. His mother she made him the water-gruel
And stirred it around with a spoon;
Giles Collins drank that water-gruel,
And he was dead before noon, noon, noon, noon, noon,
And he was dead before noon.

3. "Oh! what bear ye, ye six strong men
Upon your shoulders high?"
"We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die, die, die, die,
Who for love of you did die."

4. "Set him down, set him down, ye six strong men,
Upon the grass so green,
And tomorrow before the clock strikes seven,
My body shall be with his'n, his'n, his'n, his'n, his'n;
My body shall be with his'n."

5. Lady Anne sat in her window,
A-sewing her scarf and coif, (pronounced *keef*)
She said she had seen the prettiest corpse
She had ever seen in her life, life, life, life, life;
(pronounced *leef*)
She had ever seen in her life.

6. They buried Giles Collins in the east,
Lady Anne in the west;
A lily grew on Giles Collins' grave
And touched Lady Anne's breast, breast, breast, breast, breast,
And touched Lady Anne's breast.

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27. "George Collins"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 139. Sung by Miss Lisbeth Hayes, Fayetteville, Ark., June 12, 1920.

p π^1 (inflected II)

She says the coffin to be opened,
An' then the shroud to be folded down,
An' then she kissed them clay-cold lips
Until the tears come a-runnin' down.

Set him down, set him down, Lady Alice she cried,
Set him down on the grass so green,
An' before the sun goes down in the West
My corpse'll be a-layin' by his'n.

George Collins rode out the very next night,
He rode out all alone,
An' the first thing he saw when he got there
Was fair Eleanor washin' a white marble stone.

Oh don't you see that turtle dove
A-flyin' from pine to pine?
He's a-mournin' for his own true love,
So why not me, why not me for mine?

28. [Giles Collins]

Sharp MSS., 3360/2458. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 198(D). Sung by Dana Norton (14), Flag Pond, Tenn., August 31, 1916.

a I/Ly (fourth present in variant [c])

1. George Collins on one winter night
George Collins so fine,
George Collins on one winter night
Was taken sicken and died.

2. O see that maid in yonders town,
A-sewing her silk so fine,
And when she heard that George was dead,
She laid her silk aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
O there she wept, O there she mourned,
O there she wept, she prayed.

4. Unscrew the coffin screws, lay back the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine,
That I may kiss his cold, clay lips,
For I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

5. O daughter, dear daughter, what makes you mourn,
There's more pretty boys than George.
O mama, dear mama, George won my heart
And now he's dead and gone.

6. O see that dove, that turtle dove
That flies from pine to pine,
A-mourning for its own true love
Why not I mourn for mine?

29. "George Collins"

Davis, 1929, p. 582 (D, 11); text, p. 349. Sung by Mrs. Lester, Roanoke, Va., November 30, 1923. Collected by Alfreda M. Peel.

m π^1

1. George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
He was taken sick and died.

2. Oh, see Miss Mae in yonder hall,
Sewing her silks so fine;
But when she heard poor George was sick,
She laid her silks aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave;
She fell upon her bended knees,
She wept, she prayed, she mourned.

4. "Oh daughter, oh daughter, why do you weep so?
There are more young men than George."
"Oh mother, oh mother, he won my heart,
And now he's dead and gone.

5. "Set down the casket, unscrew the lid,
Lay back the linen so fine;
For I want to kiss his dear sweet lips,
I am sure he will never kiss mine.

6. "See that dove in yonder grove,
Flying from pine to pine,
Mourning for his own true love,
As I mourn for mine."

30. "The Dying Hobo"

Kelly Harrell, Victor rec. No. 20527A.

a π^1

1. 'Twas at some western water-tank
One cold December day
And in an empty box-car
The dying hobo lay.

2. You see his girl in yonders hall
A-sewing her silk so fine
But when she heard poor George was dead
She laid her silks aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down
She followed him to his grave
And down upon her bending knees
She weeped, she mourned, she cried.

4. "O take off his coffin-lid
Lay back his linen so fine
And let me kiss his pale sweet lips
For I know he'll never kiss mine."

5. "O daughter, O daughter what makes you weep so?
There's more young men than George."
"O mother, O mother he's won (one?) of my heart
And now he's dead and gone.

6. "You see that dove in yonders grove
A-flying from pine to pine.
It's mourning for its own true-love
Why can't I mourn for mine?"

31. "George Collins"

Davis, 1929, p. 582(D, 1); text, p. 349. Sung by Mrs. Lester, Roanoke, Va., May 27, 1917.

a π^1 (final on III)

For Mrs. Lester's text, see variant 29.

32. "George Collins"

Davis, 1929, p. 581(C); text, p. 348. Sung by Mrs. Lit Arthur (*née* Taylor), Altavista, Va., March 14, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

a I/M

1. George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
Was taken sick and died.

2. See Miss Mary in yonders hall,
Sewing her silk so fine;
When she heard that George had died,
She laid her silk aside.

3. She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave.
She fell upon her bending knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4. "Set down the coffin, screw off the lid,
Turn back the linen so fine;
I want to kiss his cold, pale cheeks,
For I know he will never kiss mine."

5. "Daughter, dear daughter, what makes you weep so?
There's more young men than George."
"Oh mother, dear mother, George won my heart,
And now he's dead and gone.

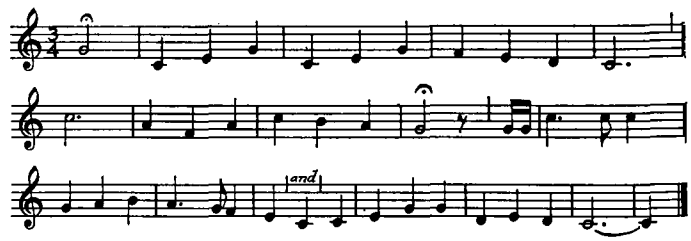
6. "Don't you see that lonesome little dove,
Sitting on yonders pine,
Mourning for its own true love,
Why can't I mourn for mine?

7. "The happiest hours I ever spent
Were by George Collins' side.
The saddest news I ever heard
Was when George Collins died."

33. "Johnnie Collins"

Richardson, *JAF*, XXXII (1919), p. 500. Sung by Mrs. Rachel Echols Fogg, W.Va., 1918.

a I



This is close to the "Lord Lovel" (No. 75) type.
The third cadence here falls both before and after the second beat of the bar.

1. Young Collins went forth one morning in May
   All over the fresh blooming flowers;
   And the first that he spied was his Eleanor dear,
   A-washin' a white marble stone.

2. He took her round her slender waist,
   And he kissed both her cheeks and her chin;
   The stars from heaven came twinkling down
   At the place where young Collins jumped in!

3. He swum, and he swum, and he swu-u-u-um
   Till he came to his own father's door;
   Says, "Father, dear father, oh, let me in!
   Oh, let me in once more!

4. "If I should die this very night,
   Which I think in my own heart I will,
   Go bury me under the white marble stone
   At the foot of Fair Eleanor's hill."

5. As she was sitting in her own father's hall,
   All dressed in her silks so fine,
   She spied young Collins' cold clay corpse,—
   "An old true-lover of mine."

6. She ordered the coffin to be brought right there,
   So she might gaze on his beautiful form once more,
   "And get one kiss from those cold clay lips
   Which oft-time have kissed mine before."

7. She ordered a sheet to be brought right there,
   All trimmed with its laces so fine;
   "For to-day it waves over young Collins' grave,
   To-morrow shall wave over mine."

8. The news it went round to Dablin Town
   All printed on Dablin's gate,—
   "Six pretty fair maids all died last night,
   And 'twas all for young Collins' sake."

34. "George Collins"

Guyer and Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13, pp. 299(1); texts, pp. 299(A) and 300(B). First text sung by Henry Gaylor (76), Minstead, New Forest, Hampshire, September 27, 1906. Second text sung by Philip Gaylor.

a I

(A.)

1. George Collins walked out one May morning,
   When may was all in bloom,
   'Twas then he beheld a fair, pretty maid,
   She was washing her marble stone.

2. She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice
   And she held up her lily-white hand.
   "Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,
   "For thy life shall not last you long."

3. George Collins rode home to his father's own gate,
   And loudly he did ring.
   "Come rise, my dear father, and let me in,
   Come, rise, my dear mother, and make my bed.

4. . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   All for to trouble my dear sister
   For a napkin to bind round my head.

5. For, if I chance to die this night,
   As I suppose I shall,
   Bury me under that marble stone
   That's against fair Helen's hall."

6. Fair Helen doth sit in her room so fine,
   Working her silken skein;
   Then she saw the finest corpse a-coming
   As ever the sun shined on.

7. She said unto her Irish maid:
   "Whose corpse is this so fine?"
   "This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,
   That once was a true lover of thine."

8. "You go upstairs and fetch me the sheet
   That's wove with a silver twine
   And hang that over George Collins' head,
   To-morrow it shall hang over mine."

9. This news was carried to fair London town,
   And wrote all on fair London gate;
   Six pretty maids died all of one night,
   And all for George Collins' sake.

(B.)

1. George Collins walked out one May morning,
   When may was all in bloom,
   And there he beheld a fair pretty maid,
   She was washing her marble stone,

2. She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice,
   And held up her lily-white hand,
   "Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,
   "And thy life shall not last thee long."

3. He put his foot to the broad water side,
   And over the lea sprung he,
   He embraced her around her middle so small,
   And kissed her red, rosy cheeks.

4. George Collins rode home to his father's own gate
   And loudly did he ring.
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

5. "Arise, my dear father, and let me in,
   Arise, my dear mother, and make my bed,
   Arise, my dear sister, and get me a napkin,
   A napkin to bind round my head.

6. "For, if I should chance to die this night,
As I suppose I shall,
You bury me under the marble stone,
That joins the fair Eleanor's hall."

7. Fair Eleanor sat in her room so fine,
A-working the silver twine,
She saw the fairest corpse a-coming
As ever the sun shone on.

8. She said unto her servant maid,
"Whose corpse is this so fine?"
"This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,
And an old true lovyer of thine."

9. "Come, put him down, my six pretty lads,
And open his coffin so fine;
That I might kiss his lily-white lips,
For ten thousand times he has kissed mine."

10. Those news was carried to London town
And wrote on London gate,
That six pretty maidens died all of that night,
And all for George Collins' sake.

A pivotal text on account of its suggestion of the supernatural and its probable connection with "Clerk Colvil" (No. 42).

35. "George Collins"

Guyer and Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 301(2). Sung by George Blake (78), St. Denys, Southampton, July 16, 1906.

a M

George Collins walked out one May morning,
When may was all in bloom,
There he espied a fair pretty maid
A-washing her marble stone.

36. [Giles Collins]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5135; text, p. 4645a. Sung by Mrs. Mary Tibbs, Trinity, Newfoundland, September 13, 1929.

a I/Ly

1. As I roved out one morning in May
The meadows they were in full bloom
A-watching the stone a pretty fair girl
A-watching the marble stone.

2. She holloaed, she bollowed, she screamed with her might
She wrung her slim hands to the stars,
To the stars from heaven was twinkling down,
And she dreamed Young Collins was dead.

3. Collins he went to his own father's door,
Long hours before it was day:
O rise, O rise, dear father, he cried,
Rise and let me in.

4. His own true love came to the door.
Whose corpse is this? she cried.
It's the corpse of Young Collins, she said,
An old true love of mine.

5. Bring in the corpse, she said.
I'll trim it with ribbons so fine.
I'll take the last from his clear cold lips
Where ten thousand times he kissed mine.

6. Bring in the sheet till I fix it with linen so fine
To-day it lies over Young Collins, she said,
And tomorrow it will be over mine.

7. The news went out in old Dublin's town,
And hung upon Dublin's gate.
There's six pretty maids a-died that night,
'Twas all for Young Collins' sake.

8. If I shall die this very same night,
I'd die, I hope and I will.
Bring me under the old green tree,
Where Young Collins' body did dwell.

37. "Whose corpse is that a-coming this way?"

Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 47. Sung by Mrs. M. G. Jacobs, Bryant, Wis., September 6, 1938.

a I/Ly

Whose corpse is that a-coming this way?
Whose coffin is that so fine?
I do believe it's young Collinses corpse,
That old sweetheart of mine.

They sent the news to London town
And printed on London's gate.
There six fair ladies died all in one night,
All for young Collins' sake.

38. "Giles Collin"

Mason, 1878, p. 46.

a I (inflected IV)

85. GEORGE COLLINS (LADY ALICE)

1. Giles Collin he said to his mother one day,
   "Oh! mother, come bind up my head:
   For tomorrow morning before it is day,
   I'm sure I shall be dead.

2. Oh! mother, oh! mother, if I should die,
   And I am sure I shall,
   I will not be buried in our churchyard,
   But under Lady Alice's wall."

3. His mother she made him some water-gruel,
   And stirred it up with a spoon;
   Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,
   And died before it was noon.

4. Lady Alice was sitting in her window,
   All dressed in her night-coif;
   She saw as pretty a corpse go by,
   As ever she'd seen in her life.

5. "What bear ye there, ye six tall men?
   What bear ye on your shourn?"
   "We bear the body of Giles Collin,
   Who was a true lover of yourn."

6. "Down with him, down with him, upon the grass,
   The grass that grows so green;
   For to-morrow morning before it is day,
   My body shall lie by him."

7. Her mother she made her some plum-gruel,
   With spices all of the best;
   Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful,
   And the doctor he ate up the rest.

8. Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel;
   Lady Alice all in the higher;
   There grew up a rose from Lady Alice's breast,
   And from Giles Collin's, a briar;

9. And they grew, and they grew to the very
   church top,
   Until they could grow no higher;
   And twisted and twined in a true-lover's knot,
   Which made all the parish admire.

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Virtually identical with Mason. The coincidence can hardly be accident.

1. Giles Collins he said to his mother one day
   O mother come bind up my head
   For tomorrow morning before it is day
   I'm sure I shall be dead.

2. O mother, O mother, if I should die
   As I am sure I shall
   Don't let me buried in our churchyard
   But under Lady Alice's wall.

3. His mother she made him some water-gruel
   And stirred it up with a spoon;
   Giles Collins he ate but one spoonful
   And died before it was noon.

4. Lady Alice was sitting in her turret so high
   A-mending of her night-coif,
   She saw the prettiest corpse go by
   That ever she saw in her life.

5. What bear ye there ye six tall men?
   What bear ye there on your shrine?
   We bear the body of Giles Collins
   Who was a true lover of thine.

6. Down with him, down with him upon the grass
   The grass that grows so green,
   For tomorrow morning before it is day
   My body shall lie by him.

7. Her mother she made her some plum gruel
   With spices all of the best;
   Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful
   And the doctor he ate all the rest.

8. Giles Collins was laid in the lower chancel,
   Lady Alice was laid in the higher;
   There grew from her breast a lily-white rose
   And from Giles Collins a brier.

9. They grew and they grew to the very church top
   Until they could grow no higher;
   They twisted and twined in a true lover's knot
   Which made all the parish admire.

39. "Giles Collins"

Sharp MSS., 2078/1928. Sung by Sister Emma, Clewer, February 27, 1909; derived from her maternal grandmother.

m I (inflected IV)

40. [Lady Alice]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 19(B). Sung by Mrs. Harrison Eagle, Monterey, Va., May 7, 1937.

a M

1. Johnny Collins rode out to the field one morning,
When the flowers were all in full bloom;
And what did he spy but his own fair Ellen,
A-washing the white marble stone.

2. She screamed, she cried, she raised her voice,
And she threw up her lily-white hands:
Come here, Johnny Collins, my own true love,
I fear my life's at an end.

3. He ran and grabbed around her slender white waist,
And he kissed both cheek and chin.
. . . . . .
The place Johnny Collins jumped in.

4. He swam and be swim, he swam and be swim,
Till he came to his own father's door.
O father, dear father, please let me come in,
Just let me come in once more.

5. For if I die this very night,
Which I think in my heart that I will,
Go bear me away by the white marble stone,
At the foot of fair Ellen's green hill.

6. Young Ellen was sitting on her porch next morning,
All dressed in her silk so fine;
But what did she spy but a coffin a-coming,
As far as her eyes could shine.

7. Whose coffin, whose coffin, whose coffin? cried she,
Whose coffin so neat and so fine?
It's young Johnny Collins, a clay cold corpse,
Once was an old true lover of mine.

8. I'll have him landed and opened right here,
If he's landed on Dublin shore;
And kiss his clay cold lips and cheeks,
Which it's often I've kissed before.

9. O bring me a shroud, a snow-white shroud,
And trim it so neat and so fine;
Today it shall wave over Collins's grave
And tomorrow it shall wave over mine.

41. "Johnny Collins"

Davis, 1929, p. 581(B); text, p. 347. Sung by Mrs. Julie Simmons, Highland County, Va., November 3, 1920. Collected by John Stone.

m I (inflected VII)

1. Johnny Collins rode out to the fields one day,
When the flowers were all in full bloom;
Who did he spy but his own fair Ellen
A-washing a white marble stone.

2. She screamed, she cried,
She raised her hand,
Saying, "Come here, young Collins, my dear,
For fear your life at an end."

3. "Whose coffin, whose coffin, whose coffin," she cried,
"Whose coffin so neat and fine?"
"It's young Johnny Collins' coffin a-coming,
An old true lover of mine."

4. She ordered her shroud to be brought to her,
That she might trim it so fine:
"Today it waves over Collins' grave,
And tomorrow it shall wave over mine."

5. She ordered the coffin to be opened,
And the shroud to be folded down,
And she kissed his clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came twinkling down.

42. [Giles Collins]

Sharp MSS., 4638/3235. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 199(F). Sung by Mrs. Anna Bailey, Mine Fork, Burnsville, N.C., September 19, 1918.

a M

Lay him down, lay him down fine,
Lay him down, that corpse of mine.
Let me kiss Charles Collin's lips,
I'm sure that he'll never kiss mine.

To-day read over Charles Collin's corpse
To-morrow read over mine.
. . . . . .

Haul me over to fair London town
All in fair Ellender's bown.
. . . . . .

43. "George Collins"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 H. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 72(E). From Thomas Smith.

m M/D (? m I [—III])

The note with the asterisk is sharped by the original key-signature: I presume this to be an error in transcription. If intentional, the tune becomes major, lacking the third degree.

George Collins came home one cold winter night
George Collins came home and cried
George Collins came home one cold winter night
Was taken down sick and died.

Young Benjie

CHILD NO. 86

THIS ballad has not been found in tradition for the last century, so far as I am aware, and never outside Scotland, although the superstition it commemorates can hardly have been confined to that country.*

Only once has a tune been recorded with the ballad, but that tune seems to have had some currency in Scott's time, for it has been noted with several other ballads: Mrs. Brown's "King Henry" (No. 32), Christie's "Love Robbie" (No. 97), and Kinloch's "Geordie" (No. 209). The last case is interesting, because the melodic tradition of "Geordie" is quite stable, and the present tune has been modified in its close to conform to the "Geordie" pattern. The singer, however, seems to have had a clearer recollection of the present tune than of the proper tune for the other ballad. To be sure, the initial octave leap, later repeated, is striking enough to make a deep impression on the memory. It may be mentioned here that the same tune, appearing in Child, V, p. 422, as from the Abbotsford MS. of Scottish Songs, with "Lady Elspat," is in all probability a mistaken association. See the latter ballad (No. 247).

* There is rumor of its being known in Ireland. Cf. Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 453.

LIST OF VARIANTS

"Young Benjie." Alexander Campbell, *Albyn's Anthology*, I, [1816], p. 34; text, Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1803, III, p. 251(Child A).

TUNE WITH TEXT

1. "Young Benjie"

Campbell, I, [1816], p. 34; text, Scott, 1803, III, p. 251 (Child A). Sent by John Leyden.

a π^4

1. Of a' the maids o fair Scotland
   The fairest was Marjorie,
   And Young Benjie was her ae true-love,
   And a dear true-love was he.

2. And wow! but they were lovers dear,
   And loved fu constantlie;
   But ay the mair, when they fell out,
   The sairer was their plea.

3. And they hae quarrelled on a day,
   Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
   And she said she'd chuse another luve,
   And let Young Benjie gae.

4. And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
   And thought o't bitterlie,
   And he's gaen by the wan moon-light
   To meet his Marjorie.

5. 'O open, open, my true-love,
   O open, and let me in!'
   'I dare na open, Young Benjie,
   My three brothers are within.'

6. 'Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
   Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
   As I came by the Lowden banks,
   They bade gude een to me.

7. 'But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
   That I hae loved sae lang!
   It sets ye chuse another love,
   And let Young Benjie gang.'

8. Then Marjorie turned her round about,
   The tear blinding her ee:
   'I darena, darena let thee in,
   But I'll come down to thee.'

9. Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
   O what ill hae I done?
   He took her in his armis twa,
   And threw her oer the linn.

10. The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
    And laith, laith to be dang,
    But ere she wan the Lowden banks
    Her fair colour was wan.

11. Then up bespak her eldest brother,
    'O see na ye what I see?'
    And out then spak her second brother,
    'It's our sister Marjorie!'

12. Out then spak her eldest brother,
    'O how shall we her ken?'
    And out then spak her youngest brother,
    'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'

13. Then they've taen up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the grund:
'O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

14. 'The night it is her low lykewake,
The mourn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say.'

15. Wi doors ajar, and candle-light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

16. About the middle o the night
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o the night
The corpse began to thraw.

17. 'O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye oer the linn?'

18. 'Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laed my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me oer the linn.'

19. 'Sall we Young Benjie head, sister?
Sall we Young Benjie hang?
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?'

20. 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang.
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

21. 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait Young Benjie on.

22. 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug his deadly sin.'

Prince Robert

CHILD NO. 87

CHILD's D text of this ballad comes from the Harris MS., but was not out of Mrs. Harris's own repertoire and consequently no tune was preserved by her means. Christie (I, 1876, p. 208) arbitrarily mated an air for "Lady Margaret and Lord William" (No. 74) to this ballad, and says so himself. Barry (1929, p. xxxv) has suggested that a tune in the Petrie collection (No. 795), an "old English Ballad" contributed by Dr. Kelly from County Mayo and called "Lord Robert and fair Ellen," is "probably a version of 'Prince Robert' "; but in the absence of other evidence, this is drawing a long bow on the strength of partial approximation in names. Child's A has Prince Robert and Fair Eleanor, B has Earl Robert and an unnamed wife, C has Lord Robert and Mary Florence, and D has Prince Robert and again a wife unnamed. The Mayo tune seems more likely to belong to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" (No. 73); at least it appears to have melodic affiliation with the tradition of the latter ballad. A text of the ballad, without its tune, was reported by Josiah Combs, in *Folk Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, Paris, 1926, p. 138.

Child's B text, it will be noticed, indicates a repetition of the second half of each quatrain; the others show no refrain.

Young Johnstone

CHILD NO. 88

WERE it not for the recent version recovered in Nova Scotia, one would have thought this ballad had expired in the last century. From the fact that there is a fairly clean break from the older melodic tradition in this latest appearance, one might guess that the ballad had actually died as a song and been revived through some printed collection which lacked music. But the text does not appear to derive from any known printed copy, and the narrative is handled perhaps better than in any other version. The tune to which it has been set is a variant of one of the commonest types of folk-melody (e.g., Nos. 4, 73, etc.). On the other hand, it could be a case of the better known tune usurping the place of the one formerly sung. The shift has at any rate been abrupt. It is barely possible to see a connection between the first and last phrases of the Nova Scotia tune and the parallel phrases of Motherwell's tune.

The older tune seems properly to have been of the Æ/D modality. The earliest copy of it, however, belongs rather to the I/M group. It does not appear to me to be easy in this dress. I judge from the second and third phrases, which are of the π^4 pattern, and from the initial upbeat, which is E instead of D, that the tune has in the first and last phrases undergone a partial transformation from the mode to which the other two variants of its class belong. It is possible to argue that the evolution was the other way round; but from the feeling of the tune and the weight of analogy, I think it unlikely. But if the motion was in the direction suggested, this variant may perhaps stand as a rare case of minor-to-relative-major shift in folk-song. Ordinarily, as I believe, changes take place by the chain of adjacent modes.

A word may be said on the text of this ballad. Child waxes a shade indignant against the titular hero: "Awake or waking," he says, sceptical of apology, "Young Johnstone's first instinct is as duly to stab as a bulldog's is to bite." But possibly a protest should be lodged against this civilized viewpoint, as indicating a fundamental misapprehension. It seems probable that the makers of this song were more concerned with telling a tale of tragic error than they were with depicting the psychology of a rash and headstrong ruffian. On grounds of probability alone, a man who had been dismissed with curses by his own flesh and blood for killing the brother of his sweetheart, might lie down with a certain nervousness in that sweetheart's house, and be over-hasty to strike when someone came quickly and stealthily (softly at the least) into the room where he lay. To be sure, Herd's version makes much of the lady's hospitality (of course a deceptive ruse) to the four-and-twenty knights who were on her husband's track, and says nothing about the latter's being asleep. In this case, his stabbing may have been out of nervous suspicion.

Apology, says Child, "may go for what it is worth"; but surely it may go far. Johnstone's original crime arose from family pride, which was once respected, even honored; and his remorse when he finds out his mistake should plead his honest meaning. Our trouble lies rather in the fact that the technique of balladry encourages abruptness, makes transition difficult and out of place, and renders explanation ridiculous. Had the ballad not (in its traditional ordonnance) encountered the dilemma of, on the one horn, Johnstone's having to stab his love in his first alarm and, on the other, her having to assure him that the coast was clear *before* he stabbed her, because later she could hardly urge him either to rise up or to lie still, indignation would have been forestalled.

It is interesting that the end of Herd's ballad is similar to the end of some American variants of "Young Hunting," where the sweetheart who has just stabbed entreats the victim to live and promises all the medical assistance in the region, only to be answered that such aid would come too late.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Lord John's Murder." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 156.
2. "Willie and the Young Cornel." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 18 and p. xx. Also in Robert Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1844, p. 19.
3. "The Cruel Knight." Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, II, p. 521.

GROUP B

4. "Johnson and the Colonel." W. Roy Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1928, pp. 393 and 41.

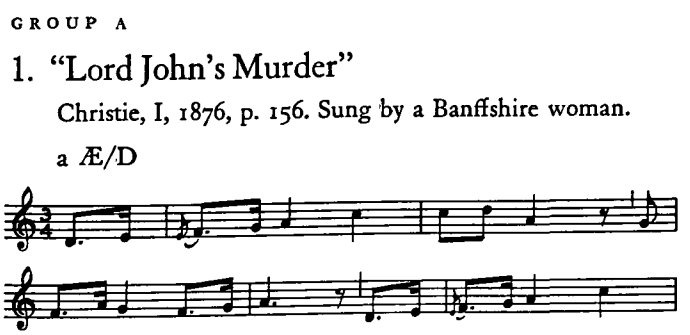
TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Lord John's Murder"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 156. Sung by a Banffshire woman.

a Æ/D



Lord John stands in his stable door,
Says he, "I will gae ride;"

His lady, in her bigly bower,
Desirèd him to bide.
"How can I bide, how shall I bide?
How can I bide wi' thee?
When I ha'e kill'd your ae brother,
You ha'e nae mair but he."
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text follows Buchan's, *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1828, II, p. 20.

2. [Willie and the Young Cornel]

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 18; text, App'x., p. xx. Also in Chambers, 1844, p. 19.

p I/M (but should have been a Æ/D)

The alternate upbeat is the Chambers reading. Cf. the head-note above. Chambers is a re-working of Motherwell and Finlay.

As Willie and the young Col'nel
Were drinking at the wine,
O will ye marry my sister, says Will,
And I will marry thine.

This stanza from Motherwell's Appendix does not correspond with any in his MS., but seems closest to Jeanie Nicol's text, which is Child's C.

3. [The Cruel Knight]

Ritson, ed. of 1869, II, p. 521.

m Æ/D (but π^3 in feeling)

Cf. Greig's tune 1 of "Young Allan" (No. 245).

1. The knight stands in the stable door,
As he was for to ryde,
When out their came his fair lady,
Desiring him to byde.

2. "How can I byde, how dare I byde,
How can I byde with thee?
Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
Thou had'st nae mair but he."

3. "If you have kill'd my ae brother,
Alas! and woe is me!
But if I save your fair body,
The better you'll like me."

4. She's tane him to her secret bower,
Pinn'd with a siller pin;
And she's up to her highest tower,
To watch that none come in.

5. She had na well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
When four and twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

6. "Now, God you save, my fair lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?"

7. "Yes; bloody, bloody was his sword,
And bloody were his hands;
But if the steed he rides be good,
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

8. "Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine."

9. "We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair body was mine."

10. Then she's gane to her secret bower,
Her husband dear to meet;
But out he drew his bloody sword,
And wounded her sae deep.

11. "What aileth thee now, good my lord,
What aileth thee at me?
Have you not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee?"

12. "Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour;
There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,
But shall be at thy bower."

13. "How can I live, how shall I live,
How can I live for thee?
See you not where my red heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee?"

Ritson's text follows that of Herd (Child A).

GROUP B

4. "Johnson and the Colonel"

Mackenzie, 1928, p. 393; text, p. 41. Sung by John Henderson, Tatamogouch, N.S.

m M (but inflected VII)

88. YOUNG JOHNSTONE

1. As Johnson and the young Colonel
Together were drinking wine,
Says Johnson to the young Colonel,
"If you'll marry my sister, I'll marry thine."

2. "No, I'll not marry your sister,
Nor shall you marry mine,
For I will keep her for a miss
As I go through the town."

3. Young Johnson has drawn his broad bright sword
Which hung low down to the ground,
And he has given the young Colonel
A deep and deadly wound.

4. Then mounting on his milk-white steed,
He swiftly rode away
Until he came to his sister's house
Long, long ere the break of day.

5. "Alight, alight, young Johnson," she said,
"And take a silent sleep,
For you have crossed wide wide waters,
Which are both wide and deep."

6. "I cannot light, I cannot light,
Nor neither sleep can I,
For I have killed the young Colonel,
And for it I did fly."

7. "O have you killed the young Colonel?
O woe be unto thee!
To-morrow's morn at eight o'clock
It's hangéd you shall be."

8. "O hold your tongue, you cruel woman,
O hold your tongue," said he,
"How can I trust to a strange lady
If I cannot trust to thee?"

9. He's mounted on his nimble steed
And swiftly rode away,
Until he came to his own true love
Long, long ere break of day.

10. "Alight, alight, young Johnson," she said,
"And take a silent sleep,
For you have crossed the stormy waters,
Which are both wide and deep."

11. "I can't alight, I cannot stop,
Nor either sleep can I,
For I have killed the young Colonel
And for it I must fly."

12. "O have you killed my brother?" she said,
"O what shall now be done?
But come into my chamber,
I'll secure you from all harm."

13. She's lockéd up his hawks
And she's lockéd up his hounds,
And she's lockéd up the nimble steed
That bore him from the ground.

14. She's lockéd one, she's lockéd two,
She's lockéd three or four,
And then she stood for his life-guard
Behind the entry door.

15. On looking east and looking west
She happened for to see
Four and twenty of the King's Life Guards
Come riding merrily.

16. "O did you see young Johnson?" they said,
"Or did he pass by this way?
For he has killed the young Colonel,
And for it he did fly."

17. "What color was his hawk?" she said,
"And what color was his hound?
And what color was his nimble steed
That bore him from the ground?"

18. "A dark gray was his hawk," they said,
"And a light gray was his hound,
And a milk-white was the nimble steed
That bore him from the ground."

19. "Then ride away, O ride away,
And quickly ride, I pray;
Or I fear he'll be out of London Town
Long, long ere the dawn of day."

20. She went into his chamber
For to tell him what she had done,
And he has pierced his lovely dear
That ne'er did him any wrong.

21. Young Johnson being in a silent sleep
And dreaming they were near,
He has drawn his bright broad shining sword
And pierced his lovely dear.

22. "What cause for this, dear Johnson?" she said,
"O what is this you've done?
For you have pierced your dearest dear
That ne'er did you any wrong."

23. "O can you live? O can you live?
Can you live but one single half hour?
And all the doctors in London Town
Shall be within your bower."

24. "I cannot live, I cannot live!
O how can I live?" said she,
"For don't you see my very heart's blood
Come trickling down from my knee?

25. "O ride away, you ride away,
And quickly get over the plain,
And never let it once enter your mind
That your own true love you've slain."

Fause Foodrage

CHILD NO. 89

THE A form of this ballad bears the look of having been recently re-worked by somebody with pretensions to literary taste. It comes from Mrs. Brown of Falkland. According to Anderson (Nichols, *Illustrations of Literary History*, VII, p. 90) there is a tune for this and all other eight ballads in the A. F. Tytler/Brown MS., and the statement is repeated by Keith (Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 294). But Mary F. Tytler, who made a tracing of the MS. for Child, says she did not find "a single line of old M. S. music" (Child MSS., X, p. 60). Motherwell's text (B) has also some touches of the broadside poet and has besides the disadvantage of coming after Scott had published the ballad in his *Minstrelsy*. Motherwell did not preserve a tune. The Harris text (C) is a mere fraction of the whole, but such as it is, quite independent. Its tune is the best avouched, from the point of view of untouched traditional transmission: it came from an old Perthshire nurse, Jannie Scott, about 1790, when Mrs. Harris, then aged 8, learned most of her ballads.

The Harris tune is of the Æ/D plagal variety, and belongs to a type which is found with several other Scottish ballads: "Hind Etin" (No. 41), "Child Waters" (No. 63), "Child Maurice" (No. 83), "Young Johnstone" (No. 88), "Jellon Grame" (No. 90), "Sir James the Rose" (No. 213). The two other recorded variants of the present ballad, though not close, are of the same family. Christie's came from an old Banffshire woman. That in the Blaikie MS., unsponsored by a name, has, like the Motherwell copy of No. 88 just examined (which also came through Blaikie's hands), been brought into the —IV, VII, or major, galaxy. If it were reduced to the relative minor, it would show its kinship more clearly. Whether, from these two departures from the norm, we are justified in harboring suspicions of editorial meddling with the Blaikie tunes, I do not know.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Eastmuir King." Harris MS., No. 6 and No. 18, fol. 22, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 416, and II, p. 301(C).
2. "Fause Foodrage." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 172.
3. "Fause Foodrage." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 78, p. 25.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Eastmuir King"

Harris MS., No. 6; text, No. 18, fol. 22. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 416; text, II, p. 301(C). Derived from Jannie Scott, an old Perthshire nurse, c. 1790.

p Æ/D

In the Harris MS., the time values are doubled. Cf. Greig's first tune for "Gil Morrice" (No. 83). Also "Sir James the Rose" (No. 213).

Eastmuir king, and Wastmuir king,
And king o Luve, a' three,
It's they coost kevils them amang,
Aboot a gay ladie.

Eastmuir king he wan the gowd,
An Wastmuir king the fee,
But king o Luve, wi his lands sae broad,
He's won the fair ladie.

Thae twa kings, they made an aith,
That, be it as it may,
They wad slay him king o Luve,
Upon his waddin day.

Eastmuir king he brak his aith,
An sair penance did he;
But Wastmuir king he made it oot,
An an ill deid mat he dee!

2. [Fause Foodrage]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 172. Sung by an old Banffshire woman, who died in 1866, aged about 80; traditional in her family.

p π^4

King Easter courted for her lands,
King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
And for her fair bodie.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is Scott's, abridged.

3. [Fause Foodrage]

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 78, p. 25. Source not specified.

p π^1

The second phrase shows kinship with the preceding variants.

Jellon Grame

CHILD NO. 90

" 'JELLON GRAME,' " says Child, "as well as 'Fause Foodrage,' has certainly suffered very much in transmission" (II, 303). Mrs. Brown's copy contains less downright doggerel than Motherwell's and Buchan's (e.g., Motherwell's "And when he did grow up a bit" [B 15^1]; "And when he thus had passed his time, / To go home he was fain" [B $18^{1.2}$]; " 'O how is this,' the youth cried out,/ 'If it to you is known' " [B $19^{1.2}$]). Nevertheless, it has plenty of untraditional touches. For instance, the phraseology of the following two stanzas, with their verbal variation instead of literal repetition:

'The reason that my mother dear
Does never take me hame?
To keep me still in banishment
Is baith a sin and shame.'

'You wonder that your mother dear
Does never send for thee;
Lo, there's the place I slew thy mother,
Beneath that green oak tree.' (A 19, 20)

Since the ballad was not included in the first batch taken down for Wm. Tytler about 1783, it lacks an air. The only tune that has survived in the record is the following one, noted in our own century. It has something in common with the same singer's "Hind Etin" (No. 41) and "Child Waters" (No. 63), and belongs to the same family, or species, as the previous ballad's tune. The present variant is more worn down than usual, having only two phrases, repeated.

LIST OF VARIANTS

"Jellon Graeme." Greig MSS., II, p. 140, and Bk. 769, LIX, p. 18, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig, *Rymour Club Miscellanea*, I (1910), p. 199; and in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 71.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Jellon Graeme"

Greig MSS., II, p. 140; text, Bk. 769, LIX, p. 18. Also in Greig, *Rymour Club Miscellanea*, I (1910), p. 199; and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 71. Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

a π^4, ending on the octave

This should be compared with Nos. 83, 88, 89, as well as with Robb's variants of Nos. 41 and 63 (in Greig and Keith, 1925).

O, Jellon Graeme sat in good greenwood,
And he sharped his broadsword lang;*
He called on his young footpage,
Who quickly to him ran.

Get up, get up, my young footpage,
As far as e'er ye can,
For ye maun gang to Lily Flooer
Ere the sun be on the rain;
And ye maun gang to Lily Flooer,
And I fear ye'll never win hame.

. . . . . .

Fell low down on her knee,—
Spare my life now, Jellon Graeme,
For I'm nae prepared to dee,

* 1910: keen

Fair Mary of Wallington

CHILD NO. 91

SINCE the musical school of collectors has been at work, this ballad seems not to have been found among English-speaking peoples. It is a pity Mrs. Brown's tune was not saved with the grim words; but here again, it is A. F. Tytler's MS. which has preserved the ballad, not Wm. Tytler's MS.

In this case, contrary to his habit, Child has for his prime text preferred a printed Anglified copy (from a garland) to a contemporary Scottish copy from immediate oral tradition. He could hardly have felt that the ballad was of English growth: he would surely have noticed, though he does not mention the fact, that the text is patently worked over into English. The job is almost complete, except for a few words which it would be difficult to explain on any other assumption than that the writer had before him a Scottish text and neglected once in a while to change. Thus stanza 2 (ll. 2 and 4):

Up then spake Fair Mary,
marry woud she nane;
If ever she came in man's bed,
the same gate wad she gang.

Then English to stanza 9, where *shun* is kept for the rhyme. In 10 *rin* has been changed to *run*, but the rhyme-word *a-kin* is left. Then English till 15^4: "the same gate will she gang." In 16, the word *brigs*. 21^4 repeats 15^4. *Ee* in 27^2 for the rhyme. Similarly *wite* in 30^4 and *sare* in 33^2. Most probably, Child felt that the English text told the best story; but that is a dangerous rule. At any rate, the garland text smacks less of print than most such things. The B text, from Herd's MS., which may be supposed at least to antedate his printed collection of 1776, is in 30 stanzas, inflated by means of all the ordinary devices of repetition and ballad commonplace, by someone steeped in the style and thoroughly enjoying it. To the communal battle-cry that a ballad cannot be imitated, it may be retorted that at least one can be *made*, and here it is. Give a competent webster a hint of the design intended, and a full bolt of stock material, and it is odds that he will make it out acceptably. What is most interesting is that Mrs. Brown's copy, Child C, while as honestly traditional as we have any right to demand, epitomizes in 12 stanzas Herd's 30 stanzas in a most striking fashion. Except for stanzas 2-4, Mrs. Brown's text duplicates very closely indeed the stanzas in Herd which constitute the core of the narrative. With the exceptions noted, every stanza in Mrs. Brown's variant finds its counterpart in Herd. Yet there is no known connection between the two, and neither was published, I believe, until Child set them side by side over a hundred years after they were first written down. Nevertheless, it is hard not to conclude that B and C are much closer to each other in line of descent than their disparity in length would suggest, and that their difference in the main is due more to conscious management than to accidents of oral transmission. Herd's copy could be artificially blown out from a variant like Mrs. Brown's, as has been suggested above; on the other hand, Mrs. Brown's could be deliberately extracted, with the exercise of taste and judgment, from a longer text. It does not seem likely, in this case, that mere forgetfulness would account for so neat a result.

The only trace of a tune for this ballad is connected with a traditional Norfolk version, beginning "My father was the first good man," which was being sung in the early nineteenth century to some form of "O ponder well." (*N. & Q.* ser. 2, XX, p. 193.) That tune was put to every service. It will be seen under Child No. 162 in the present collection.

The Lowlands of Holland

CHILD NO. 92, APPENDIX

THE lyric lament with which "Bonny Bee Hom" opens is a commonplace of popular poetry. Lacking a stable narrative core, it passes from ballad to ballad like the similarly floating stanzas about shoeing the foot and gloving the hand. (Cf. No. 76.) Properly, however, it occurs after, not before the tragedy; and we may regard the reverse order here as less primitive. The change, however, entails further modification in order to resuscitate the narrative: hence the device of overhearing, which makes possible a new farewell with the giving of magic gifts. (We recall that a new scene was made possible when Polonius, having said goodbye to Laertes, found that "occasion smile[d] upon a second leave.") The gifts themselves belong to the days of high and chivalric romance, and promise a tale of adventure. But the hope is disappointed: the perils of the voyage are omitted; even the purpose of it, to which the hero was deeply sworn, is left untold; nor do we learn what befell in the twelve-month that followed in Bee Hom. It could not very well have been a martial enterprise, for the hero bequeathed his riches there, as in peace, to the very young, the old, and the blind. Buchan's version, to be sure, supplies some of the gaps, but by the merest rationalization. There is thus no story in the ballad except the minimum of situation latent in the two features mentioned. Dim recollections of other ballads, feebly connected in the wrong order, would produce this result with the aid of a very little cheap mortar; and it can scarcely be felt that we have here the clear evidence of an old and independent line. The last stanza of Mrs. Brown's text, with its broadside piety, is certainly of the newest vintage. I do not remember that any one has yet thought it worth while to suggest that Bee Hom (in Buchan, *Bahome*) might be a corruption of Bahama.

It is on the whole a relief to turn to the "modern" ballad of the impressed sailor which has supplanted the other in popular favor, and which, going back at least to the middle of the eighteenth century, is still sung widely in England, in Ireland, and occasionally in America. Even though we may readily allow that this song is likely to have had its rise after Sidney's day—and in its press-gang form long after—there is perhaps as good reason for regarding it as a traditional ballad as there is for so regarding "Bonny Bee Hom." It has been revamped and modernized more than once by the broadside press; but all the while, for at least 200 years, it has gone on its way as a piece transmitted by *singing*, and the singing has been independent of print. During that time the hero, as is usual in songs that continue to live, has notably descended in the social scale, from the commander accompanied by "seven score good mariners" to the bridegroom impressed as a common seaman. In its later form it has the makings of a more gripping story.

The melodic tradition seems to take two main forms, and one of these branches early into two distinguishable patterns. Both of the latter appear to find their prototypes in the Skene MS. (early seventeenth century), in tunes named, respectively, "My love shoe winns not her away" and "Alace I lie my alon, I'm lik to die awld." The latter we have already met in connection with Child No. 74. It became associated in the latter half of the eighteenth century, possibly before, with "The Lowlands of Holland," and, under the title "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," was attributed to William Marshal and was later adopted by Burns for his universally known song, "Of a' the airts." The first tune, "My love" etc., was published in Oswald's *Collection of Curious Scots Tunes*, [1742] (according to John Glen, *Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, where it is reprinted, p. 98) as "The Lowlands of Holland," and appeared again, with the words, in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, I, p. 133. Glen is violently opposed to the idea that there is any connection between the tune "Alace I lie my alon" and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," and firmly believes that Marshal composed the latter and that it was then borrowed, presumably by N. Gow and Urbani, for "The Lowlands." He argues that the Skene MS. was not published and that Marshal could not have seen it; that it is nonsense to think that tunes came floating down unwritten for generations; and avers that people in the eighteenth century could make tunes as well as people in the seventeenth. But since at the same moment he believes the Oswald tune of "The Lowlands" to be "evidently" the same as the Skene tune, "My love shoe winns not her away," it is hard to know where first to take hold, and it will be best perhaps to let him have it out with himself. "Alace I lie my alon" is assuredly cognate with "The Lowlands" as it appears in the *Scots Musical Museum*. Beautiful Irish variants of the same musical family, which seems characteristically Celtic, have been found in the present century.

The other main type is apparently confined to the southwesterly parts of England. It is always in 3/4 time and in plagal major forms.

There remain to be mentioned only a couple of anomalous melodies picked up at the end of the last century in Devon by Sabine Baring-Gould. These stand apart from both categories, but seem to resemble each other less than the groups to which they are respectively assigned.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Abroad as I was Walking." Walter Ford, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 170.
2. "The Low Low Lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 212/280, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Horler)
3. "The Lowlands of Holland." Carrie Grover, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 21, recording No. 103 (B2). Also in Carrie B. Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*, ed. Ann L. Griggs, privately printed by Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine, n.d., p. 50.
4. "The Low Low Lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 4945/. (Pittaway)
5. "The Lowlands of Holland." W. Percy Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 97.

GROUP Ab

6. "The Lowlands of Holland." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, II, [1788], No. 115, p. 118 (repr. 1853). Also in Peter Urbani, *A Selection of Scots Songs*, n.d., II, p. 48; and in Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 77, p. 39.
7. "The Lowlands of Holland." Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, I, p. 133; from James Oswald, *A Collection of Curious Scots Tunes*, [1742]. Also in John Glen, *Early Scottish*

Melodies, 1900, p. 98. Text from David Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, p. 2.

GROUP Ac

8. "The Low Low Lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 564/630. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series, 1905, p. 38. (Dibble)
9. "The Lowlands of Holland." Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, 1904, p. 55. Also in Ford, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 65.

GROUP Ad

10. "Lowlands of Holland." Herbert Hughes, *Irish Country Songs*, II, 1915, p. 70.
11. "The Lowlands of Holland." Patrick Weston Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music*, 1905, p. 69. Also in Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, p. 214.
12. "The Lowlands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 4243/3058. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 200. (Fitzgerald)

GROUP Ae

13. "The Low, low lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 4833/. (Taylor)

GROUP Af

14. "The Lowlands of Holland." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 236.

APPENDIX A

15. "Lowlands of Holland." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CIII (1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in John Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 59(C).

GROUP B

16. "The Lowlands of Germany." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 63(1).
17. "Lowlands of Germany." Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 64(2).
18. "Lowlands of Germany." Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 65(3).
19. "The Low Low Lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 258/(363). (Lock)
20. "Low low lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 602/. (White)
21. "Low Low Lands of Holland." Sharp MSS., 815/872. (Locock)

APPENDIX B

22. "The Lowlands of Holland." Baring-Gould MSS., CIII(2). Also, with different title, in Sabine Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 1895, p. 218.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Abroad as I was Walking"

Ford, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 170. Sung by Mr. Bodding, an agricultural laborer, at Elstead, Surrey, in 1907.

p I

Lucy Broadwood calls this a variant of the Hammond copy of "The Prentice Boy" from Dorset.

Abroad as I was walking
Down by the river side,
'Twas there I beheld a fair damsèl,
She was to have been my bride.
She was to have been my bride, my boys,
Most charming to behold,
Oh the heav'ns above protect and keep
Those jolly sailors bold!

I built my love a galliant ship,
A ship of noble fame,
It would take a hundred and sixty men
For to box her over the main.
To box her over the main, my boys
Most charming to behold—
Oh, I never, never had but one true love
And he got drowned at sea.

No ribands shall go round my waist
Nor comb go through my hair,
No fire-light nor no candle bright
Shall show my beauty fair,
Nor never will I married be
But single will I die,
Since the raging seas and the stormy winds
Parted my true love and I.

2. "The Low Low Lands of Holland"

Sharp MSS., 212/280. Sung by Benjamin Horler, East Harptree, April 16, 1904.

p I

Abroad as I was walking / down by the river-side
I stood awhile and kissed (gazed?) all around
And a fair young damsel spied.
She was meant to be my bride, brave boys,
Most glorious to behold
And her hair hung down her shoulders
Like any links of gold.

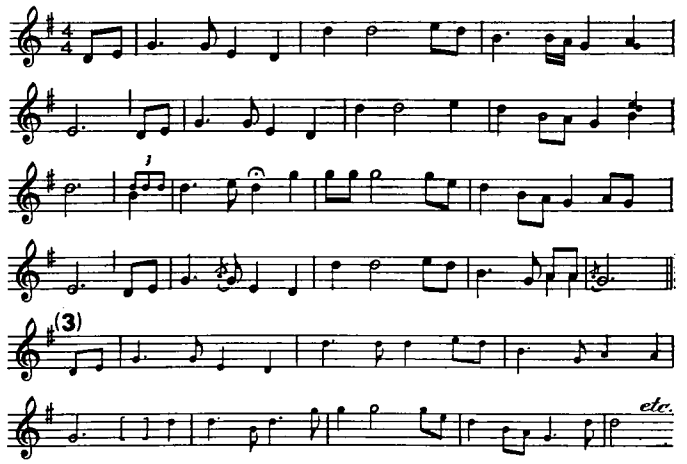
Now the very first quarter I got married
And at home along with my bride
There comes a cruel captain
And stood by my bedside.
Arise, arise, you bonny, bonny boy,
And go along with me
To the Lowlands low in Amerikee
And fight your enemy.

There's never a swaise go round my waist
Nor a comb go through my hair
By fire-light nor candle-light
Until I find my dear.
Never will I married be
Until the day I die
Since the raging seas and the stormy winds
Which parted my love and I.

3. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover, Gorham, Me., 1941. From her mother. LC/AAFS, Album 21, rec. No. 103 (B2). Collected by Alan Lomax. Also in Grover, n.d., p. 50.

m π^1



Last Easter I was married, that night I went to bed,
There came a bold sea captain who stood at my bed head,
Saying, "Arise, arise, you married man, and come along with me
To the low, lowlands of Holland to face your enemy."

She clasped her arms about me, imploring me to stay.
Up speaks this bold sea captain, saying,* "Arise and come away!
Arise, arise, you married man, and come along with me
To the low, lowlands of Holland to face your enemy."

"Oh, daughter dear, oh, daughter dear, why do you thus lament?
There are men enough in our town to make your heart content."
"There are men enough in our town, but there is not one for me,
For I never had but one true love and he has gone from me."

"No shoes shall come upon my feet† nor comb come in my hair,
No fire bright§ nor candlelight shine in my chamber more;
And never will I married be until the day I dee,
Since cruel seas and angry winds parted my love and me."

* Grover: But still this bold sea captain said,
† Grover: No sash shall go about my waist,
§ Grover: And neither wood

4. "The Low Low Lands of Holland"

Sharp MSS., 4945/. Sung by William Pittaway (66), Burford, Oxfordshire, May 19, 1923.

p I

Last Easter I got married
That night I went to bed
There came a bold sea captain
And stood at my bedside
You must arise and come away
Brave boy and come along with me
Unto the low, low, lands of Holland
And face your enemy.

5. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 97. Sung by Henry Hills, Shepperton, Sussex; learned from a man who came from Steadham, near Midhurst, Sussex.

m I (but virtually I/M)

Cf. "My bonny lighter boy," in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 112 (Sharp MSS., 1385/).

Yesterday I married a wife,
Last night we went to bed,
And along there came a sea-captain
And stood at my bed's head,
Saying "Arise, arise you married man,
And go along with me
To the Lowlands of Holland,
We'll fight (and never flee) for liberty."

I will build my love a gallant ship,
And a ship of noted fame;
With four-and-twenty seamen aboard
To box her over the main.
To box her over the main, she cried,
Most glorious to behold.
In the lowlands of Holland
He's a jolly sailor bold.

Oh! Holland is a pretty place,
And it grows great stores of grain;
Holland is a pretty place,
Where my true love do remain.
And the sugar canes are plentiful,
And the wine drops from the trees.
In the lowlands of Holland
I will take my love at ease.

No shoes nor stockings shall go on my feet,
Nor a comb go through my hair;
No broad daylight nor candlelight
Shall shine my beauty clear;
Nor never will I marry a man
Until the day I die—
In the lowlands of Holland
I will take my love and die.

GROUP Ab

6. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Johnson, II, [1788], No. 115, p. 118 (repr. 1853). Also in Urbani, n. d., II, p. 48; and in Maver, 1866, No. 77, p. 39.

m I

Cf. the headnote above, and further under *ante*, No. 74.

1. The love that I have chosen
   I'll therewith be content,
   The saut sea shall be frozen
   Before that I repent;
   Repent it shall I never
   Until the day I die,
   But the lowlands of Holland
   Hae twinn'd my love and me.

2. My love lies in the saut sea,
   And I am on the side,
   Enough to break a young thing's heart
   Wha lately was a bride:
   Wha lately was a bonie bride
   And pleasure in her e'e;
   But the lowlands of Holland
   Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3. New Holland is a barren place,
   In it there grows no grain;
   Nor any habitation
   Wherein for to remain:
   But the sugar canes are plenty,
   And the wine draps frae the tree;
   And the lowlands of Holland
   Hae twinn'd my love and me.

4. My love he built a bonie ship
   And set her to the sea,
   Wi' seven score brave mariners
   To bear her companie:
   Threescore gaed to the bottom,
   And threescore died at sea;
   And the lowlands of Holland
   Hae twinn'd my love and me.

5. My love has built another ship
   And set her to the main,
   He had but twenty mariners
   And all to bring her hame:
   The stormy winds did roar again,
   The raging waves did rout,
   And my love and his bonie ship
   Turn'd widdershins about.

6. There shall nae mantle cross my back
   Nor kame gae in my hair,
   Neither shall coal nor candle light
   Shine in my bower mair;
   Nor shall I chuse anither love
   Until the day I die,
   Since the lowlands of Holland
   Hae twinn'd my love and me.

7. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Ritson, 1794, I, p. 133; from Oswald, *A Collection of Curious Scots Tunes*, [1742]. Also in Glen, 1900, p. 98. Text from Herd, 1776, II, p. 2.

p I (virtually I/M)

On this tune see the headnote.

My love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
With seven score good mariners to bear her company;
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame,
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor comb come in my hair;
There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair,
Nor will I love another one, until the day I die,
For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd in the sea.

O had your tongue my daughter dear, be still and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae sair lament.
O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea.

GROUP AC

8. "The Low Low Lands of Holland"

Sharp MSS., 564/630. Also in Sharp and Marson, 2nd series, 1905, p. 38. Sung by Robert Dibble, Bridgwater, August 15, 1905.

a M (inflected VII)

Sharp compares this to "The Rambling Sailor" (*One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 98).

1. The very first day I got married
That night I lay on my bed,
A pressgang came to my bedside
These words to me did say,
Saying: Arise, arise, young man, they said,
And go along with me
To the low, low lands of Holland to face your enemy.

2. But Holland is a cold place,
A place where goes no green,
But Holland is a cold place
For my love to wander in,
But money had been so plentiful
As leaves grown on the tree
And before I'd time to turn myself
My love was stolen from me.

3. I'll build my love a ship,
A ship of noted fame,
I'd have four and twenty seamen bold
To box her on the Main.
They will rant and roar in sparkling glee
Where some men they do go
To the low low lands of Holland
To face the daring foe.

4. Says the mother to the daughter:
What makes you to lament?
May the lords nor dukes nor squires
Can ease my heart's content,
Nor neither will I married by
Until the day I die
Since the low, low lands of Holland
Have parted my love and I.

5. There's not a swish goes round my waist
Nor a comb goes in my hair
Neither fire-light nor candle-bright
Can ease my heart's despair,
Nor neither will I married be
Until the day I die,
Since the low low lands of Holland
Have parted my love and I.

9. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Ford, 1904, p. 55. Also in Ford, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 65.

a M

Miss Gilchrist cites the relation with "The Bold Pirate," printed on p. 61 of *JFSS*, VII.

1. The love that I had chosen
Was to my heart's content;
The saut sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent;
Repent me will I never,
Until the day I dee;
Tho' the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

2. My love lies in the saut sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart,
Wha lately was a bride;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
Wi' pleasure in her e'e;
But the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

3. My love he built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie;
Three score gaed to the bottom,
And three score died at sea;
And the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

4. My love he built anither ship,
And sent her to the main;
He had but twenty mariners,
And a' to bring her hame;
But the weary wind began to rise,
And the sea began to rout;
My love then and his bonnie ship
Turned widdershins about.

5. There shall nae coif come on my head,
Nae kame come in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle licht
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I hae anither love
Until the day I dee;
I never loved a love but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

6. O haud yer tongue my daughter dear,
Be still, and be content;
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye needna sair lament.
Oh, there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me;
For I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

GROUP Ad

10. "Lowlands of Holland"

Hughes, II, 1915, p. 70. From County Derry.

a D

Last night I was a-married and on my marriage bed,
Up came a bold sea captain and stood at my bed head
Saying "Arise, arise you married-a-man and come along with me
To the low lowlands of Holland to fight your enemy."

She held her love in her arms still thinking he might stay,
When the captain gave another shout he was forced to go away.
It's many's a blithe young married-a-man this night must go with me
To the low lowlands of Holland to fight the enemy.

Oh! Holland is a wondrous place and in it grows much green,
It's a wild inhabitation for my love to be in.
There the sugar cane grows plentiful and fruit on every tree
But the low lowlands of Holland are between my love and me.

Nor shoe nor stocking I put on nor a comb go in my hair,
And neither coal nor candle light shine in my chamber fair.
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the low lowlands of Holland are between my love and me.

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11. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Joyce, 1905, p. 69. Also in Joyce, 1909, p. 214. As sung in Limerick.

a Æ/D

The first night I was married, *a happy happy bride*,
The captain of the Highlandmen he came to my *lover's* side:
"Arise, arise, new married man, arise, and come with me,
To the Lowlands of Holland to face your enemie!"

Holland is a pretty place, most pleasing to be seen,
The *wild flow'rs* grow very plenty there, and vines hang from the trees;
The *wild flow'rs* grow very plenty there, and vines hang from the trees.
I scarce had time to look about when my true-love was gone from me.

Says the mother to the daughter, "What makes you so lament?
Is there ne'er a man in Ireland's ground to please your discontent?"
"There are men enough in Ireland, but none at all for me;
I never loved but one young man, and he's beyond the sea."

"I ne'er will wear a collar around my neck and hair,
Nor fire bright nor candle-light shall show my beauty rare;
And I will ne'er get married until the day I die,
Since the raging seas and stormy winds have parted my love and I.

"I built my love a gallant ship, a ship of noble fame,
With four-and-twenty seamen bold to steer her across the main:
The storm then began to rise, and the seas began to spout;
'Twas then my love and his gallant ship were sorely tossed about."

12. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Sharp MSS., 4243/3058. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 200. Sung by Philander Fitzgerald, Nash, Va., May 9, 1918.

a Æ/D

O the very first night I was married,
I slept in a marriage bed,
There came a strange sea-captain
And stood at my bed-head.
Come rise you up, you married man
And go along with me
To the lowlands of Holland
To fight for your liberty.

O Holland is a pretty place
All strewed with the lasses round.

. . . . . .

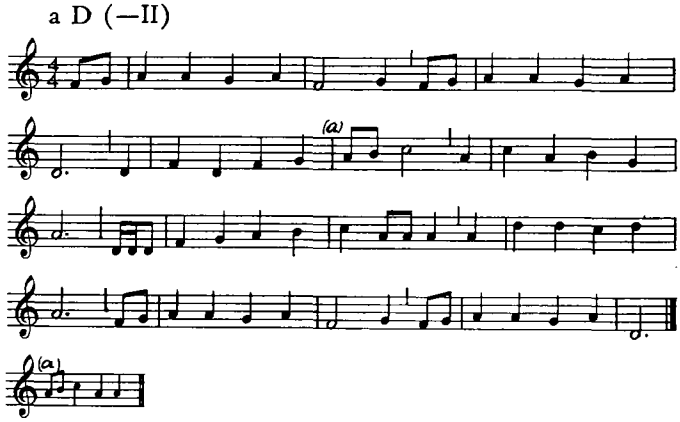
No candlelight nor fire bright
Shall in my chamber be
Since the lowlands of Holland
Has parted my love and me.

GROUP Ae

13. "The Low, low lands of Holland"

Sharp MSS., 4833/. Sung by Thomas Taylor (67), Ross Workhouse, September 1, 1921.

a D (—II)



Last Easter I got married
That night I went to bed
There came a bold sea captain
And stood at my bedside
Saying A-rise, arise, you new married man
And come along with me
To the low, low, lands of Holland
To face your enemy

GROUP Af

14. "The Lowlands of Holland"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 236. From Christie's grandmother, as sung in Aberdeenshire, from before 1750.

a D

The love that I had chosen, was to my heart's content,
The saut sea will be frozen before that I repent;
Repent it will I never until the day I dee,
Though the lowlands of Holland ha'e twined my love and me.
My love lies in the saut sea, and I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart, wha lately was a bride;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride wi' pleasure in her e'e;
But the lowlands of Holland ha'e twined my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship, and sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners to bear her company;
Threescore gaed to the bottom, and threescore died at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland ha'e twined my love and me.
My love has built another ship, and sent her to the main,
He had but twenty mariners, and a' to bring her hame;
The stormy clouds did roar again, the raging waves did rout,
And my love, and his bonnie ship, turn'd widdershins about!

There shall nae mantle cross my back nae comb come in my hair,
Neither shall coal or candle light shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I ha'e another love until the day I dee,
I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea.
"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae sair lament."
"O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me;
For I never lov'd a lad but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea."

The text appears to be a shortened form of that in Johnson, *ante*, variant 6.

APPENDIX A

15. [Lowlands of Holland]

Baring-Gould MSS., CIII(1); text, (A). Also in Goss, 1937, p. 59(C). Sung by J. Watts, Alder Thrushleton, 1893. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a D (inflected VII)

This tune has more resemblance to the family above than to what follows.

1. One evening as I walked out
   Down by a river side,
   There came that way a captain gay
   Would have me for his Bride.
   "O pretty maid" to me he said
   "I bid thee be my wife."
   "I thank you sir, but I prefer
   To lead a single life."

2. "O maid what makes you differ so,
   From all your family (kith?) and kind
   For fair thou art of comely part
   And to wed should be inclined."
   "Kind sir, 'tis true, I tell to you,
   It was five years ago,
   I wedded to young Willy was
   The cause of all my woe."

3. "The night that I asleep did lie
   And laid in marriage bed,
   There came a Captain bold & he
   Did stand at the bed-head.
   He said, "Arouse, thou married man,
   And come along with me,
   Unto the Low Countries to go
   And fight the enemy."

4. I'll build my love a gallant ship
   A ship of noble fame,
   And four & twenty mariners
   Shall box her on the main.
   And I will stand, the helm in hand
   And urge them on their way.
   I would I were with my love fair,
   Although he's far away.

5. The sails shall be as lily white
   The ropes of silk I'll spin.
   The anchor shall be beaten gold,
   The sides of shining tin.
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

6. No scarf shall o'er my shoulders go
   I will not comb my hair,
   The pale moonlight & the candle light
   Shall neither see me fair.
   And no man, he, shall marry me,
   All to my dying day
   For I have lost my own true love
   So far, so far away.

7. A pretty fortune, Sir, he had
   O why is he so far?
   He won me, having woed me
   And now is in the war.
   O then I said "My pretty Maid
   We'll seek a distant shore.
   We'll sail away to Palestine
   And *Riley* seek no more."

8. If I should go to Palestine
   To far off foreign shore,
   My heart would break, or constant seek
   Young Willy evermore.
   "Oh, it is folly all above
   What you sweet maid can tell,
   What can't be cured must be endured,
   To Riley bid farewell."

GROUP B

16. "The Lowlands of Germany"

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 63(1). Sung by William Bartlett, Wimborne, 1905.

p I

Oh, the very first night I was married, I was laid down on my bed,
The cruel captain he* said to me, as he stood by my bedside (bed's head);
Crying "Arise, my bride (brisk) and bonny lad (man), You must go along with me
To the Lowlands of Germany, For to face our enemy."

"Then I put my love on shipboard, and a lofty ship was she,
With fourscore jolly sailor boys for to bear my love company.
†And a score of them was drownded and I (they) kills the other three,
And one of them was my true love, that was killed in Germany.

Now no scarf then shall go round my neck; no, nor comb go thro' my hair,
Nor firelight, no, nor candlelight shall ever in my room appear,
Nor never will I get married, no, until the day I die,
For I never had but one true love; he was killed in Germany."

Now says the mother to the daughter, "What makes you so lament?
Isn't there lads enough in our town that will give you your heart's content?"
"Yes mother dear, there's lads enough, but there's nary one for me,
Since the stormy winds and raging seas parted my true love and me."

* Also: "came to me, and stood."
† "There was four score got wounded, And four score got slain." [*Such's Broadside.*]

17. [Lowlands of Germany]

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 64(2). Sung by Mrs. R. Gale, Powerstock, Dorset, May 1906.

p I

18. [Lowlands of Germany]

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 65(3). Sung by Mrs. Sartin, Corscombe, Dorset, July 1906.

p I

19. [The Low Low Lands of Holland]

Sharp MSS., 258/(363). Sung by Mrs. Lock, Muchelney Ham, August 4, 1904.

p I

Come arise ye bonnie lassie
and go along with me
To the Lowlands of Ireland
To face your enemy.

20. [Low low lands of Holland]

Sharp MSS., 602/. Sung by Lucy White, Hambridge, August 25, 1905.

p I

Cf. this tune with Mrs. White's version of "Bonnie Annie," *ante*, Vol. I, p. 303 (Child No. 24, variant 17).

No gold lace shant go round my waist
Nor comb go thro my hair
No handkerchief shall tie up my head
For to hide my blooming face

21. [Low Low Lands of Holland]

Sharp MSS., 815/872. Sung by Walter Locock, at Martock, January 22, 1906.

p I

1. Come arise my bonnie lassie
And gang along with me
Down the lower parts of Ireland
To face your enemy.

2. Go build my love a fine ship
And a fine ship shall it be
Since the rough seas and the storm and the wind
Parted my true love and me.

3. Crying the old man to his daughter:
What makes you so lament,
For there's many a lad in our town
Can give your heart content.

4. There's many a lad in our town
But there's not one for me.
The rough seas and the storm and the wind
Parted my true love and me.

5. No lace shan't go round my waist,
No comb shan't go through my hair,
No handkerchief shan't go round my neck
To hide my bosom fair.

APPENDIX B

22. [The Lowlands of Holland]

Baring-Gould MSS., CIII(2). Also with different title, in Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 218. Sung by Richard Cleave, "Forest Inn," Huckaby, Dartmoor. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a I

Lamkin

CHILD NO. 93

Miss Gilchrist, in a valuable study of this ballad (*JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 [1932], pp. 1-17), distinguishes between two traditions, the Scottish and the Northumbrian. The Scottish, she believes, has been carried into the Appalachians, and the Northumbrian has circulated in England and been brought to the northern parts of America. Both kinds are habitually in triple-time; but she believes the Scottish tradition favours the gapped scales, and the English the heptatonic. If so, the difference would be what we should expect to find. Herd's text is directed to be sung to the tune of "Gil Morrice" (1776, I, p. 145); but no clear variant of that tune has been traditionally collected with the Lamkin words. There is possibly enough resemblance of a typical kind to make one tune suggest the other; but the two do not appear to coalesce in tradition.

The divisions which have been settled upon below cannot claim such distinctness as Miss Gilchrist's. With two exceptions (Miss Eddy's rather anomalous Ohio version and the suspicious R. A. Smith copy), all of Group A are in triple time. The first two subgroups are hexatonic and pentatonic variants in major tonalities, and properly plagal. Subgroup Ac is composed, with one exception from Michigan, of Appalachian variants with ambiguous finals, either authentic Mixolydian or dropped Ionian on the lower dominant, and mainly pentatonic. Subgroup Ad is authentic, major, and melodically unstable, with varying first-phrase cadences, and a wide geographical range. Subgroup Ae is modally insecure, sometimes bi-modal, sometimes ending off the tonic, but major in feeling. The three members of Af lean toward alien melodic ideas. Christie's tune is given independent standing but he considers it ancient. Ah contains minor variants, one (I believe) hitherto unpublished. This ballad is habitually in tetrameter couplets, dactylic (or anapaestic); and its tunes sometimes recall the "Cherry Tree" and "A Virgin Unspotted," carols with similar metrical schemes.

Miss Broadwood's variants from Surrey seem to me quite apart from all the foregoing, and I do not regard them as truly belonging to the Lamkin melodic tradition. They are probably "sports" of a local variety. I should similarly class the "Gil Morrice" tune indicated by Herd. It may be correspondingly significant that the Surrey variants go to the debased text of the broadside latterly current, and that Herd's text is rejected in great part by Child as spurious.

Miss Gilchrist makes a successful distinction between versions of which the protagonist is a skilled mason disappointed of his pay and seeking revenge, and versions from which this motivation is absent and wherein the villain, no longer a mason, embarks on his crime for other reasons or for none at all. It appears highly probable, on Miss Gilchrist's showing, that the song was of Scottish origin, and that the secondary variety is a north-country offshoot arising from the loss of the first stanza, wherein —and there only—Lamkin's trade and ground of resentment are set forth. With this loss, deterioration at once begins to eat into the ballad from this side and that.

Child noticed that Herd's version departed from the metrical norm of the ballad, being in CM. Certainty cannot always be reached without examining the tune. At any rate, Child's H, I, J, N, Q, and S all seem to show initial leanings towards CM, but eventually strike the norm. Child's F is unique in indicating a repeat for both halves. All the variants collected since Child with their tunes basically follow the norm, I believe, with the exception of Miss Broadwood's text mentioned above.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

a. "Beaulampkins." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 75(A2).
1. "False Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 2653/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Murfitt)
2. "False Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 2654/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 62. (Gill)
b. "Bo Lamkin." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 76(B).
3. "The Border Ruffian." Maud Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(B). Also in Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, I, p. 17.
c. "Young Alanthia." Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 304.

GROUP Ab

4. "Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 3651/2709. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 205(D). (Broghton)
5a. "Bolakins." Lena Turbyfill, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 7, recording No. 596(34A).
5b. "Bolakin." Maurice Matteson and Mellinger Edward Henry, *Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads*, 1936, p. 20.
d. "Beaulampkins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 75(A1).
e. "Beaulampkins." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 74(A).
6. "Beaulampkins." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 6, Library of Congress, photostat. (Thomas Smith) (Probably corresponds to e above.)
7. "Squire Relantman." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 104.
8. "False Lambkin." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 59. Also in Albert H. Tolman and Mary O. Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 344.
9. "Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 4089/2931. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 207(E). (Pratt)

GROUP Ac

10. "Lampkin." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 583 and 357(B).
11. "Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 3424/2515. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 201(A). (Gentry)
12. "Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 3998/2880. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 204(C). (Carter)
13. "Boab King." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 91.

14. "Lamkin." Sharp MSS., 3856/2816. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 202(B). (Jones)
15. "False Lamkin." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 313.

GROUP Ad

16. "Lamkin." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 201. (Mace)
17. "Lamkin." Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 351 (16) and 339.
18. "The Border Ruffian," or "Proud Lamkin." Maud Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(D).
19. "Lambkin." A. C. Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 113 (2). Also in Ella Mary Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, p. 199.

GROUP Ae

20. "Lamkin." Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 122.
21. "The Border Ruffian," or "Proud Lamkin." Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(C).
22. "The Border Ruffian," or "Proud Lamkin." Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 4(A). Text, Karpeles MSS., p. 4757.

GROUP Af

23. "Lamkin." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 91, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard (Barry-Bayard MS., p. 24). (No singer)
24. "Lammikin." Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], II, p. 94.
25. "False Lamkin." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 141.

GROUP Ag

26. "Lamkin." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 60.

GROUP Ah

27. "Lambkin." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 105, p. 33.
28. "Long Lankin." Sharp MSS., 2083/1941. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 81. (Sister Emma)
29. "Long Lankin," or "Young Lambkin." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 111.

GROUP B

30a. "Bold Lankon," or "Young Lamkin." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 212.
30b. "Bold Lankon," or "Young Lamkin." Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 212.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "False Lamkin"

Sharp MSS., 2653/. Sung by William Murfitt (72), at Ely Union, September 11, 1911.

p I/M

The Lord says to the Lady
Before he went out
Beware of False Lamkin
He's a walking about

There's a hole in the back kinchin window
Where false Lamkin crep in
And he pricked one of his elder babes
With a bright silver pin

O nurse maid O nursemaid
How sound you do sleep
Dont you hear one of those elder babes
Lays struggling to weep.

How dare I go down
In the dead of the night
No fire a burning
No candle showing light.

2. "False Lamkin"

Sharp MSS., 2654/. Also in Sharp, 1916, p. 62. Sung by Yarrow Gill (72), Ely Union, Cambridge, September 11, 1911.

p I/M (but major in variants)

This is printed also in *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 83, and in Sharp, *Folk Songs of England*, 1908-12, IV (*Folks Songs from Various Counties*), p. 38. Vaughan Williams refers to "Glencoe" (*JFSS*, II, No. 7 [1905], p. 171) and Kidson refers the latter song to Petrie, No. 677.

1. The Lord says to the Lady
Before he went out
Beware of false Lamkin
He's a walking about.

2. What care I for false Lamkin
Or any of his kin
When the doors are all bolted
And the windows close pinned.

3. At the back kinchin window
False Lamkin crep in
And he pricked of the elder babes
With a bright silver pin

4. O Nurse maid, O nurse maid
How sound you do sleep
Cant you hear of those elder babes
A crying and weep.

5. How durst I go down
In the dead of the night
When there's no fire a kindled
(And) no candle a light

6. As she was a going down
And thinking no harm
False Lamkin he caught her
Right tight in his arm

7. O spare my life O spare my life
For my life is so sweet
You shall have as many bright guineas
As stones in the street.

8. O spare my life, O spare my life
Till one of the clock
You shall have my daughter Bessie
She's the flower of the flock.

9. Fetch me your daughter Bessie
She will do me some good
She will hold the silver basin
To catch her own heart's blood.

10. Pretty Bessie being up
At the window so high
Saw her own dearest Father
Come riding close by.

11. Dear Father, dear father
Dont blame not of me
It was False Lamkin
Murdered Baby & she

12. Here's blood in the Kinchin
Here's blood in the Hall
Here's blood in the Parlour
Where the Lady did fall

13. False Lamkin shall be hanged
On the Gallus so high
While his body shall be burned
In the fire close by.

3. [The Border Ruffian]

Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(B). Also in Karpeles, 1934, I, p. 17, with text from another singer. Sung by Mrs. Theresa Corbett, Conception Harbour, Newfoundland.

p I/Ly

Said Lord Douglas to his lady
In walking one day:
"Beware of Lord Lamkin
When he comes this way."

"Why need I beware of Lord Lamkin?" she says,
"With my doors well bolted
And my windows barred in."

GROUP Ab

4. [Lamkin]

Sharp MSS., 3651/2709. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 205(D). Sung by Mrs. Mollie Broghton, Barbourville, Knox County, Ky., May 8, 1917.

p π^1, on mediant octave

1. Where is the landlord?
O is he at home?
He's gone to California
To visit his son.

2. Where is the landlady?
Is she at home?
She's up in her chamber
A-sleeping above.

3. How can we get her down here
This lonesome long night?
We'll stick her little baby
With needles and pins.

4. Go feed it on breast-milk,
Go feed it on pie (*sometimes* pap),
Go rock it in the cradle
And then it won't cry.

5. I fed it on breast-milk,
I fed it on pie,
I've rocked it in the cradle,
And yet it will cry.

6. She come running downstairs,
Not thinking any harm,
And just as she run downstairs,
He grabbed her in his arms.

7. Bold Lantern, bold Lantern,
Spare my life one hour;
You shall have my daughter Betsy,
The branch of all flowers.

8. O keep your daughter Betsy
And send her to Ford,
For to carry the silver basin
That catched your heart's blood.

9. Bold Lantern, bold Lantern,
Spare my sweet life;

You shall have all the gold
Your horse shall carry down.

10. O keep your gold
And send it to Ford,
To carry your heart's blood;
It shall overflow.

5a. "Bolakins"

Sung by Mrs. Lena Turbyfill, Elk Park, N.C., 1939. LC/AAFS, Album 7, rec. No. 596(34A). Collected by Herbert Halpert.

The above is only the underlying norm of the tune. It was never so sung, the phrases being altered perpetually throughout.

1. Bolakins was a very fine mason
As ever laid stone.
He built a fine castle
And the pay he got none.

2. "Where is the gentleman?
Is he at home?"
"He's gone down to Marion
For to visit his son."

3. "Where is the lady?
Is she at home?"
"She's upstairs sleeping,"
Said the foster to him.

4. "How will we get her down
Such a dark night as this?"
"We'll stick her little baby
Full of needles and pins."
They stuck her little baby
Full of needles and pins.

5. The foster she rocked,
And Bolakins he sung,
While blood and tears
From the cradle did run.

6. Down come our lady,
Not thinking any harm.
Old Bolakins,
He took her in his arms.

7. "Bolakins, Bolakins,
Spare my life one day.
I'll give you many marigolds
As my horse can carry away.

8. "Bolakins, Bolakins,
Spare my life one hour.
I'll give you daughter Bessie,
My own blooming flower."

9. "You better keep your daughter Bessie
For to run through the flood,
And scour a silver basin
For to catch your heart's blood."

10. Daughter Bessie climbed up
In the window so high,
And saw her father
Come riding hard by.

11. "Oh, father, oh, father,
Can you blame me?
Old Bolakins
Has killed your lady.

12. "Oh, father, oh, father,
Can you blame me?
Old Bolakins
Has killed your baby."

13. They hung old Bolakins
To the sea-gallows tree
And tied the foster
To the stake of stand-by.

5b. "Bolakin"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 20. Sung by Mrs. Lena B. Turberfield (*sic*), Elk Park, N.C., August 7, 1933.

The text of this shows no important differences. The villain's name is singular; stanza 4 lacks the two extra lines; the curious stanza 7 about the marigolds is omitted; stanzas 11 and 12 are reversed.

6. "Beaulampkins"

Brown MSS., 16 a 6. From Thomas Smith. Probably corresponds to Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 74(A).

(1). Beaulampkins was as fine a mason
As ever laid stone.
He built a fine castle
And pay he got none.

(5). Where is the landlord
or is he at home
He's gone to merry England
for to visit his son.

7. "Squire Relantman"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 104. Sung by Jonathan Moses, Orford, N.H., July 3, 1942; learned from his father. Collected by Marguerite Olney. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

p π^1

1. Squire Relantman was a fine mason
As ever you see;
He built a fine castle,
Lord Nelson paid none.
He built a fine castle,
Lord Nelson paid none.

2. Lord Nelson was a-going
for to sail far away,
He told his fair lady
for to keep her own room.

(*Repeat last line in each verse*)

3. Lord Nelson he started
and he sailed far away;
Kitchen windows being left open,
Squire Relantman crept in.

4. "O where is Lord Nelson
or is he within?"
"He has sailed far away,"
said this fair maid unto him.

5. "O where is his lady
or is she within?"
"She is locked in her chamber,"
said this fair maid unto him.

6. "O how can I get to her
or how can I get in?"
"Stick a pin in her baby,"
says this fair maid unto him.

7. Squire Relantmen rocked the cradle
while this fair maid she did sing,
And out of his cradle
his heart's blood did spin.

8. "I cannot please your baby,
I cannot please him on the key,
I cannot please your baby,
you must come down and see."

9. "How can I come down
so late in ther night
While there's no candles aburning
nor no fire light?"

10. "Although it is late,
so late in ther night
There is two candles a-burning
and a good fire light."

11. This lady she started
her baby for to see;
Squire Relantman he met her
And he brought her upon her knee.

12. "O spare but my life
two hours or three,
You shall have my daughter Betsey,
fair a queen as you've seen."

13. "Daughter Betsey, daughter Betsey,
go on the towers so high
And see if your own dear father
ain't a-riding thereby."

14. Daughter Betsey, daughter Betsey
Went on the towers so high,
There she saw her own dear father
a-riding there by.

15. "O father, onward father
O ride without speed,
Squire Relantman's killed your own son,
your fair lady and me."

16. Squire Relantman was hung
on the gallis so high;
This fair maid she was burned
to a stake there nearby.

8. "False Lambkin"

Eddy, 1939, p. 59. Also in Tolman and Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV (1922), p. 344. Sung by Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, Ohio.

Tonic G, p I/M (—VI), ending on II

1. False Lambkin was a mason,
   As good as ever laid stone;
   He built Lord Arnold's castle,
   And the Lord paid him none.

2. False Lambkin he swore
   That revenged he would be
   On Lord Arnold's castle,
   Or on his family.

3. Said the Lord to his Lady,
   "I'm going from home,
   And what would you do
   If false Lambkin should come?"

4. "Oh, I fear not false Lambkin,
   Nor men of his kin;
   For I'll keep my doors fastened,
   And my windows pinned in."

5. So she kept her doors fastened,
   And her windows pinned in,
   All except one kitchen window
   Where Lambkin came in.

6. "Oh, where is Lord Arnold?
   Is he not at home?"
   "No, he's gone to old Ireland
   To see his dear son."

7. "Oh, where is his lady,
   Has she gone along?"
   "No, she's up in her chamber
   Where no man can get in."

8. "Oh, what shall I do
   That I may get in?"
   "You must pierce this little babe's heart
   With your silver bodkin."

9. So he pierced the little babe's heart
   Till the blood did spin
   Out into the cradle;
   So falsely she did sing:

10. "Oh, hushy-by baby,
    Oh, what aileth thee?
    Come down, loving mistress,
    Oh, come down and see."

11. "Oh, how can I come down
    So late in the night,
    When there's no moon a-shining,
    Nor stars to give light?"

12. "Oh, you've seven bright lanterns,
    As bright as the sun;
    Come down, loving mistress,
    Oh, come down by one."

13. She had not advanced
    But steps two or three,
    Till she spied false Lambkin
    A-standing close by.

14. "Oh, spare me, false Lambkin,
    And I will go back
    And get all the money
    You can carry in your sack."

15. "I want none of your money,
    Nor nothing that I know
    That will spare this bright sword
    From your neck white as snow."

16. "Oh, spare me, false Lambkin,
    Oh, spare me one hour,
    And I'll call down daughter Betsy,
    The queen of the bower."

17. "Go, call down daughter Betsy,
    So neat and so clean,
    To hold the silver basin
    To catch your blood in."

18. "Daughter Betsy, stay up
    In your chamber so high,
    Till you see your dear father
    In a ship sailing nigh."

19. Daughter Betsy stayed up
    In her chamber so high,
    Till she saw her dear father
    In a ship sailing nigh.

20. When Lord Arnold came to the castle
    And opened the door,
    He saw his companion
    Lying dead on the floor.

21. False Lambkin was hung
    On the gallows so high,
    And the false nurse was burnt
    To a stake standing by.

9. [Lamkin]

Sharp MSS., 4089/2931. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 207(E). Sung by Mrs. Doc Pratt, Hindman, Knott County, Ky., September 22, 1917.

p π^1

1. There was a wealthy merchant,
   In London he dwelled;
   He built a fine castle,
   And (payment*) he had none.

2. He started to England
   To buy his wife a ring.

He called back to her:
Bewore of the Lamkins;
He'll be here at noon.

3. What cares I for the Lamkins?
What cares I? said she.
My doors are all locked
And my windows pinned in.

4. Says the Lamkins to the captain (*or* false nurse):
What'll bring her downstairs?
We'll stick her little infant
Full of needles and pins.

5. What a pity, what a pity,
What a pity it would be
To stick her little infant
Full of needles and pins.

. . . . . .

6. O spare my life, Lamkins,
O spare my life, do.
Just listen how pitiful
My little infant does cry.

7. I'll give you my daughter Betsy
And all of the gold
That your horse can carry away.

8. You'd better keep your daughter Betsy
To wade the blood,
And to scour the silver basin
To catch your heart's blood.

9. Last night I killed the king's wife,
To-night I'll kill you.
They won't take time to make a gallows,
They'll hang you on a tree.

* 1932: paint?

GROUP AC

10. "Lampkin"

Davis, 1929, p. 583; text, p. 357(B). Sung by Fanny Fletcher, an old colored servant of Clark County, Va., September 5, 1914. Collected by Mrs. Thomas Ware.

p π^1, ending on *V*

The above reading is editorial as to timing: the tune was written in quarter-notes without bars.

1. "Why need I reward Lampkin?
Why need I reward him?
When my doors are fast bolted,
And windows pinned down?"

2. "Oh, Fortunate, Oh Fortunate!
Why do you sleep so sound?
Don't you hear that little baby,
How mournful it cries?"

3. "Landlady, landlady!
Why don't you come down,
For to see this fine gentleman
Just stepped into your room?"

4. "How can I come down,
When no candle is burning,
No fire gives light?"

5. "There's two silver candlesticks
A-setting in your room;
Why can't you come down
By the light of the one?"

6. Down stepped the landlady,
Not thinking of no harm;
Out stepped Ward Lampkin
And seized her by the arm.

7. "Mr. Lampkin, Mr. Lampkin,
Just spare me one hour,
And I'll gave you my daughter Betsy,
She's the flower of the flock."

Daughter Betsy was at school and had to be sent for.

8. "You can take your daughter Betsy,
And send her to the flood,
For to scour that silver basin,
To ketch your heart's blood."

9. "Mr. Lampkin, Mr. Lampkin,
Jest spare me one minute,
And I'll gave you as much money,
As you kin carry away."

10. "Ef you gave me as much money
As there's stars in the sky,
'T would not keep my bright sword
From your lily-white breast."

11. "Mr. Lampkin, Mr. Lampkin,
Jest spare me one secon',
And I'll gave you as many guineas
As you kin carry away."

12. "Ef you gave me as many guineas
As there's grains of sand on the sea,
'T would not keep my bright sword
From your lily-white breast."

13. Ward Lampkin was hung
On the gallows so high,
And old Fortunate was burned
In the fire close by.

11. [Lamkin]

Sharp MSS., 3424/2515. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 201 (A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., September 12, 1916.

p π^1, ending on *V* (on mediant octave) (or a π^2)

1. Bold Dunkins were* as fine a mason
As ever was under the sun,
And he built a fine castle
And pay he got none.

2. But bold Dunkins crept in
By the way of the back door,
And persuaded the nurse
To help him get her down.

3. We'll pick her baby Johnny
With the silver spade.
And the blood from the head
To the foot-board did run.

4. Bewore, ye fair lady,
You must come to your dearest one.
How can I get to him
At this time of night
When there's no fire burning,
Nor no candle alight?

5. You've got five golden mantles
As bright as the (or, any)† sun.
Bewore, ye fair lady,
You must come by the light of one.

6. She was a-coming downstairs
A-thinking no harm,
When bold Dunkins was ready
To take her in his arms.

7. O spare my life, Dunkins,
Just one half of an hour,
And you may have as much gold and silver
As endel in the streets.

* 1932: was
† Omitted in 1932

12. [Lamkin]

Sharp MSS., 3998/2880. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 204(C). Sung by Mrs. Francis Carter, Beattyville, Lee County, Ky., September 8, 1917.

p π^1, ending on *V* (or a π^2)

1. Old Lamkin was as good a mason
As ever laid a stone.
He built the finest castle,
But payment he had none.

2. Then at such an hour
The king rode from home,
Saying: Beware of old Lamkin,
He'll be here at noon.

3. What cares I for Lamkin,
Or any other man?
My doors are all locked
And my windows pinned down.

4. At twelve o'clock at night
Old Lamkin come,
And no one so ready
As the false nurse to let him in.

5. How could we get her downstairs
On such a dark night?
Why, we'll stick her little baby
Full of needles and pins.

6. What a pity, what a pity,
Cried old Lamkin.
No pity, no pity,
Cried the false nurse to him.

7. Pretty Betsy coming downstairs
Not thinking any harm,
And there stood old Lamkin
To catch her in his arms.

8. O spare my life, Lamkin,
O spare it, I pray.
You shall have as much gay gold
As my horse can carry away.

9. What cares I for your gay gold,
Or any other thing?
I have got my desire,
That's all I do crave.

10. O spare my life, Lamkin,
O spare it, I pray.
You shall have my daughter Betsy,
My own blooming flower.

11. Keep your daughter Betsy
To wade through the blood
And scour the silver basin
That catched your own heart's blood.

13. "Boab King"

Henry, 1938, p. 91. Sung by Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tenn., 1928.

a M (or p I, ending on *V*)

The original is given as straight 4/4, but this is rhythmically impossible.

1. Boab King was a mason
As fine as ever laid a stone.
He built a fine castle
And pay he got none.

2. The land-lord said to his lady,
"Beware of Boab King,
If he comes here today"

. . . . . .

3. "What care I for Boab King?
What care I for him?
My doors are all locked,
And my windows barred within."

4. Boab King came one day
While the land-lord was gone
Saying, "Where is the land-lord?
Where is he today?"
"He is gone to New England
To buy a gold ring."

5. "Where is the land-lord's lady?
Where is she, I say?"
"She is upstairs in her castle
Resting today."

6. "Where is her daughter, Betsy?
Where is she today?"
"She is up-stairs
A-sleeping today."

7. Boab King said to Miss Fartner,
"How will we fix to get this lady down?"
"We will stick her little baby
Full of needles and pins."

8. Boab King rocked the cradle;
Miss Fartner she (did) sing
Till the blood ran out of the cradle
And the tears did spin.

9. This lady came tripping downstairs,
A-thinking no harm.
Boab King was a-standing
And he caught her in his arms.

10. "Boab King, Boab King,
Please spare me one hour,
Till I go to my baby,
So mournful it cries."

11. "What care I for your baby?
What care I for it?
I have got the land-lord's lady,
My whole heart's delight."

12. "You can have my daughter, Betsy,
You can have her today;
And as many gold dollars
As your horse can carry away."

13. "You may keep your daughter, Betsy;
You can keep her, I say,
To wash up your basin
Where your heart's blood do lay."

14. "Lie still, my daughter, Betsy,
Wherever you be
Till you see your papa
Come sailing on the sea."

15. "O father, you ought not to lay this blame on me.
Boab King killed your lady and baby."
Boab King was hung in a tree so high
And Miss Farther was burned to a stake close by.

14. "Lamkin"

Sharp MSS., 3856/2816. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 202(B). Sung by Mrs. Cis Jones, Goose Creek, Manchester, Ky., August 16, 1917.

a M (or p I, ending on *V*)

The repeat occurred in the last stanza only.

1. The landlord to his lady:
I'm going away from home;
Bewares of the Lamkin,
He'll be here this night.

2. What cares I for the Lamkin,
Or any other man,
When my doors are fast bolted,
My windows pinned down?

3. The Lamkin he came
By bed-time at night.
He knocked at the door,
And the false nurse let him in.

4. He says: Where is that noble lady?
I want to see her.
She's in her chambery
In the gallerays so high.

5. He says to the false nursie*
How can we get her down?
Pierce the little baby's heart
And the screams will bring her down.

6. She says: Nursie,
Don't let little baby cry.
Go feed it on breast-milk,
Go feed it on pie.

7. I fed it on breast-milk,
I fed it on pie.
Go put on one of those gowns
And light yourself down.

8. How can I go below stairs
By bed-time at night,
No fires a-burning,
No candle alight?

9. You've three as nice gowns
As ever the sun shined on.
Go put on one of those
And light yourself down.

10. As she was a-walking
In the galloways† so high,
The Lamkin he caught her
Right fast in his arms.

11. O spare me my life, sir,
While's ten o'clock in the night;
You may have as many guineas
As there's sand in the sea.

12. I don't want none of your guineas
As there's sand in the sea,
To hinder my new sword
From your lily-white neck.

13. O spare me my life, sir,
While's eleven o'clock in the night;
I'll give you my daughter Betsy
And a hundred fine things.

14. I don't want your daughter Betsy
And a hundred fine things
To hinder my new sword
From your lily-white neck.

15. She sent her daughter Betsy
In the galloways† so high
To get a silver basin
To catch her heart's blood.

16. As she were a-walking
In the galloways† so high,
She saw her noble father
Come riding close by.

17. She says: O father,
O father, you see,
The false nurse and the Lamkin
Has killed your lady.

18. If this be true you tell to me,
If this be true you see,
The false nurse shall be hung
In the galloways† so high,
And the Lamkin shall be burn-ed
In the furnace close by.

* 1932: nurse
† 1932: gallerays

15. "False Lamkin"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 313. Sung by Mrs. Sol Riley, near Kalkaska, Mich., 1935.

a π^2 (or p π^1, with final *V*)

Cf. "Hey Tutti Taitti." Also "The Rovin' Gambler."

(*Sung*)

1. False Lamkin was as good a mason
As ever laid a stone;
He built Lord Arnold's castle,
And the lord paid him none.

2. He built it without,
And he built it within;
He built a false window
For himself to creep in.

(*Recited*)

Lord Arnold goes away from home.

(*Sung*)

3. And he told his daughter Betsy
To stay up in the chamber so high
Till she saw her loving father
In his ship sailing by.

(*Recited*)

Lord Arnold comes home and sees his infant lying dead at the gate.

(*Sung*)

4. And he ran to the castle,
And he opened the door,
And he saw his loving lady
Lying dead on the floor.

(*Recited*)

The daughter had to hold a silver basin for to catch the child's blood or the mother's blood.

(*Sung*)

5. "It's father, O father,
Don't you blame me,
It was false Lamkin and false nurse
That murdered mama."

6. False Lamkin was hung
On the gallows so high;
While false nurse she was burned
In a fire nigh by.

GROUP Ad

16. "Lamkin"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 201. Sung by Alden Mace, Southwest Harbor, Me., September 12, 1928; learned from a John Anderson, probably of Prince Edward Island. Noted by George Herzog.

a I/M (Pentatonic in feeling)

1. "And where is the landlady,
and is she within?"
"She is up in her chamber,
in her chamber most high,
And her doors they are bolted
and her windows fastened tight."

2. "How shall we try
to get her to come down?"
"You may prick her babe's shoulder
with a silver pin."

3. They pricked it
and pricked it full sore,
And the blood from the cradle
in showers did pour.

4. "How can I come down
so late in the night,
Without any fire
or no candle-light?"

5. "There are several bright lanterns,
as bright as the sun,
And you can come down
by the light of one of them."

6. Down came this fairest lady
. . . . . .
Lamkin stood ready
and grabbed her in his arms.

7. "Oh, please, Mr. Lamkin,
spare me till one o'clock,
You can have all the gold
you can take in your cart."

8. "I'd rather see a knife run
through your red heart
Than have all the money
I can take in my cart."

9. "Oh, Lamkin, please Lamkin,
spare me but one hour,
And you may have my daughter Betsy,
she's the branch of all flowers."

10. "Call down your daughter Betsy,
she may do you some good,
She may hold a silver vessel
to catch your life's blood."

11. "Oh, my daughter Betsy,
stay where that you be,
To welcome your father
when he comes home from sea."

12. As Betsy was sitting
in her chamber most high,
She saw her old father
a-coming close by.

13. "O father, dearest father,
don't be angry with me,
But Lamkin and the false nurse
have murdered Marmee."

14. Lamkin was taken,
hung on a gallows most high,
And the lanterns stood burning
on the posts that stood by.

17. "Lamkin"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 351(16); text, p. 339. Sung by Mrs. Eric Barnitz, Fairmont, W. Va. Learned from her mother, in Pennsylvania.

a I

"Oh, wife, dear wife
Beware of your life;
Beware of young Lamkins
He will be here tonight.

"Oh, wife, dear wife,
What a pity it is
To stick this little infant
Full of needles and pins."

While young Lamkins was a-hanging
On the gallows so high,
The false nurse was burning
In a fire close by.

18. [The Border Ruffian, or Proud Lamkin]

Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(D). Sung by Joseph Quann, Rencontre, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, July 18, 1930.

a I

Proud Lamkin was taken and condemned for to die,
And the false hearted maiden was burned alongside.

19. "Lambkin"

Webb, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 113(2). Sung by Thomas Colcombe, Weobley, Herefordshire, 1905. Also in Leather, 1912, p. 199, as noted by Webb from the singing of William Colcombe, Weobley, 1905.

a I

This suggests the carol-tune, "A Virgin Unspotted." The variant reading (a) is that of the earlier printing.

Said the lord to the lady
"I'm going from home,
Beware of false Lambkin,
When I am far gone."

"Oh, what care I for Lambkin,
Or any of his men?
When the doors are fast bolted,
And the windows penned in."

The text given by Ella Mary Leather follows:

1. Said the lord to the lady "I'm going from home,
Beware of false Lambkin when I am far gone."
"Oh, what care I for Lambkin, or any of his men?
When the doors are fast bolted, and the windows penned in."

2. Then up steps young Lambkin, and pulls at the string,
Saying "How shall I get in to her? How shall I get in,
When the doors are fast bolted and the windows penned in?"
. . . . . .

3. "I'll pierce this tender baby with a silver bodkin
And call down the lady for to quiet him."
"Dear Lady, dear Lady, how can you sleep so sound
A-hearing your dear baby making such a moan."

4. "How can I come down this time of the night
When there's no candle burning and no fire lit" (alight?)
Then as the Lady was a'coming out of her bower so high
So ready was Young Lambkin to catch her in his arms.

5. "Dear Lambkin, dear Lambkin, spare my life till ten o'clock,
Then you shall have as much money as you can carry on your back.
Dear Lambkin, dear Lambkin, spare my life one half-hour,
You shall have my daughter Betsy, she's a beautiful flower."

6. "I don't want your daughter Betsy, nor none of the rest;
I should rather see my naked sword through your milk white breast.
Now call down your daughter Betsy to do you some good,
To hold this silver basin to catch your heart's blood."

7. "Dear Betsy, Dear Betsy, stay where you be,
And see if your dear father's coming o'er the lea."
As Betsy was a'crying at her window so high,
Up came her father a-riding close by.

8. "Dear Father, dear Father, lay no blame on me,
It's the false nurse and Lambkin that kilt my mam-mee."
Now Lambkin is hanged on the gallows so high,
And the false nurse they burned her on the mountain close by.

GROUP Ae

20. "Lamkin"

Brewster, 1940, p. 122. Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, Boonville, Ind., July 16, 1935. Noted by Mrs. I. L. Johnson.

m I (inflected VII)

1. Oh, Lamkin was a mason,
And he built well with stone;
And he built my lord's castle,
But payment he got none.

2. "O pay me, O pay me;
Come pay me my fee!"
"I cannot pay you, Lamkin,
Until I sail o'er the sea."

3. Then his young son in the castle
Was murdered one day
By Falseness and Lamkin
While the servants were away.

4. Then out spoke my lady:
"Have mercy on me;
Though you've taken my young son's life,
O have mercy upon me!"

5. Lady Betty was lying
In her chamber so high,
When she heard her dear daddy
Come riding hard by.

6. "O Daddy, O Daddy,
You need not blame me,
For Falseness and Lamkin
Have killed your lady!"

7. Then Lamkin was hanged
On yon gallows so high,
And Falseness was burned
In a fire hard by.

8. Then sweetly sang the wild birds
As they soared upon high,
For Falseness and Lamkin
Deserved well to die.

21. [The Border Ruffian, or Proud Lamkin]

Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 6(C). Sung by Mrs. May Joseph Mitchell, Marystown, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, July 10, 1930.

a M (—IV, VI)

The Lord to the lady
Was walking the quay.
Said the lord to the lady:
"Are you 'fraid of Lamkin?"

1. Said the Lord to his lady
As he was going away,
Beware of proud Lamkin,
For he comes up this way.

2. What do I care for proud Lamkin,
Or any of his men,
When my doors are well bolted
And my windows shut in.

3. He was scarce gone one hour,
When proud Lamkin came by,
He knocked at the hall door
And the nurse let him in.

4. O where is your master?
Is he not without?
He's gone to old England
Cried the false nurse.

5. O where is your mistress?
Is she not within?
She's up in her bed-chamber
With the windows barred in.

6. How am I to get at her?
Proud Lamkin did cry.
O here is young Sir Johnson,
Pierce him and he'll cry.

7. He took out his bodkin,
And pierced young Sir Johnson,
And made the blood trinkle
Right down his toes.

8. O mistress, dearest mistress,
How can you sleep so fast?
Can't you hear your young Sir Johnson
A-crying his last.

9. I can't pacify him
On the nurse-milk or pap,
I pray you come down,
Quieten him on your lap.

10. How can I come downstairs
On such a cold winter's night,
No spark of fire burning,
No candle alight.

11. You've got two white holland sheets (up there)
As white as the snow
I pray you come down
By the light of them so.

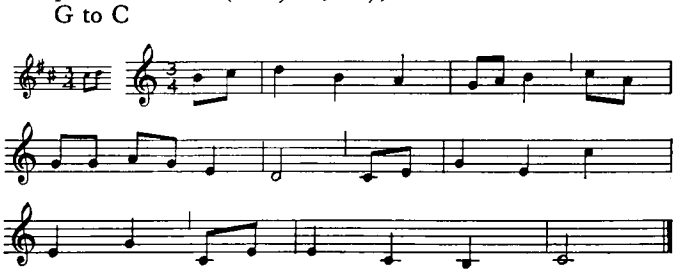
12. As she was coming downstairs
Not thinking much harm,
Proud Lamkin awaited,
Took her by the arm.

13. I have got you, I have got you,
Proud Lamkin did cry,
For years I have waited,
But I have got you at last.

22. [The Border Ruffian, or Proud Lamkin]

Karpeles, *JEFDSS*, I, No. 1 (1932), p. 4(A); text, Karpeles MSS., p. 4757. From Mrs. Violet McCabe, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

p I/M and a I (—II, IV, VI), with a shift of tonic from G to C



This appears genuinely bi-modal.

14. O spare me my life, she cries,
For one, two o'clock,
And I'll give you all the money
That you will carry on your back.

15. If you'll give me the money
Like the sand on the shore,
I'll not keep my bright sword
From your white skin so free.

16. O spare me my life, she cries,
For one half an hour,
I'll give to you my nurse,
Although she's my flower.

17. O where is your nurse,
Go send her to me;
She can hold the silver basin
While your heart's blood runs free.

18. False nurse was my friend, she cries,
But now she is my foe.
She can hold the silver basin
While my heart's blood do flow.

19. There was blood in the nursery
And blood in the hall
And blood on the stairs
And her heart's blood was all.

20. Proud Lamkin was taken
To the gallows to die
And false nurse she was burn-ed
In a fire near by.

GROUP Af

23. "Lamkin"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 91. From Mrs. S. M. Harding. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 24.

a I, ending on III

24. "Lammikin"

Smith, [1820-24], II, p. 94.

a I/M, ending on V

Smith follows Herd's text, which Herd had directed to be sung to "Gil Morrice."

1. A better mason than Lammikin
Ne'er builded wi' the stane;
He builded earl Robert's house,
But wages he gat nane.
"Come gie to me, earl Robert, now,
Come gie to me my hyre;
Come gie to me, earl Robert, now,
Or I'll burn your house wi' fyre."

2. 'Sen ze winnae gie my wages, Lord,
Ze sall hae cause to rue.'
And syne he brewed a black revenge,
And syne he vow'd a vow.
. . . . . .
"Now bide at hame, my luve, my life,
I warde ye bide at hame:
O gang nae to this day's hunting,
To leave me a' my lane."

3. "Zestreene, zestreene, I dream't my bower
O' red red blude was fu':
Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
I sall hae cause to rue."
'Quha luiks to dreams, my winsome dame?
Ze hae nae cause to feare.'
And syne he's kist her comely cheek,
And syne the starting tear;

4. And syne he's gane to the guid greenwood,
And she to her painted bower,
And she's gard steek doors, windows, yetts,
Of castelle, ha', and tower.
They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,
Close to the cheek and chin;
They steeked them a' but a little wicket,
And Lammikin crap in.

5. "Now quharis the ladye o' this castelle,
Nurse tell to Lammikin?"
'She's sewing up intill her bower;'
The fals Nursie sung.
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
Quhile loud fals Nursie sung;
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
Quhile hich the red blude sprung.

6. "O gentil Nursie! please my bairn,
O please him wi' the keys."
'He'll no be pleased, gay ladye,
Gin I'd sit on my knees.'
"Gude gentil Nursie, please my babe;
O please him wi' a knife."
'He winna be pleased, mistress myne,
Gin I wad lay down my life.'

7. "Sweet Nursie, loud, loud cries my bairn,
O please him wi' a bell."
'He winna be pleased, gay ladye,
Till ye cum down yoursel.'
And quhen she saw the red, red blude,
A loud scrich scriched she,
"O monster, monster spare my bairn,
Wha never skaithed thee!

8. "O spare, gif in yere bluidy briest,
Albergs not heart o' stane!
O spare! and ye sall hae o' gowd
Quhat ze can carrie hame."
'Dame, I want not your gowd,' he said;
'Dame, I want not your fee;
I hae been wranged by your Lord,
Ze sall black vengeance drie.'

9. Earl Robert he came hame at night,
And a' was dark around;
But when he came to his castelle,
Owre mickle light he found.
O lang, lang, may earl Robert rue,
He paid nae masons hyre,
Ladye and Heir he saw nae mair,
His castelle rockit wi' fyre.

25. "False Lamkin"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 141. Sung by Mrs. Irene Carlisle, Fayetteville, Ark., September 30, 1941. Learned from her grandmother in Mississippi, 1912.

a I, ending on the octave

Originally in A♭ major.

1. False Lamkin was good a mason as ever laid stone,
He built Lord Arnold's castle, Lord Arnold paid him none,
He built it without and he built it within,
And he built a false window for himself to get in.

2. Lord Arnold to his lady, I'm going from home,
And what would you do if false Lamkin should come?
I fear not false Lamkin nor none of his crew,
My doors I keep fastened, my windows pinned to.

3. Her doors she had fastened, her windows had pinned
When through the false window false Lamkin stepped in,
Dear mistress, dear mistress, your baby does cry,
And if you don't come to it, it surely must die.

4. How can I come down when it's such a dark night
And I have not a candle to bear me a light?
Where's them six new lamps where the gold shines so bright?
You can take one of them and come down by the light.

5. False Lamkin, false Lamkin, oh spare me my life
And I'll give you my daughter Betsey, she'll make a good wife.
Bring down your daughter Betsey, so neat and so trim,
And bring a gold basin to catch her blood in.

6. Daughter Betsey, daughter Betsey, stay in the garret so high
Till you see your dear father come sailing by.
Daughter Betsey she stayed in the garret so high
Till she saw Lord Arnold's ships come sailing by.

7. Lord Arnold scarce had opened the gate
When he saw his dear baby lying dead at his feet,
Lord Arnold scarce had opened the door
When he saw his dear wife lying dead on the floor.

8. False Lamkin shall be hung on a gallows so high,
And his faults shall be burnt in an oven close by.

GROUP Ag

26. "Lamkin"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 60. From an old woman in Buchan.

a D (but basically π^3)

It's Lamkin was a mason good,
As ever built wi' stane;
He built lord Wearie's castle,
But payment got he nane:
"O pay me, lord Wearie,
Come pay me my fee."
"I can-na pay you Lamkin,
For I maun gang o'er the sea."
[*Etc.*]

The text is "epitomized" from Jamieson.

GROUP Ah

27. "Lambkin"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 105, p. 33.

m Æ

28. "Long Lankin"

Sharp MSS., 2083/1941. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 81. Sung by Sister Emma (c. 70), Clewer, February 27, 1909.

p Harmonic minor (probably normally Æ)

The eighths in the upbeats at the beginning and middle are sixteenths in the MS.

1. Said my lord to my lady as he mounted his horse:
Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the Moss.
Said my lord to my lady as he rode away
Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the hay.

2. Let the doors be all bolted and the windows all pinned
And leave not a hole for a mouse to creep in.
So he kissed his fair lady and he rode away
And he was in fair London before the break of day.

3. The doors were all bolted and the windows all pinned
Except one little window where Long Lankin crept in.

4. Where is the Lord of this house? said Long Lankin.
He's away in fair London, said the false nurse to him.

5. Where is the little heir of this house? said Long Lankin.
He's asleep in his cradle, said the false nurse to him.

6. We'll prick him, we'll prick him all over with a pin
And that will make my lady to come down to him.

7. So he pricked him, he pricked him all over with a pin.
And the nurse held the basin for the blood to flow in.

8. O nurse how you slumber, O nurse how you sleep;
You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to weep.

9. O nurse how you slumber, O nurse how you snore
You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to roar.

10. I've tried him with apples, I've tried him with pears.
Come down my fair lady and rock him in your chairs.

11. I've tried him with milk, I've tried him with pap;
Come down my fair lady and nurse him in your lap.

12. How can I come down, 'tis so late in the night;
There's no fire burning nor candle to give light.

13. You have three silver mantles as bright as the sun
Come down my fair lady all by the light of one.

14. My lady came down the stairs thinking no harm.
Long Lankin stood ready to catch her in his arms.

15. Her maiden looked out from the turret so high
And she saw her master from London riding by.

16. O master, O master, don't lay the blame on me,
'Twas the false nurse and Lankin that killed your fair ladye.

17. Long Lankin was hung on a gibbet so high
And the false nurse was burnt in a fire close by.

29. [Long Lankin, or Young Lambkin]

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 7 (1905), p. 111. From Miss Chidell, as sung by Mrs. Chidell, Bournemouth, 1902.

p Æ/D (—VII)

1. Said my Lord to his Lady, as he mounted his horse
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the moss!"

2. Said my Lord unto my Lady, as he went away,
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the clay!"

3. "Let the doors be all bolted, the windows all pinned,
And leave not a loophole for Long Lankin to creep in!"

4. So he mounted his horse, and he rode away,
And he was in London before the break of day.

5. And the doors were all bolted, the windows all pinned,
All but one little loophole, where Long Lankin crept in.

6. "Where is the Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.
"He's away in fair London," said the false nurse to him.

7. "Where is the Lady of this house?" said Long Lankin.
"She's up in her chamber," said the false nurse to him.

8. "Where is the little Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.
"He's asleep in this cradle," said the false nurse to him.

9. "Then we'll prick him all over and over with a pin,
And we'll make my Lady come down to him!"

10. So they pricked him all over and over with a pin,
And the nurse held the bason for the blood to flow in.

11. "Oh nurse how you slumber! O nurse how you sleep!
You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to weep!"

12. "Oh nurse! how you slumber! O nurse! how you snore!
You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to roar!"

13. "I've tried him with milk, and I've tried him with pap,
Come down, my fair Lady, and nurse him in your lap."

14. "I've tried him with onions, I've tried him with pears,
Come down, my fair lady, and nurse him in your chairs."

15. "How can I come down? tis so late at night,
There's no candle burning, or moon to give light."

16. "You have three silver mantles, as light as the sun,
Come down, my fair Lady, all by the light of one!"

17. So my Lady came down the stairs, fearing no harm,
Long Lankin stood ready, to catch her in his arm.

18. "Oh spare me Long Lankin! Oh, spare me till twelve o'clock!
You shall have as much gold as you can carry on your back!"

19. "Oh, spare me, Long Lankin! Oh, spare me one hour!
You shall have my daughter Betsy, she is a fair flower!"

20. "Where is your daughter Betsy? She may do some good;
She can hold the bason to catch your life's blood."

. . . . . .

21. Lady Betsy sat up at her window so high,
She saw her dear father from London riding by.

22. "Oh father! Oh father! Don't lay the blame on me!
'Twas the false nurse and Lankin that killed your fair Lady!"

. . . . . .

23. So Long Lankin was hung on a gibbet so high,
The false nurse was burnt at a stake close by.

GROUP B

30a. [Bold Lankon, or Young Lamkin]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 212. Sung by Mr. Whitington, Dunsfold, Surrey, c. 1896-98.

a I

30b. [Bold Lankon, or Young Lamkin]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 212. Sung by Mr. Whitington, as above.

a I

1. It's of some noble lord, as you shall quickly hear,
He had one only daughter, young Lankon he loved dear.
Her father tried to part them without fear or strife,
But bold Lankon he contrivèd to take away her life.

2. It was contrived between young Lankon and the nurse
To murder the lady and baby at her breast
Said the lord unto the lady, "I am a-going out,
Beware of Bold Lankon while I am about."

3. "Beware of Bold Lankon, not any other man,
For my doors are all bolted, and my windows are all pinned."
Bold Lankon he came in, in the dead of night,
He pinched the tender baby which made it for to cry.
While the nurse sat singing "Hush a lullaby!"

4. "Oho! nurse, oho! nurse, how soundly you do sleep!
Can't you hear my tender baby, so bitterly does weep?"
"I cannot keep it quiet with sop nor with pap,
So come down, my dearest lady, and take it in your lap."

5. "How can I come down in the dead of the night,
Where no fire is shining, nor candle alight?"
This lady she came down, oho! not thinking of any harm,
Bold Lankon he stood ready, and caught her in his arm.

6. "Oho, spare my life, Bold Lankon! Oho! spare my life so sweet.
I'll give you as much gold as stones lie in the street."
"Before I have as much gold as stones lie in the street
I'd rather see your heart's blood run down to your feet!"

7. "Oho! spare my life, Bold Lankon! Oho! spare it for one hour,
There is my oldest daughter, she is the branch flower."
"That for your oldest daughter! She [may] do me some good,
She might hold the silver bason to catch her mother's blood."

8. There's blood in the kitchen, there's blood in the hall,
There's blood in the parlour where this lady did fall.
The lord he came home, the same he came for to know,
His eyes like to fountains with water did o'erflow.

9. The nurse shall be hangèd on the gallows high,
Bold Lankon shall be burnt in the fire close by.
The bells shall be muzzlèd to make a dismal sound
Where this lady and the baby lay dead on the ground.

Young Waters

CHILD NO. 94

It cannot be proved that this ballad was ever traditionally sung in Scots or English. Its traditional counterpart is found, however, in Danish texts of the sixteenth, and Swedish of the eighteenth and nineteenth, centuries. Child's text, which was published by Percy, Herd, Pinkerton, Ritson, R. A. Smith, Robert Maver, and others, first appeared on a single-sheet printed by the Foulises of Glasgow, in 1755, from a copy supplied, as we learn from Percy's note, by Lady Jean Hume. Child appears to have no doubt of the ballad's authenticity, although he grants it "a little the worse for editing." He has as little doubt of the spuriousness of the version given out by Peter Buchan in 1828. Certainly, the latter has nothing to commend it, nor does it seem to have become current in tradition, any more than the earlier copy.

The tune, which first appeared with the ballad in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, thereafter in Maver, 1866, the second edition of Ritson, 1869, and still later in Eyre-Todd, is probably not an untouched traditional tune in its present two-strain form. And if it were, it could still claim little confidence, in the absence of any sort of confirmation, as the proper tune of this ballad.

The ballad, then, makes its appearance in the canon of tradition under dubious auspices. The two points in its favor are the existence of foreign analogues and its artistic excellence. Under scrutiny, neither of these is a sufficient argument. Somebody has to translate or adapt a foreign ballad, whether popular or literary, and the translation may be made late as well as early. Artistic excellence, though it may keep a piece alive in print, is rather ground of suspicion than of reassurance, in poetry orally transmitted to a late date.

When certainty is quite beyond reach, it is silly to be dogmatic. Child's own confidence in the ballad will inspire confidence in its turn. But as considerations to be weighed in forming an independent judgment, a few detailed points may be singled out. And first, the main idea. The king's implacable and fatal jealousy is a libelous indictment of Scottish royalty, such as could be circulated only *sub rosa* by personal enemies, or by distancing in time or place. Bohemia, as Shakespeare and his fellows found, was a likely spot for such an occurrence. Distancing in time, even if only a blind for a covert attack, has something of the same effect. It is worth noting that this ballad first makes its appearance in the record when the uprising of '45 was an all but current event of which everyone had vivid personal knowledge, and when a slur on Scottish royalty might still have some value as political propaganda.

One may further remark that certain parts of the ballad seem less convincing as traditional verse than others. The first stanza has perhaps a slightly self-conscious archaism about it, is more *dense* than it has a right to be, and introduces an idea which strikes one as late in balladry. The season and the wind would be enough for the first two lines, ordinarily, as in "Edom o Gordon" (178):

> It befell about the Martinmas time,
> When the wind blew snell and cauld.

The present ballad crowds in the idea of Christmas festivities as well, and goes on to add that that was the time when good-looking fellows congregated at court. The second stanza sounds authentic and makes a perfectly good opening without any flourish. The third stanza makes use of a ballad commonplace in a unique way. Instead of saying simply that the hero was dressed in gorgeous apparel, it adds the idea, unduplicated in early popular balladry, so far as I am aware, that this attire served for use as well as for beauty, by protecting its wearer from the cold. The fourth stanza starts its topic anew in the second half, possibly for greater effect, though there might be here a genuine traditional derangement. The normal order would be:

> The horse Young Waters rade upon
> Was fleeter than the wind;
> Gowden-graithd [he was] before,
> And siller-shod behind.

Stanza five seems expository editorial filler; the traditional style might have been expected to omit it and proceed with the queen's words in stanza six. There is something too clarifying about the "wylie lord" with his mischievous query. Seven is again over-explicit, and the untraditional character of the king's reply hardly needs pointing out:

> "O if he had bin twice as fair,
> You micht have excepted me."

Eight is altogether too sweetly rational, and the first half of nine is narrator's summary with which every reader would find fault. Ten, eleven, and twelve are convincing enough. Thirteen, however, sounds like a deliberate attempt to build up a climactic finale. That Waters' infant son and saddled steed are carried to watch the execution somehow fails to add the due pathos to the scene; but the failure does not seem accidental enough for balladry. Instead it seems like a calculated effect which misfired.

Lest I be interpreted as saying what I have not, I shall merely observe in conclusion that to me the ballad as it stands does not seem beyond the powers of an 18th-century Scottish man or woman thoroughly familiar with Scottish popular ballad-style and working upon hints and scraps of tradition, whether native or foreign. But, once again, positive assertion in these matters is mere folly.

LIST OF VARIANTS

"Young Waters." Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], II, p. 30. Also in Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 404, p. 202; Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, II, p. 518; and George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 174.

TUNE WITH TEXT

[Young Waters]

Smith, [1820-24], II, p. 30. Also in Maver, 1866, No. 404, p. 202; Ritson, ed. of 1869, II, p. 518; and Eyre-Todd, n.d. [19—?], p. 174.

a Æ/D, ending on the octave

1. About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
   And the round tables began,
   A! there is cum to our king's curt,
   Mony a weel-favour'd man.
   The Quein luikt owre the castle wa',
   Beheld baith dale and down,
   And there she saw Zoung Waters
   Cum ryding to the town.

2. His footmen they did rin before,
   His horsemen rade behind,
   And mantel o' the burning gowd
   Did keep him frae the wind.

3. Gowden graith'd his horse before,
   And siller shod behind;
   The horse zoung Waters rade upon,
   Was fleeter than the wind.

4. But then spack a wylie Lord,
   Unto the Queen said he,
   "O tell quha's the fairest face
   Rides in the companie?"

5. 'I've seen Lord, and I've seen Laird,
   And knichts o' high degree,
   But a fairer face than zoung Waters'
   Mine eyne did never see.

6. Out then spack the jealous king,
   (And an angry man was he,)
   "O if he had been twice as fair,
   Zou might hae excepted me!"

7. 'Zoure neither Laird nor Lord,' she says,
   'But the King that wears the crown;
   Ther is not a knicht in fair Scotland
   But to thee maun bow down.'

8. For a' that she could do or say,
   Appeas'd he wadna be;
   Bot, for the words which she had said,
   Zoung Waters he maun die!

9. They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
   Put fetters on his feit;
   They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
   Thrown him in dungeon deep.

10. "Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toune
    In the wind bot and the weit,
    Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toune
    Wi' fetters at my feit.

11. "Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toune
    In the wind bot and the rain,
    Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toune
    Neir to return again."

12. They hae taen to the heiding hill
    His zoung son in his cradle,
    And they hae taen to the heiding hill
    His horse bot and his saddle.

13. They hae taen to the heiding hill
    His Lady fair to see!
    And for the words the Queen had spoke,
    Zoung Waters he did die!

The Maid Freed from the Gallows

CHILD NO. 95

THIS ballad has been greatly loved in many parts of the world. It seems justifiable to make a broad division between two great groups on the basis of scene, although probably the second is but a decapitated form of the first. Along the Mediterranean coast and around the Baltic the ballad has been current in a form in which pirates or sea-marauders carry off a girl who appeals in vain for ransom to the various members of her family in turn, and finally to her lover with success. In the second group the maritime elements are absent. A prisoner, condemned to die, makes a similar series of appeals. This is the British form, and also the prevailing form in Eastern Europe. The earliest British text is of about 1770. The English variants frequently have a burden, or chorus, and are especially suited for a game-song with accompanying action. Among the negroes the ballad is still sung and said in the form of a *cante-fable*. The suggestion that the precious object, the loss of which involves the death-penalty, once had a sexual significance, seems entirely plausible.

In spite of very considerable superficial variation, it may be permissible to class all the British or British-descended tune-variants as members of one large musical family. This will, however, have to be subdivided into several types, the mid-cadence being a factor of importance, though not always compelling. Plagal forms predominate, and the melodic tradition has remained almost wholly within the Ionian galaxy. One group has affiliations with the "Giles Collins" pattern, another with that of "Lord Lovel," and a third with that of "Young Hunting." The burdens generally repeat the air in a varied form. English variants favor a "prickly bush" burden, which has been lost in America. Motherwell's text (Child B) is unique in having a "bonny broom" burden. That burden belongs especially to "The Broom of Cowdenknowes" (Child No. 217), and we may guess that the burden brought along its own melody in this case. The oldest record of a tune is the Irish one in the Hudson MS. (c. 1840), without words.

The ballad has been subjected to careful and prolonged analysis by Erich Pohl in a monograph, "Die Deutsche Volksballade von der 'Losgekauften'," published as No. 105 of *Folklore Fellows Communications*, Vol. XXXVIII 2, Helsinki, 1934, pp. 1-361.

Miss Broadwood (*JFSS*, V, No. 19 [1915], pp. 237-39) finds a melodic relationship between a Westphalian form of the ballad ("O Schipmann," reprinted from *Die Lieder des Zupfgeigenhansl*, Hofmeister, Leipzig, 1912) and a Keswick game-song, "Arise, Daughter Ellen," proceeding on a narrative formula parallel with our ballad. Cf. also Miss Gilchrist's interesting article on "The Prickly Bush," (*JFSS*, V, No. 19 [1915], pp. 228-37); and Paul G. Brewster (*SFQ*, V [1941], pp. 25-28) on a Rumanian analogue. It is worth noting that there is a Polish ballad in Bystroń, *Pieśni Ludowe*, 1927, I, p. 61(P), with a tune remarkably close to the best known of Cecil Sharp's Somerset variants (variant 49 below), as follows:

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Oh, Stop Your Hand, Lord Judge." Hudson MS., No. 355, Boston Public Library, c. 1840. Reprinted in Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXIV (1911), p. 337.
2. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4667/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Webb)
3. "The Hangman's Tree." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 79(O).
4. "The Prickly Bush." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 230(2).
5. "The Hangman's Tree." Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 417 and 296. Also in Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 81.
6. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3934/2850. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 211(E). (Short)
7. "The Hangman's Rope." W. A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 45.
8. "The Prickly Bush." Sharp MSS., 2122/. (Timms)
9. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3540/2615. Also in Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 583 and 363(B); and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 209(C). (Keeton)
10. "Hangman, Slack on the Line." Dorothy Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, 1925, p. 39.
11. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4316/3084. (Long)

GROUP Ab

12. "Hangman." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 146(E).
13. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4340/. (Grey)
14. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4388/?. (Bradley)
15. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4385/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 214 (K). (Bowyer)
- a. "The Gallows Tree." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 81(R).
16. "The Sycamore Tree." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 297.
17. "The Prickly Bush." Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 112.
18. "The Prickly Bush." Sharp MSS., 2559/. (Major)
19. "The Prick'ty Bush." Hammond, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 228(1).
20. "The Prickle Holly Bush." Walter Lucas, Columbia LP recording, No. SL-206(B4), ed. Alan Lomax.

b. "Hangman, Hangman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 78(N).

21. "On the Gallows Tree." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 77(A); text, *Brown Collection*, II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 143(A).

GROUP Ac

22. "The Golden Ball." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 146.
23. "The Hangman's Tree." Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 144(A). Also in Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 72.
24. "The Gallows Tree." Marie Campbell, *Bulletin of the Tennessee Folklore Society*, III (1937), p. 95.

GROUP Ad

25. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3640/2698. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 212(F). (A. Sloan)
26. "The Hangerman's Tree," or "Freed from the Gallows." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 584(E) and 367.
27. "Slack Your Rope." John Harrington Cox, *Traditional Ballads Mainly from West Virginia*, 1939, p. 29.
28. "The Gallent Tree." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 62.
29. "The Gallows Tree." Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J. Possibly also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 77(C).

GROUP Ae

30. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3383/2481. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 208(A). (Stockton)
31. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4593/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 213(H). (Mitchell)
32. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4714/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 213(J). (Boone)

c. "Maid Freed from the Gallows." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 79(P).

33. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3497/2582. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 208(B). (Buckner)

GROUP Af

34. "Maid Freed from the Gallows." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 35.

d. "Hangman." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 224(AA).

e. "The Gallows Tree." Davis, 1960, p. 226 (BB).

35. "The Hangman's Song." Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes*, [1916], p. 44.
36. "Hangman, Slack Up Your Rope." Jean Ritchie, Gordon-Pickow Collector Ltd. Eds., LP recording, LP 1201 (B 10). Also in Ritchie, *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, p. 153.
37. "The Hangman's Son." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 408(A) and 197.
38. "Hangman, Hold your Rope." Scarborough, 1937, pp. 409(B) and 199.
39. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4630/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 213 (I). (Jones)
40. "Hangsman." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 585(N) and 374.
41. "Hold Your Hands, Old Man." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 143(A).
42. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3542/2617. Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 584(F) and 369; and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 210(D). (Chisholm, Smith)
43. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, University of Virginia, p. 76.
44. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 21.
45. "The Hangman's Tree." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 71.
46. "The Maid Saved." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 585(M) and 373.
47. "O Judges." Maurice Matteson and Mellinger Edward Henry, *Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads*, 1936, p. 18.
48. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Elsie C. Parsons, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, XVI (1923), p. 189. Also in Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 88.
49. "The Briary Bush." Sharp MSS., 2030/1902. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 5th series, 1909, p. 54; and Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 42. (Overd)
50. "Oh Hangman." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 147(F).
51. "The Prickly Bush." Sharp MSS., 800/. (Pike)
52. "The Hangman's Song." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 19.
53. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 3641/2698. (Sloan)
54. "The Hangman's Tree." George Lyman Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 320. Also in H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 67.
55. "The Prickly Briar." Sharp MSS., 2022/1883. (Ross)
56. "The Miller's Daughter." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 68.
57. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 95(A).

GROUP Ag

58. "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Sharp MSS., 4339/3098. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 212(G). (Donald)
59. "The Gallows Tree." Henry Wacaster Perry, "A Sampling of Folklore from Carter County, Tennessee," (George Peabody College for Teachers, M.A. thesis), 1938, p. 304.

f. "True Love." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 77(H).

60. "Ropesman." Jean Thomas, *Devil's Ditties*, 1931, p. 164.
61. "Hangman." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 145 (D).

GROUP Ah

62. "Maid Freed." Elsie C. Parsons, *Memoirs of the American Folklore Society*, XIII (1918), p. 152.
63. "Saylan." Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 89; re-

printed from W. Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story*, 1907, p. 58.

g. "Hangman's Tree." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 80(Q).

APPENDIX

64. "Hangman." Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 385.

65. "The Gallows Tree." Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry, *The New Green Mountain Songster*, 1939, p. 117.

66. "The Gallows Tree." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, pp. 483 and 389. (No singer)

67. "The Gallows Tree." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 390. (Sprague)

68. "The Gallows Tree." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 392. (Macauslan)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Oh, Stop Your Hand, Lord Judge"

Hudson MS., No. 355, c. 1840. Reprinted in Barry, *JAF*, XXIV (1911), p. 337.

a M

2. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4467/. Sung by David Webb, Burnsville, N.C., September 22, 1918; learned from a Negro.

m π^1

Mister Hangman, Mister Hangman, please slack
up on your rope
Just for a little while;
I think I see my poor old father's face,
He has come for so many miles.

3. [The Hangman's Tree]

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957 p. 79(O). Sung by Belvia Hampton.

p π^1

4. "The Prickly Bush"

Hammond, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 230(2). Sung by H. Way, Bridport, Dorset, May 1906.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

"O hangman, hold thy hand,
And hold it for a while,
I think I see my own dear mother
Coming over yonder stile!
Oh! have you brought me gold?
Or can you set me free?
Or be you come to see me hanged
All on the gallows-tree?"
"Oh, I a'n't brought you gold,
Nor I can't set you free,
But I am come to see you hanged
All on the gallows-tree."

Chorus: Oh! the Prickly Bush
That pricks my heart most sore!
If ever I get out of the Prickly Bush
I'll never get in no more!

The verses run thus, until she has seen her father, brother and sister likewise arrive, and then:

"O hangman, hold thy hand,
And hold it for a while;
I think I see my own sweetheart
Coming over yonder stile!
Oh! have you brought me gold?
Or can you set me free?
Or be you come to see me hanged
All on the gallows-tree?"
"Oh! I have brought you gold,
And I can set you free,

And I'm *not* come to see you hanged
All on the gallows-tree!"

Chorus: Oh! the Prickly Bush, etc., etc.

5. "The Hangman's Tree"

Child, 1882-98, V, p. 417; text, p. 296. Also in Smith, 1928, p. 81. Communicated by W. W. Newell, as received from Miss Emma M. Backus, North Carolina. The version was brought over from Yorkshire to Virginia before the American Revolution.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

"Hangman, hangman, howd yo hand,
O howd it wide and far!
For theer I see my feyther coomin,
Riding through the air.

"Feyther, feyther, ha yo brot me goold?
Ha yo paid my fee?
Or ha yo coom to see me hung,
Beneath tha hangman's tree?"

"I ha naw brot yo goold,
I ha naw paid yo fee,
But I ha coom to see yo hung
Beneath tha hangman's tree."

The same for "meyther," "sister," and "sweetheart," with the last of these replying thus:

"Oh I ha brot yo goold,
And I ha paid yo fee,
And I ha coom to take yo froom
Beneath tha hangman's tree."

6. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS. 3934/2850. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 211(E). Sung by Mrs. Mary Anne Short, Pine Mountain, Harlan County, Ky., August 29, 1917.

a I/M (—VI) (compass of a fifth)

Slack man, slack man, slack up your rope,
O slack it for just a while;
I looked over yonder and I saw Pa coming,
He's walked through many a long mile.

Say Pa, say Pa, have you brought me any gold,
Any gold [to pay] to pay on my fine,
Or have you come over for to see me hung,
Hung on the gallows line?

No sir, no sir, I've brought you no gold,
No gold to pay on your fine,
But I've come over for to see you hung,
Hung on the gallows line.

It's you won't love, it's hard to love,
It's hard to make up your mind.
You've broke the heart of a many poor girl,
True love, but you can't break mine.

Last verse:

Yes sir, yes sir, I've brought you some gold,
Some gold to pay on your fine,
And I have come for to take you home
Down off the gallows line.

"The last verse is, as usual, in reply to the sweetheart. The first four verses are repeated ad lib substituting other relatives for the father." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

7. [The Hangman's Rope]

Owens, 1950, p. 45. Recorded by Mrs. I. L. Stowe, Silsbee, Texas.

p I

"Oh, hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Oh, slack it for a while;
I think I see my own dear father
Riding many a mile.

"Oh, father, did you bring my gold,
Or did you pay my fee,
Or did you come to see me hanged
To yonders willow tree?"

"Oh, no, I did not bring your gold,
And did not pay your fee;
I come to see you hang today
To yonders willow tree."

The same formula is repeated for mother, sister, brother.

"Oh, hangman, hangman, slack your rope,
Oh, slack it for a while;
I think I see my own true love
Riding many a mile.

"Oh, true love, did you bring my gold,
Or did you pay my fee,
Or did you come to see me hanged
To yonders willow tree?"

"Oh, yes, I brought your gold, my dear,
And also paid your fee;
I did not come to see you hanged
To yonders willow tree."

8. "The Prickly Bush"

Sharp MSS. 2122/. Sung by Mrs. Timms at Buckland, April 6, 1909.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

The prickly bush the prickly bush
It pricks my heart so sore
If ever I get out of the prickly bush
I'll never get in no more

9. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS. 3540/2615. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 583; text, p. 363(B); and in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 209(C). Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton, Mount Fair, Va., September 26, 1916.

a π^1

Hangman, hangman, spare my life,
Just spare my life a moment;
I think I hear my father coming
A many, a many a mile.

Father, father, have you gold,
The gold to set me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

Daughter, daughter, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

. . . . . .

True love, true love, I have the gold,
Gold to set you free,
And I shan't come to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

10. "Hangman, Slack on the Line"

Scarborough, 1925, p. 39. Sung by Edwin Swain, who learned it of Florida Negroes.

a I/M

1. "Hangman, hangman, slack on the line,
Slack on the line a little while.
I think I see my father coming
With money to pay my fine.

2. "Oh, father, father, did you bring me money,
Money to pay my fine?
Or did you come here to see me die
On this hangman's line?"

3. "No, I didn't bring you any money,
Money to pay your fine,
But I just came here to see you die
Upon this hangman's line."

4. "Hangman, hangman, slack on the line,
Slack on the line a little while.
I think I see my mother coming
With money to pay my fine.

5. "Oh, mother, mother, did you bring me any money,
Money to pay my fine?
Or did you just come here to see me die
Upon this hangman's line?"

6. "No, I didn't bring you any money,
Money to pay your fine,
But I just came here to see you die
Upon this hangman's line."

7. "Hangman, hangman, slack on the line,
Slack on the line a little while;
For I think I see my brother coming
With money to pay my fine.

8. "Oh, brother, brother, did you bring me any money,
Money to pay my fine?
Or did you just come here to see me die
Upon this hangman's line?"

9. "No, I didn't bring you any money,
Money to pay your fine,
But I just came here to see you die
Upon this hangman's line."

10. "Hangman, hangman, slack on the line,
Slack on the line a little while;
For I think I see my sister coming
With money to pay my fine.

11. "Oh, sister, sister, did you bring me any money,
Money to pay my fine?
Or did you just come here to see me die
Upon this hangman's line?"

12. "No, I didn't bring you any money,
Money to pay your fine,
But I just came here to see you die
Upon this hangman's line."

13. "Hangman, hangman, slack on the line,
Slack on the line a little while.
I think I see my true love coming
With money to pay my fine.

14. "Oh, True Love, True Love, did you bring me any money,
Money to pay my fine?
Or did you just come here to see me die
Upon this hangman's line?"

15. "True Love, I got gold and silver,
Money to pay your fine.
How could I bear to see you die
Upon this hangman's line?"

11. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS. 4316/3084. Sung by Mrs. J. L. Long, Villamont, Va., June 4, 1918.

p π^1

O hangsman, hangsman, slack your rope,
O slack it for a while.
I think I see my father a-coming.
He's rode for me a mile.

O father have you brought me money,
Or have you paid my fee,
Or have you come to see me hang
Upon the gallows tree?

O no, I have not brought you money,
Nor neither paid your fee,
But I have come to see you hang
Upon the gallows tree.

. . . . . .

Last verse (*after the true-love has appeared*):

O yes, I've done brought you money,
And have done paid your fee,
I have not come to see you hang
Upon the gallows tree.

GROUP Ab

12. "Hangman"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 146(E). Sung by Miss Mary Drain, Farmington, Ark., January 29, 1942; derived from her paternal grandparents.

p I

1. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for awhile,
I think I see my mother a-comin',
She's walked for many a mile.

2. Oh mother, oh mother, have you brought me any gold?
Or have you come to pay my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Here on this gallows tree?

3. Oh son, oh son, I've brought you no gold,
Nor I've not come to pay your fee,
I've come to see you hung
Here on this gallows tree.

4. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for awhile,
I think I see my father a-comin',
He's walked for many a mile.

5. Oh father, oh father, have you brought me any gold?
Or have you come to pay my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Here on this gallows tree?

6. Oh son, oh son, I've brought you no gold,
Nor I've not come to pay your fee,
I've come to see you hung
Here on this gallows tree.

7. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for awhile,
I think I see my true love a-comin',
She's walked for many a mile.

8. Oh true love, oh true love, have you brought me any gold?
Or have you come to pay my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Here on this gallows tree?

9. Oh true love, oh true love, I've brought you some gold,
I've come to pay your fee,
I've not come to see you hung
Here on this gallows tree!

13. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS. 4340/. Sung by Mrs. Lawson Grey, Montvale, Va., June 6, 1918.

p I (inflected VII)

O hangsman, hangsman, O slack your rope,
O slack it for awhile,
I think I see my mother a-coming,
But she's rode many a long mile, O mile,
But she's rode many a long mile.

14. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4388/?. Sung by Bob Bradley, Blue Ridge, Va., June 10, 1918.

p I/Ly (compass of a sixth)

"The repetition at (c) [was] only sung at the end of the second and third verse of each triplet." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

Hangsman, hangsman, slack your rope, slack it
for a while;
I think I see my father a-coming,
He's rode a many long mile, mile,
He's rode a many long mile.

15. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS. 4385/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 214(K). Sung by Mrs. Molly E. Bowyer, Villamont, Va., June 10, 1918.

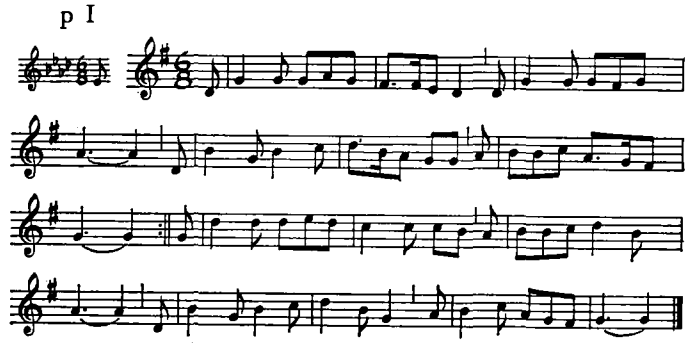
p I/Ly (compass of a sixth)

Hangsman, hangsman, slack your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I think I see my mother come,
She's riding a many a long mile.

16. "The Sycamore Tree"

Morris, 1950, p. 297. Sung by Mrs. Ruth Simmons, Jacksonville; derived from a maternal aunt.

p I



"Oh, hangman, hangman, slacken your rope
And wait a little while;
I think I see my father coming,
A-riding from many a mile.

"Oh, have you come with silver and gold
And money to buy me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the sycamore tree?"

"No gold nor silver have I here,
Nor money to buy you free;
But I have come to see you hang
Upon the sycamore tree."

Thus with "mother," "brother," "sister," until the lover appears, who is similarly addressed, but who replies:

"Yes, gold and silver have I here,
And money to buy you free;
But I've not come to see you hang
Nor hung you shall not be."

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17. "The Prickly Bush"

Broadwood and Maitland, 1893, p. 112. Sung by Heywood Sumner, Somerset.

p I

This version is sung by A. L. Lloyd, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-623 (A2), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

"O hangman, hold thy hand," he cried,
"O hold thy hand awhile;
For I can see my own dear father
Coming over yonder stile.

"O father, have you brought me gold?
Or will you set me free?
Or be you come to see me hung,
All on this high gallows tree?"

"No, I have not brought thee gold,
And I will not set thee free;
But I am come to see thee hung,
All on this high gallows tree."

Chorus:

"Oh the prickly bush, the prickly bush,
It pricked my heart full sore;
If ever I get out of the prickly bush,
I'll never get in any more."

Above repeated 3 times more, with substitution of "mother," "brother," and "sister" for "father." Then the 1st 2 verses are repeated with "sweetheart" in this place, and for the third verse the following is sung:

"Yes, I have brought thee gold," she cried,
"And I will set thee free;
And I am come, but not to see thee hung,
All on this high gallows tree."
"Oh the prickly bush," &c.

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18. "The Prickly Bush"

Sharp MSS., 2559/. Sung by W. Major, Flambere, December 22, 1910.

p I (—VI)

O the prickerly bush
That pricks my heart so sore
For if ever I get out of the prickerly bush
I'll never get in any more

19. "The Prick'ty Bush"

Hammond, *JFSS*, V, No. 19 (1915), p. 228(1). Sung by G. Wirrall, Marlborough, Wiltshire, February 1908.

p I

"Oh, dear John, stand here,
Stand here by me for a while,
For I think I see my own dear father
Coming over the yonder stile.
Oh, father, have you brought any gold?
Or have you brought any fee?
For to save my body from the cold clay ground,
And my neck from the gallows tree."
"No, I've not brought any gold,
Nor I've not brought any fee,
To save your body from the cold clay ground
And your neck from the gallows tree."

Refrain: Oh, the prick'ty bush!
It pricked my heart full sore;
And if ever I get out of the prick'ty bush
I'll never get in any more!

20. "The Prickle Holly Bush"

Sung by Walter Lucas, hurdle-worker, Sixpenny Handley, Dorset. Columbia LP rec., No. SL-206(B4), ed. Alan Lomax. Recorded by Peter Kennedy, BBC, 1951.

a I

1. O and dear Judge
   Just take some little while
   For I think I see my sister coming
   All over yonder stile.

2. Dear Sister, any gold
   Or silver to set me free?
   For to keep my body from the cold clay ground
   And my neck from the gallows tree?

3. O I ain't no gold
   Or silver to set you free,
   For I am come to see you hung
   All on the gallows tree.

4. O and dear Judge
   Just take some little while
   For I think I see my lover coming
   All over yonder stile.

5. Dear Lover, any gold
   Or silver to set me free
   For to keep my body from the cold clay ground
   And my neck from the gallows tree?

6. Yes, I've brought gold
   And silver to set you free
   For to keep your body from the cold clay ground
   And your neck from the gallows tree.

7. O the prickle holly bush
   It pricks my heart full sore.
   If ever I get out of the prickle holly bush
   I'll never get in any more.

21. "On the Gallows Tree"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 77(A); text, Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 143(A). Collected by Miss Isabel Rawn, from the singing of Belvia Hampton, Warne, Clay County, N.C., 1915. Also submitted by Lizzie Fincher.

p π^1

'Oh hangman, oh hangman,
Wait for a little while;
I see my father coming;
He's rode a many long mile.

'Oh father, oh father, did you bring me any gold,
Or did you bring me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the sorrowful tree?'

'Oh daughter, oh daughter, I did not bring you gold,
Nor did I bring you free;
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the sorrowful tree.'

This three-stanza form is repeated for mother, brother, and lover; but the lover's reply is different:

'Oh sweetheart, oh sweetheart, I did bring you gold
And I did bring you free,
But I did not come to see you hung
Upon the sorrowful tree.'

GROUP AC

22. "The Golden Ball"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 146. From Miss Grauman, Ypsilanti, Mich., 1915, who learned it from an Irish nursegirl in Louisville, Ky., c. 1883.

a I/M (or p I/Ly, ending on *V*)

1. "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
   O hold them for a while;
   I think I see my father's face,
   A many, a many a mile.

2. "O father, have you brought the ball,
   And come to set me free?
   Or have you come to see me die
   Beneath the gallows tree?"

3. "I have not brought the golden ball,
   Nor come to set you free;
   But I have come to see you die
   Beneath the gallows tree."

4. "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my mother's face,
A many, a many a mile.

5. "O mother, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"

6. "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."

7. "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my brother's face,
A many, a many a mile.

8. "O brother, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"

9. "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."

10. "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my sister's face,
A many, a many a mile.

11. "O sister, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"

12. "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."

13. "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my sweetheart's face,
A many, a many a mile.

14. "O sweetheart, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"

15. "I have not come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree;
For I have brought the golden ball,
And come to set you free."

23. [The Hangman's Tree]

Smith, 1928, p. 144(A). Also in Sandburg, 1927, p. 72. Sung by an axeman in West Virginia in 1902.

m π^1

1. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man,
O slack it for a while;
I think I see my father coming,
Riding many a mile.

2. "O father have you brought me gold?
Or have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hanging
On the gallows-tree?"

3. "I have not brought you gold;
I have not paid your fee;
But I have come to see you hanging
On the gallows-tree."

4. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man,
O slack it for a while;
I think I see my mother coming,
Riding many a mile.

5. "O mother have you brought me gold?
Or have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hanging
On the gallows-tree?"

6. "I have not brought you gold;
I have not paid your fee;
But I have come to see you hanging
On the gallows-tree."

And so on for brother, sister, aunt, uncle, cousin, etc.

"Slack your rope, hangs-a-man,
O slack it for a while;
I think I see my truelove coming
Riding many a mile.

"O truelove have you brought me gold?
Or have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hanging
On the gallows-tree?"

"Yes I have brought you gold;
Yes, I have paid your fee;
Nor have I come to see you hanging
On the gallows-tree."

24. [The Gallows Tree]

Campbell, *BTFLS*, III (1937), p. 95.

a I/M, ending on *V* (quasi IV)

Slack your rope, oh hangman,
Oh slack it for a while.
I think I see my father coming,
Riding many miles, Oh!

GROUP Ad

25. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 3640/2698. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 212(F). Sung by Mrs. Alice Sloan, Barbourville, Ky., May 6, 1917.

p π^1 (—II)

Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
O hold it for a while,
I think I see my brother come riding
Many a long mile.

26. "The Hangerman's Tree," or "Freed from the Gallows"

Davis, 1929, p. 584(E); text, p. 367. Sung by Mrs. Maxie (*née* Holland), Altavista, Va., March 23, 1914. Collected by Juliet Fauntleroy.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. "O hangerman, O hangerman, slack on your rope,
And wait a little while;
I think I see my father a-coming,
And he's traveled for many a long mile.

2. "O father, O father, have you brought me money,
And money to pay my fee;
Or have you come to see me hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree?"

3. "O no, my son, I've brought no money,
No money to pay your fee;
Yes, I have come to see you hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree."

4. "O hangerman, O hangerman, slack on your rope,
And wait a little while;
I think I see my mother a-coming,
And she's traveled for many a long mile.

5. "O mother, O mother, have you brought me money,
And money to pay my fee;
Or have you come to see me hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree?"

6. "O no, my son, I've brought no money,
No money to pay your fee;
Yes, I have come to see you hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree."

7. "O hangerman, O hangerman, slack on your rope,
And wait a little while;
I think I see my brother a-coming,
And he's traveled for many a long mile.

8. "O brother, O brother, have you brought me money,
And money to pay my fee;
Or have you come to see me hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree?"

9. "O no, my brother, I've brought no money,
No money to pay your fee;
Yes, I have come to see you hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree."

10. "O hangerman, O hangerman, slack on your rope,
And wait a little while;
I think I see my sister a-coming,
And she's traveled for many a long mile.

11. "O sister, O sister, have you brought me money,
And money to pay my fee;
Or have you come to see me hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree?"

12. "O no, my brother, I've brought no money,
No money to pay your fee;
Yes, I have come to see you hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree."

13. "O hangerman, O hangerman, slack on your rope,
And wait a little while;
I think I see my true love coming,
And she's traveled for many a long mile.

14. "O, my dear, have you brought me money,
And money to pay my fee;
Or have you come to see me hanged
Up on this hangerman's tree?"

15. "O yes, my love, I've brought you money,
And money to pay your fee;
I have not come to see you hanged,
Up on this hangerman's tree."

27. "Slack Your Rope"

Cox, 1939, p. 29. Sung by Elizabeth Aileen Hatfield, Logan County, W.Va., January 18, 1928. Learned from Nell Caldwell.

a π^1

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

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

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

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

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

28. "The Gallent Tree"

Eddy, 1939, p. 62. Sung by Mrs. Jane Brown ("Ma Jane"), Canton, Ohio.

p I

"Oh, slacken the rope, oh, slacken the rope,
Oh, slacken it for a while;
I think I see my mother comin'
About five hundred miles.
Mother, did you come to bring me gold,
Or come to pay me free,
Or did you come to see me hung
Upon the gallent tree?"
"I did not come to bring thee gold,
Or come to pay thee free,
But I just come to see thee hung
Upon the gallent tree."

In the next three verses the girl calls to her father, brother, and sister.

"Oh, slacken the rope, oh, slacken the rope,
Oh, slacken it for a while,
I think I see my darlin' comin'
About five hundred miles.
Oh, darlin', did you come to bring me gold,
Or come to pay me free,
Or did you come to see me hung
Upon the gallent tree?
Darlin', I stretch my hand to thee,
No other help I know,
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Oh, whither shall I go?"

29. [The Gallows Tree]

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 J. Source unknown. Possibly also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 77(C).

a I/M

There are no words with the tune. Although the latter is almost identical with that attributed to Mrs. Walter in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, p. 77(C), for which there is a text of twelve stanzas in Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, p. 144(C), the collector's characterization of her tune as "weird, high, and rather different from most ballads" does not apply to the tune given here. There may be a wrong attribution somewhere along the line.

GROUP Ae

30. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 3383/2481. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 208(A). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

p I—M (inflected VII)

Hold up your hands and Joshua, she cries,
And wait a little while and see.
I think I hear my father dear
Come lumbering here for to see.

O father, O father, have you got any gold for me?
Or silver to pay my fee?
They say I've stoled a silver cup
And hanged I must be.

No, daughter, I have got no gold for thee,
Nor silver to pay your fee;
But I've come here to see you hang
On yon high gallows tree.

In subsequent verses, "mother," "brother," "sister," and finally "true love" are substituted for "father." The last verse runs thus:

Yes, true love, I have gold for you
And silver to pay your fee.
I've come here to win your neck
From yon high gallows tree.

31. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4593/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 213(H). Sung by Mrs. Effie Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 12, 1918.

p I—M (inflected VII)

O Jailer won't you slack that rope,
Pray slack it for a while,
I think I see my own mother,
About one hundred miles.

32. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4714/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 213(J). Sung by Mrs. Sina Boone, Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N.C., September 28, 1918.

p I—M (inflected VII)

Lord Joshuay, she cried
Let's wait awhile and see,
For I think I hear my dear true love
Come wand'ring over the sea.

My dear true love,
Have you any gold for me,
Or silver to buy me free,
Or have you come to see me hang*
On yonders gallows tree?

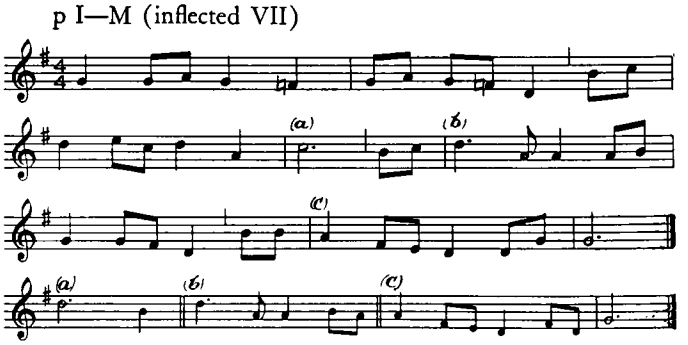
I've got some gold for you
And silver to buy you free,
For I have come to marry you
And take you home with me.

* 1932: hung

33. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 3497/2582. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 208(B). Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner, Black Mountain, N.C., September 19, 1916.

p I—M (inflected VII)



Hold up your hand, O Joshuay, she cried,
Wait a little while and see;
I think I hear my own father dear
Come a-rambling over the sea.

O father dear,* have you any gold for me?
Any silver to pay my fee?
For I have stoled a golden cup
And hanging it will be.

No, daughter, no, I have no gold for thee
Nor silver to pay your fee;
For I have come for to see you hang
All on that willow tree.

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

Yes, true love, I have some gold for you
And silver to pay your fee,
For I have come for to pay your fee
And take you home with me.

* Omitted in 1932.

GROUP Af

34. [Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Chappell, 1939, p. 35. Sung by Henry Cooper, Chapanoke, N.C.; text, 1924; tune, 1935.

p I/M (—II)

1. O hang, O hang, O slack your rope,
O slack it for a while,
I think I hear my father a-coming
A-riding a many a mile.

2. O father, have you brought me any gold,
O father, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

3. No, I have not brought you any gold,
I have not paid your fee,
But I'm only here to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

4. O hang, O hang, O slack your rope,
O slack it for a while,
I think I hear my mother a-coming
A-riding a many a mile.

5. O mother, have you brought me any gold,
O mother, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

6. No, I have not brought you any gold,
I have not paid your fee,
But I'm only here to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

7. O hang, O hang, O slack your rope,
O slack it for a while,
I think I hear my brother a-coming
A-riding a many a mile.

8. O brother, have you brought me any gold,
O brother, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

9. No, I have not brought you any gold,
I have not paid your fee;
But I'm only here to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

10. O hang, O hang, O slack your rope,
O slack it for a while;
I think I hear my sister a-coming
A-riding a many a mile.

11. O sister, have you brought me any gold,
O sister, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

12. No, I have not brought you any gold,
I have not paid your fee;
But I'm only here to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

13. O hang, O hang, O slack your rope,
O slack it for a while;
I think I hear my sweetheart a-coming
A-riding a many a mile.

14. O sweetheart, have you brought me any gold,
O sweetheart, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath a the willow tree?

15. O yes, I have brought you gold,
Yes, I have paid your fee;
I have not come to see you hung
Beneath a the willow tree.

35. "The Hangman's Song"

Wyman and Brockway, [1916], p. 44. From Harlan County, Ky.

p I/M

"Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope
O slack it for a while,
I looked over yonder and I see Paw coming
He's walked for many a long mile."
"Say Paw, say Paw, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fine?"
"No sir, no sir, I've brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fine,
But I'm just come for to see you hanged,
Hanged on the gallows line."
"O you won't love and it's hard to be beloved
And it's hard to make up your time,
You have broke the heart of many a true love,
True love, but you won't break mine."

"Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope
O slack it for a while,
I looked over yonder and I see Maw coming
She's walked for many a long mile."
"Say Maw, say Maw, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fine?"
"No sir, no sir, I've brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fine,
But I'm just come for to see you hanged,
Hanged on the gallows line."
"O you won't love and it's hard to be beloved
And it's hard to make up your time,
You have broke the heart of many a true love,
True love, but you won't break mine."

Repeated with successive substitution of "brother" and "sister."

"Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope
O slack it for a while,
I looked over yonder and I see my sweetheart coming
She's walked for many a long mile."
"Sweetheart, sweetheart, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fine?"
"Yes sir, yes sir, I've brung you some gold,
Some gold for to pay your fine,
For I'm just come for to take you home
From on the gallows line."

36. "Hangman, Slack Up Your Rope"

Sung by Jean Ritchie. Gordon-Pickow Collector Ltd. Eds., LP rec., LP 1201 (B 10). Also in Ritchie, 1955, p. 153. As sung by the Ritchie family, Viper, Ky.

p I/M

1. Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
O slack it for a while;
I looked down yonder and I seen Paw coming
He's walked for a many long mile.

2. O Paw, say Paw, have you brung me any gold?
Any gold to pay my fee?
Or have you walked these many long miles
To see me on the hanging tree?

3. No son, no son, ain't brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fee,
And I have walked these many long miles
To see you on the hanging tree.

4. Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope
O slack it for a while;
I looked down yonder and seen Maw a-coming,
She's walked for a many long mile.

5. O Maw, say Maw, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fee?
Or have you walked these many long miles
To see me on the hanging tree?

6. No son, no son, ain't brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fee,
And I have walked these many long miles
To see you on the hanging tree.

7. Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
O slack it for a while;
I looked down yonder and seen my truelove coming,
She's walked for a many long mile.

8. O Love, Truelove, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fee?
Or have you walked these many long miles
To see me on the hanging tree?

9. Yes Love, O Love, I have brung you some gold,
Gold for to pay your fee,
And it's I have come for to take you home
So you can marry me.

37. "The Hangman's Son"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 408(A); text, p. 197. Sung by Miss Clara Callahan, Saluda, N.C., c. 1932.

p I/M

1. Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
   Slack it up for a while.
   I looked over yonder, saw Pa coming.
   He's walked for many a long mile.

2. "Say, Pa, say, Pa, have you brung me any gold,
   Any gold for to pay my fine?"
   "No, sir, no, sir, I brung you no gold,
   No gold for to pay your fine,
   For I've just come for to see you hanged,
   Hanged on the gallows line."

3. You won't love, and it's hard to be loved,
   And it's hard to make up your time.
   You broke the heart of many a true love,
   True love, but you won't break mine.

4. "Hangman, hangman, slack on your rope,
   Slack it for a while,
   I looked over yonder, saw Ma coming.
   She's walked for many a long mile.

5. "Say, Ma, say, Ma, have you brung me any gold,
   Any gold for to pay my fine?"
   "No, sir, no, sir, I brung you no gold,
   No gold for to pay your fine.
   For I've just come for to see you hanged,
   Hanged on the gallows line."

Continues as before, introducing other relations. Finally:

"Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
Slack it for a while.
I looked over yonder, saw my true love coming.
She's walked for many a long mile."

"Say, sweetheart, say, sweetheart, have you brung
me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fine?"
"Yes, sir, yes, sir, I have brung you some gold,
Some gold for to pay your fine.
For I've just come for to take you home
From on the gallows line."

38. "Hangman, Hold your Rope"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 409(B); text, p. 199. Sung by Cecil R. Knight, Pirkey, Va., c. 1932.

p I/M

1. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
   Hold it for a while.
   I think I see my mother coming,
   Many and many a mile.

2. Mother, oh, Mother, have you any gold,
   Gold that will set me free?
   Or have you come to see me hung
   On this willow tree?

3. No, I haven't any gold,
   Gold that will set you free,
   But I have come to see you hung,
   On this willow tree.

4. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
   Hold it for a while.
   I think I see my father coming,
   Many and many a mile.

5. Father, oh, Father, have you any gold,
   Gold that will set me free?
   Or have you come to see me hung,
   On this willow tree?

6. No, I haven't any gold,
   Gold that will set you free,
   But I have come to see you hung,
   On this willow tree.

7. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
   Hold it for a while.
   I think I see my sister coming,
   Many and many a mile.

8. Sister, oh, Sister, have you any gold,
   Gold that will set me free?
   Or have you come to see me hung,
   On this willow tree?

9. No, I haven't any gold,
Gold that will set you free,
But I have come to see you hung,
On this willow tree.

10. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for a while.
I think I see my brother coming,
Many and many a mile.

11. Brother, oh, Brother, have you any gold,
Gold that will set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung,
On this willow tree?

12. No, I haven't any gold,
Gold that will set you free,
But I have come to see you hung,
On this willow tree.

13. Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for a while.
I think I see my true love coming,
Many and many a mile.

14. True love, true love, have you any gold,
Gold that will set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung,
On this willow tree?

15. Yes, I have brought you gold,
Gold that will set you free.
And I have not come to see you hung,
On this willow tree.

39. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4630/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 213(I). Sung by Mrs. Laurel Jones, Burnsville, N.C., September 17, 1918.

p M (—VI)

O Father have you brought me any gold,
Silver to pay my fee?
I have stolen a little silver cup,
And it's hanged I must be.

40. "Hangsman"

Davis, 1929, p. 585(N); text, p. 374. Sung by Mrs. J. D. Carpenter, Madison County, Va., November 3, 1920. Collected by John Stone.

a π^1 (—VI)

1. "Hangsman, hangsman, hold your rope,
And hold it for a while;
I think I see my father coming
Many and a many a mile.

2. "Father, father, have you any gold,
For gold will set me free;
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath this hangsman's tree?"

3. "No, no, no, I have no gold,
For gold won't set you free;
Yes, I've come to see you hung
Beneath the hangsman's tree."

4. "Mother, mother, have you any gold," etc.

5. "No, no, no, I have no gold," etc.

6. "Brother, brother, have you any gold," etc.

7. "No, no, no, I have no gold," etc.

8. "Sister, sister, have you any gold," etc.

9. "No, no, no, I have no gold," etc.

10. "True love, true love, have you any gold," etc.

11. "Yes, yes, yes, I have plenty of gold,
For gold will set you free;
I have not come to see you hung
Beneath the hangsman's tree."

41. "Hold Your Hands, Old Man"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 143(A). Sung by William Lewis, Anderson, Mo., October 4, 1927.

a π^1

1. Hold your hands, old man,
Hold 'em a little while,
I think I see my father a-comin',
At a distance far away.

2. Oh father, have you brought my gold?
Father, have you paid my fee?

Or have you come to see me hung
O[n] yonder gallows tree?

3. Neither have I brought your gold,
An' neither have I paid your fee,
But I have come to see you hung
On yonder gallows tree.

4. Hold your hands, old man,
Hold 'em a little while,
For I think I see my mother a-coming,
At a distance far away.

5. Oh mother, have you brought my gold?
Mother, have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
O[n] yonder gallows tree?

6. Neither did I bring your gold,
An' neither have I paid your fee,
But I have come to see you hung
On yonder gallows tree.

Continues as before, introducing other relations, until finally the girl's sweetheart answers:

Yes, oh yes, I've brought your gold!
An' yes, oh yes, I've paid your fee.
But neither have I come to see you hung
On yonder gallows tree!

42. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 3542/2617. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 584(F); text, p. 369; and in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 210(D). Sung by N. B. Chisholm and Mrs. Betty Smith, Woodridge, Va., September 27, 1916.

a π^1

Variant (b) was sung by Mrs. Smith.

Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I see my father coming
From a long many mile.

Father, father, have you any gold?
Gold for to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the gallows tree?

Son, O son, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free;
I've only come to see you hung
Beneath the gallows tree.

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

Sweetheart, sweetheart, I have gold,
Gold to set you free,
And I have not come to see you hung
Beneath the gallows tree.

43. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 76. Sung by Z. B. Lam, Standardsville, Va., November 3, 1935.

a I/Ly (VII in variant b)

1. Hangsman, hangsman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile.
I think I hear my father a-coming,
A-many and a-many a mile.

2. Father, father, have you gold?
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung,
Beneath this willow tree?

3. I have no gold, I have no gold,
If gold will set you free.
But I have come to see you hung,
Beneath this willow tree.

4. Mother, mother, have you gold,
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung,
Beneath this willow tree?

5. I have no gold, I have no gold,
If gold will set you free.
But I have come to see you hung,
Beneath this willow tree.

6. Brother, brother, have you gold?
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung,
Beneath this willow tree?

7. I have no gold, I have no gold,
If gold will set you free.
But I have come to see you hung,
Beneath this willow tree.

8. Sister, sister, have you gold?
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung,
Beneath this willow tree?

9. I have no gold, I have no gold,
If gold will set you free.
But I have come to see you hung,
Beneath this willow tree.

10. True love, true love, have you gold?
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung,
Beneath this willow tree?

11. I have the gold, I have the gold,
If gold will set you free.
And I've not come to see you hung,
Beneath this willow tree.

44. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 21. Sung by Mrs. F. J. Dowsett, Greenwood, Va., June 21, 1937.

a I

Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for a while,
For I think I see my father,
For a many a mile.

Father, father, have you any gold?
Gold will set me free.
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon this gallows-tree?

45. [The Hangman's Tree]

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 71. Sung by Miss Mary Biggs, Knoxville, Tenn., January 1937; learned from her mother.

a I/M

Hangman, hangman, hold your rope, Oh fer a while.
I think I see my father coming, for many a mile.

46. [The Maid Saved]

Davis, 1929, p. 585(M); text, p. 373. Sung by Ed Davis, Shipman, Va., September 15, 1915. Collected by John Stone.

a π^1 (compass of a sixth)

["Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
Hold it for awhile;
I think I see my father coming,
Riding many a mile.]

1. "Father, father, have you any gold,
Gold to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the gallows tree?"

2. "O no, O no, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free;
But I have come to see you hung
Beneath the gallows tree."

3. "Mother, mother, have you any gold," etc.

4. "O no, O no, I have no gold," etc.

5. "Brother, brother, have you any gold," etc.

6. "O no, O no, I have no gold," etc.

7. "Sister, sister, have you any gold," etc.

8. "O no, O no, I have no gold," etc.

9. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, have you any gold," etc.

10. "O yes, O yes, I have (plenty of) gold,
Gold to set you free;
I have not come to see you hung
Beneath the hangman's (gallows) tree."

The bracketed first stanza was obtained from another singer.

47. "O Judges"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 18. Sung by Mrs. J. E. Schell, Banner Elk, N.C., August 1, 1933.

a I

"O judges, O judges, just hold your ropes
A little, little while,
For yonder comes my father so dear,
He's come so many a mile!

"O father, O father, have you brought me gold,
Or money to set me free?
Or have you come for to see me hung
On yonder sorrowful tree?"

"O son, O son, I've brought you no gold,
Nor money to set you free;
But I have come for to see you hung
On yonder sorrowful tree."

The same for "mother," "sister," and "brother," and finally "true love":

"O true love, O true love, have you brought me gold
And money to set me free?
Or have you come for to see me hung
On yonder sorrowful tree?"

"O sweetheart, O sweetheart, I've brought you gold,
And money to set you free;
But I have not come for to see you hung
On yonder sorrowful tree."

48. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Parsons, *MAFS*, XVI (1923), p. 189. Also in Smith, 1928, p. 88. Learned from some Gullah Negroes off South Carolina.

a I

1. Hangman, hangman, swing yer rope!
Jus' tarry a little while,
For yonder comes my mother.
Jus' tarry a little while.
"Dear mother, dear mother,
An' have you has your gol'?"
"Oh, no, my chil'! Oh, no, my chil'!
Fo' hangin' you shall be hung."

2. Hangman, hangman, swing yer rope!
Jus' tarry a little while,
For yonder comes my father.
Jus' tarry a little while.
"Dear father, dear father,
An' have you has your gol'?"
"Oh, no, my chil'! Oh, no, my chil'!
Fo' hangin' you shall be hung."

3. Hangman, hangman, swing yer rope!
Jus' tarry a little while,
Fo' yonder comes my brother.
Jus' tarry a little while.
"Dear brother, dear brother,
An' hav'-n' you has your gol'?"
"Oh, no, my brother! Oh, no, my brother!
Fo' hangin' you shall be hung!"

4. Hangman, hangman, swing yer rope!
Jus' tarry a little while,
For yonder comes my sister.
Jus' tarry a little while.
"Dear sister, dear sister,
An' have you has your gol'?"
"Oh, no, my love! Oh, no, my love!
Fo' hangin' you shall be hung!"

5. Hangman, hangman, swing yer rope!
Jus' tarry a little while,
Fo' yonder comes my lover.
Jus' tarry a little while.
"Dear lover, dear lover,
An' have you has your gol'?"
"Oh, yes, my love! Oh, yes, my love!
Fo' hangin' you shall not be hung!"

49. "The Briary Bush"

Sharp MSS., 2030/1902. Also in Sharp, 5th series, 1909, p. 54; and in Sharp, 1916, p. 42. Sung by Mrs. Overd, Langport, January 4, 1909.

a I

Cf. the Polish analogue cited in the headnote above.

O hangman hold (stay) thy hand
And hold (stay) it for a while
For I fancy I see my father
A-coming across the yonder stile.

O father have you got my gold
And can you set me free

O are you come to see me hung
All on the gallus tree?

No I have not brought thee gold
And I can't set thee free
But I have come to see thee hung
All on the gallus tree.

O the briary bush
That pricks my heart so sore
If I once get out of the briary bush
I'll never get in it any more.

Same with mother, brother, sister, and then finally:

O hangman stay thy hand
And hold it for a while
For I fancy I see my true love
Coming across them yonder stile.

O true love have you got my gold
And can you set me free
Or are you come to see me hung
All on this gallus tree?

Yes my dear I brought thee gold
And I can set thee free
And I've not come to see thee
Hung on the gallus tree.

O the prickly bush, etc.

50. [Oh Hangman]

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 147(F). Sung by Mrs. H. L. McDonald, Farmington, Ark., February 10, 1942. Learned from her parents.

m π^1

The notes within brackets appear to have dropped out of the printed copy.

1. Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait a while,
   Just wait a little while,
   Till I see my father,
   For he's rode a many a long mile.

2. Oh father, oh father, do you bring me gold
   To pay my bond so free?
   Or have you come to see me hung
   Beneath the maple tree?

3. Oh daughter, oh daughter, I've brought you no gold
   To pay your bond so free,
   But I have come to see you hung
   Beneath the maple tree.

4. Oh mother, oh mother, do you bring me gold
   To pay my bond so free?
   Or have you come to see me hung
   Beneath the maple tree?

5. Oh daughter, oh daughter, I've brought you no gold
   To pay your bond so free,
   But I have come to see you hung
   Beneath the maple tree.

6. Oh hangman, oh hangman, just wait a while,
   Just wait a little while,
   Till I see my lover
   For he's rode a many a long mile.

7. Oh lover, oh lover, do you bring me gold
   To pay my bond so free?
   Or have you come to see me hung
   Beneath the maple tree?

8. Oh sweetheart, oh sweetheart, I bring you gold
   To pay your bond so free,
   I have not come to see you hung
   But to take you home with me.

51. "The Prickly Bush"

Sharp MSS., 800/. Sung by Mrs. Betsy Pike, Somerton, January 18, 1906.

a I

Now I am over the prickly bush
That pricks most wonderful sore
If I once get out of the prickly bush
I'll never get in any more any more any more
I'll never get in any more

52. "The Hangman's Song"

Hudson, 1937, No. 19. Sung by Mrs. Calvin S. Brown, Miss. (?), between 1923 and 1930.

a I/M

"Hang-a-man, hang-a-man, stop your rope
And wait a little while;
Yonder comes my father,
He's travel'd a many a mile."

"Father, dear father, did you come
To bring me gold,
Or did you come to see me hang'd
Upon the willow pole?"

"Daughter, dear daughter, I did not come
To bring you gold,
But I did come to see you hanged
Upon the willow pole."

53. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 3641/2698. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, Barbourville, Knox County, Ky., May 6, 1917.

m I/M

Hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
O hold it for a while.
I think I see my brother come riding
Many a long mile.

O brother, brother, have you brought me gold,
Or gold to pay me free,
Or have you come here for to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

I neither brought you gold,
Or gold to pay you free,
For I've come here for to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

The verses are repeated as above, different relatives being substituted for the brother, and finally the true love appears. The last verse runs thus:

I neither brought you gold,
Or gold to set you free;
I've come here for to marry you
And take you to Tennessee.

54. [The Hangman's Tree]

Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 320. Also in Belden, 1940, p. 67. Communicated by E. E. Chiles, as sung by Elsie Ditch, a housemaid, near Plattin, Jefferson County, Mo., 1900.

a I/M

"Hangman, dear hangman, do up your rope
For just a little while;
For yonder comes my father dear,
Who's travelled many a mile.

"Father, dear father, have you brought me the gold?
Have you come to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?"

"Son, dear son, I've brought no gold,
Nor come to buy you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree."

Continues as before, introducing other relations.

"Hangman, dear hangman, do up your rope
For just a little while;
For yonder comes my sweetheart dear,
Who's travelled many a mile.

"Sweetheart, dear sweetheart, have you brought the gold?
Have you come to buy me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?"

"Sweetheart, dear sweetheart, I've brought the gold,
I've come to buy you free;
I have not come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree."

55. "The Prickly Briar"

Sharp MSS., 2022/1883. Communicated by Rev. D. M. Ross, Langport, December 30, 1908.

a I/M

O the prickly briar
It pricks my heart so sore
If I once get out of the prickly bush
I'll never get in it no more.

O hangman hold your hand
And hold it for a while
For I think I see my father coming
Across the yonder stile.
O the prickly briar, etc.

O have you got my gold
And can you set me free
Or are you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?
O the prickly briar, etc.

O I've not got your gold
Nor I can't set you free
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree.
O the prickly, etc.

Song continued ad lib with various relations, mother, brother, sister, etc., ending with:

. . . . . .

For I fancy I see my true love coming
Across the yonder stile
O the prickly, etc.

O have you got my gold
And can you set me free
Or are you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree?
O the prickly, etc.

O yes I've got your gold
And I can set you free
For I'm not coming to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree.
O the prickly briar
It pricks my heart so sore
Now I've once got out of that prickly bush
I'll never get in it again.

56. [The Miller's Daughter]

Arnold, 1950, p. 68. Sung by Myrtle Love Hester, Florence, Ala.

a I/M

1. Oh, hangman, oh hangman, hang up your rope
And wait a little while,
I think I see my mother a coming.

2. Oh mother, oh mother did you bring my gold,
Did you come to set me free,
Or did you come to see me hanged
On a weeping willow tree?

3. Oh daughter, Oh daughter, I did not bring your gold,
I did not come to set you free,
But I came to see you hanged
On a weeping willow tree.

4. Oh, hangman, oh, hangman, hang up your rope
And wait a little while.
I think I see my father a coming.

5. Oh, Father, oh, Father, did you bring my gold?
Did you come to set me free?
Or did you come to see me hanged
On a weeping willow tree?

6. Oh, Daughter, oh, Daughter, I did not bring your gold,
I did not come to set you free;
I came to see you hang
On a weeping willow tree.

7. Oh, hangman, oh hangman, hang up your rope
And wait a little while,
I think I see my true love a coming.

8. Oh, Darling, oh, Darling, did you bring my gold,
Did you come to set me free,
Or did you come to see me hang
On the weeping willow tree?

9. My Darling, my Darling, I brought your gold,
I came to set you free;
But I did not come to see you hang
On the weeping willow tree.

57. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Henry, 1938, p. 95(A). Sung by Miss Cora Clark, Crossnore, Avery County, N.C., July 1929.

a I/M, ending on III

1. "O hangman, hangman, hold your hand;
Wait just a little while;
I think I see my father dear
Who's come for many a long mile.

2. "Father, O father, have you brought me gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come to see me hang,
On yonder lonesome tree?"

3. "Daughter, O daughter, I've brought you no gold;
Nor have I bought you free;
But I have come to see you hang
On yonder lonesome tree."

4. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;
Wait just a little while;
I think I see my mother dear
Who's come for many a long mile.

5. "Mother, O mother, have you brought me gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come to see me hang
On yonder lonesome tree?"

6. "Daughter, O daughter, I have brought you no gold;
Nor have I bought you free;
But I have come to see you hang
On yonder lonesome tree."

7. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;
Wait just a little while;
I think I see my brother dear,
Who's come for many a long mile.

8. "Brother, O brother, have you brought me gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come to see me hang
On yonder lonesome tree?"

9. "Sister, O sister, I have brought you no gold;
Nor have I bought you free;
But I have come to see you hang
On yonder lonesome tree."

10. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;
Wait just a little while;
I think I see my sweetheart dear,
Who's come for many a long mile.

11. "Sweetheart, O sweetheart, have you brought me gold?
Or have you bought me free?
Or have you come to see me hang,
On yonder lonesome tree?"

12. "Darling, O darling, I have brought you gold;
And I've also bought you free;
And I have come to marry you;
And take you home with me."

GROUP Ag

58. [The Maid Freed from the Gallows]

Sharp MSS., 4339/3098. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 212(G). Sung by Mrs. Laura Donald, Dewey, Va., June 6, 1918.

p Harmonic minor (—VI)

Sharp notes that at first the singer sang this variant in 4/4 time (as in the unlettered variant reading) but never thereafter.

O hangman, hangman, slacken your rope,
O slacken it for a while,
I think I see my mother a-coming,
She's a-coming for a many* long mile, mile,
She's a-coming for a many* long mile.

O mother, have you brought me money?
Have you come to pay my fee?
But have you come for to see me hanging
On this old gallows-tree?

I've neither come for to bring you money,
Nor neither for to pay your fee,
But I have come to see you hanging
On this old gallows-tree.

[*Last verse, after the true-love has appeared.*]

I have come for to bring you money,
And money for to pay your fee,
And to keep you now from hanging
On this old gallows-tree.

* 1932: for one

59. [The Gallows Tree]

Perry, 1938, p. 304. Sung by Roy Pierce, Walnut Mountain, Tenn.

a I/Ly, ending on II

Hangman, hangman, slacken them ropes
Slacken them for awhile.
I believe I see my mother coming
Riding many a mile.

60. "Ropesman"

Thomas, 1931, p. 164.

p Æ/D

Ropesman, ropesman, slack up your rope,
Slack it up for a while.
I looked over yonder and seen Paw comin
He's walked for many a mile.

Say, Paw, say, Paw, have you brung me any gold
Any gold for to pay my fine?
No sir, no sir, I've brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fine,
For I've just come for to see you hanged,
Hanged on the gallows high.

Sung through with "Maw," "Brother," "Sister" until the last verse:

Ropesman, ropesman, slack up your rope,
Slack it for a while;
I looked over yonder and I seen my sweetheart coming,
She's walked for many a long mile.

Say, sweetheart, say, sweetheart, have you brung me any gold?
Any gold for to pay my fine?
Yes sir, yes sir, I've brung you some gold,
Some gold for to pay your fine,
For I've just come for to take you home,
From the gallows high.

61. "Hangman"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 145(D). Sung by Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., May 16, 1938. Learned in Galena, Mo., c. 1897.

m Æ

Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
Slack it for a while,
I look over yonder an' I see my paw a-comin',
He's walked for many a mile,
Say paw, say paw, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fee.
No, my son, I have not any gold,
You must hang on th' gallows tree.

* * * * * * *

Usual repetition, then final verse.

Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
Slack it for a while,
I look over yonder an' I see my true love comin',
She's walked for many a mile.
Say love, say love, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fee?
Yes, I have brung you yeller yeller gold,
To take you home with me.

GROUP Ah

62. [Maid Freed]

Parsons, *MAFS*, XIII (1918), p. 152. Sung by some Negroes, Andros Island, Bahamas.

a I

The tune is embedded in the following text.

Now, dis was a king had one daughter. He sen' her to school in anoder countree, an' enchanted lan'. He (she) been deah to school. Fall in love wi' a schoolboy name of Jack. Jack belongin' to dat same place. After get through her edication, she went back home. Now, she become a beeg woman, time to beco' engaged. De princess son want to be engaged to her. She won't accep' to her (him). All de high majorities she wouldn' accep' to none. One day more'n all, she went out for a walk. In walkin' she pick up a gold watch. She turn back home, she say, "O mommer! look what a beautiful present I picked up!" So her mother didn't stan'. She make de alarm. She say dat she steal it. Dat de revenge 'cause she wouldn' cote (court) none of dese high people. In dose days dey don' put you to jail for stealin', dey hang. Dey make de gallows ready to be hung. Dey took her down where dey had de gallers rig. An' deah she stud up.

"Moder, moder, is you brought me any gold an' silver too
To take me off dis gallus tree?"
"Oh, no! my dear daughter, I brought you no gol',
I brought you no silver too;
For I came from home to see you hang,
An' hang you mus' be hang."

Den she sing out for de fader. She axed de fader if he brought any gol' an' silver to take her off dis gallus.

"Fader, fader, is you brought me any gold an' silver too
To take me off dis gallus tree?"
"Oh, no! my dear daughter, I brought you no gol',
I brought you no silver too;
For I cam from home to see you hang,
An' hang you mus' be hang."

Den she say, "Hol' on, hol' on for a while!"
"I see my true-love coming down the path."

Den she sing,—[*Repeat the first two musical phrases to the words following.*]

"True-love, true-love,
Is you brought me any gold or silver too
To take me off dis gallus tree?"

No answer, he was too far. [*Repeat as before.*]

"True-love, true-love, is you brought me any gol' or silver
To take me off dis gallus tree?"

No answer. [*Repeat the music from the third phrase onward.*]

"Yes, yes, my dear belov', I brought you some gol',
I brought you some silver too;
For I come from home to saw you save,
An' save you mus' be save."

An' when he got to de place where was de gallus rig, he roll down one bag of gol'. He had two double team,—one wi' gol', one wi' silver. An' he took her down an' pay her one bag o' gol'. An' as she jump in de carriage, I was right alongside, an' I dart, knock me right here to tell you dat little lie.

63. "Saylan"

Smith, 1928, p. 89; reprinted from Jekyll, 1907, p. 58.

p I

"Mourn, Saylan, mourn oh!
Mourn, Saylan, mourn;
I come to town to see you hang,
Hang, you mus' be hang."

"Sister, you bring me some silver?"
"No, my child, I bring you none."
"Brother, you bring me some gold?"
"No, my child, I bring you none."

"Lover, you bring me some silver?"
"Yes, my dear, I bring you some."
"Lover, you bring me some gold?"
"Yes, my dear, I bring you some.

I come to town to see you save,
Save you mus' be saved."

APPENDIX

64. "Hangman"

Sandburg, 1927, p. 385. Sung by some Army men on a train in Texas.

p π^1

Hangman, hangman, slack up on your rope.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, can you give me any hope?
You've broke a heart a-many a time;
But you'll never break this heart of mine.

Hangman, hangman, slack up on your rope
Sister, sister, can they give me any hope?
She broke a heart a-many a time;
She'll never break this heart of mine.

65. "The Gallows Tree"

Flanders, and others, 1939, p. 117. Sung by Orlon Merrill, Charlestown, N.H. Tune recorded by George Brown. From *The New Green Mountain Songster*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry; copyright 1939 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

m π^1 (VII occurs in variant)

Come down, come down from that dreary gallows,
I have your pardon from George the King,
And in spite of all I'll make you mine
And crown you in the bloom of spring.

66. "The Gallows Tree"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 483; text, p. 389. Text received from Mrs. Annie V. Marston, West Goulds-boro, Me., in 1926, tune in 1929.

m I/Ly

1. My love he was as fine a fellow
As ever nature formed or the sun shone on,
And how to gain him I do not know,
For I hear his sentence is to be hung.

2. As I was walking the streets of Derry,
His charming features I chanced to espy;
He looked more like some commanding officer
Than any young man condemned to die.

3. When he got to the first step of the gallows,
His own father he chanced to see.
"Step up, step up, my beloved father,
I have one word to exchange with thee.

4. "Where is my love, oh, where is my jewel,
That she don't come and visit me?
Or does she think it a shame or a scandal
To see me die on the gallows tree?"

5. When he got to the second step of the gallows,
His own dear sister by chance he did see.
"Step up, step up, my beloved sister,
I have one word to exchange with thee."

6. He took a gold ring off from his finger,
And wrapped it in her silk so fine;
"Take this, take this, my beloved sister,
And keep your brother close in your mind."

7. And when he got to the top of the gallows
His own dear sweetheart by chance did see,
Riding in a coach that was lined with linen,
So swift she rode and swift rode she.

8. "Come down, come down, from that dreary gallows,
I have your pardon from George our King,
And in spite of them all I'll make you my husband
And crown your name in the bloom of spring."

67. "The Gallows Tree"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 390. Sung by Ernest Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, September 27, 1928. Tune recorded by George Herzog.

a M/D (inflected VII, ending on II or I)

Cf. "The Broken Token," sung by Mrs. Maud Long, Hot Springs, N.C., 1947: LC/AAFS, Album 21, rec. no. 104.

1. Come down, come down from that dreary gallows,
I have your pardon from George our King,
In spite of them all, I'll make you my darling,
And crown you in the bloom of spring.

. . . . . .

2. As he took the first step of the gallows,
His own dear mother he chanced to spy,—
"Step up, step up, my beloved mother,
I have a word to exchange with thee."

3. As he took the second step of the gallows,
His own dear brother he chanced to spy,
"Step up, step up, my beloved brother,
I have a word to exchange with thee."

4. As he took the third step of the gallows,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Six white horses how swiftly did fly.

5. "O, where's my jewel, my precious jewel,
O, why don't she come for to comfort me,
Or does she think it a horrid sight
For to see me hung on the gallows tree?"

68. "The Gallows Tree"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 392. Sung by Miss Eunice M. Macauslan, Islesford, Me. Tune recorded by George Herzog, 1928.

a M

95. THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

"Come down, come down from that weary gallows,
I've got your sentence from the king."

The Gay Goshawk

CHILD NO. 96

THIS ballad, although there are foreign parallels—the French tradition being especially noteworthy—seems seldom to have been sung outside of Scotland in Britain. (There is a fragment found in Ireland.) Mrs. Brown's text is, as usual, given the place of honor by Child. Her version adds to the accumulating evidence that the ballads as she transmitted them had no jagged edges nor gaping holes. All proceeds smoothly with necessary explanations simply and briefly made, and with no serious lapses of taste or propriety. There is one phrase which may point to a mishearing:

Ha, there's a letter frae your love,

which Scott made over as

Have there a letter.

An example of Mrs. Brown's polish is the tenth stanza of her text:

O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave,
An then he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

In other texts the bird throws the letter in her lap, or lets it fall at her left shoulder as it flies overhead—song at the moment being superfluous. But no doubt birdsong antedates writing. More interesting evidences of Mrs. Brown's neat expository gift are the nineteenth to twenty-first stanzas, which are not duplicated in any other version known. They make all as clear as could the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet*. The terms of her return to life, though less moving than those in which we learn that "death's pale flag is not advanced there," are scarcely less literary:

Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay an smil'd on him.

Motherwell's three copies are far less polished, and, be it acknowledged, less agreeable reading. Scott follows Mrs. Brown with some additional fancy touches such as stanza seven:

The red that's on my true-love's cheik
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white that is on her breast bare
Like the down o the white sea-maw.

He particularizes the nameless hero of the earlier text as "Lord William," and the church of the heroine's resuscitation as "St. Mary's kirk." All these and other changes are made on the authority of "a MS. of some antiquity *penes Edit.*" In the matter of the bird's message, Scott's text makes the best of both schools, and achieves a minor triumph in a new stanza:

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear,
And aye the oerword of the sang
Was, Your love can no win here.

Later, Scott uses Mrs. Brown's stanza quoted above. Buchan's copy G, with its talking parrot and its heroine and auld stepdame who share a sofa together, was taken down by himself from recitation—possibly not in quite the state in which he published it later—and is, as Child forthrightly declares, "vilely dilated and debased." It is no harder to believe that there were poetasters than that there were poets among Scottish ballad-lovers, and what passed through their hands would display their several talents.

Two tunes for this ballad have been preserved, one by Mrs. Brown, the other by Christie; they seem to have no connection. Mrs. Brown's is, as usual, badly noted, but there is nothing mystifying about it. It has remained hitherto unpublished. According to the letter of the law, it should be Dorian without the seventh. But I can detect little of a Dorian feeling about it, and should guess that its true tonic is G, and that it lacks its fourth. Christie's is an honest Æolian tune, which he has padded out with a second strain.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "The gay goss-hawk." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 31, Harvard College Library.
2. "The gay Goss-Hawk." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 124.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "The gay goss-hawk"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 31. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94.

p M (—IV) (or a D, —VII)

MS. READING

CONJECTURALLY THUS

"O well's me o' my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee!
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring another back to me."
"O how can i your true-love ken?
Or how can i her know?

When frae her mouth i ne'er heard couth,
Nor wi' my eyes her saw."
"O well shall ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see,
For of a' the flow'rs in fair England
The fairest flow'r is she.
An' even at my loves bow'r-door
There grows a bowing birk,
An' sit ye down and sing thereon,
As she gaes to the kirk.
And four and twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears gold on her skirt.
An' four and twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears gold on her hair."
O, even at that ladys bow'r-door
There grew a bowing birk,
An' he sat down and sang thereon,
As she gi'd to the kirk.
An' even at that ladys window
There was a silver pin,
An' ay he sat and sang thereon,
As she gi'd out and in.
"O, eat and drink, my Marys a',
The wine flows you among,
Till i gang to my shot window,*
An' hear yon bonny birds song.
Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song you sang the streen,
For i ken by your sweet singing
You're frae my true-love sen'."
O first he sang a merry song,
An' then he sang a grave,
And then he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.
"Ha' there's a letter frae your love,
He says he's sent you three;
He canno' wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll dee."
"Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
An' brew his bridal-ale,
And i'll meet him in fair Scotland
Lang, lang or it be stale."
She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you grant it me."
"Ask on, ask on, my daughter dear,
An' granted it shall be,
Except ae squire in fair Scotland,
An' him youse never see."
"The only boon, my father dear,
Which i do crave o' thee,
Is, gin i dee in southing lands,
In Scotland to bury me:
An' the firstin kirk that ye come till
Ye gar the bells be rung,
An' the nextin kirk 'at ye come till
Ye gar the mess be sung,
An' the thirdin kirk 'at ye come till
Ye deal gold for my sake,
An' the fourthin kirk 'at ye come till
Ye tarry there till night."
She's ta'en her till her bigly bow'r,
As fast as she could fare,
An' she has drunken a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.
She's laid her down upon her bed,
An' soon she's fa'n asleep,
An' soon o'er every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.
Whan night was flown, and day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead,
As ony ane could be.
Her father and her brother dear
Gar'd make for her a bier,
The tae half was o' good red goud,
The tither o' silver clear.
Her mither and her sister fair
Gar'd work for her a sark,
The tae half was o' cambrick fine,
The tither o' needle-wark.
The firstin kirk that they came till
They gar'd the bells be rung,
The nextin kirk 'at they came till
They gar'd the mass be sung,
The thirdin kirk 'at they came till
They dealt gold for her sake,
An' the fourthin kirk 'at they came till
Lo! there they met her make.
"Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
Lat me the dead look on."
Wi' cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay and leugh on him:
"O, ae sheave o' your bread, true-love,
An' ae glass o' your wine,
For i have fasted for your sake
These fully dayes nine.
Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bold brothers,
Gae hame, and sound your horn,
An' ye may boast in southing land
Your sister's play'd you the scorn."

* a drawing window. (Ritson)

2. "The gay Goss-Hawk"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 124. From Jenny Meesic.

a Æ

96. THE GAY GOSHAWK

"O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
  Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
  Gin ye look pale and lean!
O have ye tint, at tournament,
  Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
  Whom you may not win near?"
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is that of Scott's *Minstrelsy* (Child's E), but "epitomized."

Brown Robin

CHILD NO. 97

As VERSE affected by tradition and unrestored, Mrs. Brown's copy of this ballad seems less open to challenge than elsewhere. The comparative obscurity of the heroine's explanation why she must go to the wood in person (stanzas 14-15) is reassuring; and so is the absurdity of her concealing all her lover's weapons about her person instead of his hiding them under his own costume (18). These are points that one would expect to be rectified, if anything were touched—as they are, indeed, in Buchan's and Christie's texts. On the other hand, the pretty account of Brown Robin's disguise (stanza 17) is not to be found elsewhere and may have been worked in. Again, it can hardly be accidental that Mrs. Brown's copy skips the kissing and love-clapping of the stolen night-visit. The conclusion of her version, also reads like a tasteful substitute for something longer and less satisfactory. Its general summary is too judicious and neat to be quite free from suspicion. The other versions have a difficult time winding up the narrative; and, as Child puts it, "the story undoubtedly stops at the right point" in Mrs. Brown's copy.

Both Mrs. Brown and Christie have preserved a tune. Mrs. Brown's was also copied off for Walter Scott and has been given in Child's appendix, V, p. 417. But there were apparently errors in Scott's copy, which can be checked against Ritson's transcript of the William Tytler MS. Scott's own note on folio 11 of his Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs," with reference to the Tytler MS. is: "The music is copied as exactly as possible but as I do not know the value of a single note I [am] no judge of its merit." (Quoted by G. L. Kittredge in HCL MS. 25241. 37. 6.) I have discussed this tune and offered a conjectural reading in *CFQ*, I (1942), pp. 190-91. I feel less confidence in Robert Scott's* notation than formerly, however, and see less reason for trying to be over-faithful to its time-indications. Along with the literal reproduction of it below I give a freer reading which seems to me likely to be closer to the real meaning. Basically, my former reading and the present are the same. It is very odd of Mrs. Brown—I do not recall other examples—to repeat the first two lines of a quatrain instead of the last two. Of course, she may not have continued to do so in subsequent stanzas; and stanzas 7, 10, and 19, all of which have six lines, could have had no repetition at all. The direction for singing, in the MS., is "slow"; but the ballad and its tune will respond to a brisker tempo.

Christie's tune is more sombre, and seems to have been left comparatively untouched by his editorial finger. It is notably related to Mrs. Brown's tunes for "King Henry" (Child No. 32) and Campbell's for "Young Benjie" (No. 86); also compare Henry's "Johnny Scot" (No. 99) and Kinloch's "Geordie" (No. 209).

* Although the names Gordon and Scott are not much alike, the present editor contrived to use them interchangeably in Volume I and elsewhere. As Child correctly noted under "Gil Brenton" (No. 5), Robert Scott was Mrs. Brown's nephew, who noted her tunes; Thomas Gordon was her father, Professor of Humanity at King's College, Aberdeen. The nephew later became Professor of Greek at the same university.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Brown Robin." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 63, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 417 (97Ab), and II, p. 368.
2. "Love Robbie." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 136. Text also in Child, 1882-98, II, p. 369.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Brown Robin"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 63. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 417 (97Ab); text, II, p. 368.

a π^1

MS. READING

CONJECTURAL READING

The king but and his nobles a' } Repeated to the tune.
Sat drinking at the wine, }
He would ha' nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.
She's serv'd them but, she's serv'd them ben,
Intil a gown o' green,
But her ee was ay upon brown Robin,
That steed low under the rain.
She's doen her to her bigly bow'r,
As fast as she could gang,
An' there she's drawn her shot-window,
An' she's harped, an' she's sang.
"There sits a bird i' my fathers garden,
An' o but he sings sweet!
I hope to live and see the day
Whan wi' my love i'll meet."
"O gin that ye like me as well
As your tongue tells to me,
What hour o' the night, my lady bright,
At your bow'r shall i be?"
"Whan my father and gay Gilbert
Are baith set at their wine,
O ready, ready will i be
To lat my true-love in."
O she has hir'd her fathers porter

Wi' strong beer and wi' wine,
Until he was as beastly drunk
As ony wild wood swine:
She's stown the key o' her fathers yate,
An' latten her true-love in.
Whan night was gone and day was come,
An' the sun shin'd o' their feet,
Then out it spake him brown Robin,
"I'll be discover'd yet."
O out it spake that gay lady,
"My love, ye need nae doubt,
For wi' ae wile i've brought you in,
Wi' another i'll bring you out."
She's ta'en her till her fathers cellar,
As fast as she can fare,
She's drawn a cup o' the gude red wine,
Hang't low down by her gare:
An' she met wi' her father dear,
Just coming down the stair:
"I would nae gi' that cup, daughter,
That i see i' your hand,
For a' the wines in my cellar,
And gantrees where they stand."
"O wae be to your wine, father,
That ever't came o'er the sea,
'T has pitten my head in such a steer,
I' my bow'r i canno' be."
"Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,
Gang out, and tak' the air,
Gang out, and walk i' the good green-wood,
An' your Marys sae fair."
O, out it spake the proud porter,
Our lady wish'd him shame,
"We'll send the Marys to the wood,
An' keep our lady at hame."
"There's thirty Marys i' my bow'r,
There's thirty o' them and three,
But there is nae ane amang them a'
Kens what flow'r gains for me."
She's doen her till her bigly bow'r,
As fast as she could gang;
The gown she pat upon her love
Was o' the dainty green,
The stockings was o' the saft, saft silk,
An' his shoon o' the cordwain fine.
She's pitten 'his' bow in her bosom,
His arrow in her sleeve,
His sturdy bran' her body next,
Because he was her love.
Then out it spake the proud porter,
Our lady wish'd him shame,
"We'll count our Marys to the wood,
An' we'll count them back again."
The firstin Mary she sent out
Was brown Robin by name;
Then out it spake the king himsel',
"This is a sturdy dame."
O she went out in a May morning,
In a May morning sae grey,
But she came never back again,
Her auld father to see.

2. "Love Robbie"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 136. Text also in Child, 1882-98, II, p. 369. From the recitation of an old woman in Buckie, Enzie, Banffshire. Traditional in her family since c. 1750.

a π^4

1. "A feather'd fowl's in your orchard, father,
O dear but it sings sweet!
What would I give, my father dear,
That bonnie bird to meet?"
What would I give, &c.

2. "O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,
Let a' your folly be;
There's six Scots lords to-morrow, child,
That will a' dine wi' me,
And ye maun serve them a', Mary,
As 't were for meat and fee."

3. She served them up, sae has she down,
The footmen a' the same;
But her mind was aye on love Robbie,
Stood out below the rain.
But her mind, &c.

4. A hundred pun' o' pennies roun',
Tied in a towel so sma',
She has gi'en to him, love Robbie,
Out o'er the castle wa',—
Says, "Tak' ye that, my love Robbie,
And mysel' ye may ha'e."

5. A hundred pun' o' pennies roun',
Tied in a napkin white,
She has gi'en to him, love Robbie,
Out o'er the garden dyke,—
Says, "Tak' ye that, my love Robbie,
And mysel' gin ye like."

6. "If this be true ye tell to me,
As your tongue wou'dna lee,
I shall be in your bigly bower,
Before the clock strike three;
I shall be in your bigly bower
Dress'd like a gay ladye."

7. When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all men bound for bed,
Love Robbie came to Mary's bower,
Dress'd like a comely maid.
Love Robbie came, &c.

8. They had not kiss'd nor love clappèd,
As lovers when they meet;
Till sighing said he, love Robbie,—
"My life, my life I doubt."
Till sighing said he, &c.

9. "Your life, your life, you love Robbie,
Your life you needna doubt;
For it was wiles brought in Robbie,
And wiles will lat him out."
For it was wiles, &c.

10. Then in it came her father dear,
And stood upon the floor;
And she fill'd the cup of good red wine,
Said, "Father, will ye drink more?"
And she fill'd the cup, &c.

11. "O better I love the cup, Mary,
The cup that's in your hand,
Than all my barrels full of wine,
On the gantrees where they stand."
Than all my barrels, &c.

12. "O woe be to your wine, father,
It e'er came o'er the sea;
If I getna the air o' good greenwood,
O I will surely dee!"
If I getna the air, &c.

13. "There's seven Maries in your bower,
There's seven of them and three;
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
For flowers to shortsome thee."
And I'll send them, &c.

14. "There's seven Maries in my bower,
There's seven of them and three;
But there's nae a Mary 'mang them a'
Can pu' flowers to shortsome me."
"Then by my sooth," said her father dear,
Let yoursel' gang them wi'."

15. She dress'd hersel' in the Royal Red,
Love Robbie was in dainty green;
Love Robbie's brand was about his middle,
And she shone like ony queen.
Love Robbie's brand, &c.

16. The firsten ane that took the door,
Love Robbie was that ane;
"Now by my sooth," said the proud porter,
"She is a sonsie dame;
I would not care now very much
To turn her in again."

17. "I'd fain see any woman, or man,
Of high or low degree,
Would turn a Mary in again,
That once came out with me."
Would turn a Mary, &c.

18. They had not been in good greenwood,
Pu'd a flower but only three;
Till the porter stood behind a bush,
And shot him love Robbie.
Till the porter, &c.

19. Now word has come to her father dear,
In the chamber where he lay;
"Lady Mary's sick in good greenwood,
And cannot come away."
Lady Mary's sick, &c.

20. He's ta'en his mantle him about,
His cane into his han',
And he is on to good greenwood,
As fast as he could gang.
And he is on, &c.

21. "O want you fish out o' the fleed,
Or whale out o' the sea?
Or is there any one alive,
This day has anger'd thee?"
Or is there any one, &c.

22. "I want not fish out o' the fleed,
Nor whale out o' the sea;
But woe be to your proud porter,
Sae sair's he's anger'd me!
He's shot the fairest flower this day,
That would ha'e comfort me."

23. "O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,
Let a' your folly be;
To-morrow ere I eat or drink,
High hangèd shall he be."
To-morrow, &c.

Brown Adam

CHILD NO. 98

THE records of this ballad of true love with a happy ending belong all to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Buchan's copy is diluted and falsified, and appears to have borrowed from Mrs. Brown's; and Mrs. Harris's, which seems to have been the best, has survived in very fragmentary form. Mrs. Brown's, the earliest of the three, is fairly convincing in the main. The first two stanzas form a lyrical prelude which seems unballadlike. The rhetorical question in the first two lines is doubtless intended to suggest that it would be as idle to wish for a more loyal lover than Brown Adam as to wish that the wind would blow the green leaves off the trees; but it seems oversubtle for good balladry. It is probable that the Harris opening, in the third person, is sounder, and there is no question that the line

His cords waur o the gude green silk

is more characteristic than Mrs. Brown's

His fingers white are my delite.

On the other hand, the inconsequential manner in which the story gets under way seems to show the effects of traditional transmission: nothing could be more loosely hung, or less calculated. A nonpareil smith is inexplicably banished from kinsfolk, builds a bower in the greenwood for his lady, gets bored with it and sets out *to* the greenwood on a hunt, shoots birds on briar and thorn—nothing big—which he sends home as presents, with promises of early return. The story proper begins when he gets home. Ballads are admired for their compact narration, but in this comparatively short ballad the first half is almost entirely beside the point. The Harris version gives promise of much better direction and narrative impulse:

It fell out ance upon a time
Broun Edom he thoucht lang,
That he wald gae to see his luve,
By the le licht o the mune.

There, unfortunately, it breaks off. But in this beginning there are no initial hurdles to overleap. Edom can still practice his mystery: he goes *to*, not *from* his love, and doubtless arrives in the nick of time to prove himself the lealest of lovers.

There must be something radically wrong with the timing of the Brown tune as it stands in Scott's notation. It cuts quite against the metrical scheme of the common ballad stanza, allowing for only three real stresses in the first and third lines, and two in the second and fourth. Since it has not been printed before, the MS. copy is here given literally, along with a conjectural reading. Mrs. Harris's tune is quite satisfactory as it stands. In the concluding phrases there is more than a trace of "Gramachree Molly."

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Brown Adam." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 10, Harvard College Library.
2. "Broun Edom." Harris MS., No. 10, and No. 26, fol. 27b, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 417, and II, p. 347(B).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Brown Adam"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 10. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. July 17, 1794.

p D/Æ

MS. READING

CONJECTURAL READING

O wha wou'd wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha would wish a leeler love
Than brown Adam the smith?

His hammer's o' the beaten gold,
His study's o' the steel,
His fingers white are my delight,
He blows his bellows 'weel.'
But they ha' banish'd him, brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother;
And they ha' banish'd him, brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.
An' they ha' banish'd him, brown Adam,
The flow'r o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bow'r in good green wood,
Atween his lady and him.
O, it fell once upon a day,
Brown Adam he thought lang,
An' he wou'd to the green wood gang,
To hunt some venison.
He's ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bran' intil his hand,
And he is to the green wood,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
O he's shot up, and he's shot down
The bird upon the briar,
And he's sent it hame to his lady,
Bade her be of good cheer.

O he's shot up and he's shot down
The bird upo' the thorn,
And sent it unto his lady,
Said he'd be hame the morn.
Whan he came 'til his lady's bow'r door,
He stood a little forebye,
An' there he heard a foul fa'se knight
Tempting his gay lady.
O he's ta'en out a gay gold ring,
Had cost him many a pound:
"O grant me love for love, lady,
An' this shall be your own."
"I loo brown Adam well," she says,
"I wot so does he me;
An' i wou'd nae gie brown Adam's love
For nae fa'se knight i see."
Out has he taen a purse o' goud,
Was a' fu' to the string:
"Grant me but love for love, lady,
An' a' this shall be thine."
I loo brown Adam well, she says,
And i ken sae does he me;
An' i wou'd nae be your light lemman,
For mair nor ye could gie.
Then out has he drawn his lang lang bran',
An he flash'd it in her een:
"Now grant me love for love, lady,
Or thro' you this shall gang."
O, sighing says that fair lady,
Brown Adam tarrys lang.
Then up it starts him brown Adam,
Says, I'm just at your han'.
He's gar'd him leave his bow, his bow,
He's gar'd him leave his bran';
He's gar'd him leave a better pledge,
Four fingers o' his right hand.

2. "Broun Edom"

Harris MS., No. 10; text, No. 26, fol. 27b. Also in Child, V, p. 417; text, II, p. 374(B).

a I/Ly

The time-values, as usual, are twice as long in the MS. copy. It is not certain that the seventh was sharped, but I assume that the omission was inadvertent in the original signature.

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

For wha ere had a lealer luve
Than Broun Edom the smith?

His studie was o the beaten gowd,
His hammer o the pith;
His cords waur o the gude green silk,
That blew his bellows with.

It fell out ance upon a time
Broun Edom he thoucht lang,
That he wald gae to see his luve,
By the le licht o the mune.

Johnie Scot

CHILD NO. 99

THIS agreeable piece of Scottish self-congratulation has for the most part naturally been resident north of the border, though it has found its way, in congenial company, to American shores. There is no need to consider the ballad, as we have it, to be much older than the eighteenth century. Sharpe called attention to a story attaching the incident of the swordplay to an actual person of Charles II's day, and Child, who reports a similar story from Brittany perhaps centuries earlier, seems to think that that in turn may be based on something earlier still. Oral tradition, of course, although tenacious of the past, dies unless continually renovated. If the ballad ever existed in an English form, none is now known; and at any rate it got a new start in Scotland and acquired a great vogue. Judging from the consistent reappearance of certain features and phrases which smack little of tradition, there may well have been stall copies formerly in circulation, entitled "McNaughton's Valour." (See Child's note under copy Db, and Motherwell's headnote.) Such a detail is the lady's

> My breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,
> Instead of the beaten gold.

In the United States, tradition has preferred that Johnie should meet his lady first in the greenwood, rather than at court.

Glenriddell's copy (Child B), it might be noted, has about it an air of greater authenticity than Mrs. Brown's (A). It is instructive to compare her final stanza with the corresponding one in Glenriddell:

> (A) 'I'm seeking nane o your gold,' he says,
> 'Nor of your silver clear;
> I only seek your daughter fair,
> Whose love has cost her dear.'
>
> (B) 'I'll hae nane o your goud,' he says,
> 'I'll hae nane o your gear,
> But a' I want is my true-love,
> For I hae bought her dear.'

Less gallant the latter, and less refined, but not the less convincing. A number of more suspicious stanzas in the Brown text, however—e.g. 14 to 19—have close parallels in other texts.

All variants of the ballad are in CM quatrains without refrain; but one of Motherwell's copies (Child Da) repeated the second half of the stanza when sung. Motherwell, we learn from a letter written before Oct. 8, 1825, sent C. K. Sharpe a couple of tunes for this ballad: one noted down by Andrew Blaikie from a woman in Paisley (possibly Mrs. Storie), and a different one got by Blaikie in the "South Country." Blaikie, it will be recalled, was responsible for the musical appendix in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827. Motherwell also mentions, in his Notebook (pp. 162-63) that the "Johnny Scott" tune is "like B. Livingston & E. R." (Child 222?); and, elsewhere, that his "Eastmure King and Westmure King" (Child No. 89) was sung to the tune of "Johnie Scott" (MS., p. 476). (Cf. data from Sharpe's unpublished correspondence, got by William Macmath for Professor Child, in HCL 23241. 56 F.)

Probably all the surviving tunes of this ballad stem from the same root, but there is a wide divergence between some of them. Modal variation extends from I/Ly to Æolian. The norm seems to be in the Dorian vicinity. Rhythms are duple, in 4/4, 2/2, and 6/8 varieties, and also triple. Plagal variants seem to lie mostly at either end of the modal range for this ballad, authentic tunes in the middle.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Johnny Scot." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 217(B). (Holt)
2. "Johnie Scot." Sharp MSS., 3314/2424, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 215(A). (Gentry)
3. "Johnny Scot." Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, 1938, p. 100.
4. "Johnie Scot." Sharp MSS., 3989/2870. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 218(C). (Dunagan)
5. "Johnny Scot." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 214(A). (Sprague)
6. "Love Johnnie." Greig MSS., IV, p. 181, and Bk. 774, LXIV, p. 11, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 74. (Spence)
7. "Lord Johnny Scott," or "John the Little Scot." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 75, p. 24. Also in Lady John Scott's Sharpe MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 843, fol. 15v.
8. "Johnie Scot." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 15, and p. 207.
9. "Johnny Scot." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 101.
10. "Jack the little Scot." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 14, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 418(A).
11. "Johnie Scot." Macmath MS., p. 114, Harvard College Library. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 418(O), and II, p. 396(O).
12. "Johnie Scot." Sharp MSS., 3868/2826. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 216(B). (Hensley)

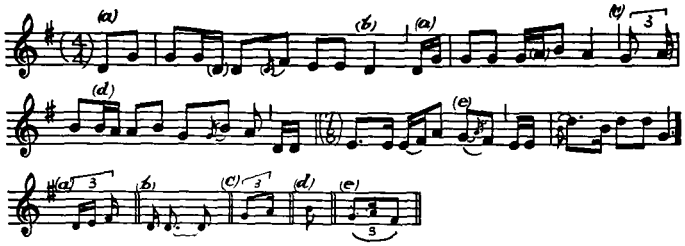
TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Johnny Scot"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 217(B). Sung by Edward Holt, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada, September 27, 1928. Derived from his great-grandfather, a Scotsman. Noted by George Herzog.

99. JOHNIE SCOT

p I/Ly



1. O, Johnny Scot is a-hunting gone,
Through the English woods so fair,
The fairest lady in the King's court,
She goes with child by him,
She goes with child by him.

2. O, the news is to the kitchen gone,
O, the news is to the hall,
O, the news is to King Edward's ears,
And that's the worst of all,
And that's the worst of all.

3. Now the King he wrote young John a letter,
And sent it to him so sweet.
O, the first two lines that he lookèd at
He was as happy as a bird upon a tree,
And the next two lines that he lookèd at
The salt tears blinded his eyes,
The salt tears blinded his eyes.

4. O, it's up speaks his old brother then,
And a galliant man was he,
"If it's unto England you must go,
I'll bear you company,
I'll bear you company."

5. O, it's up speaks his old father then,
Who ne'er spoke out of time:
"If it's unto England you must go,
I'll doubt your coming home,
I'll doubt your coming home."

6. O, the very first town that they rode through,
They rode it round and round;
And the very next town that they rode through,
They beat the drums all round,
They beat the drums all round.

7. And the very next town that they rode through,
They rode it round and round,
And the first one that Young Johnny saw
Was his truelove looking down,
Was his truelove looking down.

8. "Come down, come down, my love," he says,
"And speak one word unto me."
"I can't come down, or I won't come down,
For here I'm strong-lie hold;
My breastplate is of stubborn steel
And my hands are beat in gold,
And my hands are beat in gold."

9. Away Young Johnny runs then
And tingles at the bell.
There was none so ready as the King himself
To run and let him in,
To run and let him in.

10. "It's are you Lord of Salvary,
Or are you a Scottish king,
Or are you one of my bastard sons
From Flanders now come in,
From Flanders now come in?"

11. "I'm not Lord of Salvary,
Nor yet a Scottish king,
But I am a brae Scots lad
And Johnny Scot's my name,
And Johnny Scot's my name."

12. "O John, O John, what have you done,
[What have you done] unto me,
For the finest lady in all my court
She goes with child by thee,
She goes with child by thee."

13. . . . . .
"If that be so, as I take it to be,
I'll make it heir of all my land,
Herself my gay ladye,
Herself my gay ladye."

14. "O no, O no," the King replies,
"That never, never shall be;
For tomorrow morning at eight o'clock,
All hangèd you shall be,
All hangèd you shall be."

15. Up speaks his old father,
Who ne'er spake out of time,
"Before we'll all hang like dogs,
We'll fight, lords, till we die,
We'll fight, lords, till we die."

16. "I have a Talian in my court
Will surely kill lords three;
For betwixt his eyebrows are two spans,
And his shoulders are ells three,
And his shoulders are ells three."

17. When they go out on field to fight,
'Twas a dreadful sight to see;
For betwixt his eyebrows were two spans,
And his shoulders were ells three,
And his shoulders were ells three.

18. They fell to work like two mad men,
There was blood came trinkling down,
The Italian found no other way
For to take Young Johnny's life,
For to take Young Johnny's life.

19. Like a swallow, swift and soople,
He in Johnny's hair flew.
Johnny being a cunning lad,
Well trained in war was he,
And on the point of his broadsword
The Italian he did die,
The Italian he did die.

20. "O King, O King," Young Johnny said,
"I want none of your tocherie
And I want none of your store,
But give to me my gay ladye,
For God knows I bought her dear."

21. She rode on a milk-white steed,
And he rode on a grey;
There's land enough in fair Scotland
To ride on a fair summer's day,
To ride on a fair summer's day.

2. [Johnie Scot]

Sharp MSS., 3314/2424. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 215(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., August 25, 1916.

p π^1

1. When Johnny Scott saw this big broad letter,
It caused him for to smile,
But the very first line that he did read,
The tears run down for a while.

2. Away to old England I must go,
King Edwards has sent for me,
Away to old England I must go,
King Edwards has sent for me.

3. Up spoke young Jimmy Scott himself,
As he sat by his knees,
Five hundred of my best brave men
Shall bear you company.*

4. The very first town that they rode through,
The drums, the fifes, they played;
The very next town that they rode through,
The drums they beat all around.

5. They rode, they rode to King Edwards's gate,
They dingled at the ring;
But who did [he] spy but his own sweetheart
And her footspade (footpage) a-peeping down.

6. I can't come down, dear Johnny, she says,
For Poppy has scolded me.
I'm forced to wear a bow† and chain
Instead of the ivory.

7. Is this young Jimmy Scott himself,
Or Jimmy Scotland's king?
Or is the father of that bastard child
From Scotland just come in?

8. I'm not young Jimmy Scott,
Nor Jimmy Scotland's king;
But I am young Johnny Scott himself
From Scotland just come in.

9. There is a taveren in our town
That's killed more lads§ than one,
And before the sun rises tomorrow morning
A dead man you shall be.

10. The taveren flew over young Johnny's head
As swift as any bird;
He pierced the taveren to the heart
With the point of his broad sword.

11. He whipped King Edwards and all his men,
And the king he liked to have swung.
I'll make your girl my gay lady
And her child the heir of my land.

* 1932 prints the first three stanzas as two, with some differences.
† Marginal reading and 1932: ball
§ Marginal reading and 1932: lords

3. "Johnny Scot"

Henry, 1938, p. 100. Sung by Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tenn., August 1928. Learned from her father.

a π^1, ending on II

Compare this with Christie's copy of Child 218 ("The Place where my Love Johnnie dwells," Christie, I, 1876, p. 144).

1. Johnny Scot, a handsome right . . .
Old England is so wide;
The fairest lady in old England
By Johnny Scot's with child.

2. King Ed'ard wrote young Johnny a letter
And sealed it with his hand.
He sent it away to young Johnny Scot
As fast as a letter could go.

3. The very first lines, young Johnny, he read,
It caused him for to smile.
And very next line he read
The tears run down for a while,

4. Saying, "Away to old England I must go,
King Ed'ard has sent for me."
"Away to old England if you do go,
I doubt you coming back.
Five hundred of our best life-guards,
Shall bear you company."

5. He dressed his servants all in green;
Hisself he dressed in white.
And every town that he rode through,
They tuk him to be some knight.

6. He rode till he come to King Ed'ard's gate,
He dingled there at the ring,
And no one was so ready as Ed'ard himself
To rise and let him come in.

7. "Is this young Johnny Scot?" he said,
"Or old Johnny Scotling's son,
Or is it the young bastard-getter
From Scotland has come in?"

8. "It is not young Johnny Scot,
Nor old Johnny Scotling's son;
This is the very grand Scot Lord,
And Johnny Scot is my name."

9. This young lady come peeping down stairs.
"Come down, come down," said he.
"Oh, no, I have to wear the studdiest steel
Instead of the beating gold."

10. "If it's mine," young Johnny he said,
"And mine I expect it to be,
I will make it the heir of all my land,
And you my gaily dee."

11. "No, no," King Ed'ard, he said,
"Oh, no, that never can't be.
We have Italian in our town,
That has killed more lords than three,
And before sunrise tomorrow morning,
A dead man you shall be."

12. The Italian flew over young Johnny's head
As swift as any bird.
He pierced the Italian through heart
With the point of his broad sword.
And he whipped King Ed'ard and all of his men;
And the king, he like to a-hung.

13. "Hold your arm," King Ed'ard, he said,
"And pray do spare me;
You can make it the heir of all your land
And she your gaily dee."

4. "Johnie Scot"

Sharp MSS., 3989/2870. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 218(C). Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Ky., September 6, 1917.

p M (inflected VII, —II, VI)

1. Young Johnie, young Johnie, in the green woods,
A-hunting so wise,
He come across King Henry's fair daughter,
And got in her a child.

2. King Henry he wrote for Johnie to come
And sealed it with a ring.
When he got there King Henry was gone,
And that was worse than all.

3. Thus said his brother James,
An English man were he:
Me and five hundred of my life-guards
Will bear you company.

4. They all mounted horses-back.
That was a sight to be seen.
The hair it hung down young Johnie's back,
It looked like the links of gold.

5. As they rode up, as they rode down,
As they rode over through Lillus Town,
Nothing did he spy but his own true love
Was a-looking from the window down.

6. Come down, come down, my own true love,
Come down, come down and talk with me.
I can't come down, for I am dyings bound (in irons bound?),
And the keys they're turned on me.

7. My stockings used to be of silk.
My shoe-buckles of gold;
But now I am dyings bound,
My feet they are a-cold.

5. "Johnny Scot"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 214(A). Sung by John Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, September 27, 1928; learned from his great-grandfather, native of Dundee, Scotland. Noted by George Herzog.

a D/M (If tonic G, p I/M with fallen close on *V*)

1. O, Johnny Scot is huntin' gone,
And in the woods so wild
The gayest lady in old England
John Scot has got with child.

2. The news is through the kitchen gone
And hunted through the hall,
The news is gone to King Edward's ears
And among the nobles all.

3. The king he wrote a broad letter
Unto Johnny Scot
[To come unto old England]
As hard as he could gain.

4. When Johnny Scot the letter read
A sorrowful man was he,
That he had to go to England
King Henry for to see.

5. O, Johnny's old father,
Sitting down by Johnny's knee,
Saying, "*Ef* you go to England,
You'll ne'er return to me."

6. There being a witty young lad,
Setting close by Johnny's knee,
Saying, "Four and twenty of my best life's guard
Shall bear you company."

7. O, the first town that he came to
He beat his drums all round;
The second town he came to
He blowed his horns all round;

8. And the third town that he came to
He gazèd all about,
And then he see his own true love
In the window looking out.

9. "Come down, come down, my pretty one,
And talk along with me."
"I can't, I can't, dear John," she says,
"For the King has bolted me.

10. "My doors they are all firmèd locked,
My feet are fettered strong,
My windows they all bolted are,—
Love, how can I get down?"

11. And when he came to the King's castle,
So loud knocked at the ring,
There's none so ready as the King himself
To arise and let him in.

12. "Are you the Duke of Salgeree,
Or James, my Scottish king,
Or are you now my bastard son,
From Flanders late got in?"

13. "I'm not the Duke of Salgeree,
Nor James, your Scottish king,
Nor yet I'm not your bastard son,
From Flanders late got in.
My name it is Young Johnny Scot,
The lad that you sent for."

14. "If your name it is Young Johnny Scot,
As I take you to be,
Tomorrow morning at the eight of the clock
You'll hang upon the tree."

15. The King and all his merry men
[Came] to see Young Johnny slain;
The Queen and all her merry maids
Came tripping o'er the plain.

16. The King he had a grey old man,
An Eyetalian dog were he;
Between his eyes he measured spans,
His shoulders ell-es three.

17. But Young Johnny, being witty,
Like a swallow he did fly,
And upon the p'int of his broadsword
The Eyetalian dog did die.

18. He caught his sword all by the hilt
And whirls it o'er again,
"If you have any more of your English dogs,
You fain would have slain?"

19. "A clerk, a clerk," the King he cries,
"To read his poshing free!"
"A priest, a priest," Young Johnny cries,
"To wed my love and me!"

20. He clasped his horn all to his mouth,
He blowed both loud and shrill,
The news is gone to Scoterland,
In spite of England's will.

6. "Love Johnnie"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 181; text, Bk. 774, LXIV, p. 11. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 74. Sung by W. Spence (70), Peterhead, March 1913; he first heard it at about 4 years of age.

m M

1. Love Johnnie's on to England,
To England gone is he,
Love Johnnie's on to England
The King's high banner to be.

2. He hadna been in England
But just a little wee while,
Till he fell in love wi' the King's daughter
And for her he was like to dee.
(? . . . . . .)

3. It's word's into the kitchen gane,
And word into the ha',
Until it reached the King's castle,
And that was warst o' a',

4. An this be true that I do hear,
As I well trust it be,
To-morrow before I eat or drink,
High hangit he shall be.

5. Love Johnnie he's returnèd home,
Returned home is he,
Love Johnnie he's returnèd home,
And a sorrowful man was he

6. It's whar'll I get a little wee boy
That will win gowd & fee,
That will run on to the King's castle,
And come quickly back to me

7. It's here am I a little wee boy
That will win gowd & fee,
That will run on to the King's castle,
And come quickly back to thee.

8. It's where you find the brigs broken,
You'll bend your bow & swim,
And where you find the grass grow green
You'll slack your shoon & rin.

9. And when you come to the King's castle,
You'll ride it roon aboot,
And there you'll spy a lady fair
At the window lookin' oot.

10. Ye'll bid her fess wi' her the silken shift,
That her ain hand sewed the sleeve,
And ye'll bid her come on to the good green wuds
And spier none o' the high man's leave.

11. Ye'll bid her fess wi' her the silken shift
That her ain hand sewed the gare,
And bid her come on to the good green wuds,
And Love Johnnie will meet her there.

12. It's where he found the brigs broken,
He bent his bow & swam,
And where he found the grass grow green,
He slacked his shoon & ran.

13. And when he cam to the King's castle,
He rode it roon aboot,
And there he spied a lady fair
At the window lookin' oot.

14. Good-day, good-day, the little boy said,
Good-day, good-day, said she
Good-day, good-day, the lady she said,
And what's your will wi' me?

15. Ye're bidden fess wi' you the silken shift,
That your ain hand sewed the sleeve,
And ye'll come on to the good green wuds,
Spier none o' the high man's leave.

16. Ye're bidden fess wi' you the silken shift
That your ain hand sewed the gare,
And ye'll come on to the good green wuds,
Love Johnnie will meet you there.

17. My feet are bound in fetters strong,
In fetters strong are they,
My feet are bound in fetters strong
And I canna win away.

18. But bring me paper, pen & ink,
And a licht to lat me see,
And I will write a broad letter,
To Love Johnnie o' Dundee.

. . . . . .

19. The first twa lines he read o't,
A licht licht lauch gaed he,
But ere he read it to the end
The tear blinded his ée.

20. Come saiddle to me my good good steed
Come saiddle to me the broon,
Come saiddle to me my good good steed,
And I'll awa to London toon.

21. Then oot & spak a taliant bold,
And a grim grim ghost was he,
Says, I will fight for that lady
Until the day I dee.

22. They focht it up & they focht it doon,
And they focht till dawn o' day,
Love Johnnie he has won the lady
And they're away to Scotland away.

23. He mounted her on a milkwhite steed,
Himsel' on a dapple gray,
She's got as much land in fair Scotland
As she'll ride roon in a lang simmer's day.

7. "Lord Johnny Scott," or "John the Little Scot"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 75, p. 24.

a D/M

An identical copy of the tune, except that there is an upbeat on D (i.e. C when transposed), is found in Lady John Scott's Sharpe MS., NL Scotland MS. 843, fol. 15^{v}, with words, as from C. K. Sharpe, out of Inverleithan.

O Johnie's call'd his waiting man
His name was Germanie
It's thou must to fair England gae
Bring me that gay ladie.

The rest of Sharpe's copy was not transcribed. This stanza is in Child's Dab, from Motherwell.

8. "Johnie Scot"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 15; text, p. 207. From Andrew Blaikie, Paisley; perhaps sung by Mrs. McNiccol, Paisley. The text below is a conflation by Motherwell of three copies collected by him, now Child's C, D, E.

a D/M

99. JOHNIE SCOT

1. O Johnie Scot's to the hunting gane,
   Unto the woods sae wild;
   And Earl Percy's ae daughter,
   To him goes big wi' child.

2. O word is to the kitchen gane,
   And word is to the ha';
   And word is to the highest towers,
   Among the nobles a'.

3. "If she be wi' child," her father said,
   "As woe forbid it be!
   I'll put her into a prison strang,
   And try the veritie."

4. "But if she be wi' child," her mother said,
   "As woe forbid it be!
   I'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
   And hunger her till she die."

5. O Johnie's called his waiting man,
   His name was Germanie;
   "Its thou must to fair England gae,
   Bring me that gay ladie.

6. "And here it is a silken sark,
   Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
   Bid her come to the merry green wood,
   To Johnie her true love."

7. He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
   He tirled at the pin;
   "O wha is there," said the proud porter,
   "But I daurna let thee in?"

8. Its he rode up, and he rode down,
   He rode the castle about;
   Until he spied a fair ladie,
   At a window looking out.

9. "Here is a silken sark," he said,
   "Thy ain hand sewed the sleeve;
   And ye must gae to the merry green woods,
   To Johnie Scot thy love."

10. "The castle it is high my boy,
    And walled round about;
    My feet are in the fetters strong,
    And how can I get out?

11. "My garters are o' the gude black iron,
    And oh but they be cold;
    My breast plate's o' the sturdy steel,
    Instead of beaten gold.

12. "But had I paper, pen, and ink,
    Wi' candle at my command;
    It's I would write a lang letter,
    To John in fair Scotland."

13. Then she has written a braid letter,
    And sealed it wi' her hand;
    And sent it to the merry green wood,
    Wi' her own boy at command.

14. The first line of the letter Johnie read,
    A loud, loud lauch leuch he;
    But he had not read ae line but twa,
    Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

15. "Oh I must up to England go,
    Whatever me betide;
    For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
    That lay last by my side."

16. Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,
    A weel spoke woman was she:
    "If you do go to England, Johnie,
    I may take fareweel o' thee."

17. And out and spak his father then,
    And he spak well in time:
    "If thou unto fair England go,
    I fear ye'll ne'er come hame."

18. But out and spak his uncle then,
    And he spak bitterlie:
    "Five hundred of my good life guards
    Shall bear him companie."

19. When they were all on saddle set,
    They were comely to behold;
    The hair that hung owre Johnie's neck, shined
    Like the links o' yellow gold.

20. When they were all marching away,
    Most pleasant for to see;
    There was not so much as a married man,
    In Johnie's companie.

21. Johnie Scot himsell was the foremast man,
    In the company that did ride;
    His uncle was the second man,
    Wi' his rapier by his side.

22. The first gude town that Johnie came to,
    He made the bells be rung;
    And when he rode the town all owre,
    He made the psalms be sung.

23. The next gude town that Johnie came to
    He made the drums beat round;
    And the third gude town that he came to,
    He made the trumpets sound,
    Till King Henry and all his merry men
    A—marvelled at the sound.

24. And when they came to Earl Percy's yates,
    They rode them round about;
    And who saw he but his own true love,
    At a window looking out!

25. "Oh! the doors are bolted with iron and steel
    So are the windows about;
    And my feet they are in fetters strong;
    And how can I get out?

26. "My garters they are of the lead,
    And oh! but they be cold;
    My breast plate's of the hard, hard steel,
    Instead of beaten gold."

27. But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirled at the pin;
None was so ready as Earl Percy himsell,
To open and let them in.

28. "Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
M'Nachtan be thy name?"

29. "I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain;
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name."

30. When Johnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee:
"If Johnie Scot be thy name," he said,
"As I trew weel it be;
Then the brawest lady in a' my court,
Gaes big wi' child to thee."

31. "If she be with child," fair Johnie said,
"As I trew weel she be;
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

32. "But if she be wi' child," her father said,
"As I trew weel she be;
To morrow again eight o'clock,
High hanged thou shalt be."

33. Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie:
"Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,
We'll a' fight till we die."

34. "But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,
That will fight duels three?
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,
"On the Tailliant's sword I'll die."

35. "Say on, say on," said then the king,
"It is weel spoken of thee;
For there is a Tailliant in my court,
Shall fight you three by three."

36. O some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain;
The Queen with all her ladies fair,
The King with his merry men,
Either to see fair Johnie flee,
Or else to see him slain.

37. They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
Wi' swords o' temper'd steel;
Until the draps o' red, red blood,
Ran trinkling down the field.

38. They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
They fought right manfullie;
Till they left not alive in a' the King's court,
A man only but three.

39. And they begoud at eight of the morn,
And they fought on till three;
When the Tailliant like a swallow swift,
Owre Johnie's head did flee:

40. But Johnie being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about;
And on the point of Johnie's broad-sword,
The Tailliant he slew out.

41. "A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,
"To wed my love and me."
"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,
"To sum her tocher free."

42. "I'll hae none of your gold," fair Johnie cried,
"Nor none of your other gear;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For this day I've won her dear."

43. He's ta'en his true love by the hand,
He led her up the plain:
"Have you any more of your English dogs,
You want for to have slain?"

44. He put a little horn to his mouth,
He blew't baith loud and shill;
And Honour is into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's Skill.

45. He put his little horn to his mouth,
He blew it ower again;
And aye the sound the horn cryed,
Was "Johnie and his men!"

9. "Johnny Scot"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 101. Sung by Jonathan Moses, Orford, N.H., June 26, 1942. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a M/D

1. Young Johnny wrote a broad letter
And sealed it with his hand
He sent it to his own true love
In spite of Old England.
He sent it to his own true love
In spite of old England.

2. This fair maid wrote a broad letter
And sealed it with her ring.
She sent it to her Johnny Scott
In Scotland where he's been.
(*Etc.—Repeat last two lines.*)

3. When young John received this broad letter,
A sorry man was he.
He says, "I must go to old England again
To relieve that fair lady."

4. Then up speaks one of Johnny's men,
Lie low at Johnny's knee.
"Five hundred of my faith-life guards
Shall bear you companee."

5. The very first town that they rode through,
The trumpets they did sound;
The very next town that they rode through,
The drums did beat all 'round.

6. Then he rode up to the king's door
And wheeled his horses about.
And who did he spy but his own true love
At the window looking out.

7. "Come down, come down, my dear," he says,
"And talk awhile with me."
"I can't come down, my dear," she says,
"For the king has bolted me.

8. "My doors they are all bolted up;
My windows 'round about;
My feet they are in fetters strong.
My dear, I can't get out."

9. Then he rode up to the king's door
And knocked so loud at the ring
And none but so ready as the king himself
For to rise and let him in.

10. "O are you the Duke of Cumbritland,
Or aught, the British King,
Or are you now my bastard son
Who late-lie has stepped in?"

11. "I'm not the Duke of Cumbritland
Nor aught the British King
But I am a son of the worthy knight
And Johnny Scott is my name."

12. "Then if your name be Johnny Scott
As I suppose it be,
To-morrow morning 'fore the clock strikes eight,
You shall hang upon a tree."

13. Then the king prepared a tellyant man
And a bloody stout fellow was he.
He wore two sprands acrost his breast
And betwixt his shoulders, three.

14. Then up speaks one of Johnny's men
Lie-low at Johnny's knee,
"Before we'll see our master slain,
We'll fight all manfully."

15. Then the king with all his merry men
Went down upon the plain;
The queen with all her merry maids,
For to see fair Johnny slain.

16. Young John saluted this tellyant man;
Jumped on him and explained;
"Is there any more of your English dogs
That you vain-lie would have slain?"

17. "Oh, I'll give you half of my gold
And half of my gear,
If you'll return to old Scotland green
And leave my daughter here."

18. "I wants none of your gold," he says,
"I wants none of your gear,
But I will have my own true love
For I think I've bought her dear."

10. "Jack the little Scot"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 14. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 418(A). Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. July 17, 1794.

a Æ

This tune has a bi-modal feeling, the first half seeming to be p I/Ly.

The Abbotsford copy printed in Child, V, p. 418(A), is nearly identical, and comes from the same source.

Johny was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea,
And he is to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.
He had nae been in fair England
But yet a little while,
Until the king his ae daughter
To Johny grows wi' chil'.
O, word's come to the king himsel',
In his chair where he sat,
That his ae daughter was wi' bairn
To Jack the little Scot.
"Gin this be true 'at i do hear,
As i trust well it be,
Ye put her into prison strong,
And starve her 'till she dee."
O Johny's on to fair Scotland,
I wot he went wi' speed,
And he has left the king his court,
I wot good was his need.
O, it fell once upon a day,
That Johny he thought lang,
An' he's doen him to the good green wood,
As fast as he cou'd gang.

"O whare'll i get a bonny boy
To run my errand seen,
That will gang unto fair England,
An' haste him back again?"
O up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yallow was his hair,
I wish his mother meickle joy,
His bonny love meickle mair.
"O here am i a bonny boy,
Will run your errand soon,
I will gang unto fair England,
An' come right soon again."
O whan he came to broken brigs
He bent his bow and swam,
And whan he came to the green grass grow'n,
He slack'd his sheen and ran.
Whan he came to yon high castle,
He ran it round about,
And there he saw the king's daughter
At the window looking out.
"O here's a sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
You're bidden come to fair Scotland,
Speer nane o' your parents leave.
Ha', tak' this sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain hand sew'd the gare,
You're bidden come to good green wood,
Love Johny waits you there."
She's turn'd her right and round about,
The tear was in her ee:
"How can i come to my true love,
Except i had wings to flee?
Here am i kept wi' bars and bolts,
Most grievous to behold,
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel
Instead o' the beaten gold.
But tak' this purse, my bonny boy,
Ye well deserve a fee,
An' bear this letter to my love,
And tell him what you see."
Then quickly ran the bonny boy
Again to Scotland fair,
And soon he reach't Pitnachton's tow'rs,
And soon found Johny there.
He pat the letter in his hand,
An' taul' him what he saw,
But ere he half the letter read,
He leet the tears down fa'.
"O, i'll gae back to fair England,
Tho' death shou'd me betide,
An' i'll relieve the damesel
That lay last by my side."
Then out it spake his father dear,
"My son, you are to blame;
An' gin you're catch'd in English ground,
I fear you'll ne'er win hame."
Then out it spake a valiant knight,
Johnys best friend was he,
"I can command five hundred men,
An' his surety i will be."
The firstin town that they came till,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The nextin town that they came till,
They gar'd the mess be sung;
The thirdin town that they came till,
They gar'd the drums beat round,
The king but and his nobles a'
Was startled at the sound.
Whan they came till the kings palace,
They rode it round about,
An' there they saw the king himsel'
At the window looking out.
"Is this the duke of Albany,
Or James the Scotish king?
Or are you some great foreign lord,
That's come a visiting?"
"I'm no the duke of Albany,
Nor yet the Scotish king,
But i'm a valiant Scotish knight,
Pitnachton is my name."
"O, if Pitnachton be your name,
As i trust well it be,
The morn, ere i taste meat or drink,
You shall be hanged hi'."
Then out it spake the valiant knight
That came brave Johny wi',
"Behold five hundred bowmen bold,
Will die or set him free."
Then out it spake the king again,
An' a scornfu' laugh leugh he:
"I have an Italian i' my house,
Will fight you three by three."
O, grant me a boon, brave Johny cried,
Bring out your Italian here,
Then if he falls beneath my sword,
I've won your daughter dear.
Then out it came this Italian,
And a gurious ghost was he,
Upo' the point o' Johnys sword
This Italian did dee.
Out has he drawn his lang lang bran',
Struck it across the plain:
"Is there any more o' your English dogs
That you want for to be slain?"
A clerk, a clerk, then cried the king,
To write her tocher-free.
A priest, a priest, says love Johny,
To marry my love and me.

11. "Johnie Scot"

Macmath MS., p. 114. Also in Child, V, 1882-98, p. 418(O); text, II, p. 396(O). Sung by Miss Jane Webster, Kircudbrightshire, 1882; learned from Miss Jane Hannay, Newton Stewart. Collected by Miss M. Macmath.

. . . . . .

1. Out then spak his auld faither,
And a blythe auld man was he,
Saying, I'll send five hunner o my brisk young men,
To bear Johnie companie.

2. And when they were on saddle set,
They were a pleasant sight for to see,
For there was na ae married man
In a' Johnie's companie.

3. And when they were on saddle set,
They were a pleasant sight to behold,
For the hair that hung down Johnie's back
Was like the links of gold.

4. And when they came to Newcastle,
They reined their horses about;
Wha did he see but his ain Jeanie,
At a window looking out!

5. "Come doun, come doun, Jeanie," he says,
"Come doun, come doun to me;"
"I canna come doun, Johnie," she says,
"For King Edward has bolted me.

6. "My stockings are o the heavy iron,
I feel them very cold;
And my breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold."

. . . . . .

7. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"I'll make it heir o a' my lands,
And her my gay lady."

8. "There is an Italian in this court;
This day he has slain knights three;
And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
The Italian will slay thee."

12. "Johnie Scot"

Sharp MSS., 3868/2826. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 216(B). Sung by Mrs. Nancy Alice Hensley, Oneida, Ky., August 17, 1917.

p π^4

1. In the merry green woods a-hunting,
In the merry green woods so wide,
There Johnie Scot met with King Henry's oldest* daughter,
And talked with her a while,
There Johnie Scot met with King Henry's oldest* daughter,
And talked with her a while.

2. The news unto old Ingram's (house)
Old Ingram being gone;
The news into† the kitchen house;
O that's the worst of all.

3. She wrote young Johnie a letter
That seemed to make him smile;
Before he read it one half way through,
He wept like any child.

4. I'll go fight for that lady fair
That lay last by my side.
Up spoke his old father who was sitting in his chair,
Saying: If you do to old King Henry go,
You'll never come back here.

5. Up spoke his oldest brother,
An angry man was he:
Here's me and five hundred of my life-guards
Will bear you§ company.

6. They all mounted horse-back,
And as they went on the road,
The hair hung down young Johnie's back,
Looked like the links of gold.

7. They rode on to Solver Town,
They rode it all around.
No one could see but his own true love
In a windows looking down#.

8. Come down, come down, my own true love,
Come low-lie unto me;
Where I will swear before I go,
I'll ride in your company.

9. I can't come down, I can't come down,
I can't come unto you.
My stockings once they was of silk,
My shoe-buckles of gold;
But now my feet's in some hard iron band.
O lor! my feet they're cold.

10. They went a-fighting at two o'clock in the morning,
They fit till two past noon,
A-sweating blood lap in the ground
Like dew upon the grass.
He killed old King Henry and all his life-guards
And got his love at last.

* 1932: only
† 1932: unto
§ 1932: your
# 1932: round

Willie o Winsbury

CHILD NO. 100

CHILD leaves us guessing as to his opinion of the antiquity of this ballad when, as his sole comment upon the question, he writes, "It was hardly an English (or Scots) ballad-maker of the sixteenth century that made this ballad." (Child, II, p. 399.) Whoever invented it, it would seem peculiarly the stuff of sentimental old wives' daydreams, and, though far from silly sooth, easily appropriated by free maids and knitters in the sun. But we learn that it is even today one of the best loved songs of Newfoundland, and it seems to have been sung with as great relish by men as by women. Certainly male vanity suffers no injury by it. There is one primitive touch in the ballad to which Child might have been expected to call attention. It is hardly to be doubted that the persistent recurrence (A, B, C, F, G) of the father's injunction to his daughter to put off her gown "upon the stone" in order that he may determine the fact of her pregnancy is a relic of belief in the magical properties of stone, and a dim reference to some chastity-test based upon it.

Even from Child's record of texts it is possible to distinguish three, and perhaps four, sorts of melodic pattern. One is marked by the addition of "O" at the end of each second and fourth line (Child A and F). Another is straight CM. A third has a repetition of the last line, introduced by a bridge, or repeated last syllable, as typically in "Lord Lovel." And a fourth, connected with the broadside tradition, is strongly anapaestic, and would naturally go to a 6/8 metre—from which, however, the rest are not precluded.

There are, in fact, four clearly marked patterns among the variant tunes noted, but they do not precisely correspond to Child's texts. The one to which I have given first place is identified only by its title, which is a line occurring toward the end of the ballad. This is Scottish; and a Manx copy may be distantly related. The next type is allied to it modally, being another variant, possibly only borrowed for the nonce, of the favorite family of "Binorie" tunes, also, of course, Scottish. The third style is of the first pentatonic mode (—IV, VII). The fourth is by far the most popular, and much more widely current, being found in England, New England, and Newfoundland, as well as Scotland. In one form or another, it is connected with sea-songs like "The Mermaid" and "The Greenland Fishery," but also is cousin to the ubiquitous "Lord Lovel" type. It is in fact a very typical folk pattern. As Keith notes (p. 77), Greig got seven variants of his tune, all very much alike. I have found but five, but the other two may be among Duncan's collections, latterly inaccessible.

The modern texts are all clearly of broadside quality, but of English make. Child's broadsides are only Scottish (Ia, b); but there is a north-country exemplar, printed by Stephenson, Gateshead, in T. Bell's collection of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century broadsides, entitled "Lord Thomas of Winsborough" (Brit. Mus. 11621. i. 12). It is nevertheless much closer to Child's I than to the current song.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "O will ye marry my daughter Janet." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 42, p. 15.
2. "It is not by Duke or Lord." Dr. Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 299.

GROUP B

3. "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 89, and p. 92.

GROUP C

4. "Thomas o' Winsbury." Greig MSS., I, p. 128 (a and b), King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 77. (Beattie and ?Barron)
5. "Lord Thomas of Winchbury." Greig MSS., III, p. 114, and Bk. 752, XLII, p. 112. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), p. 69, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Lee)
6. "Lord Thomas of Winchbury." Greig MSS., IV, p. 18. (Cruickshank)
7. "Lord Thomas." Greig MSS., IV, p. 174, and Bk. 774, LXIV, p. 4. (Angus)

GROUP D

8. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry." Sharp MSS., 1279/1209, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Sage)
9. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry," or "The Young Barber." Karpeles MSS., No. 5190.
10. "Tom the Barber," or "John (Tom) Barbary." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 72.
11. "Lord Thomas of Winesbury." Sharp MSS., 737/811. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 5th series, 1909, p. 37; and in Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 38. (Gordge)
12. "John Barbour." Elisabeth B. Greenleaf and Grace Y. Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p. 32(C).
13. "Young Barbour." Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 30(B).
14. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry."Sharp MSS., 1047/. (Bailey)
15. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry." Sharp MSS., 884/952. (Barnett [Barnard])
16. "Young Barbour," or "The Seven Sailor Boys." Greenleaf and Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p. 28(A).
17. "Willie of Winsbury." Maud Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, I, p. 25. Text from Karpeles MSS., p. 4834.
18. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry." Karpeles MSS., No. 5208 and p. 4751.
19. "Lord Thomas of Winesberry." Karpeles MSS., No. 5198 and p. 4739.
20. "Willie of Winsbury." Helen Hartness Flanders and Elizabeth Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 9 (1935), p. 6. Also, entitled "Fair Mary," in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 4.
21. "Johnny Barbour." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 233.
22. "Willie o' Winsbury." Macmath MS., Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 418(J), and II, p. 514(J).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. [O will ye marry my daughter Janet]

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 42, p. 15.

a Æ/D

2. [It is not by Duke or Lord]

Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 299. Sung by Tom Kermode, Isle of Man.

m D

Cha nel eh liorish duke ny lord
Ny dooinney sehr erbee,
Agh mac dy Tom dy Barber eh, (Barbary)
Teh shaulley yn keayn merriu hene.

(It is not by duke or lord
Or any gentleman at all,
But the son of Tom the Barber
Who sails the sea with yourselves.)

GROUP B

3. "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie"

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 89; text, p. 92.

p Æ/D

1. It fell upon a time, when the proud king of France
Went a hunting for five months and more,
That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of Winesberrie,
From Scotland newly come o'er.

2. Whan her father cam hame frae hunting the deer,
And his dochter before him cam,
Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,
And her fair colour was wan.

3. "What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet,
What maks thee to look sae wan?
Ye've either been sick, and very, very sick,
Or else ye hae lain wi' a man."

4. "Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father," she says,
"Ye're welcome hame to your ain,
For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,
Thinking lang for your coming hame.

5. "O pardon, O pardon, dear father," she says,
"A pardon ye'll grant me."
"Na pardon, na pardon, my dochter," he says,
"Na pardon I'll grant thee.

6. "O is it to a man of micht,
Or to a man of mean?
Or is it to onie of thae rank robbers,
That I sent hame frae Spain?"

7. "It is not to a man of micht,
Nor to a man of mean;
But it is to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
And for him I suffer pain."

8. "If it be to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
As I trust well it be,
Before I either eat or drink,
Hie hangit sall he be."

9. Whan this bonnie boy was brought afore the king,
His claithing was o' the silk,
His fine yellow hair hang dangling doun,
And his skin was like the milk.

10. "Na wonder, na wonder, Lord Thomas," he says,
"My dochter fell in love wi' thee,
For if I war a woman, as I am a man,
My bed-fellow ye shou'd be!

11. "Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,
To be heir to a' my land;
O will ye marry my dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' your richt hand?"

12. "I will marry your dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' my richt hand;
I'll hae nane o' your gowd, nor yet o' your gear,
I've eneuch in fair Scotland.

13. "But I will marry your dochter Janet,—
I care na for your land,
For she's be a queen, and I a king,
Whan we come to fair Scotland."

GROUP C

4. [Thomas o' Winsbury]

Greig MSS., I, p. 128 (a and b). Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 77. Tune and two stanzas of text from J. Beattie, Whitehill, April 1906; tune without text from A. [?] Barron.

p π^1

It's ye will wed my daughter Janet,
By the faith o your right hand, O,
Ye'll hae pairt o my gowd, ye'll hae pairt o my gear,
An' the third pairt o my land, O.

It's I will wed your daughter Janet,
By the faith o my right hand, O,
I'll hae nane o your gowd, I'll hae nane o your gear,
I've eneuch into fair Scotland, O.

5. "Lord Thomas of Winchbury"

Greig MSS., III, p. 114; text, Bk. 752, XLII, p. 112. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785, p. 69. Sung by Mrs. Lee, Strichen, June 1908.

p π^1

1. It fell once upon a day
When the proud King o' France went frae hame O,
His daughter Janet fell very sick,
And she longed for his comin' hame O.

2. What aileth thee, my daughter Janet,
Ye are sae pale & sae wan O?
Ye've surely been some lang thinkin',
Or else ye've lien wi' a man O.

3. Is't till a man that is majesty,
Or is't to a man that is mean O?
Or is't to any rank rebel
That is frae Scotland come O?

4. It's nae to a man that is majesty,
Nor to a man that is mean O,
But it's to Sir Thomas of Winchbury,
And I lang to speak wi' him O.

5. He's called upon his merry men all,
By one, and by two, and by three O,
Ye'll go and seek for that Winchbury rogue,
For to-morrow's his dying day O.

6. They sought him up & they sought him doon,
They sought him sair & lang O,
At length aneath an orange tree
they fand O.

7. Bound up, bound up, Lord Thomas, he said,
Bound up & march on your way O,
The King has sworn by his own right crown
To-morrow's your dying day O.

8. Who have I robbed, or who have I slain,
Or who have I done any wrong O?—
That I am afraid to face your King,
And it shall not be long O.

9. Lord Thomas went tripping up the stair,
His clothing was o' the fine silk O,
His gold yellow locks hung down, hung down,
And his skin was white as the milk O.

10. No wonder, no wonder Lord Thomas he says,
Tho' my daughter, Janet love thee O,
If thou wert a maid as thou art a man,
My bedfellow thou should'st be O.

11. If ye will marry my daughter Janet,
Wi' the faith o' your right hand O,
I'll gie the half o' my gold & the half o' my gear,
And the third part o' my land O.

12. I will marry your daughter Janet
Wi' the faith o' my right hand O,
I want none o' your gowd, I want none o' your gear,
I've enough in all Scotland O.

13. A priest, a priest, the King he cries,
To join their love in one O,
A clerk, a clerk, Lord Thomas he cries,
To seal her tocher wi' O.

14. He's set her on a milkwhite steed,
Himsel' on a dapple grey O,
And she's got as much land in all Scotland
As she'll ride round in a whole summer day O.

6. [Lord Thomas of Winchbury]

Greig MSS., IV, p. 18. From Mrs. Cruickshank.

p π^1

'Twas on a bonnie summer's day,
When the proud King o' France came home O
His daughter Janet went out to him,
To welcome her father home O.

7. "Lord Thomas"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 174; text, Bk. 774, LXIV, p. 4. Sung by James Angus; learned early in life from William Blow, a cooper.

p π^1

1. It fell ance upon a time
When the prood King o' France came hame O
His daughter Janet went out to speak
And welcome her father hame O.

2. What ails ye, what ails ye, my daughter Janet
Your looks are pale and wan O
Ye're either in love or else love thinkin
Or else ye've lien wi' a man O.

3. O is't to a man o' majestie
Or is't to a man that's mean O
Or is't to any o' this rackry rows
That's lately fae Scotland come hame O.

4. It's nae to a man o' majestie
It's nae to a man that's mean O.
But it's to Lord Thomas of Welshberrie
For I love to speak wi him O

5. He's called in his merry young men
Called them in three by three O
Go and find this Welshberrie
For tomorrow's his dying day O.

6. She's looked over her left shoulder
The tears did blind her eye O
If you hang my true love Thomas
You'll never find grace by me O.

7. They've sought up & they've sought down
And they've sought speedilie O.
At last they've found this Welshberrie
At the foot of an orange tree O.

8. Mak up, mak up Lord Thomas they cried
Mak up right manfully
For the King has sworn by his orra & crown
That tomorrow's his dying day O.

9. Who have I robbed or what have I stolen
Who have I ta'en or slain O
I'm not afraid to speak to your King
I'll speak to him this day O.

10. He's gane trippling up the stair
His goon was o' the fine silk O
His yellow locks hang dangling doon
And his skin was as white as milk O.

11. Nae wonder, nae wonder Lord Thomas, he cried
Tho' my daughter Janet had loved thee
For had ye been a woman as ye're a man
My bedfellow ye should a been O.

12. It's will ye wed my daughter Janet
By the faith o' my right hand O
Pairt o' my gold or pairt o' my gear
And a third pairt o' my land O.

13. I will wed your daughter Janet
By the faith o' your right hand O
Nane o' your gold nor nane o' your gear
I've enough into fair Scotland O.

14. He's seated her on a milk white steed
Himself on a dipple gray O
And he's as much land into fair Scotland
As would ride roon in a lang simmer's day O.

GROUP D

8. [Lord Thomas of Winesbury]

Sharp MSS., 1279/1209. Sung by Mrs. Sage, at Chew Stoke, April 1, 1907.

p I/Ly

1. 'Tis of a rich Irishman's daughter
Was dressed all in green.
She was looking over the high castle walls
To see her own father's ship sail in.

2. What makes you look so pale? said he.
What makes you look so wan?
Her underpetticoat it was so very short
She was full three-quarters gone.

3. Have you been lying with any noble lord
Or with any gentleman?
Or is it by that reckish lad
That is now returned from Spain?

4. No I've not been lying with any noble lord
Nor yet with any gentleman,
Nor yet with that reckish lad
That is now returned from Spain.
It is by young William
Who is one of your servant men.

5. So he called up his merry men all
By one, by two, by three;
The very first that it us-ed for to be,
But the last that come down was he.

6. This night if you will wed with my only
daughter dear
And take her hold of by the hand,
This night you shall sup and dine along with me
And be heir of all my land.

7. This night I will wed with your only daughter
dear
And I will take her hold of by the hand,
This night I will sup and dine along with you
But a fig for all your land.

8. I have got horses and I have got land
And plenty of money under my command.
Had it not been for your only daughter dear
I never would have been your servant man.

9. [Lord Thomas of Winesberry, or The Young Barber]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5190. Sung by Mrs. May McCabe, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 15, 1929.

a I

It was of a young lady who lived in the East
And she dressed herself all in green.
As she gazed over her father's castle wall
To see the ships sailing,
To see the ships sailing.

10. "Tom the Barber," or "John (Tom) Barbary"

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 72. Sung by W. Bartlett, Wimborne, Dorset, September 1906.

a I

1. Oh! it's of a merchant's daughter dear;
She was dressed all in green;
Oh! and she looked over her father's castle wall,
For to see the ships sail in,
For to see the ships sail in.

2. "Oh! what's the matter with you, fair maid?
You do look so pale and wan.
I'm sure you've had some sore sickness,"
* * * * * * * *

3. Then he called down all his merry, merry men
Oh! by one, by two, by three.
Oh! Tom the Barber used to come first,
But the hinder one comes he.

4. Down then came Tom the Barber bold
All dressed all in silk.
Oh! his eyes did change like the morning sun,
And his hands so white as milk.

5. "Oh! will you wed my daughter dear,
And take her by the hand?
And you shall dine and sup along with me,
And be heir to all my land."

6. "Oh! yes, I'll wed your daughter dear,
And take her by the hand,
And I will dine and sup along with thee,
And be heir of all thy land.

7. Now I have estate in fair Scotland,
I have gold and silver so free,
But where that you have got one guinea,
There I have got thirty and three."

11. [Lord Thomas of Winesbury]

Sharp MSS., 737/811. Also in Sharp, 5th series, 1909, p. 37; and in Sharp, 1916, p. 38. Sung by Mr. Gordge, Bridgwater, January 2, 1906.

a I

Sharp cites "The Greenland Fishery" as a parallel tune. Another might be "King Henry V's Conquest" (Child No. 164).

1. As I looked over the castle wall
For to see what I could see
The very first thing was my father's ship
Come sailing over the sea.

2. O what is the matter with you, daughter Jane,
That you look so pale and bad?
O I sim you have had some ill sickness.
I've [sic] been sleeping with some young man.

3. O I have had no ill sickness
I've been sleeping with no young man,
But I've been grieved to my very very heart
Since you've been so long at sea.

4. O she pulled off her gown of green
And she hanged it against the wall.
Her stays would not meet nor her apron tie,
O she's full three-quarter gone.

5. Is it by any noble gentleman
Or by of lower degrees,
Or is it by that jolly, jolly tar
That sails in along with me?

6. O it is not by any noble gentleman,
Nor by the lower degrees,
But it is all by the jolly, jolly tar
That sails in along with thee.

7. Will you marry my daughter, daughter Jane,
And take her by the hand
And prove a father unto the child?
And you shall have my land.

8. O I will marry your daughter, daughter Jane
And take her by the hand
And prove a father unto the child,
But I values not your land.

12. "John Barbour"

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 32(C). Sung by Peter Abbot, Twillingate, Newfoundland, 1929.

a I/Ly

1. "What's the matter with my daughter?" the old man said,
"For she seems so sick and wan.
She must have some kind of a fever," he said,
"Or in love with some young man."

(*Refrain*: repeat the last line.)

2. "I have no kind of a fever," she said,
"Nor in love with no young man,
But I'm thinking of my own true love,
For he is now sailing."

3. "Is he a king or is he a lord,
Or is he a man of fame,
Or is he one of my sailor boys?
I pray you tell me his name."

4. "He's not a king, nor he's not a lord,
Nor he's not a man of fame,
But he is one of your sailor boys,
John Barbour is his name."

5. "Go bring John Barbour unto me," he said,
"Go bring him unto me,
And to-morrow morning at eight o'clock
We'll hang him to a tree."

6. "If you hang John Barbour to a tree," she said,
"If you hang him to a tree,
If you hang John Barbour to a tree," she said,
"You'll get no good of me."

7. So early next morning John Barbour arrived,
And his suit were all in green,
His teeth were of the ivory white,
He was fair as any king.

8. "I will make no wonder," the old man said,
"That my daughter is in love with you,
For if I were a maid instead of a man,
I would die for the love of you."

9. "Will you wed my daughter?" the old man said,
"Will you wed her by the hand?
Will you come and dine at my table
Coming in for all of my land?"

10. "I'll wed your daughter," John Barbour said,
"I'll wed her by the hand;
I'll come and dine at your table,
But a flux with you and your land."

13. "Young Barbour"

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 30(B). Sung by Dennis Walsh, Fleur de Lys, Newfoundland, 1929.

a I

1. There was a lady living in the east,
And she was clothed in green,
And she was sitting on her father's castle wall
When she saw a ship sailing in.

(*Refrain*: repeat the last line of each stanza)

2. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
"What makes you look so pale?
And what is the trouble on your poor heart's mind?
Have your true love been long at sea?"

3. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
"It's true what you're telling me,
And that's the trouble on my poor heart's mind
That my true love been long at sea."

4. "O, is he any lords or dukes or squires,
Or a man of high degree,
Or is he one of my seven sailor boys
That ploughs on the raging sea?"

5. "O, he's no lord nor duke nor squire,
Nor a man of high degree,
But he is one of the seven sailor boys
That ploughs on the raging sea."

6. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
"Is it true what you're telling me?
To-morrow morning at seven o'clock
He'll be shot from the hands of me."

7. O, the king called down his seven sailor boys,
By one, by two, by three;
Young Barbour always used to be the first,
But the last came down was he.

8. O, downstairs, downstairs tumbled Young Barbour,
And he was clothed in silk,
With his dark-brown eyes and his coal-black hair,
And his skin faded white as milk.

9. "O, will you marry my daughter?" he said,
"And take her by the hand?
And I will will you over all my gold,
And go king over all my land."

10. "O, I will marry your daughter," he said,
"I will take her by the hand;
But I don't want none of your gold,
Nor go king over all your land.

11. "Where you can give her one guinea," he said,
"I can give her thirty and three,
Although you calls me the young ploughboy
That ploughs the raging sea."

12. "O daughter, O daughter," the father said,
"So it's true what you're telling me.
If I was a woman instead of a man,
I would die for the love of he."

14. [Lord Thomas of Winesberry]

Sharp MSS., 1047/. Sung by William Bailey (60), at Cannington, August 18, 1906.

a I

It's of a rich merchant's daughter dear
Was dressed all in green
She went up to the high Castle wall
For to see her father's ship sail in sail in
For to see her father's ship sail in

15. [Lord Thomas of Winesberry]

Sharp MSS., 884/952. Sung by John Barnett [Barnard], Bridgwater, April 14, 1906.

a I

1. As I looked over high castle wall
For to see what I could see
And who should I saw but my own father's ship
Which come sailing home from sea, from sea, from sea,
Which come sailing home from sea.

2. What's the matter, my daughter Jane?
What do make you look so worn?
For I'm afraid you've had some ill sickness
Or been sleeping with some young man, etc.

3. I've not had no ill sickness
Nor sleeping with no young man,
But I have been so sick to the heart
Since you've been so long from home.

4. Then off she took her gown of green
And throwed it on the ground,
Her underclothing it was so short
She was full three-quarters grown.

5. Is it by a noble knight
Or a lord of high degrees,
Or is it by that dirty sailor boy
That sails along with me?

6. O it's neither by a noble knight
Nor a lord of high degree,
It is by that jolly Jack Tar
That sails along with thee.

7. Will you marry my daughter Jane
And marry her out of hand,
And prove a father to the child
I'll share you out my land.

8. I will marry your daughter Jane
I will marry her out of hand
And prove a father to her child,
But I vallies not your land.

16. "Young Barbour," or "The Seven Sailor Boys"

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 28(A). Sung by Maude Roberts, Sally's Cove, Newfoundland, 1920.

a I

1. 'Twas of a lady in the west counteree,
   She was clothed all in green,
   As she looked out from her father's castle wall
   And she saw a ship sailing in.

   (*Refrain*: repeat the last line.)

2. "O daughter, O daughter," her father did say,
   "What makes you look so pale and wan?
   You must have some sort of sickness," he said,
   "Or be in love with some young man."

3. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
   " 'Tis no wonder for me to look so pale and wan,
   For what do grieve my poor heart," she said,
   "My true love is so long at sea."

4. "O, is he a lord, or is he a duke,
   Or a man of high degree?
   Or is he one of my seven sea boys
   That ploughs the raging sea?"

5. "He is no lord, nor he is no duke,
   Nor a man of high degree,
   But he is one of your seven sea boys
   That ploughs the raging sea."

6. "O daughter, O daughter," her father did say,
   "Is that the truth you are telling me?
   For to-morrow morning at eight o'clock
   It is hanging he will be."

7. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
   "Is this the truth you are telling to me?
   For if you do hang mine own true love,
   You will get no good of me."

8. He called down his seven sea boys,
   By one, by two, by three.
   Young Barbour he always used to be the first,
   But the last came down was he.

9. Young Barbour he came a-trembling down,
   He was clothed all in silk,
   With his cherry cheeks like the roses red,
   And his skin so white as milk.

10. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
    " 'Tis no wonder for you to look pale and wan;
    For if I was a woman instead of a man,
    I would die for the love of him."

11. "Will you wed my daughter?" the father did say,
    "Will you take her by the hand?
    And will you come down and dine with me
    And be heir to all my land?"

12. "Yes, I will marry your daughter," he said,
    "I will take her by the hand,
    I will come down and dine with you," he said,
    "And a fig for all your land!

13. "If you can give her a guinea a day,
    I can give her thirty and three,
    Although they calls me the Young Barbour,
    That ploughs the raging sea."

17. [Willie of Winsbury]

Karpeles, 1934, I, p. 25; text, Karpeles MSS. p. 4834. Sung by Mrs. Janie Augot, Rencontre, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, July 18, 1930.

a I

1. As she was looking over her father's castle wall
   When she saw a ship sailing in.

2. Dear daughter, dear daughter, the father did say,
   What makes you look so pale and wan,
   You look like you've had a fit of sickness
   Or been lying with some young man.

3. Dear father, dear father, the daughter did say,
   It's no wonder for me to look pale and wan,
   For all the troubles of my poor heart,
   My true love is long at sea.

4. Is he any lord, duke or noble man,
   Or a man of high degree,
   Or is he one of our seven sea-boys
   That ploughs o'er the raging sea?

5. He is no lord, duke or noble man,
   Nor a man of high degree,
   But he is one of our seven sea-boys
   That ploughs o'er the raging sea.

6. Dear daughter, dear daughter, the father did say,
   It's truth you're telling unto me,
   For tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
   It is hang-ed he will surely be.

7. Dear father, dear father, the daughter did say,
   It's truth you're telling unto me,
   For if you hang my own true love
   You won't get no good of me.

8. Her father called down his seven sea-boys,
By one, by two, by three,
And sweet Willie that always used to be the first
But the last came down was he.

9. He came down, he came tripping down,
He was cloth-ed all in silk,
His cheeks was of the roses red,
His skin was as white as the milk.

10. Dear daughter, dear daughter, the father did say,
It's no wonder that thanks must be,
For if I was a woman instead of a man
I would die for the love of he.

11. Will you marry my daughter, he says,
And take her by the hand,
And you can come and live with me
And be heir over all my land.

12. I will marry your daughter, he says,
And take her by the hand,
But I won't come to live with you
Nor a fig for none of your land.

13. If you can give her one guinea,
I can give her thirty-three,
Although you calls me the young Barber
That ploughs o'er the raging sea.

18. [Lord Thomas of Winesberry]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5208; text, p. 4751. Sung by Florrie Snow, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 18, 1929.

a I

1. There lived a girl in a far country,
And she dresses all in green,
As she was sitting at her father's castle door,
She saw a ship sail in,
She saw a ship sail in.

2. O daughter, O daughter, the father cries,
Why do you look so pale?
Have you had some heavy sickness,
Or are you in love with some young man?

3. O father, O father, the daughter cries,
Why I am looking pale,
I have had no heavy sickness,
But I'm in love with some young man.

4. Is it a duke or a wealthy squire,
Or a man of a high degree,
Or is [it] one of my seven sailors bold
That ploughs the raging sea?

5. He's not a duke, nor a squire, she says,
Nor a man of a high degree,
But he is one of your seven sailors bold
That ploughs the raging sea.

6. O daughter, O daughter, the father cries,
If it's true what you're telling me,
Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
It's hung your love shall be.

7. O father, O father, the daughter cries,
If it's true what you're telling me,
If my love is to be hung tomorrow morning
You'll get no good of me.

8. The king called down his seven sailors bold,
By one, by two, by three,
Where Willie was always the first on deck,
The last came down was he.

9. Young Willie came down step by step,
All dressed in a suit of silk,
With his two rosy cheeks and his curly bright hair
And his skin as white as milk.

10. O daughter, O daughter, the father cries,
I'll lay no blame to thee,
For if I was a woman instead of a man,
I'd die today for he.

11. Will you marry my daughter, he said,
And take her by the hand,
Then will you come and dine with me
And be head over all my land.

12. Yes, I will marry your daughter, he says,
And I'll take her by the hand,
Then I will go and dine with you,
But I don't want your land.

13. For where you can give her one guinea,
Why I can give her three,
Although I was one of your seven sailors bold
That ploughed o'er the raging sea.

19. [Lord Thomas of Winesberry]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5198; text, p. 4739. Sung by Mrs. Bridget Hall, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 16, 1929.

a I

1. There was a lady in the north country
She dresses all in green;
As she was sitting in her father's castle door,
When she saw a ship sailing in,
When she saw a ship sailing in.

2. O daughter, dear daughter, the father he cried,
What makes you so pale and wan;
Have you had any heavy sickness
Or in love with some young man?

3. No father, dear father, the daughter, she said,
If I look pale and wan,
I've not had any sickness,
But I'm in love with some young man.

4. Is he a duke or a squire, he said,
Or a man of high degree,
Or is he one of my humble sailor boys
That do plough over the raging seas?

5. He is not a duke nor a squire, she says,
Nor a man of a high degree,
But he is one of your humble sailor boys
That do plough over the raging seas.

6. Now daughter, dear daughter, the father he says,
If it's true what you're telling me,
Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock
It's hanged your love will be.

7. O father, dear father, the daughter, she cries,
If it's true what you're telling me,
If my love is to be hanged at eight o'clock
You will get no good of me.

8. Now the king called down his merry men,
By one, by two, by three.
Fair Willie was always the first that came down,
But the last that came down was he.

9. Willie came down all step after step,
All dressed in a suit of silk,
With his two cherry cheeks and his curly brown hair
And his skin so white as milk.

10. O daughter, dear daughter, the father he cries,
I will lay no blame to thee,
For if I was a woman instead of a man,
I would die for him tonight.

11. You can marry my daughter, he cries,
And take her by the hand,
And you can come and dine with me,
And be head over all my land.

12. Yes, I will marry your daughter, he said,
And I'll take her by the hand,
And I will go and dine with you,
But to hell with all your land.

13. Where you can give her one guinea,
I can give her thirty-three,
Although I'm one of your humble sailor boys
That ploughs o'er the raging sea.

20. [Willie of Winsbury]

Flanders, *BFSSNE*, No. 9 (1935), p. 6. Also entitled "Fair Mary," in Flanders, 1937, p. 4. Sung by Miss May L. Harvey, Woodstock, Vt., 1934. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. Transcribed from dictaphone by Helen Hartness Flanders and Elizabeth Flanders. From *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 9 (1935), edited by Phillips Barry; copyright 1935 by the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast.

a I/M

1. Fair Mary sat at her father's castle gate,
A-watching the ships coming in;
Her father he came and sat by her side,
For he saw she looked pale and thin—
For he saw she looked pale and thin.

2. "Are you sick? Are you sick, dear Mary?"
he said,
"Are you sick? Are you sick?" quoth he,
"Or are you in love with a jolly sailor lad
Who sails the distant seas?"

3. "I am not sick, dear father," she says,
"I am not sick," quoth she,
"But I'm in love with a jolly sailor lad,
John Barbour is his name."

4. "Is it so? Is it so, dear Mary?" he said,
"Is it so? Is it so?" quoth he,
"If you're in love with a jolly sailor lad,
Then hangéd he shall be!"

5. Then the old man he called up his merry,
merry men,
By one, by two, by three,
John Barbour had been the very last man,
But now the first was he.

6. "Will you marry my daughter?" the old
man said,
"Will you marry my daughter?" quoth he,
"Will you sing and play and dance with her,
And be heir to my houses and lands?"

7. "Yes, I'll marry your daughter," the young
man said,
"I'll marry your daughter," quoth he,
"I'll sing and play and dance with her,
But a fig for your houses and lands!"

8. "Although John Barbour is my name,
I'm the Duke of Cumberland,
And for every pound that you give her,
I'll give her ten thousand pounds."

21. "Johnny Barbour"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 233. Sung by Mrs. Lily M. Delorme, Cadyville, New York, December 8, 1941. Collected by Marguerite Olney and Marjorie Porter. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a I

1. This lady was seated in her father's castle hall,
A-viewing the ships coming in;
"O daughter, dear!" her father said,
"Your cheeks look pale and thin,
Your cheeks look pale and thin.

2. "Is it any sickness you have got,
Or in love with a young man?"
"It is not sickness I have got,
But in love with a young man,
But in love with a young man."

3. "Is he a lord or is he a duke,
Or a man of honor and fame?"
"No, he's neither lord nor duke nor a man of honor and fame,
But he is one of your bold sea-boys,
John Barbour is his name."

4. "Then I'll call together my merry-men all,
By one, by two and by three,
And tomorrow morning at ten o'clock,
High hang-ed he shall be,
High hang-ed he shall be."

5. "O say not so, dear father," she said,
"O say not so unto me,
For if you hang John Barbour," she said,
"No good you'll get of me,
No good you'll get of me."

6. Then he calls together his merrymen all,
By one, by two and by three,
John Barbour being the very first man,
O the very last man was he,
O the very last man was he.

7. And when John Barbour he came out,
His suit was of the green,
With his coal black eyes a-rolling in his head
And his skin as fair as a queen,
And his skin as fair as a queen.

8. "I blame you not, dear daughter," he said,
"I blame you not," said he,
"For if I were one of the female sex,
His companion I would be,
His companion I would be."

9. "Will you marry my daughter, John Barbour," he said,
"And take her by the hand,
And walk and talk and sit with her,
Be an heir to my houses and lands,
Be an heir to my houses and lands?"

10. "Yes, I'll marry your daughter," John Barbour said,
"And take her by the hand,
I will walk and talk and sit with her,
But a fig for your houses and lands,
But a fig for your houses and lands.

11. "Although I'm called John Barbour here,
I'm the Duke of New Cumberland;
And before you can give her one guinea,
I can give her five hundred pounds,
I can give her five hundred pounds."

22. [Willie o Winsbury]

Macmath MS. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 418(J); text, II, p. 514(J). From William Macmath of Edinburgh. Learned September 13, 1886, from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, who learned it 50 years earlier in Kirkcudbrightshire, from the singing of Samuel Galloway.

a M

1. There was a lass in the North Countrie,
And her clothing it was the green,
And she's looked ower her father's castle-wa,
For to see her father's ships sail in, in,
For to see her father's ships on sea.

2. "What aileth thee, dear daughter?" he said,
"What makes thee so pale and wan?
I'm afraid you've got some sore sickness,
Or have lain wi some young man, man,
Or have lain wi some young man."

3. "O I have got no sore sickness,
Nor I've lain with no young man;
But the thing that grieves me to the heart
Is my true-love is staying too long."
That my true-love, etc.

4. "O is he a lord, or a duke, or a knight,
Or a man of birth or fame?
Or is he one of my own servant-men,
That is lately come from Spain?"

5. "He's neither a lord, nor a duke, nor a knight,
Nor a man of birth or fame;
But he is one of your own servant-men,
That is lately come from Spain."

6. "O call him down, the Spanish dog,
O call him down to me,
For before eight o'clock next morning
Hanged he shall be, be,
Aye, hanged on a tree."

7. "It's oh forbid, dear father," she said,
"That anything there should be,
For if that you hang John Barborough,
You'll get nae mair good o me."

8. He's called down his merry men all,
By one and by two and by three;
John Barborough was to be the first,
But the last man down came he.
. . . . . .

9. . . . . .
. . . . . .
For every pound that he laid down,
John Barborough laid down three.

Willie o Douglas Dale

CHILD NO. 101

Mrs. Brown's copy has a number of artificial, or modern, touches, e.g. leaving the hat on or removing it in presence of a lady; the phrase "An low laid is my pride" (l. 38); lions going to their dens; fig-tree leaves for the lady's covering, plus Willie's nightgown. But some of these recur in other copies. Parts of her ballad are closely paralleled, moreover, by other things in her own repertory, particularly by "Rose the Red and White Lilly" (Child No. 103) and the opening of "Young Bekie" (No. 53).

Two tunes have survived, one in Mrs. Brown's MS., the other Christie's. Christie's note leaves it uncertain whether he himself mated his tune to the text or not. The one he prints is "arranged" from Aberdeenshire tradition, the region whence Mrs. Brown's also comes. But there is no visible connection between them.

Christie's is a plagal Mixolydian tune. There is considerable doubt as to the true tonic of Mrs. Brown's tune, and rhythmically also it is troublesome. The words were not matched with the notes, and do not go very smoothly. It looks as if the initial up-beat was prolonged in singing, and extra time taken at the end of the first phrase; but as if the mid-pause was abbreviated. If the tune ends on its tonic, it is Mixolydian, but there is little Mixolydian feeling about it.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Willie o' Douglas-dale." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 69, Harvard College Library.
2. "The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 32.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Willie o' Douglas-dale"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 69. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94.

m M (unless a I, ending on V)

MS. READING

CONJECTURAL TIMING

Willie was as brave a lord
As ever sail'd the sea,
An' he's gone to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.
He had nae been at the kingis court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till he long'd for a sight o' the kings daughter,
But her he could never see.

O, it fell once upon a day,
To the green-wood she has gane,
An' Willie he has follow'd her,
Wi' the clear light o' the meen.
He louted him low, by her did go,
Wi' his hat in his han':
"O what's your will wi' me, sir knight?
I pray keep your hat on."
"O i am not a knight, he says,
Nor never thinks to be,
For i am Willie o' Douglas-dale,
An' i serve for meat and fee."
O i'll gang to my bow'r, she says,
An' sigh baith even and morn,
That ever i saw your face, Willie,
Or that ever ye was born.
O i'll gang to my bow'r, he says,
An' i'll pray baith night and day,
To keep me frae your tempting looks,
An' frae your great beauty.
O in a little after that
He keeped dame Oliphants bow'r,
An' the love that pass'd this twa between,
It was like paramour.
"O narrow, narrow's my 'gown', Willie,
That wont to be sae wide;
An' short, short are my petticoats,
That wont to be sae side;
An' gane is a' my fair colour,
An' low laid is my pride.
But an' my father gets word o' this,
He'll never drink again;
An' gin my mother gets word o' this,
In her ain bow'r she'll go brain;
An' gin my bold brothers get word o' this,
I fear, Willie, you'll be slain."
"O will you leave your fathers court,
An' go along wi' me?

I'll carry you unto fair Scotland,
An' make you a lady free."
She pat her hand in her pocket,
An' gae him five hundred pound:
"And tak' ye that now, squire Willie,
Till awa' that we can win."
When day was gane, and night was come,
She lap the castle wa',
But Willie kaped his gay lady,
He was laith to lat her fa'.
Whan night was gone, and day came on,
An' lions gi'd to their dens,
An' ay the lady follow'd him,
And the tears came haling down.
"O want you ribbons to your hair?
Or roses to your sheen?
Or want you as meikle dear-bought love
As your ain heart can contain?"
"I want nae ribbons to my hair,
Nor roses to my sheen,
An' ohon! alas! for dear-bought love,
I've mair nor i can contain."
O he's pu'd the oak in good green-wood,
An' he's made to her a fire,
He cover'd it o'er wi' wither'd leaves,
And gar'd it burn through ire.
He made a bed i' the good green-wood,
An' he's laid his lady down,
An' he's cover'd her o'er wi' fig-tree leaves,
But an' his ae night-gown.
"O and i had a bunch o' yon red roddins,
That grows in yonder wood!
But an' a drink o' water clear,
I think it would do me good."
He's pu'd her a branch o' yon red roddins
That grows in yonder wood,
But and a drink o' water clear,
An' i wot it did her good.
He's bent his bow, and shot the deer,
An' through the green-wood gane,
An' lang ere he came back again,
His lady took travailing.
"O, up ye tak' that horn," she says,
"An' ye blaw a blast for me,
Gin my father be in good green-wood,
Sae seen's he'll come me ti'."
"O, gin there be a man on earth
That ye lee better than me,
Ye blaw the horn yoursel'," he says,
"For its never be blawn by me."
O he's bent his bow, and shot the deer,
An' through the green-wood gone,
An' lang or he came back again,
His lady bare him a son.
O, up has he ta'en his bonny young son,
An' washen him wi' the milk,
An' up has he ta'en his gay lady,
And row'd her i' the silk.

He's bent his bow, and he's shot the deer,
An' through the green-wood gane,
Till he met wi' a well far'd may,
Her fathers flocks feeding.
Ye leave your fathers flocks, he says,
An' come along wi' me,
I'll carry you till a lady fair,
Will gie you both meat and fee.
O whan she came the lady before,
She's fa'n down on her knee:
"O what's your will wi' me, my dame?
(An' a dame you seem to be.)"
"O i'm dame Oliphant the kings daughter,
Nae doubt you've hear'd o' me;
Will you leave your fathers flocks feeding,
An' go to fair Scotland wi' me?
An' ye shall get a nouriceship
Intil an earldom,
An' i will gar provide for thee
To marry some brave Scotchman."
The may she keeped the bonny boy,
An' Willie led his lady,
Until that they took fair shipping,
Then quickly hame came they.
The win' was fair, the sea was clear,
An' they a' got safe to land;
He's hail'd her lady o' Douglas-dale,
Himself the lord within.

2. [The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant]

Christie, II, 1881, p. 32. From Aberdeenshire.

m M

Young Willie was an earl's ae son,
An earl's ae son was he;
And he is on to fair England,
To serve for meat and fee.
But it was not for meat and fee
That Willie hied him there;
But for his love to Oliphant,
Of beauty bright and rare.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is "epitomized" from *The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1871, itself an emended abridgment of Peter Buchan's text of 1828 (Child's B).

The Birth of Robin Hood
(Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter)

CHILD NO. 102

GREIG did not find this ballad surviving in Scotland at the beginning of our century, and it has never been picked up elsewhere in the British Isles, so far as I know. It is in any case apparently a mere *rifacimento* of No. 101. Child's two texts, Mrs. Brown's and Buchan's, show a good deal of difference, but the difference could hardly be owing much to traditional variation in the strict sense. Christie's text is after Buchan's, but his maternal grandfather's way of it, he says, was "somewhat like Buchan's," and Christie alone has preserved the tune. The Kinloch fragment (Child C) was attached to the "Douglas Dale" ballad as a conclusion, and has no independent testimony to bring. Quite recently, the ballad has surprisingly enough been found in Kentucky, as sung by a traditional singer who had seen Buchan's text in print.

Christie's tune is good (disregarding, as usual, the second strain). Whether it should be taken as Æ/P (lacking its second) or D/Æ (lacking its sixth) is possibly open to subjective debate. If we subscribe to the latter view, it is a plagal tune with a fallen close. It appears to be made from the same stuff as the tunes of Nos. 101 and 103, ballads which have relations to it of a narrative kind as well. The Kentucky tune is a simple and typical pentatonic, lacking IV and VII.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "The Birth of Robin Hood." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 128.
2. "The Birth of Robin Hood." John Greenway, *JAF*, LXIX (1956), p. 34.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. [The Birth of Robin Hood]

Christie, I, 1876, p. 128. Christie learned the tune from his maternal grandfather.

a Æ/P (or Æ/D, ending on *V*)

Mony ane talks o' the grass, the grass,
And mony ane o' the corn;
And mony talk o' gude Robin Hood,
That kenna whare he was born.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is altered and abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1828, II, pp. 1-6.

2. [The Birth of Robin Hood]

Greenway, *JAF*, LXIX (1956), p. 34. Sung by Aunt Molly Jackson.

a π^1

The timing has been altered by the present editor, not with entire confidence.

1. Robin-hood's father was the earl's own steward
He sprang from some small pedigree
His mother was Earl Huntington's daughter
His only child was she, she, she
His only child was she.

2. He was got in the earl's own house,
And in a lady's tower;
He was born in the lone green woods
At a sad and dreadful hour.

3. When nine months was near at an end,
The eighth month already gone,
Her cheeks was always wet with tears
When she was all alone.

4. "What shall I say, my love, Archibald,
This day for you and me?
A son asleep in a cold graveyard,
And you may be hanged over me."

5. "What aileth you, my love Clementine,
What makes you weep and moan?"
"You know that I am with child by you,
And the ninth month is almost gone."

6. "Will you go to my mother's bower
That stands on that mountain green?
Or will you go to the lone green woods
Where you will not be seen?"

7. "I will not go to your mother's bower
That stands on the mountain green,
But I will go to the lone green woods
Where I will not be seen."

8. Then he girded his sword by his side
And took his lady by the hand,
And led her to the lone green woods
Where his lady took her stand.

9. So slowly and sadly did this couple walk
Till they traveled two miles or three;
His lady was in hard labor pains
And she lay down by a tree.

10. "Oh, give me a drink of your cherry wine
To cheer my heart again;
Go bring to me a good midwife
To relieve me of my pain."

11. "I'll give you a drink of my cherry wine
To cheer your heart again,
And I will be your good midwife
To ease you of your pain."

12. "Go far away from me, Archibald,
For it will never be
The father of my unborn child
Will be midwife to me.

13. "Go take your small sword by your side,
Your buckler and your bow;
Go hunt around the green hillside
Till you find me a nice fat doe.

14. "And I will give birth to your child for you
While I am all alone;
And when you have killed me a nice young deer
Straight back to me you'll come."

15. He hunted around until he found
A nice young tender deer;
He killed it with his bow and arrow
And brought it back to her.

16. She pressed her feet against the trunk of a tree
And pulled the grass by her side;
She gave birth to her baby boy,
Then she closed her eyes and died.

17. When Archibald come back to his love,
He sadly bowed his head,
For lying there by the green oak tree
His lady love was dead.

18. The sweet young baby his love had borne
Right lively seemed to be;
"Alas, alas," said young Archibald,
"This mournful sight to see.

19. "Although my sweet baby is alive
This does increase my woe;
Just how to nurse a motherless babe
Is more than I do know."

20. Then he looked east and he looked west
To see what he could see;
He spied Earl Huntington and twenty men
Nearby the green oak tree.

21. Then Archibald he fled away
Among the leaves so green,
So he could hear what might be said
And see what might be seen.

22. The Earl come rushing through the woods
Till he come to the green oak tree;
And there he found his daughter dead—
"Oh God! How can this be?"

23. When he saw her living child
So mournfully did he grieve;
Then he picked up his little grandson
And wrapped him in his own shirtsleeve.

24. He held him closely to his heart
And gently carried him home,
Saying, "My daughter died when you was born
And left to me a son.

25. "And if you live until I die
My fortune yours shall be;
And if ever I find your father in life,
I'll hang him to a tree."

26. He buried his daughter in the old churchyard
As quietly as he could;
And he brought her son to the church that day
And christened him Robin Hood.

Rose the Red and White Lilly

CHILD NO. 103

"The only part of [this] ballad," says Child, "which has the stamp of indubitably ancient tradition is the child-birth in the wood, and this scene is the rightful, and perhaps exclusive, property of 'Leesome Brand,' No. 15" (II, p. 416). Certain parts of the ballad are duplicated in Nos. 101 and 102, which are also probably derivative in part from "Leesome Brand."

The two tunes which have been preserved have at present very little in common, but there may be a distant connection, which becomes more probable when Kinloch's tune is reduced to common time. Mrs. Brown's is related to her tune for "Lady Elspat" (No. 247), and less obviously to her "Willie o Douglasdale" (No. 101) and Christie's "Birth of Robin Hood" (No. 102).

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Rose the Red and White Lilly." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 48, Harvard College Library.
2. "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 65, and p. 69. Also in J. M. Gutch, *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*, 1847, p. 441 (app'x., ed. Edward F. Rimbault).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

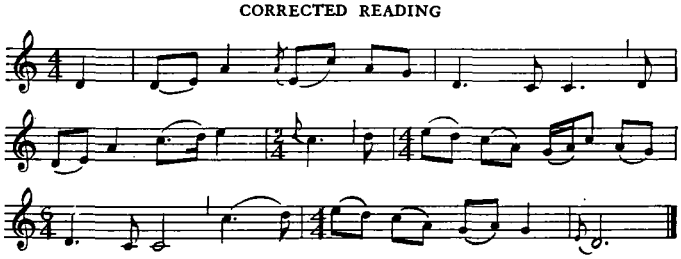
1. "Rose the Red and White Lilly"

Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 48. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94.

a π^3

MS. READING

CORRECTED READING



O Rose the Red and White Lilly,
Their mother dear was dead,
An' their father marry'd an ill woman,
Wist them twa little gueed.
But she had twa as fu' fair sons
As e'er brak' manis bread,
An' the teen o' them loo'd her White Lilly,
An' the tither Rose the Red.
O bigged ha' they a bigly bow'r,
An' strawn it o'er wi' sand,
An' there was mair mirth i' the ladies bow'r
Nor in a' their fathers land.
But out it spake their step-mother,
Who stood a little foreby,
"I hope to live and play a prank
Shall gar your loud sang lye."
She's call'd upon her eldest son,
"Come here, my son, to me;
It fears me sair, my eldest son,
That you man sail the sea."
"An't fear you sair, my mother dear,
Your bidding i man dee;
But be never war to Rose the red,
Than ye have been to me."
"O had your tongue, my eldest son,
For sma' shall be her part,
Yese nae get ae kiss o' her comely mouth,
An your very fair heart should break."
She's call'd upon her youngest son,
"Come here, my son, to me;
It fears me sair, my youngest son,
That ye man sail the sea."
"An't fear you sair, my mother dear,
Your bidding i man dee;
But be never war to White Lilly
Nor ye have been to me."
"O had your tongue, my youngest son,
For sma' shall be her part,
Youse nae get ae kiss o' her comely mouth
Though your very fair heart should break."
When Rose the red and White Lilly
Saw their twa loves was gane,
Soon did they drop the loud, loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.
An' their step-mother stood a little foreby,
To hear the ladies moan;
An' out it spake her White Lilly,
"My sister, we'll be gane;
Why should we stay in Barnsdale,
To mourn our bow'r within?"
O cutted ha' they their green cloathing
A little abeen the knee,
An' sae ha' they their yallow hair
A little abeen their bree;
An' they've ta'en them to a haly chapel,
Was christen'd by our lady.
O they ha' changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony town,

An' the teen o' them hight Sweet Willy,
An' the tither Roge the round.
Between this twa a promise is,
An' they swear it to fulfil,
Whene'er th' ane blew a bugle horn,
She'd come her sister till.
Sweet Willy's gane to the kings court,
Her true-love for to see,
An' Roge the round to good green wood,
Brown Robins man to be.
O it fell once upon a day
That they did put the stane,
An' seven feet ayont them a'
She's gart the putting-stane gang.
She lean'd her back against an oak,
An' gae a cauld ohon!
An' out it speaks him brown Robin,
"But that's a womans moan."
"O kent ye by my red-rose lips?
Or by my yallow hair?
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
For ye never saw it bare?"
"I kent nae by your red-rose lips,
Nor by your yallow hair,
But come to your bow'r whaever sae likes;
They'll find a lady there."
"O gin you come my bow'r within
Through fraud, deceit or guile,
Wi' this same brand that's i' my hand,
I vow i will thee kill."
O i will come your bow'r within,
An' ask nae leave, quoth he;
An' this same brand that's i' my hand
I'll wave it back on thee.
About the tenth hour i' the night
The ladys bow'r door was broken,
An' or the first hour o' the day
The bonny knave bairn was gotten.
Whan days was gane, and months was come,
The lady took travailing,
An' ay she cry'd for a bow'r-woman,
For to wait her upon.
O out it speaks him brown Robin,
Says, What means a' this din?
For what can ony woman dee
But i can dee the same?
'Twas never my mothers fashion, she says,
Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladies dried their pine.
But up you tak' that bugle-horn,
An' blaw a blast for me,
I have a brother i' the kings court,
Will come me quickly ti'.
O gin you ha' a brother on earth
That ye prefer to me,
Ye blaw the horn yoursel, he says,
For a blast i winna gie.
She's ta'en the horn intil her hand,
An' she's blawn a blast sae shrill
That her sister heard it in the kings court,
An' came her quickly till.
O up it starts him brown Robin,
An' swears by our lady,
"Nae man shall come this bow'r within,
But first man fight wi' me."
O they ha' fought that bow'r within
Till the sun was going down,
Till draps o' bleed frae Rose the red
Came haling to the ground.
She leant her back against the wa',
Says, Robin, lat a be,
For 'tis a lady bred and born
That's fought so well wi' thee.
O seven foot he started back,
Says, Alas, and woe is me!
For i wish'd never in a' my life
A womans blood to see;
An' a' for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly.
O out it spake her White Lilly,
And leugh right heartyly,
"She's been wi' you this year and mair,
Though ye kent nae it was she."
Now word has spred through a' the land,
Before a month was gone,
That brown Robins man in good green wood
Had born a bonny young son.
The word gied to the king his court,
And to the king himsel,
Now by my fay, the king did say,
The like was never heard tell.
Then out it spake him bold Arthur,
An' a hearty laugh leugh he,
I trew some may has play'd the loon,
An' fled her ain country.
Bring me my steed, the king then cry'd,
My bow and arrows keen,
I'll go and hunt in good green-wood,
And see what's to be seen.
An't please your grace, said bold Arthur,
My liege, i'll gang you wi',
An' see gin i meet wi' a bonny foot-page,
That's stray'd awa' frae me.
They've hunted up, and they've hunted down,
The buck but and the rae,
An' they drew near brown Robins bow'r,
About the close o' day.
Then out it spake the king himsel,
Says, Arthur, look and see,
Gin that be not your bonny foot page
That leans against yon tree:
O Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,
An' blawn a blast sae shrill,
Sweet Willie started at the sound,
And ran him quickly till.
"O wanted ye your meat, Willie?
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or got you e'er an angry word,
That you ran awa' frae me?"
"I wanted nought, my master dear,
To me ye ay was gude;
I came to see my ae brother,
Who wons in this green-wood."
Then out it spake the king again,
"My boy, tell to me
Who lives into that bigly bow'r
Stands by yon green oak-tree."

O pardon me, said Sweet Willy,
My liege, I dare na tell;
I pray you gang nae near that bow'r,
For fear they should you fell.
"O had your tongue, my bonny boy,
For i winna be said nay,
But i will gang that bow'r within,
Betide me well or wae."
They've lighted off their milk-white steeds,
An' saftly enter'd in,
An' there they saw her White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny young son.
Now by the mass, the king then said,
This is a comely sight;
I trew, instead of a foresters man,
This is a lady bright.
Then out it spake her Rose the red,
An' fell low down on her knee,
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
An' our story i'll tell thee.
Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnsdale,
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.
Yet she had twa as fu' fair sons
As e'er the sun did see,
And the tane o' them lov'd my sister dear,
And the tither said he lov'd me."
Then out it cry'd him bold Arthur,
As by the king he steed,
"Now by the faith o' my body,
This should be Rose the red."
The king has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold,
And soon the ladies dress'd themsels,
Most glorious to behold.
Then in it came him brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the deer,
But whan he saw the king himsel,
He started back for fear.
The king has ta'en him by the han',
An' bade him nothing dread,
But said he, Leave the good green wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.
Then up has he ta'en White Lillys son,
An' set him on his knee,
Says, Gin ye live to wield a bran',
My bowman ye shall be.
They've done them to the haly chapel,
An' there got fair wedding,
An' whan they came to the kingis court,
For joy the bells did ring.

2. [The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John]

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 65; text, p. 69. Also in Gutch, 1847, II, p. 441 (Rimbault).

p Æ/D

The variant (a) comes from E. F. Rimbault, in Gutch's *Robin Hode*, who follows Kinloch "with correction." Rimbault says the song is well-known on the borders of Northumberland.

1. The king has wedded an ill woman,
Into some foreign land;—
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,
They bravely sat and sang.

2. Then in be-came their step-mother,
Sae stately steppin' ben;—
"O gin I live and bruik my life,
I'll gar ye change your tune."

3. "O we sang ne'er that sang, ladie,
But we will sing again;
And ye ne'er bore that son, ladie,
We wad lay our love on.

4. But we will cow our yellow locks,
A little abune our bree,
And we will on to gude greenwud,
And serve for meat and fee.

5. And we will kilt our gay claithing
A little below the knee;
And we will on to gude greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood we see.

6. And we will change our ain twa names,
Whan we gae frae the toun,—
The tane we will call Nicholas,
The tither Rogee Roun."

7. Then they hae cow'd their yellow locks,
A little abune their bree;
And they are on to gude greenwud,
To serve for meat and fee.

8. And they hae kilt their gay claithing,
A little below their knee,
And they are on to gude greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood they see.

9. And they hae chang'd their ain twa names,
Whan they gaed frae the toun;—
The tane they've called Nicholas,
The tither Rogee Roun.

10. And they hae staid in gude greenwud,
And never a day thoucht lang,
Till it fell ance upon a day,
That Rogee sang a sang.

11. "Whan we were in our father's bouer,
We sew'd the silken seam;

But now we walk the gude greenwud,
And bear anither name.

12. When we were in our father's ha',
We wore the beaten gold;
But now we wear the shield sae sharp,—
Alas! we'll die with cold!"

13. Then up bespak him Robin Hood,
As he to them drew near,—
"Instead of boys to carry the bow,
Two ladies we've got here!"

14. So they had not been in gud greenwud,
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Rogee Roun was as big wi' bairn,
As onie lady could gae.

15. "O wae be to my stepmother,
That garr'd me leave my hame,
For I'm wi' bairn to Robin Hood,
And near nine month is gane.

16. "O wha will be my bouer-woman—
Na bouer-woman is here!
O wha will be my bouer-woman,
Whan that sad time draws near!"

. . . . . .

17. The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
And the tither to Little John;—
And it was a' owing to their step-mother
That garr'd them leave their hame.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

CHILD NO. 105

THE musical tradition of this greatly loved ballad has not suffered any sharp breaks, to judge by the extant records. Compared one with another, the tune-variants might appear very unlike; but there is a distinct family resemblance about the group as a whole, in the general layout and rhythmical character of all but one of the variants noted, which permits their being classed together. There are also relationships with "The Gypsy Laddie" (No. 200) and with the so-called "Lazarus" pattern (cf. No. 56).

Chappell found the earliest record of the ballad's tune in *The Jovial Crew* (1731), where it was called "The Baily's Daughter of Islington." Rimbault discovered the same tune under the title "The Jolly Pinder" in a lute MS. of presumably earlier date. (Cf. J. M. Gutch, *Robin Hode*, 1847, II, p. 434. How much earlier I cannot say; but the tune as Rimbault and Chappell give it [Chappell, I, (1855) p. 203] is in the harmonic minor; and a more primitive variant of it is that in the Greig-Duncan MSS., which was learned from tradition in the 1830's or '40's in Quilquox, Scotland.) Here the tune is plagal Æolian. In general, the plagal variants favor the Æolian galaxy and the authentic variants the Ionian, but by no means exclusively so.

The Restoration broadside copies of the ballad are directed to be sung "To a North Countrey Tune, or, I have a good old mother [*or* woman, *or* wife] at home." Chappell appears to take this tune to be the same as "The Jolly Pinder" or the tune in *The Jovial Crew*; but I know of no evidence to prove the assumption. Presumably, the tune named is suggested as an alternative to the "North Countrey Tune," and has therefore no previous association with "The Bailiff's Daughter." Whether the tune of the ballad which is now familiar was regarded as a North Country tune I cannot say; but one might have expected the phrase "To its own tune" if the association were the primary one. We are thus left with the uncharacteristic ballad-opera printing as the earliest certain record of a connection between the tune and some form of the text.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." John Broadwood, *Sussex Songs*, revised by Lucy E. Broadwood, [1890], p. 10.
2. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 209.
3. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 3754/2775, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 219(A). (Powell)
4. "The Comely Youth." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 4.
5. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 4112/2945. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 220(B). (Pace)
6. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 68.

GROUP Ab

7. "The Bailie's Daughter." Greig MSS., III, p. 204, and Bk. 760, L, p. 17, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 84(1d). (Towers)
8. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Isling-town." C. Milligan Fox, *JIFSS*, I (1904), p. 46, and III (1905-06), p. 31.
9. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." W. Percy Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 125. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, ed., *Folk Songs of England*, 1908-12, V (*Folk Songs from Sussex*, ed. R. Vaughan Williams, Albert Robins, and W. P. Merrick), p. 41.
10. "The Bailie's Daughter of Islington." Greig MSS., III, p. 132. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 84(1c). (Walker)
11. "The Bailiff's Daughter." Karpeles MSS., No. 5309 and p. 4858.
12. Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. From Duncan MS., No. 6. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, pp. 84(1a) and 82. (Gillespie)
13. "The Bailie's Daughter of Islington." Greig MSS., II, p. 68. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(1b). (A. Robb)
14. "The Bailie's Ae Dochter." Greig MSS., IV, p. 130. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker), p. 72. (Gordon)
15. "The Baily's Daughter of Islington." Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson, *The Minstrelsy of England*, 1901, p. 317 (reprinted from *The Jovial Crew*, 1731).
16. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, [1855], p. 203. Also in J. M. Gutch, *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*, 1847, II, p. 434 (App'x., ed. Edward F. Rimbault).
17. "The Bailer's Daughter of Ireland Town." Herbert Halpert, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 54.
18. "Bailiff's Daughter." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 61(C). Also in Creighton and Senior, *JEFDSS*, VI, No. 3 (1951), p. 89.
19. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 58(A). Also in Creighton and Senior, *JEFDSS*, VI, No. 3 (1951), p. 87.
20. "The Bellyan's Daughter." Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 60(B).
21. "There Was a Youth." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 300.
22. "The Bailiff's Daughter." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 34(1).
23. "The Bailiff's Daughter." Helen Hartness Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 6.

GROUP Ac

24. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 100(2).
25. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 585 and 384.

26. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 443/. (Overd)
27. "Maid of Islington: Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 1469/1347. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs*, Selected Ed., Novello and Co., [1920], II, p. 35. (Tucker)
28. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 387/. (Bray)

GROUP Ad

29. "Baillie's Daughter." Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 35(3).
30. "Baillie's Daughter." Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 34(2).
31a. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Helen Hartness Flanders, *A Garland of Green Mountain Song*, 1934, p. 74.
31b. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry, *The New Green Mountain Songster*, 1939, p. 61.
32. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Sharp MSS., 1438/1321. (Woodberry)
33. "The Bailiff's Daughter." Sharp MSS., 899/971. (Gray)

GROUP B

34. "The Bailie's Daughter of Islington." Greig MSS., I, p. 159. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 84(2). (Clark)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Broadwood, rev. ed., [1890], p. 10. Arranged by H. F. Birch Reynardson.

p I

1. There was a youth and a well bred youth,
   And he was a squire's son,
   And he fell in love with the bailiff's daughter dear,
   That liv'd in fair Islington.

2. As soon as his father came for to know
   His fond and foolish mind,
   He sent him away up to fair London town
   As apprentice there to bind.

3. And when he had served his seven long years,
   His true love he ne'er had seen;
   Whilst he had shed many a tear for her,
   She little had thought of him.

4. As he was a riding out one day,
   The weather being fine and dry,
   He thought he saw his own true love,
   As he was a riding by.

5. She stepped up to his horse's head,
   Took hold of his bridle rein;
   And she said "Kind sir will you let me ride a mile
   Just to ease my weary, weary pain?"

6. He said "Fair maid, where came you from?
   Oh where were you bred and born?"
   "In fair Islington, kind sir," said she,
   "Where I have had many a scorn."

7. "Pray did you know the bailiff's daughter dear,
   That lived in fair Islington?"
   "Yes, kind sir, I knew her very well,
   But she hath been dead so long agone."

8. "Then I'll saddle up my milk white steed,
   And take my arrow and bow;
   And I'll go down to some foreign country
   Where no one doth me know!"

9. "Oh no! kind sir, { she is not dead! / do not do so!
   For she is by your side!
   And here she doth stand at your fair horses head
   All ready to be your bride!"

10. "Oh farewell to father, farewell to mother!
    Farewell to friend and foe!
    For now I'll enjoy my own true love,
    Who I thought was dead so long ago!"

2. [The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 209. Sung by Mr. Whitington, Dunsfold, Surrey, 1896.

p I

Miss Broadwood cites for comparison "The Seeds of Love" and "William's Ghost" (*Scots Musical Museum*, No. 363 and *ante*, No. 77).

3. [The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Sharp MSS., 3754/2775. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 219(A). Sung by Mrs. Talithah Powell, Berea, Madison County, Ky., May 28, 1917.

p I (inflected IV)

In Sharp's MS. the timing is 4/4.

1. There was a youth and a comely youth,
And he was a squire's son (The only son was he).
He fell in love with a bailiff's daughter,
The bailiff of Hazel Town, town,
The bailiff of Hazel Town.

2. (It was about the middle of summer,
The girls went out to play,
The bailiff's daughter stayed at home,
And so cunningly she stole away.)

3. And she pulled off her gown of green
And dressed in ragged attire,
And went to fair London town,
Her true love to enquire.

4. (She met a stranger on the way,
O where do you reside?
In Hazel Town, kind sir, she said,
Where many a sport's been played.)

5. . . . . .
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
Will ease me of my pain.

6. Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born.
In Hazel Town, kind sir, she said,
Where I have had many a scorn.

7. If you are from Hazel Town,
Surely I know you.
What has become of the bailiff's daughter?
She is dead, sir, long ago.

8. If she be dead, here take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
And I'll go to some far country
Where no man shall me know.

9. (If she be dead and me yet alive,
All in this wilderness of woe,
Go bring to me my milk-white steed,
My fiddle and my bow.)

10. O no, O no, thou goodly youth,
She's standing by thy side.
She is not dead, she is yet alive,
And ready to be thy bride.

The parenthesized lines "are from Prof. Raine's version which he believes was taken down from Mrs. Powell." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

4. "The Comely Youth"

Hudson, 1937, No. 4. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long and Miss Mary Ila Long, Mississippi, between 1923 and 1930.

p I/M

1. There was a youth and a comely youth,
He was the squire's son;
He fell in love with the bailiff's daughter,
O, the lily of Hazling town, town,
The lily of Hazling town.

2. When his cruel parents came this to find,
That he was so inclined;
They sent him away down to London city,
O, and bid him a printer's bind, bind,
And bid him a printer's bind.

3. It happened on one bright summer day,
When the maids were out at play;
All but the bailiff's lovely daughter,
O, how cunningly she stole away, 'way,
How cunningly she stole away.

4. She dressed herself in robes of silk,
Likewise in rich attire;
And started away down to London city,
O, for her own true love to inquire, 'quire,
For her own true love to inquire.

5. After she had traveled a great long while,
Nine long months and a day;
Whom should she meet, but her own true lover,
O, come riding along that way, way,
Come riding along that way.

6. She caught his horse by the bridle rein,
And wheeled him around to her;
"One kiss from you," the lady cried,
"O, will ease my troubled mind, mind,
Will ease my troubled mind."

7. "Where have you been, all this long while,
And where have you remained?"
"In Hazling town," the lady replied,
"O, where many a sport we've played, played,
Where many a sport we've played."

8. The very first town that they came to,
He bought her jewels and rings.
The very next town that they came to,
O, he gave her a merry wedding, wedding,
He gave her a merry wedding.

5. [The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Sharp MSS., 4112/2945. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 220(B). Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Ky., October 3, 1917.

p I/M

In Sharp's MS. the timing is 4/4.

1. There was a youth and a comely youth,
   One of the squire's sons.
   He courted the Bailie's youngest daughter,
   The Bailie of Hazlingtown, town,
   The Bailie of Hazlingtown.

2. And when his old father come for to know
   How foolish his son had inclined,
   He sent him away to the London city,
   And a princess he did bind.

3. There to read and study law,
   Leave his true love behind.
   Never, never think of her always,
   For she's always in my mind.

4. One day about the middle of the summer,
   The girls went out to play;
   All but the Bailie's youngest daughter,
   So cunningly stole away.

5. She travelled on one livelong year,
   One livelong year and a day;
   Whom did she meet but her own true love
   A-riding there away.

6. Where are you from, my pretty little Miss?
   Where are you from, I pray?
   I am just from the Hazling city
   Where many a sport's been played.

7. If you are just from Hazling city,
   Surely you must know
   What's become of Bailie's youngest daughter.
   She's dead long ago.

8. If she is dead long ago,
   Her body lies so low.
   You have met with her milk-white steed,
   Her saddle and her bridle and her bow.

9. Stay, kind sir, she is not dead,
   She is yet alive,
   Standing by her true love's side,
   Just ready for to be his bride.

10. Farewell sin and welcome sorrow,
    O welcome unto me;
    I have met with my own true love,
    Whom I never expected to see.

6. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Belden, 1940, p. 68. Sung by Mrs. Eva Warner Case, Harrison County, Mo., c. 1916. Learned in childhood.

p I

1. There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
   He was a squire's son,
   Who fell in love with the bailiff's daughter
   That lived in Islington.

2. But when his friends did understand
   His fond and foolish mind,
   They sent him up to fair London
   An apprentice for to bind.

3. And when he had been there seven long years
   He longed his love for to see,
   Saying, "Many fond tears have I shed for her
   Who little has thought of me."

4. Now all the maids of Islington
   Went forth for to sport and play;
   All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
   She secretly stole sway.

5. Now she's put off her gown so gay,
   Put on her sober attire;
   And she's gone up to fair London
   Her true-love to require.

6. And as she went along the road,
   The weather being hot and dry,
   There she saw her own true-love
   At last come riding by.

7. She stepped right up unto his side,
   Took him by the bridle-rein:
   "A penny, kind sir, oh give to me
   For to ease me of my pain."

8. "I pray thee, sweetheart, tell to me
   Where that thou wast born."
   "At Islington, kind sir," said she,
   "Where I have had many a scorn."

9. "If you were born at Islington,
   Pray tell me, dost thou know
   The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
   "She's dead, sir, a long time ago."

10. "If she be dead and I am a-living,
She's lying there so low—
Oh, take from me my coal-black steed,
My fiddle and my bow!"

11. "She is not dead, but she is a-living,
A-standing by your side;
She is not dead but she is a-living,
Ready for to be your bride."

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

GROUP Ab

7. "The Bailie's Daughter"

Greig MSS., III, p. 204; text, Bk. 760, L, p. 17. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(1d). Sung by T. S. Towers, Sanday, Orkney.

a D/M

1. It happened on a day & a fine summer's day,
And the flowers they were blithe & gay;
And all the ladies in Islington
Went out for to sport & to play—play,
Went out for to sport & to play.

2. But as for the Bailie's ae daughter,
From them she is stolen away;
And she's away up to the top of yon hill
Her own true love for to spy, spy,
Her own true love for to spy.

3. She had not come to the top of yon hill,
Nor to the King's highway,
Till there she spied her own true love,
On a high horse riding by, by,
On a high horse riding by.

4. She's taen him by the high horse' head,
And by the bridle rein,
"Stop, oh, stop, young man," she says,
"For I know you've a troubled mind, mind,
For I know you've a troubled mind."

5. "Where are you going, my pretty page,
And what town came you from?"
"I was born in Islington,
And from that I get many a scorn, scorn,
And from that I get many a scorn."

6. "How is my father, & how is my mother,
And how is my sister also?
And how is the Bailie's daughter?
She's the girl I thought never to see, see,
She's the girl I thought never to see."

7. "Your father's well, & your mother's well,
Your sister's well also;
And as for the Bailie's ae daughter,
She's dead, & it's a year ago, ago,
She's dead, & it's a year ago."

8. "If she is dead whom I love best,
And in her grave laid low,
You may take from me my milk white steed,
My arrow & my bow, bow,
My arrow & my bow."

9. "Your father's well, & your mother's well,
Your sister's well also;
And as for the Bailie's ae daughter,
She talks to you just now, now,
She talks to you just now."

10. "Farewell sorrow, & welcome joy,"
A hundred times cries he;
"For if you're the Bailie's ae daughter,
You're the girl I thought never to see, see,
You're the girl I thought never to see."

11. Hand-in-hand this couple went,
And they two married were;
And now they live in Islington,
And a happy couple are, are,
And a happy couple are.

8. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Isling-town"

Fox, *JIFSS*, I (1904), p. 46; text, III (1905-06), p. 31. Sung by Ann Carter, County Galway, 1904.

p Æ/D

1. There was a youth, and a well-bred youth,
A squire's only son;
He fell in love with a bailiff's daughter,
That lived near Isling-town.
[That lived near Isling-town.]

2. When his parents came to hear
Of his foolish courtship fond in mind,
They sent him away to fair London town,
An apprentice did him bind.

3. To study in the books and to learn in the law
No comforts could he find:
"Alas! and oh woe! I shall never see her more,
She still runs in my mind."

4. When three long months were past and gone,
School-maids got leave to play;
The bailiff's daughter from Isling-town
Cunningly stole away.

5. She sat herself down by a clear river-side;
Her true love came riding by:
"One word, one word, kind sir," she said,
"To relieve a troubled mind.
One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"To relieve a distressed mind."

6. "Where were you born?" says the well-
bred youth;
"Where were you born or from?"
"In Isling-town, kind sir," said she,
"Where I suffered many a wrong."

7. "Oh, if you are from Isling-town,
I am sure you can't but know
The Bailiff's daughter, is she dead or alive?
Come, tell me, if you know?"

8. "She is not alive, but she is dead,
And in her grave so low;
She is not alive, but she is dead,
These three long months and more."

9. "Well, take from me my milk-white steed,
My saddle and my bow,
And I will away to some foreign countree,
Where no one will me know."

10. "She is not dead, but she is alive,
And standing by your horse's side;
She is not dead, but she is alive,
Ready for to be your bride."

11. "Fly away grief and welcome joy
Ten thousand times to me,
Since I have got my own true love
I thought I never would see."

"The ballad is now printed by request of a few antiquarian members of the Society. From several quaint phrases this version, found in Ulster, is believed to be much older in origin than those known in England. It is evidently one of the soldiers' songs, which were brought over by the Devonshire men quartered in English garrisons. The ballad was taught to an old woman by her grandmother, who was a native of Newry." [*Note by C. Milligan Fox.*]

9. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 125. Also in Sharp, 1908-12, V, p. 41, with accompaniment by Vaughan Williams. Sung June 1900 by Henry Hills (68), who learned it in childhood at Lodsworth, Sussex, c. 1840.

p Æ/D

There was a youth, and a well-loved youth
He was a squire's son;
And he loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived at Islington;

But she was coy, and never would
Her heart on him bestow,
And he was sent to London Town,
Because he loved her so.

10. [The Bailie's Daughter of Islington]

Greig MSS., III, p. 132. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(1c). From William Walker, Aberdeen.

m Æ/D

There was a youth and a well belovèd youth
And he was an earl's son
And he loved the merchant's daughter fair
That lived in Islington, -ton,
That lived in Islington.

11. [The Bailiff's Daughter]

Karpeles MSS., No. 5309; text, p. 4858. Sung by Mrs. Alice Sims, Pass Island, Newfoundland, July 24, 1930.

m D/Æ

1. It's of a youth and a well belov-ed youth,
It's of a squire's son,
Where he courted Bailey's own daughter dear,
As she lived in sweet Islinkington.

2. As he was going up the street
And she came riding down,
Where she took her horse all by the bridle side
And she swung herself right round.

3. Where are you going, my fair pretty maid,
Where are you going, cried he
I am in search of the Bailey's daughter dear
As she lived in sweet Islinkington.

4. The Bailey's daughter of Islinkington,
She's dead and don't you know,
The Bailey's daughter of Islinkington,
She's been dead, sir, this long time ago.

5. If Bailey's daughter is now dead,
I'll sell my milkwhite steed,
And I'll go to some foreign country
Where no one shall never, never know.

6. The Bailey's daughter is not dead,
She still remains alive
And here she is all by the bridle side
All ready to make you her bride.

7. How glad was he when he heard of this,
How glad was he to stand,
And how well he knew it was Bailey's daughter dear
With the private mark she had on her hand.

12. "The Bailie's Daughter of Islington"

Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript); from Duncan MS., No. 6. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(1a); text, p. 82. Sung in 1905 by Mrs. Gillespie, who learned it in Buchan in the 1850's.

p Æ/D

1. There was a youth, an' a weel-faurt youth,
An' he was a squire's son,
An' he loved the bailie's ae daughter,
That lived at Islington, -ton,
That lived at Islington.

2. But when his parents came to know
His fond an' foolish mind,
They sent him on to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

3. When all the maids o Islington
Went out to sport an' play,
All but the bailie's ae daughter,
She privately stole away.

4. She pulled off her gowns o silk,
An' put on men's attire,
An' she has to fair London gone
For her true love to enquire.

5. An' as she went along the road,
The weather bein hot an' dry,
She set her down upon a bank,
An' her true love cam ridin by.

6. She started up with her colour so red,
Catchin hold of his bridle rein:
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Would ease me o much pain."

7. "Before I give you a penny," he said,
"Pray tell me where you were born."—
"At Islington town, kind sir," said she,
"Where I've had many a scorn."

8. "I prithee then tell to me," he said,
"O tell me if you know
The bailie's daughter o Islington."—
"She is dead some years ago."

9. "Gin she be deid that I like weel,
An' in her grave laid low,
Ye'll tak fae me my milk-white steed,
My arrow an' my bow.

10. "If she be deid, then tak my horse
My saddle an' bridle also,
For I will go to some far countrie
Where no one shall me know."

11. "She is weel, she is weel, an' very very weel,
An' she stands by your horse side;
She is weel, she is weel, an' very very weel,
An' she's willin to be your bride."

12. "O fareweel grief, an' welcome joy,
Ten thousand times fareweel;
For now I've found mine own true love
Whom I thought I would never see more."

13. [The Bailie's Daughter of Islington]

Greig MSS., II, p. 68. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(1b). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, August 1906.

m Æ/D

There was a boy and a bonnie boy
And he was a squire's ae son,
And he's fa'en in love wi' the bailiff's daughter,
At home and at Oslingtown, -town
At home and at Islingtown. [*sic*]

14. [The Bailie's Ae Dochter]

Greig MSS., IV, p. 130. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript), p. 72. Sung by P. R. Gordon, Brisbane; learned in boyhood, in the 1830's and 1840's, in Quilquox.

p Æ

15. [The Baily's Daughter of Islington]

Moffat and Kidson, 1901, p. 317. From *The Jovial Crew*, 1731.

p Æ (inflected VII)

16. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Chappell, I, [1855], p. 203; after E. F. Rimbault, from Gostling lute MS., Canterbury. Also in Gutch, 1847, II, p. 434 (Rimbault).

p Harmonic minor

There is a Highland variant of this tune in S. Fraser, *Highland Airs*, 1816, p. 79.

1. There was a youth, and a well-belov'd youth,
   And he was a Squire's son;
   He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
   That lived in Islington.

2. Yet she was coy, and would not believe
   That he did love her so,
   No, nor at any time would she
   Any countenance to him show.

3. But when his friends did understand
   His fond and foolish mind,
   They sent him up to fair London,
   An apprentice for to bind.

4. And when he had been seven long years,
   And never his love could see:
   Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
   When she little thought of me.

5. Then all the maids of Islington
   Went forth to sport and play,
   All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
   She secretly stole away.

6. She pulled off her gown of green,
   And put on ragged attire,
   And to fair London she would go,
   Her true love to enquire.

7. And as she went along the high road,
   The weather being hot and dry,
   She sat her down upon a green bank,
   And her true love came riding by.

8. She started up with a colour so red,
   Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
   One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
   Will ease me of much pain.

9. Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
   Pray tell me where you were born:
   At Islington, kind Sir, said she,
   Where I have had many a scorn.

10. I prythee, sweet-heart, tell to me,
    O tell me whether you know
    The bailiff's daughter of Islington?
    She is dead, Sir, long ago.

11. If she be dead, then take my horse,
    My saddle and bridle also;
    For I will into some far country,
    Where no man shall me know.

12. O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
    She standeth by thy side;
    She is here alive, she is not dead,
    And ready to be thy bride.

13. O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
    Ten thousand times therefore;
    For now I have found mine own true love,
    Whom I thought I should never see more.

Chappell follows the text of Percy's *Reliques*, modernizing the spelling.

17. "The Bailer's Daughter of Ireland Town"

Halpert, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 54. Sung by Allen Clavenger, Magnolia, N.J., March 7, 1937.

p Æ

1. Oh there was a youth and a noble youth,
The squire's only son
He fell in love with the bailer's daughter,
It's of fair Ireland town.

2. But it's when his parents came to know
The venshuns of their son,
They sent him down to fair London town
Apprentice there to learn.

3. For you to mind his books and study law
And leave his dear behind,
"Oh she I adore if I never see her more
And she still runs in my mind."

4. It's when the youth of fair Ireland town
Came out for to sport and play,
Oh the bailer's daughter was amongst the rest
So shyly stowed away. [*Sic.* For "She slyly stole away"? H.H.]

5. She dressed herself in men's arrage,
The roads bein dusty and dry,
And it's who should she meet but her own true love
As he came ridin' by.

6. She boldlī step-ped up to him,
Took hold of the bridle rein,
"One penny, one penny, one penny," cries she,
"To relieve this trouble of mine."

7. "Where are you from, my brave young youth,
What city, country, or town?"
"It's I am from fair Ireland town
Where I bore a-many a frown."

8. "If you are from fair Ireland town,
Fair Ireland town," cries he,
"What news, what news from the bailer's daughter,
Pray tell it unto me?"

9. "The bailer's daughter she is dead
And her green grave lies low,
The bailer's daughter she is dead
Being dead some months ago."

10. Then it's, "Take from me my milk white steed,
My saddle and my bow,
I will go to some furrin' count-er-ey
Where no one does me know."

11. "No you need not give your milk-white steed,
Your saddle nor your bow,
Nor you need not go to some furrin' count-er-ey
Where it's no one does you know.

12. "For the bailer's daughter, she's not dead
But standin' by your side."
Then he lit so light from his milk-white steed,
And he kissed her over and over again,
Saying, "Here I meet with my own true love
I never expect' to see again."

[Last 2 ll. to second half of tune; but last line habitually spoken.]

18. "Bailiff's Daughter"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 61(C). Also in Creighton and Senior, *JEFDSS*, VI, No. 3 (1951), p. 89. Sung by Thomas Young, West Petpeswick, N.S., September 7, 1933.

a D

1. It's of a youth and a well bred youth
It was a squire's son,
He fell in love with a bailiff's daughter
That lived near Waterford town.

2. O when his parents came to know
That he was so foolish inclined
They bound him a prentice in Camertown
And told him his business to mind.

3. For to mind his books and study them,
And leave his true love behind,
"Alas in this world may I never see you more
But she'll still run in my mind."

4. O it happened to be in the summer time
And all things were blooming and gay,
She sat herself down on a bank that was green
And her true lover came riding that way.

5. "O where were you bred? O where where you born?"
The squire to her did say,
"In Waterford town I was born, kind sir,
Where I suffered a many's the day."

6. "O if you were born in Waterford town
You cannot help but know
Of the bailiff's daughter of Waterford town
Whether she's alive or no?"

7. "She is not alive, for she is dead
A many a long month ago,
She is not alive for she is dead
And in her grave I know."

8. "O come saddle to me a milk-white steed,
O come saddle for me," cried he,
"Come saddle for me a milk-white steed
That I never expected for to see."

19. [The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 58(A). Also in Creighton and Senior, *JEFDSS*, VI, No. 3 (1951), p. 87 with insignificant textual variations. Sung by Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook, N.S., July 17, 1937.

a D

1. Now it's of a youth and a well-bred youth
And he being a squire's only son,
He fell in love with a bailiff's daughter
When she lived near Waterford town.

2. But it's when his parents the truth came to know
How foolishly inclined,
They bound him a prentice for Clemensford town
And they told him his business to mind.

3. For to stick to his books and to study the law
And to leave his true love behind.
Alas and adieu shall I never see her more,
For she still runs in my mind.

4. Now it happened in the summer time
In the merry month of May,
She set herself down on a bank that was green
And her true love came riding that way.

5. Now he steppèd up to this pretty fair maid,
'One word, one word', he did say,
'One word, one word, kind miss', he did say,
'For to ease a poor troubled mind'.

6. 'O it's where was you bred and where was you born?'
'Near Waterford town', she did say,
'Near Waterford town, kind sir', she did say,
'Where I've suffered for many's the day'.

7. 'Then if you've been born near Waterford town,
Then it's surely the truth you must know,
Of the bailiff's daughter from Waterford town
Whether she be alive or no?'

8. 'No she's not alive for she is dead
And it's many the day ago,
No, she's not alive for she is dead,
And in her grave laid low'.

9. 'O give to me my bridle rein,
My milk white steed let go,
That I may go on to some fine counteree
Where no one does me know'.

10. 'O do not go, kind sir', she did say,
'Come sit yourself down by my side,
It's the bailiff's daughter now that you see
And she's ready for to be your bride'.

11. 'O it's farewell woe and welcome love
It's a thousand times far brighter for to see,
It's the bailiff's daughter now that I've gained
That I never more expected to see'.

20. "The Bellyan's Daughter"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 60(B). Sung by Mrs. R. W. Duncan, Dartmouth, N.S.

a D

1. There was a youth and a well bred youth,
And he being a squire's son
He fell in love with a bellyan's daughter
Belonging to fair Dublin town.

2. Now when his parents came for to know
His young and foolish mind,
They bound him a prentice for seven long years
And begged him his business to mind.

3. "Now mind your books and study the law
And leave your true love behind,
For it's ten thousand to one if you ever see her more
For she's steady runs in my mind."

4. It was all in the summer time
When all things were blooming and gay,
She set herself down by the cool shady banks
And her true love came riding that way.

5. "Oh where were you bred, oh where were you born?"
The squire to the lady did say,
"In fair Dublin town kind sir," she did say,
"Where I served for many's the day."

6. "Since you are from fair Dublin town
A place that you very well know,
Is the bellyan's daughter alive or dead?"
"She is dead five months ago."

7. "Then bring to me my bridle and rein,
My milk white steed also,
That I may ride to some foreign country
Where nobody does me know."

8. Then, "Stop your steed," this fair lady cries,
"And sit down by my side,
For the fairest daughter of Waterford town
Is willing to be your bride."

21. "There Was a Youth"

Morris, 1950, p. 300. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla., 1934. Learned from "Cousin Lou" Brown, Dooly County, Ga.

a π^3

1. There was a youth, a loving youth;
He was the squire's son.
He courted the bailiff's daughter
Till the bailiff's horse could run.

2. He locked her up, he kept her confined;
He kept her confined seven years or longer;
He kept her confined seven years or longer
While no man don't her see.

3. At last one day he gave her a play;
She walked out to play;
She dressed herself in silks and satins so fine;
So shyly she ran away.

4. She walked out and she walked down;
She sat down by the green oak tree;
She sat down by the green oak tree
For to rest her wearied pains.

5. She looked up the road and whom did she see?
None but her own true love,
None but her own true love,
None but her own true love who courted her seven long years ago.

6. O, up she got and halted his bridle,
Halted his bridle and the ring she took,
Halted his bridle and the ring she took,
Saying, "Kind sir, won't you stop and pollidge with me
Till I rest my wearied pains?"

7. "O yes, O yes, O yes, kind miss,
I will stop and pollidge with you;
Yes, I will stop and pollidge with you
Till you rest your wearied pains.

8. "Can you tell me anything about
My own true love who courted me seven long years ago?"
"O yes, I can tell you all about.
She's dead and buried where no man don't her see."

9. "O, turn me aloose and let me go,
And I will travel all over this globe;
And I will travel all over this globe
Where no man don't me know."

10. "O yes, O yes, kind sir,
I will tell you again.
She is yet alive, standing close by your horse's side
Just ready to be your bride."

11. O down he got and upon her finger
And upon her finger that the rings he put;
Upon her finger that the rings he put
And he married her that night.

From *Folksongs of Florida* by Alton C. Morris. Published by the University of Florida Press. Used by permission.

22. "The Bailiff's Daughter"

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 34(1). Sung by R. Barratt, Puddletown, Dorset, 1905; noted by H.E.D. Hammond.

a Æ

Then all the pretty girls of Islington
Went out to sport and play,
Except 't was the bailiff's daughter so fair,
Awhile she stoled away.

23. "The Bailiff's Daughter"

Flanders, 1937, p. 6. Sung by E. S. Shepard, Baltimore, Vt., c. 1934. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders and Phillips Barry. Transcribed by Phillips Barry. From *Country Songs of Vermont*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders; copyright 1937 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a Minor

1. There was a youth, and a well-bred youth,
He was an only son.
He fell in love with the bailiff's daughter
And he had her favor won.

2. When his parents came to know
His fond and foolish mind,
They bound him a 'prentice for seven long years—
And bade him his business mind.

3. "Now read your books and study the law
And leave your love behind."
"Alas and a-woe, can I ever see her more
For she still runs through my mind?"

4. When seven long years were passed and gone
Those maids got leif to play.
The bailiff's daughter of Irelontown
So cunnerly stole away.

5. She set down under a hawthorn tree,
Amusing herself there to stay.
Who would she see but her own true love,
Who by chance did pass that way?

6. "Good morning to you, my pretty maid,
Where did you come from to here?"
"Kind sir, I came from Irelontown
Where I suffered many the year."

7. "Well, if you came from Irelontown,
You surely can't but know
The bailiff's daughter of Irelontown,
If she is alive, or no."

8. "No, she is not alive, for she is dead,
Laid in her grave so low.
No, she is not alive for she is dead.
She died five years ago."

9. "O, take from me my horse and saddle,
My bridle reins also.
I'll go and seek some foreign country,
Where nobody will me know."

10. "O wait a while, young man," said she,
"You wait here by my side.
The bailiff's daughter in Irelontown
Is ready to be your bride.

11. "O, didn't you know my lily-white hand,
Likewise my auburn hair;
O, didn't you know that ring of gold
You gave me once to wear?"

12. "Right well I know your lily-white hand
Right well, your auburn hair,
Right well I know that ring of gold
That I gave you once to wear.

13. "Welcome, luck, and farewell, grief,
Ten thousand times, to me!
Thank God, I've caught my own true love
Who I thought I never would see!"

GROUP AC

24. [The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Rimbault, 1850, p. 100(2). From "Northern tradition" (England).

a I

There is a rumor, supported by Lucy Broadwood and Frank Kidson in *JFSS*, VII, No. 27, pp. 35-36, that Rimbault composed this tune. Miss Gilchrist thinks it more probably a modernized form of "Mother, mother, make my bed" (*JFSS*, III, No. 13, p. 304, and V, No. 19, p. 135). It is at any rate made out of traditional formulae.

There was a youthe and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son:
O he loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

25. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Davis, 1929, p. 585; text, p. 384. Contributed by Professor Willoughby Reade, Alexandria, Va., November 16, 1928. Learned from his father, an Englishman.

a I

Oh, there was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a Squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived at Islington.

26. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Sharp MSS., 443/. Sung by Mrs. Overd, Langport, December 22, 1904.

a I/Ly

There was a youth and a well beloved youth
And he was a Squire's son
He loved the bailiffs daughter dear
Who lived at Islington

27. [Maid of Islington: Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Sharp MSS., 1469/1347. Also in Sharp, Selected Ed., [1920], II, p. 35. Sung by William Tucker, Ashcott, September 6, 1907.

a I

All the girls in Exeter town
O they did sport and play
Except 'twas the bailiff's daughter
And she was stoled away.

What poor country girl are you
And where did you come from?
From Exeter town, kind sir, she said,
Where I had many a frown.

28. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Sharp MSS., 387/. Sung by Mrs. Bray, Langport, September 2, 1904.

a I

There was a youth and a well beloved youth
And he was a Squire's son
He loved the Bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington

GROUP Ad

29. "Baillie's Daughter"

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 35(3). Sung by Mrs. Sartin, Corscombe, Dorset, July 1906.

m Æ

30. "Baillie's Daughter"

Hammond, *JFSS*, VII, No. 27 (1923), p. 34(2). Sung by J. Perry, South Perrot, Dorset, June 1906.

a Æ/D

31a. "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Flanders, 1934, p. 74. Sung by Mrs. Elwin Burditt, Springfield, Vt. Learned from her grandmother, born in Islington, England. Transcribed by George Brown. From *A Garland of Green Mountain Song*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders; copyright 1934 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

m I

The text is identical with No. 31b, save for line 7.

31b. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Flanders and others, 1939, p. 61. Sung by Mrs. Elwin M. Burditt, Springfield, Vt. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. Transcribed from dictaphone by Miss Marguerite Olney. From *The New Green Mountain Songster*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry; copyright 1939 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

m Minor

This version is sung by Phyllis Burditt on New England Folk-Song Series LP record No. 1, Middlebury College Flanders Collection, 1953.

1. There was a youth and a well belov-ed youth
And he was the Squire's son.
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

2. But she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
Nor would she at any time*
Any countenance to him show.

3. And when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish pride
They sent him up to far London
An apprentice for to bind.

4. Seven long years went rolling by
And ne'er did his true love see.
Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When little she thought of me.

5. The maids of Islington went forth
To sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear.
She secretly stole away.

6. And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat down on a shady bank.
Her true love came riding by.

7. She sprang up with color so bright
And seized his bridle rein,
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
" 'Twould ease me of much pain."

8. "Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

9. "Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She's dead, sir, long ago."

10. "If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
And I will go to some far land
Where no one me shall know."

11. "Oh, stay, oh, stay, you goodly youth,
She's standing by your side.
She is not dead but alive and well
And ready to be your bride."

12. "Depart sorrow and welcome joy,
Many thousand times and more,
For now I have my own true love
Whom I thought I would see no more."

* 1934: Nor at any time would she

32. [Bailiff's Daughter of Islington]

Sharp MSS., 1438/1321. Sung by Mrs. Eliza Woodberry (79), Ash Priors, August 22, 1907.

a M

1. It's of a young youth and a kind young youth
He was a squire's son,
He courted the bailiff's daughter
She lives in Asle-un-town.

2. And seven long years was over
I thought to myself a soldier
O for to see if ever I could
Forget my love or no.

3. My father overheard me
These very words did say
My daughter he has broked his heart
For the sake of you he died.

4. Don't tell me, don't tell me,
It's more than I can bear,
For if she's in her silent grave
I wish that I was there.

5. As she was walking along
Walking along the highway
She sat herself down by the banks of green moss
And her true love came riding by.

6. And she tooked hold of the horse's head
Likewise, the bridle rein.
Kind sir, you give to me 'tis one penny
To rest my weary limbs.

7. If I give to thee 'tis one penny
Pray tell to me where you were born
In Asle-un-Town, kind sire, said she,
[Where] there's many that do me scorn.

8. Stay one moment or two with me,
One moment or two I pray
For 'tis she standing near by your own horse's side
Waiting for to be your bride.

9. Farewell then grief and sorrow too
Ten thousand joys and more
For now I've got my own heart's delight
She's a girl I always adore.

33. "The Bailiff's Daughter"

Sharp MSS., 899/971. Sung by Mrs. Francis Gray, Enmore, April 17, 1906.

a M

1. It's of a young youth and a kind young youth,
He was a squire's son,
He courted a fair damsel
And she lived at Islington.

2. So when his aged parents came for to know
That they had such a silly son,
They sent him away to this fair London Town
And a prentice they had him a-bound.

3. And when he had served seven long years,
Served seven long years or more,
Says he: I'll return to my own heart's delight,
She's the girl I always adore.

4. As she was walking along,
Walking along the highway,
She sat herself down on the banks of green moss
And her true love came riding that way.

5. She took hold of the horse's head
Likewise the bridle rein.
Sir, if you give to me but one penny
For to rest my weary head.

6. If I give to thee it is one penny
Pray tell me where you were born.
In Islington, kind sir, said she,
Where there is many that's doomed and scorned.

7. And if you live at Islington
Is there any one there that you know?
There is the bailiff's dear daughter
And she is dead, she's been dead for many years ago.

8. If she is dead she can't be my bride
And away from you I must ride,
And I will ride into some foreign country
Where there is no one shall me find.

9. O stay one minute or two, I pray,
One minute or two or more,
It's the bailiff's dear daughter now standing by your side
Waiting for to be your bride.

10. Farewell all joys and sorrows too,
Ten thousand joys or more,
For now I have got my own heart's delight,
She is the girl I always adore.

GROUP B

34. [The Bailie's Daughter of Islington]

Greig MSS., I, p. 159. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 84(2). Sung by Mrs. Clark, Brucklay, April 1906.

p π^1

There was a youth a well beloved youth
A youth of great honour and fame
And he courted the bailie's ae daughter
Into fair Ireland they did dwell.

The Famous Flower of Serving-Men

CHILD NO. 106

THE Restoration broadsides of this piece give a variety of possibilities for music, the indication being "To a dainty tune, or Flora Farewel, Summer time, or, Loves tide." Chappell did not print a version of "Flora Farewel," if he recovered it; and I am unable to do so. The tune, "In Summer time" which Rimbault and Chappell print for "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar" (No. 123), is not in LM as are all texts of the present song but in CM; and so, too, is Chappell's other tune of "Under the Greenwood Tree," which also begins "In Summer time." To sing these to "The Famous Flower" it is therefore necessary to adapt the music by dividing the held notes at the second and fourth cadences. Hence it appears less likely that either of these tunes was the one intended. If "Love's Tide" is, as Chappell believes, the tune known as "I would I were in my own Country" (*Popular Music*, II, [1859], p. 457), it should be noticed that its scheme is suited to 6-line anapaestic tetrameter stanzas, rhyming internally in the first and third, externally in the second and fourth lines, with a concluding rhyming couplet as refrain. This tune, in the simpler form printed in Playford's *English Dancing Master* (1650), and there called "Godesses," goes better with the LM couplets of the ballad. With repeats in each half, it would carry two stanzas of text. There is, however, no certainty that the tune was ever called "Love's Tide," since the caption, "To the tune of Love's Tide, *or*, At home would I be in my own country," may more probably intend an alternative tune than an alternative title. The tune of "Godesses" was earlier called "Quodling's Delight," and is found under that name in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, as arranged by Giles Farnaby (J. A. Fuller Maitland and W. Barclay Squire, eds., [1949], II, p. 19; also in Chappell, II, [1859], p. 794); and in the Fitzwilliam Book, again, R. Farnaby's "Fayne would I Wedd" (II, p. 263) is another variant of the same tune. But I know of no early printing or MS. copy of the tune under the name "Love's Tide." According to Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, Part XVIII, Vol. VI, 1888, p. 570), the ballad of "Love's Tide" is Douce Ballads, I, fol. 134 (Bodleian Library, Oxford), to the tune of "Wert thou more fairer than thou art," or "Lusty Bacchus"—which opens the field to new possibilities.

From a lute MS. of c. 1630 in his possession, Rimbault printed (*Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 95) a tune for "The Lady turned Serving-Man" (the secondary title of the present ballad). His text is from the *Reliques*, and Child recovered no text of a date anywhere nearly so early as 1630. The tune is obviously a form of the Elizabethan (Irish) air, "Callino Casturame," and nothing like it has since appeared in connection with our ballad. (Chappell gives a copy of this tune, II, p. 793, after Byrd's setting in the Fitzwilliam Book, II, p. 186. The title in Rimbault's MS. may or may not have been the same. One is seldom sure whether Rimbault's titles come from his MS. sources or from perceived resemblances between tunes known by various names.) The tune was variously employed, and was indicated as music for "When as I view your comly grace," No. 14 in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584. (Cf. John Ward, "Music for A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, X (1957), p. 162, where he prints "Callino" from William Ballet's Lute Book, Trinity College (Dublin) MS. D. 1. 21, p. 85.)

The tunes latterly found go usually with that portion, or nucleus, or re-making, of the ballad which Scott printed in his *Minstrelsy* (1803, III, p. 80), as "The Lament of the Border Widow." There is little profit in trying to separate the ballad from the lament, since both texts and tunes are allied. It is to be observed that Mrs. Harris's text is called "Sweet William" in her MS., and directed to be sung to "Young Becon"; but that the tune given with her first stanza, while it is actually a variant of her "Young Becon" (Child No. 53), is entitled "My Husband built for me a Bower." Mrs. Harris learned her tunes in Perthshire about 1790. Duncan, at the beginning of our own century, collected a traditional variant of the same tune in Aberdeenshire. John Goss, in *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 62(B), gives a tune from the *Scots Musical Museum*, which he has arbitrarily set to Scott's text of "The Lament of the Border Widow." His tune is actually No. 498 in the *Museum*, "The Highland Widow's Lament," and it carries there a Jacobite text unrelated to our present concern. The *Museum* song which *does* relate to the "Border Widow's Lament" is, as Child observed, No. 89, entitled "Oh ono chrio," the words of which he gives in his headnote. Recently, a tune which sounds unrelated to the Harris and Duncan tunes has been found in Nova Scotia.

In the tune which appeared with the "Lament" in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], V, p. 73, and which has since been several times reprinted in various collections, it is hard to see any connection with the rest. It appears related, however, to the familiar old tunes, "Tweedside" and (more distantly) "O whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad."

Child appears to regard all extant copies of the text of the ballad as deriving ultimately, either through oral channels or print, from the Restoration broadside. That broadside itself "may reasonably," he says, "be believed to be formed upon a predecessor in the popular style" (II, p. 430); but he seems to feel that the connection between it and the Scandinavian "Maid and Stable Boy" is of the slenderest kind. With conclusions so cautious it will be hard to quarrel.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "My Husband built for me a Bower." Harris MS., No. 24, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 418.
2. "Sweet William." Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 85. From Duncan MS., No. 161. (Innes)
3. "The Famous Flower of Serving-Men." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 62.
4. "Sweet William." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 127.

GROUP B

5. "Oh ono chrio." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, I, [1787], No. 89, p. 90 (repr. 1853).

6. "The Border Widow's Lament." Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, [1820-24], V, p. 73. Also in George Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scotish Airs*, IV, 1805, p. 162; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 224, p. 112; and George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads*, n.d. [19—?], p. 44.

GROUP C

7. "The Lady Turned Serving-Man." Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 95.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "My Husband built for me a Bower"

Harris MS., No. 24. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 418.

a I

My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford;
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight;
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight.

2. "Sweet William"

Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 85; from Duncan MS., No. 161. Sung by George Innes, Portgordon, who learned it from his father.

m I/M

1. Come, all ye ladies great and small,
Give ear unto me, one and all,
And I will let you understand
What I have suffered in this land.

2. My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford;
My mother was a lady gay,
Decked in glories of rich array;

3. And I myself a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir;
And when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young nice bride.

4. My love he built to me a bower,
Decked with many a fragrant flower,
A brighter bower did you never see
Than what my true love built for me.

5. But there came thieves late in the night,
They broke my bower and slew my knight;
And after that my knight was slain,
No longer could I there remain.

6. My servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart as cold as lead or stone.

7. But though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
So then in haste I changed my name.
From Fair Ellen to Sweet William.

8. Then on a day it chancèd so,
That I to the King's court did go,
All that I of his grace did crave
That I a servant's place might have.

9. "Keep up, young man," the King replied,
"Your suit it shall not be denied;
But first tell me what you can do,
You shall be suited thereunto.

10. "Will you be taster of my wine,
To wait upon me when I dine?
Or will you be my chamberline,
To make my bed both soft and fine?"

11. Sweet William with a smiling face
Said to the King, "If it please your Grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberline I fain would be."

12. The King did all his nobles call,
And askèd counsel of them all,
Unto which they did all agree,
Sweet William the King's chamberline to be.

13. Now on a day it did happen so
That the King did a-hunting go;
He carried with him all his train
Sweet William did at home remain.

14. Then finding that the house was clear,
He took a flute that he had there,
And on it he played melodious,
Which made an old man's heart rejoice.

15. "I had my company fair and free,
Continually to visit me,
But now at last I have not one
Since I've become a servant man."

16. Now when the King from hunting came,
He called upon the good old man:
"What news? what news?" the King did say,
"What news hast thou for me to-day?"

17. "Brave news!" the old man he did say;
"Sweet William is a lady gay."
And when the King the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound.

18. And then, for fear of any strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife:
The like before was never seen,
A servant man become a queen.

3. [The Famous Flower of Serving-Men]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 62. From Mrs. R. W. Duncan, Dartmouth.

a I/Ly

The tune has been re-barred. The two 5/4 bars of the original copy begin two beats earlier.

1. I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
But when my good old father died
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

2. Although I got married unto this knight,
Although my mother owed me great spite,
She could not done me a greater harm
Than to slay the knight that lay on my arm.

3. She sent nine robbers that very same night,
She sent nine robbers to rob my knight,
She could not done me a greater harm
That to slay the knight that hung on my arm.

4. I dressed his wounds all alone alone
I laid him out all alone, alone,
They never left a thing for to lay him on
But the bloody sheets that they slew him on.

5. I dug his grave all alone, alone,
And buried him there all alone, alone,
I went unto the king one day
And there for services I did call.

6. "O can I be your kitchen cook,
Or can I be your stable boy,
Or can I be at your service all
For to wait on nobles when they shall call?"

7. "No you shan't be my kitchen cook,
No you shan't be my stable boy
But you shall be at my service all
To wait on noblemen when they do call."

8. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"The very same words I heard him say,
Once I was a rich lady gay."

9. "If this be the lie you have told to me
You shall be hung on the gallows tree,
But if it be the truth you've told me
I will pay you your wages and set you free."

10. Then he gave to me a gay gold ring
For Willie to be crowned a king,
For it don't look fit and it ain't a fit thing
For a servant man to be crowned a queen.

4. "Sweet William"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 127. Sung by Mrs. Belle Richards, Colebrook, N.H., April 25, 1942. Collected by Marguerite Olney. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; coypyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a Æ (inflected III)

1. My father was a noble knight.
My mother was a lady bright,
And I myself a lady gay,
But now I wait as a servant boy.

2. My father built me a lovely bower.
It was as fine as any flower.
'Twas covered all o'er with the beautifulest green.
O such a bower scarce ere was seen.

3. My father matched me with a knight.
My stepmother owed me a dreadful spite.
She sent four robbers all in the night
To rob my bower and slay my knight.

4. 'Twas all alone they did him kill,
And all alone they left him still.
There was nothing left to wrap him in
But the bloody sheet where my love was slain.

5. 'Twas all alone I dug his grave
And all alone in it him I laid.
While Christ was priest and I was clerk
I laid my love in the clay-cold earth.

6. I saddled my horse and away did ride,
With sword and pistols by my side;
I cut off my hair and changed my name
From Ellen Fair to Sweet William.

7. I rode till I came to the king's high hall
And for my supper I did call.
I gave the porter a gay, gold ring
To carry my message unto the king.

8. The king came down and thus did say,
"What can you do, young man, I pray?
If you can do what I want you to,
I'll hire you for a year or two."

9. " 'Tis I can be your kitchen cook
Or I can be your stableman
Or I can be waiter all in your hall
And wait on the nobles as they call."

10. " 'Tis you shan't be my kitchen cook
Nor you shan't be my stableman,
But you shall be waiter all in my hall
And wait on the nobles as they call."

11. The king being gone one day from home,
There was no one there but the good old man.
Sometimes she sighed, sometimes she sang,
Sometimes the tears down her cheeks did run.

12. The king came home and thus did say,
"What news, what news, old man, I pray?"
"Good news, good news, my king," said he,
"Sweet William is a lady gay."

13. "Go bring me down a suit of silk—
It shall be white as any milk.
I'll dress her up in the silk so fine.
And make her rule over all that's mine."

GROUP B

5. "Oh ono chrio"

Johnson, I, [1787], No. 89, p. 90 (repr. 1853).

m I

Even at the dead time of the night,
oh ono chri oh! oh onochri O!
They broke my Bower, and slew my Knight,
oh onochri onochri onochri O!
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
oh onochri oh onochri O!
I'll tye my heart for ever mair,
oh onochri onochri onochri oh!

The rest of Johnson's text seems composed for the occasion.

6. [The Border Widow's Lament]

Smith, [1820-24], V, p. 73. Also in Thomson, IV, 1805, p. 162; Maver, 1866, No. 224, p. 112; and in Eyre-Todd, n.d. (19—?), p. 44.

p π^1

1. My love built me a bonnie bow'r,
And clad it a' wi' lily flow'r;
A brawer bow'r ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

2. There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away,
And brought the king at dead of night,
Who brake my bow'r, and slew my knight!

3. He slew my knight, to me sae dear!
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear!
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie!

4. I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way!

5. I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And hap'd him with the sod sae green!

6. But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa to gae!

7. Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain!
Wi ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair!

GROUP C

7. [The Lady Turned Serving-Man]

Rimbault, 1850, p. 95. From a lute-book (c. 1630) in Rimbault's own library.

p Major (tonic inflected)

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in the land.

The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter

CHILD NO. 110

It is a valuable indication of the need to be sceptical about texts recited or printed without their tunes that, of Child's texts, A-L, only A, H, K, and L—that is, one-third—have any hint of refrain; while *every* copy collected *with* its tune has strong elements of refrain, ranging from a repeated last line to interlaced refrain and burden. The favorite pattern is a four-phrase tune; but the fifth phrase frequently extends beyond the normal four-pulse length and tends to become two phrases; and in several variants has become a four-phrase chorus or burden. A solitary instance occurs of refrain after the first and last lines, without any such element after the second, and without any repeated lines. This procedure is only paralleled, so far as I recall, in a Dorsetshire tune for "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford" (Child No. 144).

The burden-texts appear to be borrowed from other songs. Such is Child's K, with its familiar "We'll go no more a roving, &c." In all probability that text was sung to the "Jolly Beggar" tune as given in the *The Scots Musical Museum*, No. 266, with its distinctive additional last phrase (cf. Child No. 279). Baring-Gould's "Blow away ye morning breezes" goes also with the "Baffled Knight" (No. 112), and is associated with sea songs as well.

The earlier Roxburghe broadside, printed by Gilbertson (1640-63, according to Chappell), is to be sung "to a gallant tune, called The Shepheards Delight." The Roxburghe copy of the ballad so named is, however, to the tune of Dowland's well-known "Now O now I needs must part" (the so-called "Frog's Galliard," for which cf. Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, [1855], pp. 127-29) and the metre does not go at all to the present ballad. The later Roxburghe broadside (?1680) of our ballad is to the tune of "The Shepherd's Daughter, &c."; and the tune so named is in all editions except the first of Playford's *English Dancing Master*, according to Chappell (I, p. 126). An alternative title, occurring in the second edition, 1653, p. 83, is "Parson upon Dorothy," presumably referring to strictures in Church upon Dorothy's misconduct. The text does not appear to be known. Elsewhere, as noted by Roy Lamson ("Broadside Ballad Tunes," unpublished MS. in Harvard College Library), it is "Parson(s) on Dorothy." The tune is probably a good deal older, and appears related to "Walsingham" and "Heart's-ease."

The extant tunes range from Ionian to Æolian, the English rather favoring the former, the Scottish the latter, modal areas. The only American examples known to me were collected by Barry in New England. I am willing to suppose, on account of rhythm chiefly, that all the tunes of Group A have an ultimate tribal relationship. But there is plenty of variety. The first two subgroups appear to have the most substantial claims to traditional circulation, and it is striking that national boundaries are overstepped in both. It is a distant guess that Ac, Ad, and Ae constitute groups, strictly speaking, but there are shared characteristics in each case. Whether the oldest tune, that of B, was ever used traditionally for this ballad has yet to be proved. Rimbault and Chappell were often content with *nominal* approximations; but, in truth, frequently there was little else to go upon.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Blow away ye morning Breezes." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., XXV and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Sabine Baring-Gould, H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 50.
2. "Earl Richard." Sharp MSS., 456/571, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series, 1905, p. 2; and Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 6. (Swain)
3. "Earl Richard." Sharp MSS., 2064/. (Clayton)
4. "Earl Richard." Sharp MSS., 1589/1439. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 88(2). (Emery)
5. "Earl Richard." Sharp MSS., 502/587. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 89(3). (Glover)
6. "Earl Lithgow." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 184.

GROUP Ab

7. "The Shepherd's Daughter." Baring-Gould MSS., CXVIII (1) and (A).
8. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p. 20.
9. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." H. Balfour Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 280.
10. "Shepherd's Daughter." Percy Grainger, *JFSS*, III, No. 12 (1908), p. 222.
11. "Earl Richard," or "Shepherd's Daughter." Sharp MSS., 2663/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 90(4). (Feast)
12. "The Shepherd's Daughter." Baring-Gould MSS., CXVIII (2).
13. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 9 (1935), p. 7.
14. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." Greig MSS., I, p. 154, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 89(1a). (Robb)
15. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." Greig MSS., I, p. 174. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 90(1b). (Robb)

GROUP Ac

16. "The Shepherd's Daughter." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 25, and p. 25.
17. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 377.

GROUP Ad

18. "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter." Douce Ballads, IV, fol. 33*, Bodleian Library, Oxford.
19. "Earl Richard." Sharp MSS., 1554/1400. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 86(1). (Chedgey)

GROUP Ac

20. "Earl Richard." Greig MSS., II, p. 97, and Bk. 766, LVI, p. 64. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 90 (2). (Rettie)
21. "O Young Woman, Beautiful Young Woman." Dr. John Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 303.

GROUP B

22a. "Parson upon Dorothy." John Playford, *The English Dancing Master*, eds. of 1653, 1665, p. 83.
22b. "Parson upon Dorothy." Playford, ed. of 1716, p. 94.
22c. "The Shepherd's Daughter," or "Parson upon Dorothy." Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 94. Also in W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, [1855], p. 127.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Blow away ye morning Breezes"

Baring-Gould MSS., XXV; text, (A). Also, with some differences, in Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and Bussell, 1905, p. 50. Sung by Robert Hard, South Brent, October 1888. Noted by H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

p I

Blow away ye Morning Breezes
Blow [away] ye winds, heigh-ho!
Blow away the morning kisses
Blow, blow, blow!
O thou shalt rue the very hour
That e'er thou knew'st the man
For I will bake the weaten flour
And thou shalt bake the bran.

Thou shalt drink the puddle foul
And I the crystal clear

For thou shalt wear the sorry clout
And I the purple pall.

The singer told Baring-Gould that the song was for two female voices, of whom one taunts and the other retorts.

1. There was a little shepherd maid
Keep sheep all on the hill
And then comed a young man
And sweared he'd have his will.
Line twine the willow dee.

2. Now you've a-layed me down young man
Pray help me up again,
Now you've had your will of me
Pray tell to me your name.

3. O some do call me Jack, fair maid,
O some do call me John.
But when I'm in the fair King's court
My name is Sweet William.

4. So the king called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three,
Sweet William used to be the fore one of all
But long behind came he.

5. But he brought up full fifty pound,
Brought up all in a glove.
Take this, take this, fair maid and go
And seek for some other true love.

6. So I don't want none of thy gold
Nor any of your fees
But I will have thy whole body
The king has given to me.

7. So the dog shall eat the flour thee sowed (?)
And thou shalt eat the bran.
I'll make thee rue the day and hour
That ever thou wast born.

2. [Earl Richard]

Sharp MSS., 456/571. Also in Sharp and Marson, 2nd series, 1905, p. 2; and Sharp, 1916, p. 6. Sung by John Swain, Donyatt, December 26, 1904.

p I (IV possibly inflected)

3. [Earl Richard]

Sharp MSS., 2064/. Sung by Mary Anne Clayton, Chipping Camden, January 13, 1909.

p I

There was a shepherd's daughter
Kept sheep upon the hill
There was a Sir come riding by
And he fain w[d] have his will
And he fain would have his will

4. [Earl Richard]

Sharp MSS., 1589/1439. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 88(2). Sung by Alfred Emery (78), Othery, Somerset, April 4, 1908.

a M (inflected III)

Miss Broadwood compares this with "The Greenland Whale Fishery" (*JFSS*, II, No. 9 [1906], p. 243).

1. It's [o]f a farmer's daughter dear
Keeping sheep all on the plain.
Who should ride by but Knight William
And he got drunk by wine.
[Right fol lol, the diddle al the dee.]

2. He onlighted off his horse
And gentley laid her down
And when he had his will of her
He rosed her up again.

3. Now since you've had your will of me
Pray tell to me your name
For when this dear little baby's born
I might call it the same.

4. Sometimes they call me Jack, say he,
Sometimes they call me John,
But when I come to the King's high court
They call me Knight William.

5. He put his foot all in the stirrup,
Away then he did rise;
She tied a handkerchief all round her waist
And followed the horse's side.

6. She run till she came to the riverside
She fall on her belly and swim
And when she came to the other side
She took to her heels and run.

7. She run till she came to the King's high court
She loudly knock-ed and she ring;
None was so ready as the King himself
To let this fair maid in.

8. Good morning to you, kind sir, said she,
Good morning fair maid, said he.
Have you got a knight all in your house
This day have a-robbed me.

9. Have he robbed you of any of your gold
Or any of your store?
Have he robbed you of your gold ring
Which you wear on your little finger?

10. He ain't robbed me of any of my gold
Nor any of my store,
But he's robbed me of my maidenhead
That grieves my heart so sore.

11. And if he is a married man
A-hanged he shall be,
And if he is a single man
His body I'll give to thee.

12. The King called up all his men,
By one, by two, by three,
Knight William used to be the fore best man
But all behind comes he.

13. A-cursed be that very hour
That I got drunk by wine
To have the farmer's daughter here
To be a true love of mine.

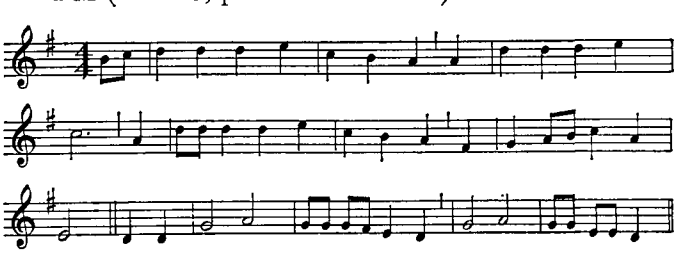
14. If I am a farmer's daughter
Pray leave to me alone,
If you make me a lady of one thousand land
I can make thee lord of ten.

15. And then to church they both did went
And they small things were doned.
She appeared like a Duke's daughter
And he like a squire's son.

5. [Earl Richard]

Sharp MSS., 502/587. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 89(3). Sung by Mrs. Glover, Huish Episcopi, April 18, 1905.

a M (or on G, p I with fallen close)



1. It's of a shepherd's daughter
Was keeping sheep one day
And one of those hired servants
Came in a-riding by.
Quang down diddle all the di do
Quang down the diddle all the dee.

2. It's of a shepherd's daughter
Was keeping sheep one day
And one of those hired servants
Came in and robbed me.

3. She caught her petticoats under her arm
And run by the horse's side
She run till she came to the streams of water
Down on her knees she swim.

4. Swim till she came to the dry land again
Cotched up her heels and run,
She run till she came to the king's highway.

5. She boldly knocked and ring,
No one so ready but the king himself
To let this fair maid in.

6. What's the matter, my fair maid?
What's the matter? cried him.
One of your hired servants
Had been and robbed me.

7. What have he robbed you of,
Of your gold and silver
Or your diamond ring.

8. He's not robbed me of my gold or silver
Nor my diamond ring,
But if he are a married man
Hanged shall he be,
And if he are a single man
He's bound to marry me.

6. "Earl Lithgow"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 184. Traditional in Buchan, "arranged from 2 sets."

a M (or if on G, p I with fallen close)

The Lady to the Queen's court gaed,
And knocked at the pin;
And ready was the proud porter,
To let the Lady in,
To let the Lady in.
She put her hand in her pocket,
And gae him gold sae free,
Says, Ye'll gang to the Queen her sel',
And tell her this frae me:
And tell her this frae me.
[*Etc.*]

Christie's words are "epitomized" from P. Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1828, II, p. 91.

GROUP Ab

7. "The Shepherd's Daughter"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXVIII(1); text, (A). Sung by James Parsons, November 13, 1888.

p Æ (—VII)

A MS. note says, "But probably c[common] time." The quatrains of the text will not fit the seven-phrase tune, and it is probable—the more so because of the longer final phrase—that a burden has been omitted.

1. 'Twas of a shepherd's daughter
Kept sheep upon the moor,
There came a gallant riding by,
She ne'er had seen before.

2. Said he, "Thou beauteous maiden,"
These words then uttered he,
"I shall be dead, this day," he said,
"If I've not my will of thee."

3. Now if I trust thee, what's thy name?
Thy name straightway declare,
For promises are empty wind,
And falsest words most fair.

4. "O some do call me Jack," he said,
"And some do call me Jame.
But when I'm in the King's high court
Then William is my name."

5. [MS. omits as gross.] . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

6. He took his horse all by the head
And swift away did ride;
She gathered up her skirts & ran,
Hard by his stirrup side.

7. And when she to a river came,
She set her breast & swam,
And when she was on the green grass
Then swift afoot she ran.

8. He never was a courteous knight
To bid her mount & ride,
And she was such a simple maid
She bade him not abide.

9. "Now stay, the night is falling dark
And weary thou must be,"
"I will not stay, by night or day,
But run 'long side of thee."

10. And when they came to London town,
He from her off did fling,
She hasted to the King's palace
And there knocked at the ring.

11. There was no servant in the hall,
Nor noble heard the din,
And so there came the King himself
And let the fair maid in.

12. "What would'st thou have of me?" he said,
"Oh, what dost seek?" said he.
"Thou hast a man in thy fair court,
That hath a robbed me."

13. "What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid,
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took the redgold ring
From off thy finger small?"

14. "He hath not robbed me, gentle Sir
Of purple or of pall
But he hath ta'en my maidenhead
That grieves me most of all."

15. "How dost thou know this robber knight
What dost thou know him by?"
"By his locks that are as yellow wheat
And by his bright blue eye."

16. "Oh! if he be a married man
I'll hang him on a tree.
But if he be a bachelor,
His body I'll give to thee."

17. The king he callèd down his men,
By one, by two, by three.
Sir William once was first of all,
But now the last came he.

18. Then out he held full fifty pound
All wrapped in a glove,
"Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee
Go seek another love."

19. "O! I want nothing of thy gold,
Nor nothing of thy fee.
But I will have thy body whole,
Which the king hath granted me."

20. "Would I had drunk the water clear
When I did drink the wine
Rather than any shepherd's maid
Should be a lady of mine.

21. Would I had drunk the puddle foul
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than any shepherd's maid
Should tell of me this tale."

22. "A shepherd's maiden though I was,
You might have let me be.
I never had come to London town,
To ask of ought from thee."

23. He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon a grey,
And forth he rode with the shepherd maid
From London Town away.

24. The very first town they came unto
He bought her a golden ring,
The very next town they came unto,
He made her a gay wedding.

8. [The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter]

Kidson, 1891, p. 20. Sung by Benjamin Holgate, Leeds.

p D (inflected VII)

1. There was a shepherd's daughter
Who sat upon yon hill,
There came a young man riding by,
Who swore he'd have his will.
Fol lol lay, Fol lol di diddle lol di day.

2. There was a shepherd's daughter,
Who kept sheep on yon hill;
There came a young man riding by,
Who swore he'd have his will.
Fol lol lay, etc.

3. He took her by the lilly white hand,
And by her silken sleeve;
. . . . . .
Fol lol lay, etc.

4. . . . . .
Or tell to me your name,
Fol lol lay, etc.

5. "Oh, some they call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some they call me Will;
But when I ride the king's high-gate,
[My] name is sweet William."
Fol lol lay, etc.

9. [The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter]

Gardiner, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 280. Sung by Benjamin Arnold (78), Easton, near Winchester, November 1906.

p Æ

Lucy Broadwood cites a number of Western Highland and Irish parallels for this tune, in *JFSS*, *loc. cit.* above.

1. 'Tis of a shepherd's daughter,
Kept sheep all on a hill,
The squire's son came riding by,
And sware he'd have his will.

Chorus—Rite fal le riddle ral de rido
Rite fal le day.

2. "Some they call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some they call me John,
And when I'm in King George's train,
They call me Sweet William."
Chorus.

3. He put his feet into the stirrup,
And across the horse did stride,
She hooked her crook into the bridle,
And she run by the horse's side.
Chorus.

4. The first three miles she walked,
The next three miles she run,
And when she came to the broad water side
She fell on her breast and swum.
Chorus.

5. He mounted on his milk-white steed
And she on her dapper grey,
He hung the bugle round his neck,
And then they rode away.
Chorus.

6. The very first town that they came to
They bought the wedding ring
And the very next town that they came to
They set the bells to ring.
Chorus.

10. "Shepherd's Daughter"

Grainger, *JFSS*, III, No. 12 (1908), p. 222. Sung by William Roberts, Burringham-on-Trent, Lincolnshire, July 30, 1906.

p Æ/D

This version, approximately, is sung by A. L. Lloyd on Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-624(B), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

In the *Journal*, "King Henry My Son" (*JFSS*, III, No. 10 [1907], p. 43) and "Bobbing Joan" (Chappell, I, [1855], p. 291) are cited as parallels by Lucy Broadwood and Cecil Sharp.

It's of a shepherd's daughter
Kep' sheep on yonders 'ill;
A squire's son came ridin' by,
And he fāan (fain) would have his will.
You and I, you and I,
He fāan would have his will.

"He tōk (took) me by the lilywhite hand,
And by the silken sleeve;
And he gently laid me on the ground
Before I gave him leave."

"Since you have had your will o' me,
Prā-ā (pray) tell to me your name,
That when my bā-aby it is born
I can call it by the sā-ame."

"Sometimes they call me Jack," said he,
"Sometimes they call me John,
But when I'm in the fair king's court (cört)
Mä (my) nāme is Sweet Willyüm."

11. "Earl Richard," or "Shepherd's Daughter"

Sharp MSS., 2663/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 90(4). Sung by Robert Feast (67), at Ely Union, Cambridge, September 11, 1911. Learned from his grandfather, an old Waterloo soldier.

p Æ/D

He took her round the middle so small
He laid her on the ground
After he had his will of her
He picked her up again
So a-lay, lay a lay right down

12. [The Shepherd's Daughter]

Baring-Gould MSS., CXVIII(2). Sung by James Olver, Launceston, 1891. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

p Æ

13. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 9 (1935), p. 7. From Mrs. Eva A. Cooley, Exeter, Me., June 6, 1934.

p Minor

Barry does not bar his copy.

1. A shepherd's daughter watching sheep—
Knight William riding by;
"O—what will I give that pretty fair maid,
One night with me to lie!"
Cho. *Ri fol diddle O day.*

2. He took her by the slender waist,
And laid her on the green;
He took her by the lily-white hand,
And lifted her up again.

3. He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And swiftly he did ride;
She, being young and nimble foot,
She followed him side by side.

4. And when she came to the King's castle,
She knocked so loud did ring;
O who was so ready as the King himself,
To rise and let her in.

5. "What news, what news, my pretty fair maid,
What news have you brought to me?
Has any of my goods been stole this night,
Or any of my castles won?"
"But I've been robbed of my body,
Which grieves me worse than all."

6. "If he be a married man,
Hanged he shall be;
But if he be a single man,
His body I'll give to thee."

7. The King called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Knight William used to be the first—
The last of all came he.

8. Knight William brought five hundred pounds,
And laid it on the aisle;
Says he, "Take this, you wanton girl,
And go maintain your child!"

9. "I don't want your gold," she said,
"Nor I don't want your fee;
But I will have your fair body,
Which the King has given to me!"

10. After the wedding it was o'er,
And all was through and done;
She proved to be the King's daughter,
And he but a blacksmith's son.

14. [The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter]

Greig MSS., I, p. 154. Also in Greig and Keith, 1952, p. 89(1a). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer, March 1906.

p Æ/D

Sometimes they call me Jockie
An' sometimes they call me Jim,
When I'm in the king's high court,
Guilielmi is my name.
Hey O the merry gold
In the dowrin, In the dancin'
Hey O the merry gold
In the dowrin' ae.

15. [The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter]

Greig MSS., I, p. 174. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 90(1b). Sung by [?Annie] Robb, Maud, 1906.

p Æ/D

It's if ye tak' my mantle,
Anither I could spin,
But gin ye tak my maidenhead
I'll ne'er get it again.
Singing hey how the marigool
In the doon, in the doon,
Sing hey how the marigool,
In the doon aye.

GROUP AC

16. [The Shepherd's Daughter]

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 25; text, p. 25.

a D/Æ, ending on V

The same tune is to be found associated with Child Nos. 231, 236, 251.

1. There was a shepherd's dochter,
Kept sheep on yonder hill;
There cam a knicht o' courage bricht,
And he wad hae his will.*

2. He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
Gien her a gown o' green;—
"Tak ye that, fair may," he said,
"Na mair o' me'll be seen."

3. "Sin ye hae tane your wills o' me,
Your wills o' me ye've tane;
Sin ye hae tane your wills o' me,
Pray tell to me your name."

4. "O, some they ca' me Jack, ladie,
And ithers ca' me John,
But whan I am in the King's court,
Sweet William is my name."

5. She has kilted up her green claithing,
A little below the knee,
And she has gane to the king's court,
As fast as she could hie.

6. And whan she cam unto the king,
She knelt low on her knee;—
"There is a man into your court,
This day has robbed me."

7. "Has he robbed ye o' your gowd,
Or of your white money,
Or robbed ye o' the flow'ry branch,
The flow'r of your bodie."

8. "He has na robb'd me of my gowd,
Nor of my white money;
But he's robb'd me o' the flow'ry branch,
The flow'r of my bodie."

9. "O gin he be a bondsman,
High hangit sall he be;
But gin he be a freeman,
He sall weel provide for thee."

10. The king has call'd on his nobles all,
By therty and by three;
Sweet William should hae been the foremost,
But the hindmost man was he.

11. "Do ye mind yon Shepherd's dochter,
Ye met on yonder hill,
Whan a' her flocks were feeding round,
Of her ye took your will."

12. Then he's tane out a purse o' gowd,
Tied up intil a glove;—
"Sae, tak ye that, fair may," he says,
"And choice for you a love."

13. O he's tane out three hundred pund,
Tied up intil a purse—
"See, tak ye that, fair may," he says,
"And that will pay the nurse."

14. "I'll neither have your gowd," she says,
"Nor yet your white money,
But I will hae the king's grant,
That he has granted me."

15. He has tane her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither,
And to his castle they hae rode,
Like sister and like brither.

16. O ilka nettle that they cam to—
"O weill mote you grow,
For monie a day, my minnie and me
Hae pilkit at your pow."

17. O ilka mill that they cam to—
"O weill mote you clap,
For monie a day, my minnie and me
Hae buckled up our lap.

18. "You're the king o' England's ae brither,
I trust weill that ye be;
I'm the Earl o' Stamford's ae dochter,
He has na mae but me."

19. O saw ye ere sic a near marriage,
Atween the ane and the ither,—
The Earl o' Stamford's ae dochter,
And the king o' England's brither.

*Kinloch says the song has "the very common chorus of *Diddle, diddle*, &c. accompanying each verse in singing" (p. 14).

17. "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter"

Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 377. Sung by a Scots laborer, County Tyrone, Ireland. From Mrs. Sarah Carson, of Boston, Mass., February 15, 1908.

p I/M, ending on II

1. There was a shepherd's daughter was herding on yon hill,
And by there came a noble knight, who fain would have his will.
Ta rum ding fa doo, my delpha maid,
Ta rum ding fa doo, ma dee.

2. He catched her by the middle small, and tossed her on the plain,
And when he got his will of her, he took her up again.

3. "Sometimes they call me Jack," he said, "sometimes they call me John,
But when I am in the King's court, they call me Sweet William."

4. When she came to the King's court, ...
. . . . . .

5. "Has he robbed you of your purse of gold, or of your penny fee?"
. . . . . .

6. "He has not robbed me of my purse of gold, nor of my penny fee,
But he took from me the fairest flower that belongs to my body."

7. "It's if he is a married man, it's hanged he shall be,
And if he is a single man, his body I'll grant thee!"

8. "There's no Sweet William in my court, but one, but two, but three,
There's one Sweet William, my sister's son, I'm afraid it must be he."

9. He called upon his merry men, by one, by two, by three,
. . . . . .

10. "It's here, take this, my pretty fair maid, and look out for a nurse."
. . . . . .

11. "Oh, hold your tongue, my pretty fair maid, you'll make the case look worse,
If I have given you a British crown, you have it in your purse!"

12. "If I'd been drinking water, instead of drinking wine,
There's not a fair maid in this land would have entered in my mind."

GROUP Ad

18. [The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter]

Douce Ballads, IV, fol. 33*. Transcribed for F. J. Child (Child MSS., Harvard College Library). From a letter to J. O. Halliwell, mid-nineteenth century; tune from oral tradition.

a I

It seems likely that the timing of the last phrase is amiss. Probably the last two eighths were quarter-notes.

With this tune compare "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford" (*JFSS*, III, No. 11, p. 61; Child No. 144).

And when she came to the King's fair court,
Derry Derry down
And knocked at the ring,
Then who was so ready as the King himself
To let this fair maid in.
Derry Derry Derry down.

19. [Earl Richard]

Sharp MSS., 1554/1400. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), p. 86(1). Sung by Mrs. Florence Chedgey [or Chedgy], Stockland, Somerset, January 6, 1908.

a I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. It's of a fair pretty shepherdess
Keeping sheep all on the hill
When on did come a king's fair knight
And fain would have his will.
A down and derry derry down
And among the leaves so green O.

2. And now you've had your will on me
And brought my body to shame
The only thing that you can do
Is pray tell me your name.

3. O some do call me Jack, he said,
And some do call me John,
But when I'm home in the king's fair court
My name is Sweet William.

4. He mounted on his milk-white steed
And away then he did ride.
She strapped her petticoats round her waist
And ran by the horse's side.

5. She ran till she came to the broad waters,
She bore down her breast and swam,
And when she came to the dry land again
She tripped up her heels and ran.

6. She ran till she came to the king's fair courts,
She pull-ed at the ring;
There was none so ready as the king himself
To let this fair girl in.

7. Good morning to you my pretty maid,
Good morning sir, said she.
You have a knight all in your court
This day he have robbed me.

8. O has he robbed you of your gold,
Or any of your fee,
Or has he robbed you of the rarest branch
That grows in your body?

9. He has not robbed me of my gold,
Nor any of my fee,
But he has robbed me of the rarest branch
That grows in my body.

10. Here's twenty pounds for you, he said,
All wrapped in a glove,
And twenty thousand pounds for you, he said,
To seek some other love.

11. I will not have your twenty pounds
Nor any of your fee,
But I will have the king's fair knight
This day to marry me.

12. The king he called his fair young knights
By one, by two, by three,
Young William the foremost was,
The kinsman now was he.

13. He mounted on his milk-white steed
And she on her pony grey;
He threw the bugle round his neck
And together they rode away.

14. The very next town that they came to
The wedding bells did ring
And the very next church that they came to
There was a gay wedding.

15. . . . . .
She proved to be a duke's daughter
And he a squire's son.

GROUP Ae

20. "Earl Richard"

Greig MSS., II, p. 97; text, Bk. 766, LVI, p. 64. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 90(2). Sung by Mrs. Rettie, Milbrex, September 1906.

a D

Greig alludes to "The Hireman Chiel" as a parallel tune.

1. Awa, awa, ye carle's dother,
Sae far awa frae me;
For it disna set a carle's dother
A knicht's bride for to be.

2. I may be a carle's dother, she said,
Perhaps I may be nane;
But fan ye got me in the free forest,
Why letna ye me alane?

3. When they cam' to yon nettle bus'
That grew upo' the dyke,—
I had an aul' mither, gin she were here,
She wad it gnibly pyke.

4. Awa, awa, ye carle's dother, &c.

5. When they cam' to yon mill door,
She bade the wives guid-e'en,—
For my aul' mither had a little pockie,
An' it hang on a pin;
An' aye's the wives gaed oot an' in,
She got the sheelin' in.

6. She wad meal ye wi' the dist pock,
An' lay ye wi' the clew;
Syne haud her heid abeen the dish,
An' slab ere she was fou,
Syne lay her heid in o' her oxter,
An' sleep like ony soo.

7. Awa, awa, ye carle's dother, &c.

8. When they cam' to yon water,
It was baith deep an' wide,
He reined his horse' heid roon aboot,—
Says, Maiden, will ye ride?

9. She cuist a flashing look at him,
An' the tears stood in her e'en,—
I micht hae been a maiden, she said,
If you I had never seen.

10. I learnt it herdin' my mither's kye,
Awyte I learnt it weel,—
Fan I was herdin' my mither's kye,
I cud soom like ony eel.

11. I learnt it herdin' my mither's kye,
Awyte I learnt it better,—
Fan I was herdin' my mither's kye,
I cud soom like ony otter.

[*Then she spoke his name in Latin, & he said*—]

12. Ye hae been at ower high a skweel,
An' learnt ower high a lear;
An' wae be worth the skweelmaister
That gae you my name sae clare.

13. . . . . .
An' bonnie's the lady o' yon castle
That'll sin'er you an' me.

[*She went on to the castle and got an audience of the lady.*—]

14. Has he robbit you o' your gold,
Or o' your white monie?
Or robbit you o' your maidhood,
The floo'er o' your bodie?

15. He hasna robbit me o' my gold,
Nor o' my white monie;
But he's robbit me o' my maidenhead,
The floo'er o' my bodie.

16. She set a trumpet to her mouth,
An' loudly she did call;
Four-and-twenty high-born knights
Were present at her call;

17. Earl Richard should hae been the first,
But was hinmost o' them all

[*Earl Richard was commanded to marry the "carle's dother," and after the wedding a parrot spoke of the splendid match.*—]

18. . . . . .
Atween the ane an' the ither,
'Tween the Earl o' Oxford's ae daughter,
An' the Queen o' England's brither.

19. Oh wae be worth ye, Bellie blin',
Some ill deed mat ye dee;
I wad keepit him in pine for seyven year,
Ere he had been tell't by me:—
He ruggit's kep doon ower his e'en,
An' muckle shame thocht he.

21. [O Young Woman, Beautiful Young Woman]

Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 303. Sung by Tom Kermode, Isle of Man.

a D

The connection with Child No. 110 is not certain.
Miss Gilchrist, *loc. cit.*, is worth consulting on this variant for Scandinavian analogies.

1. O ven aeg, ven aalin aeg
T'ous mush thy gown shee shey
As kinid teh haggid dhyt
Ta t'ous as sharroo keaney?
Bannaght ayd, bannaght ayd, bannaght ayd!

2. Cha nee (nay) beg t'ei (tei) trimshey orryms
Ny creetoor nowr ym skeayney
T'a mish robbed er y raad
Liorish fer dy gheiney.
Refrain: *Bannaght ayd* (thrice)

(1. "O young woman, beautiful young woman,
Thou, with the silken gown,
What has happened to thee
That thou art so bitterly crying?"
Refrain: *A blessing with you!*

2. "My sorrow is not a little"—
The creature before me crying—
"I am robbed on the road
By some fellow."
Refrain: *A blessing, etc.*)

GROUP B

22a. [Parson upon Dorothy]

Playford, eds. of 1653, 1665, p. 83.

p D/Æ

In 1653, the tune is not barred.

22b. [Parson upon Dorothy]

Playford, ed. of 1716, p. 94.

p Harmonic minor (—VI)

22c. [The Shepherd's Daughter, or Parson upon Dorothy]

Rimbault, 1850, p. 94. Also in Chappell, I, [1855], p. 127.

p Harmonic minor (—VI)

There was a shepherd's daughter,
Came tripping on the way,
And there, by chance, a Knight she met,
Which caused her to stay.
Sing, trang, dildo dee.

The Baffled Knight

CHILD NO. 112

FROM the days of the troubadours this gay song appears to have remained a favorite. It has been made over again and again by the broadside men—and others—following the manner of the day. But successive refurbishings have not entirely absorbed the old, and a variety of tunes has survived in the record. Those current in the seventeenth century seem to have been tossed aside in the eighteenth, although the earliest is probably only semi-popular in its printed form, and may have been known in a simpler guise. By the end of the seventeenth century another pattern had been adopted, echoed more than once or twice in Playford's dancing-tunes, and found continually in other connections down to the present. It is related to the ubiquitous family of "Boyne Water," and also, apparently, to the "Bonny Broom" (cf. No. 217). This fashion, too, was discarded by our song, except for rare traces, and was superseded by the one most current today in England, a jolly plagal tune in common or quick time, and almost always in a major tonality. It has been met as a capstan shanty. It consistently shows a burden or chorus of stanza-length, with a text about the winds that blow. The more recent of the Scottish variants seem to have stayed within hailing distance of their English cousins.

Two other songs on the same theme which have in recent times enjoyed wide popularity are "The New Mown Hay" and "Katie Mory." The first is generally a five-phrase tune with a ri-fol-the-day refrain on the fifth phrase. The second is a "come-all-ye," so distant in text as to be scarcely entitled to claim relationship. The narrative tells how a damsel rid herself of an unwelcome suitor by tricking him into climbing a tree. But matters generally turn out better for him in the finale. "The New Mown Hay" is usually a major or Mixolydian tune, and so also is "Katie Mory." A few examples of the latter are given in Appendix B.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Over Courteous Knight." Joseph Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 160; reprinted from Thomas Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, 1609. Also, entitled "A Song," in Thomas D'Urfey, *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-20, III, p. 37.

GROUP B

2. "The Baffled Knight," or "Lady's Policy." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, II, [1859], p. 520. Also in Edward F. Rimbault, *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 81; reprinted from *Youth's Delight on the Flagelet*, 1697.

GROUP C

3. "A Song." D'Urfey, *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-20, V, p. 112.

GROUP D

4. "There was a silly Shepherd Swain." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, V, [1796], No. 477, p. 490 (repr. 1853).

GROUP E

5. "The Shepherd's Son." George Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scotish Airs*, V, 1818-26, p. 223.

GROUP F

6. "Blow the Winds, I-Ho!" John Collingwood Bruce and John Stokoe, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, 1882, p. 81. Also in John Stokoe and Samuel Reay, *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*, n.d. [1893?], p. 112.

GROUP G

7. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 1231/. Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Chedgey)
8. "The Shepherd Laddie." Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, pp. 92(b) and 91. From Duncan MS., No. 95. (Gillespie, Petrie)
9. "Jock Sheep." Greig MSS., III, p. 95, and Bk. 731, XXI, p. 14, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 91(a). (Mackie)
10. "Blow Away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 367/494. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 19(3). (Price)
11. "The Baffled Knight." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 12 (1937), p. 12.
12. "The Baffled Knight." Sharp MSS., 1927/1783. (Beale)
13. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 490/. (Unnamed singer)
14. "Blow Away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 155/235. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 19(2). (Jeffery)
15. "Blow away the morning dew." Sharp MSS., 842/914. (Cudland)
16. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 1st series, 1904, p. 16. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 46. (White, Price)

17a. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 1435/. (Lewis)

17b. "The Baffled Knight." Sharp MSS., 2192/2043. (Lewis)

18. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 63/90. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 18(1). (White and Hooper)
19. "Blow away the Morning Dew." Sharp MSS., 2891/. (Short)
20. "The Baffled Knight." Sharp MSS., 2861/. (Clayton)
21. "Baffled Knight." Sharp MSS., 1283/. (Richards)
22. "Baffled Knight." Sharp MSS., 1752/1577. (Barnard [Barnett])
23. "Blow ye Winds in the Morning." W. B. Whall, *Sea Songs and Shanties*, 1927, p. 21.

a. "Blow, Ye Winds in the Morning." D. K. Wilgus, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, III (1957), p. 91.

24. "The Shepherd Lad." Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP recording, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, RLP 12-622(A3), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
25. "The Baffled Knight." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 64.

APPENDIX A

26. "New Mown Hay." Sharp MSS., 649/716. (Dingle)
27. "New Mown Hay O." Sharp MSS., 1571/1417. (Smithers)
28. "The New Mown Hay." Sharp MSS., 1163/1160. (Edghill)
29. "Blow Away the Morning Dew," or "New Mown Hay." Sharp MSS., 1520/1357. (Stokes)
30. "New Mown Hay." Sharp MSS., 1745/1574. (West)
31. "New Mown Hay." Sharp MSS., 1832/. (Light)
32. "The Baffled Knight." R. Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 257.
33. "As I walked out one May morning." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 114.

APPENDIX B

34. "Katey Morey." Sharp MSS., 3397/2495. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 119(A). (Stockton)
35. "Katie Morie." Sharp MSS., 4746/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 121(C). (Chrisom)
36. "Kitty O'Noory." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 393.
37. "Katey Morey." Sharp MSS., 3464/2552. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 120(B). (House)
38. "Katey Morey." Sharp MSS., 4702/. (Mitchell)
39. "Katie Morey," or "The Shrewd Maiden." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 64.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Over Courteous Knight"

Ritson, 1790, p. 160. From Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609 (Child's A text). Also in D'Urfey, 1719-20, III, p. 37.

m M (inflected VII)

1. Yonder comes a courteous Knight,
Lustely raking ouer the lay,
He was well ware of a bonny lasse,
As she came wandring ouer the way.
Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe derry,
Then she, &c.

2. Ioue you speed fayre Lady, he said,
Among the leaues that be so greene;
If I were a king and wore a crowne,
Full soone faire Lady shouldst thou be a queen.
Then she sang, downe, &c.

3. Also Ioue saue you faire Lady,
Among the Roses that be so red;
If I haue not my will of you,
Full soone faire Lady shall I be dead.
Then she sang, &c.

4. Then he lookt East, then hee lookt West,
Hee lookt North, so did he South;
He could not finde a priuy place,
For all lay in the Diuels mouth.
Then she sang, &c.

5. If you will carry me, gentle sir,
A mayde vnto my fathers hall,
Then you shall haue your will of me,
Vnder purple and vnder paule.
Then she sang, &c.

6. He set her vp vpon a Steed,
And him selfe vpon another:
And all the day he rode her by,
As though they had been sister and brother.
Then she sang, &c.

7. When she came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She yode in at the wicket gate
And shut the foure ear'd foole without.
Then she sang, &c.

8. You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
Among the corne, amidst the hay;
Where you might had your will of mee,
For, in good faith sir, I neuer said nay.
Then she sang, &c.

9. Ye had me also amid the field,
Among the rushes that were so browne;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me downe.
Then she sang, &c.

10. He pulled out his nut-browne sword,
And wipt the rust off with his sleeue;
And said, Ioues curse come to his heart,
That any woman would believe.
Then she sang, &c.

11. When you haue your owne true loue,
A mile or twaine out of the towne,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then she sang, &c.

GROUP B

2. "The Baffled Knight," or "Lady's Policy"

Chappell, II, [1859], p. 520. Also in Rimbault, 1850, p. 81; from *Youth's Delight on the Flagelet*, 1697 (in tablature).

a I (final on V)

It was a Knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, Sir.

Full text in Percy, *Reliques*, Vol. II, Bk. 3, No. 15.

GROUP C

3. [A Song]

D'Urfey, 1719-20, V, p. 112.

a Harmonic minor (inflected VII)

1. There was a Knight and he was Young,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met a Lady fair,
Among the Cocks of Hay, Sir:
Quoth he, shall you and I Lady,
Among the Grass lye down a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of rumpling of your Gown a.

2. If you will go along with me,
Unto my Father's Hall, Sir;
You shall enjoy my Maiden-head,
And my Estate and all, Sir:
So he mounted her on a milk-white Steed,
Himself upon another;
And then they rid upon the Road,
Like Sister and like Brother.

3. And when she came to her Father's House,
Which was moated round about, Sir;
She stepped streight within the Gate,
And shut this Young Knight out, Sir,
Here is a Purse of Gold, she said,
Take it for your Pains, Sir;
And I will send my Father's Man,
To go home with you again, Sir.

4. And if you meet a Lady fair,
As you go thro' the next Town, Sir;
You must not fear the Dew of the Grass,
Nor the rumpling of her Gown, Sir:
And if you meet a Lady Gay,
As you go by the Hill, Sir;
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

5. There is a Dew upon the Grass,
Will spoil your Damask Gown a;
Which has cost your Father dear,
Many Shilling and Crown a:
There is a Wind blows from the *West*,
Soon will dry the Ground a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of the rumpling of my Gown a.*

*The last stanza, with possessives reversed, should have come second.

GROUP D

4. [There was a silly Shepherd Swain]

Johnson, V, [1796], No. 477, p. 490 (repr. 1853).

p π^4

1. There was a silly shepherd swain,
Kept sheep upon a hill,
He laid his pipe and crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.
He laid his pipe and crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

2. He looked east, he looked west,
Then gave an under-look,
And there he spied a lady fair,
Swimming in a brook,
And there, &c.

3. He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approach'd the maid,
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And be ye not afraid.
Put on, &c.

4. 'Tis fitter for a lady fair,
To sew her silken seam,
Than to get up in a May morning,
And strive against the stream.
Than to get, &c.

5. If you'll not touch my mantle,
And let my claiths alane;
Then I'll give you as much money,
As you can carry hame.
Then I'll, &c.

6. O! I'll not touch your mantle,
And I'll let your claiths alane;
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain,
But I'll tak, &c.

7. And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms;
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.
Put on your, &c.

8. He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither.
And all along, &c.

9. When she came to her father's yate,
She tirled at the pin;
And ready stood the porter there,
To let this fair maid in.
And ready, &c.

10. And when the gate was opened,
So nimbly's she whipt in;
Pough! you're a fool without, she says,
And I'm a maid within.
Pough! you're, &c.

11. Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
But had you done what you should do,
I ne'er had left you there.
But had you, &c.

12. Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
And let my feet gae bare,
And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me, if her I spare.
And gin I, &c.

13. In that do as you please, she says,
But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity;
With that she shut the door.
Have the, &c.

14. There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not when he might,
He should not when he would.
He that, &c.

GROUP E

5. [The Shepherd's Son]

Thomson, V, 1818-26, p. 223.

p I/M

GROUP F

6. "Blow the Winds, I-Ho!"

Bruce and Stokoe, 1882, p. 81. Also in Stokoe and Reay, n.d. [1893?], p. 112.

a Æ

There was a shepherd's son,
He kept sheep on yonder hill;
He laid his pipe and his crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

And blow the winds, I-ho!
Sing, blow the winds, I-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow the winds, I-ho!

GROUP G

7. [Blow away the Morning Dew]

Sharp MSS., 1231/. Sung by James Chedgey, Bincombe Over Stowey, January 23, 1907.

p I

8. "The Shepherd Laddie"

Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 92(b); text, p. 91. From Duncan MS., No. 95. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, and by Mrs. Petrie, Alford, 1905; text is Mrs. Gillespie's.

p I

1. There was a shepherd laddie kept sheep
on yonder hill,
He has laid aside his pipe an' club, an'
went to sleep his fill.
Wi my fal-de-reedle ah dee, fal-de-reedle
ah dee,
Fal all de reet, wi my fal-de-reedle ee,
Wi my fal-de-reedle ah dee.

2. But when he wakened up again, an'
leaning on his crook,
An' there he spied a weel-faur'd maid, she
was bathing in a brook.

[He approaches.]

3. "Young man, keep off your hands," she
said, "nor do me any wrong,
An' I'll give you as much money as you
can carry home.

4. "My father he's a farmer that liveth just
near by,
An' if he knew ye troubled me, richt
angry wad he be.

5. "But ye'll come doon by yon green wood,
an' doon to yon ha' door,
An' there I'll . . . . . ."

[She gives directions, all which he fulfils.]

6. He cam doon to yon green wood, an'
doon to yon ha' door,
An' she called oer a window high, "Of me
ye'll get no more.

7. "Ye're like a steed my father had, was
tethered on the loan,
He hung his head above the hay, but never
laid it on.

8. "Ye're like a cock my father had, that
wore a double kaim,
He clapp'd his wings but never crew, an'
I think that ye're like him."

[He gives some reply, asking for the money, which is refused. He answers that, if she were where once she was, she would not escape.]

9. "Jock Sheep"

Greig MSS., III, p. 95; text, Bk. 731, XXI, p. 14. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 91(a). Sung by James Mackie, Strichen, May 1908.

m I/M

1. There was a Shepherd's son
Kept sheep upon a hill
He laid his pipe & crook aside
And there he slept his fill
Sing fal-de-reedle-adie
Fal-de-reedle-adie
Fal de reedle do my fal-de-reedle a
Fal de reedle a' dee

2. He looked east and he looked west
Then gave an under look
And there he spied a lady fair
Swimming in a brook
Chorus:—

3. He raised his head from his green bed
And thus approached the maid
Put on your claes, my dear, he says
And be you not afraid

4. 'Tis fitter for a lady fair
To sew her silken seam
Than to rise up on a May morning
And strive against the stream

5. If you'll not handle my mantle, she said
If you do not touch my gown
Then I'll give you as much money
As you can carry home

6. It's I'll not handle your mantle he said
And I'll lat your claes alane
And I'll tak you out o' the clear water
My dear to be my ain.

7. He set her on a milk white steed
Himsel upon anither
And all along the way they rode
Like sister and like brother.

8. When she came to her father's yett
She tirled at the pin
And ready stood the porter there
To let this fair maid in.

9. And when the gate was opened
Sae nimbly she swept in
Pough, you're a fool without she said
And I'm a maid within.

10. Now farewell my modest boy
I thank you for your care
But had you done, as you should done
I had not left you there

11. Oh, I'll cast aff my hose and sheen
And lat my feet gang bare
And gin I meet a bonny lass
Hang (her) me gin her I spare.

12. In that do as you please she says
But you shall nevermore
Have the same opportunity
With that she shut the door

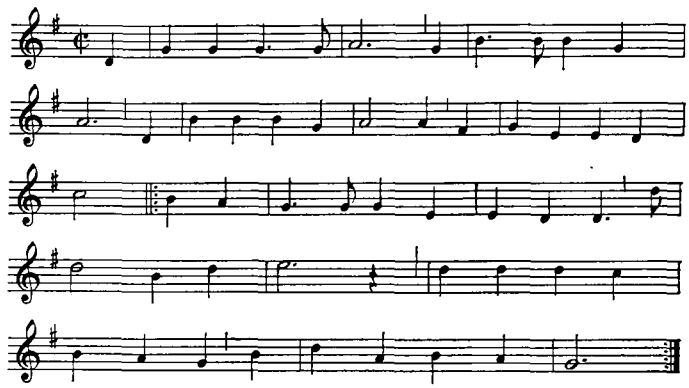
13. There is a guid auld proverb
I've often heard it told
That he that winna when he may
He sanna when he would.*

* This text seems to have been learned, at no great remove, from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, p. 156.

10. [Blow Away the Morning Dew]

Sharp MSS., 367/494. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 19(3). Sung by Mrs. Price, Compton Martin, August 26, 1904.

p I



1. There was a farmer's son keep sheep all on the hill
He walked out one May morning to see what he could kill.
Roll me in the morning, the dew and the dew,
Steal away the morning dew, how sweet the winds do blow.

2. He look-ed high, he look-ed low, he cast an underlook,
And there he saw a pretty fair maid all in the watery brook.

3. You leave alone my mantle rest, you leave alone my gown,
And if you will take hold my hand I will be your own.

4. He mounted on a milk-white steed and she upon another,
And there they rode along the road like sister and like brother.

5. And there they rode along the road till they came to some fields of hay.
Isn't this a pretty place for girls and boys to play.

6. You stop till you come to my father's house then you shall have a crown.
There I will engage with you and twenty thousand pound.

7. And when she came to her father's gate so lively she did run,
None was so ready as the waiting-maid to let his lady in.

8. She mounted off her milk-white steed and then she did step in.
She said: You are a rogue without and I'm a girl within.

9. My mother got a flower in her garden call-ed Marigold.
If you will not when you may you shall not when you will.

10. My father got a cock in his barton called double game,
He oftentimes crew but he never tread a hen.
I think you're just the same.

11. [The Baffled Knight]

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 12 (1937), p. 12. Sung by Edward Cassity (82), Cambridge, Mass., July 2, 1936.

p I/M

As I walked out one morning
Within the month of May;
I saw a pretty country lass,
And her clothing was so gay.

Chorus: Singing, Blow ye winds of the morning,
Blow ye winds I O,
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow ye wild winds, blow.

Said I, "My pretty fair maid,
Where are you going this way?"
She looked me in the face and smiled,
And swiftly sped away.

I quickly followed after her
And caught her by the hand;
Says I, "my pretty fair maid,
Now let us understand."

12. [The Baffled Knight]

Sharp MSS., 1927/1783. Sung by James Beale (72), of Warehorne, Kent, September 23, 1908.

p I

1. 'Twas of a shepherd's son
Keep sheep all on the hill
And he went out one May morning
To see what he could kill
And it's stroll away the morning dew
Blow the winds I-ho
Stroll away the morning dew
How sweet the winds do blow.

2. He look-ed high he look-ed low
He gave an underlook
And then he saw a pretty maid
A-swimming in the brook.

3. O do not touch my mantle
Pray leave my clothes alone
But take me out of the water
And convey me to my home.

4. As they were riding along the road
They came to some cocks of hay
Saying: This is a pretty place
For men and maids to play.

5. My father keeps a bantam cock
He would not tread the hen
He flutters his wings and crows
Saying I think you're one of them.

6. O take me to my father's house
And you may sit me down
And you shall have my maidenhead
And fifteen hundred pound.

7. When she got to her father's house
She step-ped boldly in
Saying: You are a fool without delay
And I'm a maid within.

8. So if you meet any pretty girl
And your father in the town
O never mind her squalling
Or the rumpling of her gown.

13. "Blow away the Morning Dew"

Sharp MSS., 490/. From a woman singer at Glastonbury, January 7, 1905.

p I

My shoes and stockings shall come off
My feet they shall go bare
And if I meet this girl again
I touch her if I dare
And sing blow away the morning dew
Blow the winds heigh ho!
Blow away the morning dew
How sweet the winds do blow!

14. [Blow Away the Morning Dew]

Sharp MSS., 155/235. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 19(2). Sung by John Jeffery, Ile Brewers, April 7, 1904.

p I

The D in the first bar accords with the *Journal*, G with the MS. reading.

As I went out one May morning
To view the meadows gay
There I met a sweet pretty girl
All on the new mown hay.
Singing Hey the de[e]wy morning,
Blow the winds Heigh Ho,
Strolling in the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

Says she: If you'll come down to my father's house
In which is walled all round
There you shall have a kiss from me
And forty thousand pound.

Says she: My father has a cock
That seldom treads the hens,
He flies about and flutters his wings,
And I think you're one of them.

So when you're out for a walk
A hundred yards from home
Never mind the squeaks nor squalls
Nor the rustle of a muslin gown.

15. [Blow away the morning dew]

Sharp MSS., 842/914. Sung by Henry Cudland (81), Old Cleeve, April 5, 1906.

p I

1. There was a jolly shepherd love
Kept sheep on a hill.

Blow the winds I ho
Stole away the morning dew,
Blow the winds I ho
Stole away the morning dew
How sweet the winds do blow.

2. Ask of her her maidenhead
And she answered: O not you.

3. Cocks of hay . . . . . .
. . . . . waiting-maid to let his lady in.

4. O you're a rogue without the gate
And I'm a girl within.

5. He is called rue.

6. There's many a cock's head
Will laugh and gape (or game) at you.

7. O I have a flower out in my garden
He's called the ruddy rue.

16. "Blow away the Morning Dew"

Sharp and Marson, 1st series, 1904, p. 16. Also in Sharp, 1916, p. 46. Composite tune, from the singing of Mrs. Lucy White, Hambridge, and Mrs. Price, Compton Martin.

p I

There was a farmer's son
Kept sheep all on the hill;
And he walked out one May morning
To see what he could kill.

And sing Blow away the morning Dew,
The Dew and the Dew,
Blow away the morning Dew
How sweet the Winds do blow.

17a. "Blow away the Morning Dew"

Sharp MSS., 1435/. Sung by Captain Lewis, Minehead, August 21, 1907.

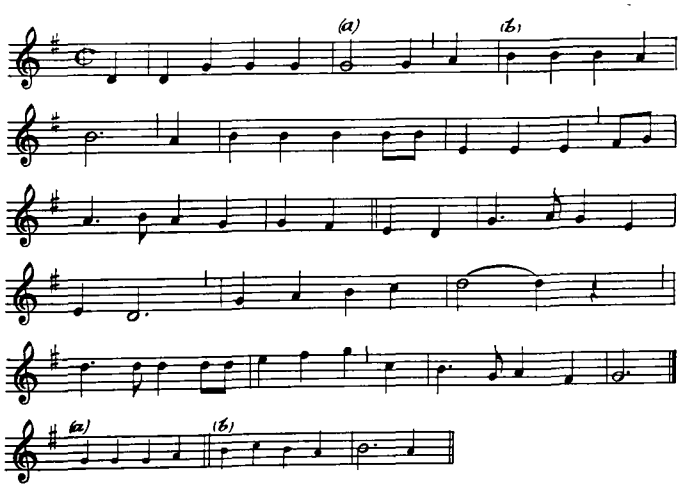
p I

Blow away the morning dew
Blow the winds I Ho
Blow the winds of a dew morning
How sweet the winds do blow

17b. [The Baffled Knight]

Sharp MSS., 2192/2043. Sung by Captain Lewis, Minehead, April 30, 1909.

m I



1. 'Twas of a brisk young farmer
Kept sheep all on a hill
And he went out of a May morning
To see what he could kill.

And it's aye the dewy morning
Blow the wind I ho
Blow the wind of a dew morning
How sweet the winds do blow.

2. He gazed high, he gazed low
He gave an underlook
And there he saw a fair pretty maid
A-bathing in the brook.

3. It's better for young ladies
To be sewing their silken seams
Than it is to be out of a May morning
A-swimming against the streams.

4. It's better for a young farmer
To be minding their business at home
Than it is to be out of a May morning
To see young ladies swim.

5. She mounted on a milk-white steed
And he all on another
They rode along together
Like sister and like brother.

6. They rode along together
Till they came to some cocks of hay
Saying: Isn't this a pretty place
For girls and boys to play?

7. Now when she came to her father's gate
She turned herself about
Saying: I am the maid within
And thou art a fool without.

8. There is a herb in father's garden
And some do call it rue
It causes all the girls in our town
To have a laugh at you.

9. There is a cock in father's barton
He often seems to crow
And he seldom ever treads the hens
And it's the same with you.

18. "Blow away the Morning Dew"

Sharp MSS., 63/90. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, II, No. 6 (1905), p. 18(1). Sung by Mrs. Lucy White and Mrs. Louie Hooper, Hambridge, December 28, 1903.

p I

We have a flower in our garden
We call it Marygold
And if you want to when you can
You shall not when you will.
And sing blow away the morning dew,
Blow the winds hey over,
Sing blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

As we was riding home alone
We saw some pooks of hay.
Is not this a very pretty place
For you and I to play
(*or* For boys and girls to play)
And sing blow, etc.

We have a cock in our barton
That never trode no hen
And I think to my very own self
That you are much the same.
And sing, etc.

When she came to her own father's gate
So nimble she popped in
Saying: You're a fool without
And I am a maid within.
And sing, etc.

19. [Blow away the Morning Dew]

Sharp MSS., 2891/. Subtitled "Capstan Chanty." Sung by John Short (76), Watchet, April 21, 1914.

p I/M

If we go in a farmer's yard
And see a flock of geese
We curse their eyes & damn their sides
And knock down five or six
And blow you winds of morning
Blow the winds I ho
Clear away the morning dew
Say blow blow blow

20. [The Baffled Knight]

Sharp MSS., 2861/. Sung by Mrs. Clayton, Shepston on Stow, April 24, 1913.

p I

21. [Baffled Knight]

Sharp MSS., 1283/. Sung by Mrs. Richards (78), Little Sodbury, April 2, 1907.

p I

As I walked out one May morning
One May morning so gay
I overtook a pretty fair maid
And I rolled her in the hay
So tis blow the windy morning
Blow the wind Hey Ho
Blow away the morning dew
How sweet the wind doth blow

22. [Baffled Knight]

Sharp MSS., 1752/1577. Sung by Jack Barnard [Barnett], Bridgwater, August 4, 1908.

p π^1

1. As I walked out one May morning,
   One May morning betime
   There I saw a pretty maid
   A-floating by the tide.
   Singing true blue for ever
   True true blue
   King George for ever
   How sweet the winds do blow.

2. Take me out of this water
   And lay me on the ground
   Then you shall have my maidenhead
   And twenty thousand pound.

3. He got up on one horse
   And she got on the other;
   So they rode along the road
   Like sister and like brother.

4. As they rode along the road
   They saw a field of grass.
   Isn't this a pretty place
   If you brought your bottle and glass?

5. As they rode along the road
   They saw a field of hay;
   Isn't this a pretty place
   For you and me to play?

6. There's a flower in my father's garden
   It's called the marigold.
   You would not when you could, my boy,
   You shall not now you will.

7. There's a cock in my father's barton
   That run among the hens.
   He often crow and never trod;
   I think you're much the same.

8. When she came to her father's gate
   She nimbily stepped in.
   You're a fool without those gates
   And I'm a maid within.

23. "Blow ye Winds in the Morning"

Whall, 1927, p. 21.

p I

As I walked out one sunny morn to view the meadow round,
I spied a pretty primrose lass come tripping o'er the ground,
Singing Blow, ye winds, in the morning,
Blow, ye winds, Hi! Ho!
Brush away the morning dew,
Blow, ye winds, Hi! Ho!

I saddled me an Arab steed and saddled her another,
And off we rode together just like sister and like brother.

We rode along until we came to a field of new-mown hay,
Says she, "Young man, this is the place for men and maids to play."

I took her from her Arab steed and gently laid her down,
Says she, "Young man, oh pray take care, you'll spoil my new silk gown."

24. "The Shepherd Lad"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside LP rec., RLP 12-622 (A3), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned by MacColl from his father, with additional text from Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 90.

p I (—VI)

1. There was a bonnie shepherd lad,
   Kept sheep on yonder hill, O;
   He's lain aside his pipe and club
   And gane to sleep his fill, O.
   Fal da riddle, fal da riddle,
   Fal da riddle di do.

2. But when he's wakened up again
   His hairt it gied a turn, O;
   For there he spied a weel-faur'd maid
   A soomin' in the burn, O.

3. He's taen his pipe intil his hand,
   Tae her he's played a tune, O;
   "Come ower the brae, my bonnie may,
   Or I fear I'll wet my shoon, O."

4. "Keep aff your hands," the lassie said,
   "Nor do me any wrong, O.

And I'll gie you as much siller
As you can carry hame, O."

5. "It's I'll no' tak' your siller, lass,
Or riches manifauld, O,
But I'll row ye in the fernie brae
To keep ye frae the cauld, O."

6. "My father he's a fairmer
And he lives below the hill, O.
And if he kent ye troubled me
Fell angry he would be, O.

7. "But come to me by yon green wood,
And tirl at yon door, O;
And I will come and let ye in
And ye shall hae your will, O."

8. "It's I will come by yon green wood,
And I'll tirl at your door, O;
And my pipe'll play ye sic' a tune
Ye'll dance a reel and more, O."

9. When he cam' doon by yon green wood,
And tirled at the door, O,
She called oot frae her window high,
"Of me ye'll get no more, O.

10. "Ye're like a horse my faither had,
Was teathered on the loan, O,
He hung his heid above the hay
But never laid it on, O.

11. "Ye're like a cock my faither had,
That wore a double kaim, O,
He clapped his wings but never crawed,
And I think ye're just the same, O."

12. "My shepherd's pipe is fu' o' tunes,
Ye'll no' hear it today, O,
But gin we ever meet again,
You'll feel how it can play, O."

25. [The Baffled Knight]

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 64. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, N.S.

a I (inflected IV)

The original copy is in straight 2/4 throughout. Beginning at the fourth bar, the present copy is re-barred.

1. It's of a shepherd's laddie
Kept sheep on yonder hill
He laid his pipe and crook aside
And there he slept his fill.
Singing Fall the dey diddle I, diddle I,
Fall the dey diddle I diddle earo,
Fall the dey diddle earo diddle dey
Right fall the day, diddle earo.

2. It's there he spied a pretty fair maid
A-swimming in the brook,
It would have been more fitter for ladies
To sew a silken seam
And leave it all for gentlemen
To stroll against the stream. *Cho.*

3. It's "You don't catch my mantle sir
And leave my clothes alone,
I'll give you as much gold kind sir
As you can carry home." *Cho.*

4. "I won't touch your mantle ma'am
And I'll leave your clothes alone,
I'll take you from the clear fresh water
This day to be my own." *Cho.*

5. He took her by the lily white hand
And he led her up the rock,
Says he, "My dear put on your shirt
To hide those comely charms." *Cho.*

6. He mounted her on a milk white steed,
Himself upon another,
And the both of them rode along the road
Like sister and like brother. *Cho.*

7. As they were going through the bush
She spied some rooks on high,
Saying, "Yonder is a bonny place
For you and I to lie." *Cho.*

8. They both then rode along together
Till they came to her father's cot,
There was none so ready as her father's porter
To let this pretty maid in. *Cho.*

9. It's, "I'm a maid within," says she,
"And you're a fool without,
So stand you there you silly sheep
And whistle on your thumb."

10. It's "Don't you remind kind sir
When coming through the rye
It's might had you to kiss me there
What could I a done but cry?" *Cho.*

11. "You're like a cock my father had
Who wore a devilled comb,
He could flap his wings but couldn't crow
And you think you're just the same." *Cho.*

12. "You're like a horse my father had
Who toddled at the pin,

He hung his head above the malt
But was afraid to venture in." *Cho.*

13. It's "I'll pull off my shoes and shod
And let my feet gang bare,
And if I should meet another fair maid
Dang me if I'll let her spare clear." *Cho.*

APPENDIX A

26. "New Mown Hay"

Sharp MSS., 649/716. Sung by John Dingle, Coryton, September 12, 1905.

a I

1. As I walked out one May morning
To view the fields all round sir,
And there I spied a pretty little maid
All on the new mown hay sir,
Fol the dol a day.

2. I asked of she to wed with me
All on the new mown hay,
And answer that she gave to me:
I'm afraid it will not do, sir.

3. And if you go to my father's yard
When it's walled all around, sir,
And there you shall have the will of me
And thirty thousand pound, sir.

4. When he came to her father's yard
Where it's walled all around, sir,
She whipped inside her father's door
And barred this young man out, sir.

5. When you met me in that field
You thought you met a fool, sir,
Go take your bible in your hand,
Go a little more to school, sir.

6. There is a shrub in my father's yard
It's called the merry girl, sir,
If young men want to* when they can
They shall not when they will, sir.

7. There is a cock in my father's yard,
He will not tread the hen, sir,
And I really believe in all my heart
That thou art the same, sir.

* [= won't do?]

27. "New Mown Hay O"

Sharp MSS., 1571/1417. Sung by Mrs. Smithers (61), Tewkesbury, January 10, 1908.

a I/M

1. As I walked out one bright May morn
All in the month of May O
And there I met with a pretty girl
All by some new mown hay O.
The ri fol the diddle all the day.

2. I said: Pretty maid shall I lay you down
All on this new mown hay O?

3. There is a dew upon the ground
That'll spoil my silken gown O
That out of my own father's purse
Cost many a pound and crown O.

4. He says: There's a wind blows from the West
That will blow the dew away O
And I will put on my riding coat
To lay on this new mown hay O.

5. If you will come to my father's hall
That is walled all around O
There you shall have your will of me
Upon some bed of down O.

6. When they came to her father's hall
That was walled all around O
She pulled at the bell and in she slipped
And locked [t]his false man out O.

7. When you met with me it was all alone
You thought you had met with a fool, sir,
You may take your bible on your arm
And go a little longer to school, sir.

8. You may pull off your shoes and hose
And let your feet go bare O,
And if ever you meet with a pretty girl
You touch her if you dare O.

* MS: his

28. "The New Mown Hay"

Sharp MSS., 1163/1160. Sung by Alfred Edghill, Chew Magna, January 11, 1907.

a I/Ly

As I strolled out one bright dew morning
Amongst some new mown hay,
I there did spy a fair pretty maid
Amongst the new mown hay O.

I wanted for to lay her down
Amidst the new mown hay O.
The answer she gave unto me
Was: Young man leave me alone O.

29. [Blow Away the Morning Dew, or New Mown Hay]

Sharp MSS., 1520/1357. Sung by William Stokes, Chew Stoke, December 23, 1907.

a I—M (inflected VII)

If you'll wait till you come to my father's yard
Where walls are built around O
Then you can have your will of me
And twenty thousand pound O.
Ri fol the dol i day O ri fol the dol i day.

And when they came to her father's yard
Where walls are built around O,
She slipped herself inside of the gate
And locked the young man out O.

There is a cock in my father's yard
That never treads a hen O
But he flutters his wings and crows again
I think you're one of them O.

There is dew upon the grass
That'll spoil my wedding gown O
Which out of my father's purse
Cost many a pound and crown O.

30. "New Mown Hay"

Sharp MSS., 1745/1574. Sung by Charles West (82), Rashill, Broomfield, August 1, 1908.

a M

1. As I walked out one May morning
To view the fields so green O
And there I spied a fair pretty maid
All on some new-mown hay O
Right fol the dol the day.

2. I asked of her if I should lay her down
All on some new mown hay O.
Her answer was back again:
Now I'm sure that never will do O.

3. There is a dew all on the ground
That will spoil my cambric gown O
Which cost my father out of his purse
So many a pound and crown O.

4. There is a wind come from the North
That will blow away all dew O
And I will spread my riding coat
All on the new mown hay O.

5. You come on to my father's house
When the moon shines bright and clearly,
I will arise and let you in
And no one shall not hear me.

6. I went unto her father's house
When the moon shone bright and clearly;
O then she looked out and smiled on me
And showed me out of doors, sir.

7. My father has a cock in his barton
That never trod a hen O,
And if to you the truth I must tell
I'm sure you're much like him, sir.

8. If you should meet with a pretty girl,
As you are going home, sir,
You never, never mind the squirks and the squalls
Or the rumpling of her gown O.

31. "New Mown Hay"

Sharp MSS., 1832/. Sung by Priscilla Light (54), West Coker, September 3, 1908.

a M

As I walked out one May morning
One May morning so early
O there I spied a fair pretty maid
All on the new mown hay sir
Right fal the diddle day

32. [The Baffled Knight]

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, III, No. 13 (1909), p. 257. Sung by William Bone (67), Medstead, by Alton, Hampshire, January 1909.

a M

When she came to her father's house,
The house that's walled all round, oh,
She did go in and shut the door,
And shut me out behind, oh,

Rite fal lal liddle lal le day.

"When you met with me, kind Sir,
You thought you had met with a fool, oh,
So take your bible under your arm
And run along to school, oh."
Rite fal, etc.

33. [As I walked out one May morning]

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 114. Sung by Mr. Bridle, Stratton, Dorset, December 1906.

a I/M (inflected VII)

As I walked out one May morning,
I met a pretty maid oh!
I said "Pretty may, [what makes you stray]
Among the new-mown hay, oh?"

Right fal the diddle dal the dee.

APPENDIX B

34. "Katey Morey"

Sharp MSS., 3397/2495. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 119(A). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Hogskin Creek, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

p D/Æ

1. Come young, come old, come all draw nigh,
Come listen to my story.
I'll tell you what a plan I formed
To spile Miss Katey Morey.
My too I-re I o-o-o,
My too I-re I o.

2. I went to her father's house
Just like a clever fellow,
I told her that the plums and grapes were ripe,
Yes, they were fine and mellow.

3. She says, my dear, my dearest dear,
There's something else to betray us,
My father dear is on his way
And he'll be sure to see us.

4. But if the highest tree, it's you could climb,
Till he gets out of sight, sir,
It's then we'll go to yonders grove
And spend one happy hour.

5. The tree was rough, he climbed so tough,
And on the top he stopped, sir,
And every jerk he tore his shirt,
And on the top he stopped, sir.

6. As she went trippling over the plains,
She looked so neat and active.
And there he sot in the top of the tree
Almost raving distracted.

35. "Katie Morie"

Sharp MSS., 4746/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 121(C). Sung by Mrs. Ef Chrisom, Cane Branch, Burnsville, N.C., October 3, 1918.

p D/Æ

I went to her father's house,
Just like a clever fellow;
They told me that the grapes and plums
Were getting ripe and mellow.
Fol de rol de rink dum day
Fol de rol de rink dum day.

36. "Kitty O'Noory"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 393. Sung by Frank Madison, Grattan Center, Mich., 1935.

a D/Æ, ending on V

1. Come gentlemen and ladies all,
Come listen to my story.
I'll tell you how I formed a plan
O to ruin young Kitty O'Noory.
Ri-too-roddle-ling-i-a-a-a,
Ri-too-roddle-ling-i-o.

2. I went down to her father's house,
Just like some honest fellow;
I told her that the plums were ripe,
And a-getting very mellow.

3. I told her that my sister Sal
Was down in yonders bower,
And that she wanted her to come
For to spend one half an hour.

4. As we was a-walking along the road,
Along the road together,
I told her that my sister Sal
Knew nothing of this matter.

5. She squeezed my hand and seemed quite pleased,
"But this one thing more I fear, sir,
My father he is a-cutting grass,
And I fear he'll come this way, sir.

6. "But if you will just climb that tree
Until he passes by, sir,
'Tis then we'll go and pick the plums,
And there we'll sport and play, sir."

7. I clim the tree Katie pointed me,
Not being the least offended;
O Kate she stood and winked at me,
O to see how high I ascended.

8. "Your ugly looks I do despise;
You look just like some owl, sir.
You can eat the plums and suck the stones;
O you're welcome to your fun, sir."

9. Then Kate she heeled her across the plains
As if she was distracted.
I cursed, I swore, my shirt I tore
To see how Kitty had acted.

10. But when I drew my thoughts within,
Kate's virtue I recommended;
I went and made a wife of her,
And now my troubles are ended.

Two stanzas are omitted by the Michigan editors.

37. "Katey Morey"

Sharp MSS., 3464/2552. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, II, p. 120(B). Sung by Mrs. Hesther House, Hot Springs, N.C., September 15, 1916.

p I (—VI)

1. Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Come listen to my story,
I've laid for to fool Miss Katey Morey.
To my lie twaddeling die-ay
To my lie twaddeling die-O

2. He went unto her father's house,
Just like a clever fellow;
He told her that the grapes and plums
Were getting ripe and mellow.

3. He told her that his sister Anne
Was down in yonders valley,
And wanted her for to come down there
And spend one half an hour.

4. As they went sporting through the fields
She squeezed his hand and seemed well pleased.
There ain't but one thing I fear, Sir,
And that is my old father,
And he's down this way and he'll see us here to-gether.

5. I'll go and strive to climb yonder tree
Till he gets away, Sir.

6. She stood and gazed upon him
For to see how high he 'scended.
Your ugly looks I do disdain,
You look just like an owl, Sir.

7. You may eat your grapes and suck your stems,
For I am a-going to the house, Sir.
And every time she looks at me and smiles,
It makes me think of climbing.

38. "Katey Morey"

Sharp MSS., 4702/. Sung by Mrs. Effie Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 27, 1918.

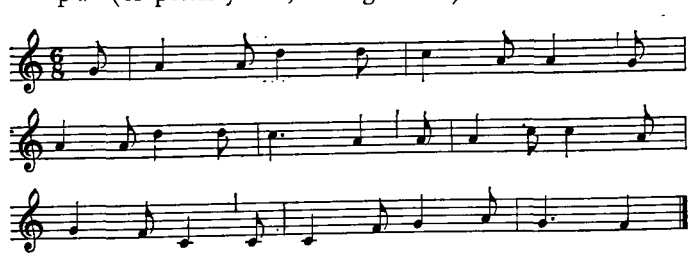
p I (—VI)

I went up to her father's house,
Just like a clever fellow,
I told her that the plums and grapes
Were getting ripe and mellow.
Like wite ling I ay,
Like wite ling I O.

39. "Katie Morey," or "The Shrewd Maiden"

Eddy, 1939, p. 64. Sung by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, Ohio.

p π^1 (or possibly a π^4, ending on III)



1. Come, all ye young and foolish lads,
Come, listen to my story,
I'll tell you how I fixed a plan
To fool Miss Katie Morey.

Refrain

Sing do ri iddle, sing do ri a,
Sing do ri iddle o dandy;
I'll tell you how I fixed a plan
To fool Miss Katie Morey.

2. I told her that my sister Sue
Was in yon lofty tower,
And wanted her to come that way
To spend one happy hour.

3. But when I got her to the spot,
Saying, "Nothing is the matter,
But you must die or else comply,
There is no time to flatter."

4. She squeezed my hand, and seemed quite pleased,
Saying, "There is no fear, sir,
But father he is coming this way,
And he will see us here, sir.

5. "If you'll but go and climb that tree
Till he does pass this way, sir,
Then we will gather grapes and plums,
And we will sport and play, sir."

6. I went straightway and clumb the tree,
Not being the least offended;
My true love came and stood beneath
To see how I ascended.

7. But when she got me to the top,
She looked up with a smile, sir,
Saying, "You may gather your grapes and plums,
And I'll run quickly home, sir."

8. I straightway did descend the tree,
A-coming with a bound, sir,
My true love got quite out of sight
Before I reached the ground, sir.

9. But when my thoughts I did relent,
To see what I'd intended,
I straightway made a wife of her,
Then all my troubles ended.

The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry

CHILD NO. 113

CHILD owed the belated recovery of this extraordinary ballad to his friend and co-worker, William Macmath, who spotted it in the *Proceedings* of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries for 1852. A correspondent of Karl Blind (*Contemporary Review*, XL [1881], p. 404) quoted a stanza that appears below (5), and in the same form. The ballad was awkwardly introduced as the last item in Child's second volume, in order to clear the way for the group of woodland ballads that fills the first half of Volume III. Child remarks that it properly belongs after No. 40, among the ballads of shape-changers and mortals who traffic with folk of the Other-world.

The ballad was not again recovered until the summer of 1938, when the distinguished authority on Swedish folksong in Finland, Dr. Otto Andersson, cruising about the Orkneys, came upon a singer who remembered the tune. His essay should be consulted for the circumstances of the find.

This solitary musical example is an authentic Mixolydian variant of the air particularly associated with "Hind Horn" (No. 17), but met as well in a good many other British and American connections.

LIST OF VARIANTS

"The Grey Selchie of Sule Skerry." Otto Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXVI (1947), p. 115. Also, with piano accompaniment, in F. M. Collinson and F. Dillon, *Folk Songs from "Country Magazine,"* 1952, p. 48. Also in David Thomson, *The People of the Sea*, 1954, p. 204; and again, with a text from *The Orcadian*, January 11, 1934, in Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 39.

TUNE WITH TEXT

[The Grey Selchie of Sule Skerry]

Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXVI (1947), p. 115, with text contributed by Miss Gilchrist. Tune and text of fifth stanza sung by John Sinclair, Orkney Islands, summer of 1938. Also in Collinson and Dillon, 1952, p. 48; and in Thomson, 1954, p. 204. Reprinted in Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 39, with a slightly different text taken from an Orkney newspaper, *The Orcadian*, June 11, 1934.

a M

1. In Norway land there lived a maid.
"Hush, ba, loo lillie," this maid began,
"I know not where my baby's father is,
whether by land or sea does he travel in."

2. It happened on a certain day,
when this fair lady fell fast asleep,
that in cam' a good grey selchie
and set him down at her bed feet.

3. Saying "Awak', awak' my pretty fair maid,
for oh, how sound as thou dost sleep,
an' I'll tell thee where thy baby's father is,
he's sittin' close at thy bed feet."

4. "I pray come tell to me thy name,
Oh, tell me where does thy dwelling be?"
"My name is good Hein Mailer,
I earn my livin' oot o' the sea."

5. "I am a man upon the land,
I am a selchie in the sea,
an' whin I'm far from every strand,
my dwelling is [in] Shool Skerry."

6. "Alas, alas this woeful fate,
this weary fate that's been laid on me,
that a man should come from the Wast o' Hoy
to the Norway lands to have a bairn wi' me."

7. "My dear, I'll wed thee with a ring,
with a ring, my dear, will I wed with thee."
"Thoo may go wed thee weddens wi' whom thoo wilt,
for I'm sure thoo'll never wed none wi' me."

8. "Thoo will nurse my little wee son
for seven long years upon thy knee;
an' at the end o' seven long years
I'll come back and pay the nursing fee."

9. She's nursed her little wee son
for seven long years upon her knee,
an' at the end o' seven long years
he came back wi' gold and white monie.

10. He says, "My dear, I'll wed thee wi' ring,
wi' a ring, my dear, I'll wed wi' thee."
"Thoo mat go wed thee weddens wi' whom thoo wilt,
for I'm sure thoo'll never wed none wi' me."

11. "But I'll put a gold chain around his neck,
an' a gey good gold chain it'll be,
that if ever he comes to the Norway lands,
thoo may bae a gey good guess on he."

12. "An thoo will get a gunner good,
an' a gey good gunner it will be,
an' he'll gae out a May morning
an' shoot the son an' the grey selchie."

13. Oh, she has got a gunner good,
an' a gey good gunner it was he.
An' he gaed oot on a May morning
an' he shot the son an' the grey selchie.

"When the gunner returned and showed the Norway woman the gold chain which he found round the neck of the young seal she realised that her son had perished, and gave expression to her sorrow in the last verse."

14. "Alas, alas, this woeful fate,
this weary fate that's been laid on me."
An' ance or twice she sobbed and sighed,
an' her tender heart did brak in three.